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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Volume 31

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September 1904—February 1905

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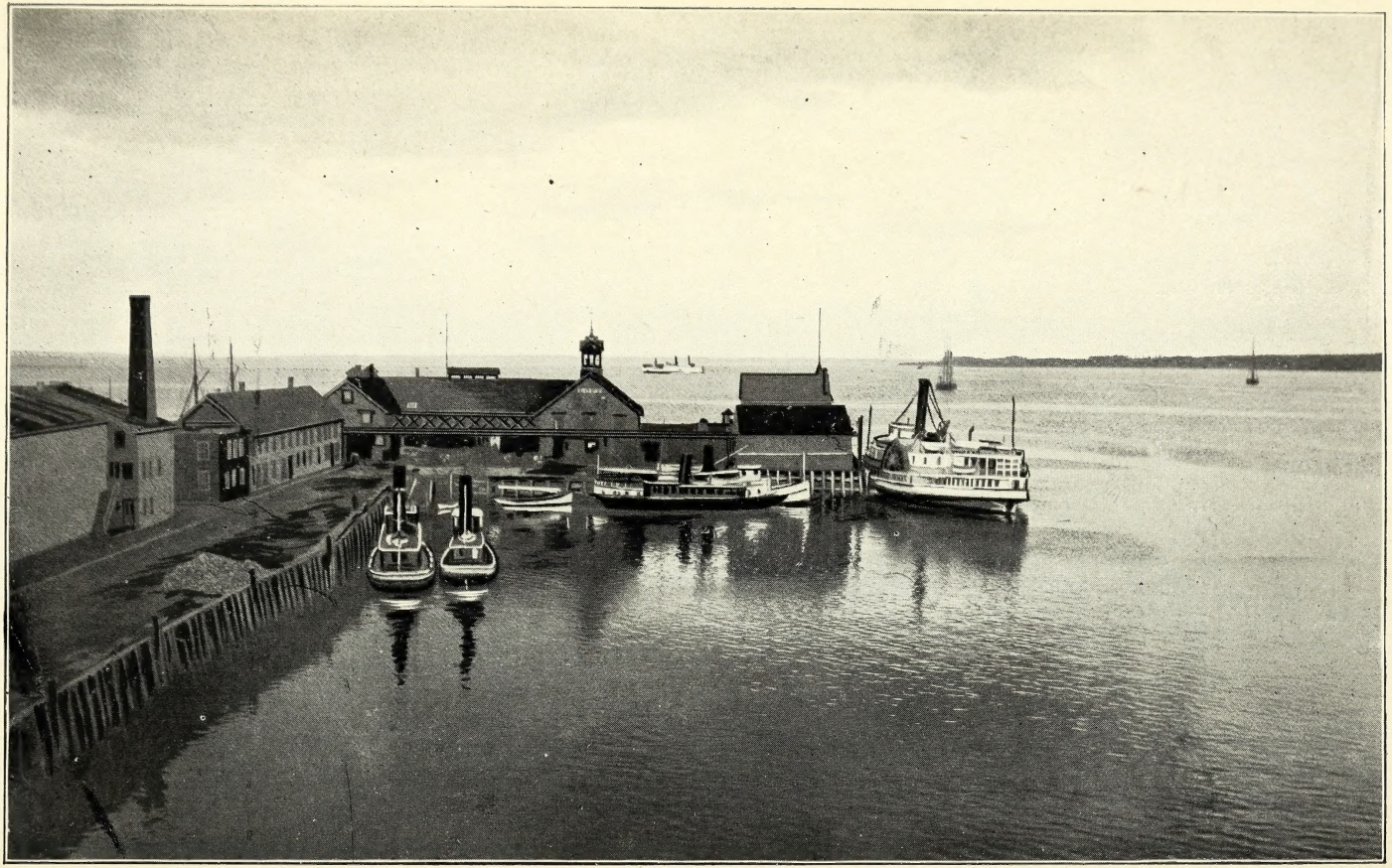
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TILLSON'S WHARF, ROCKLAND HARBOR.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

September, 1904

VOLUME XXXI PUBLISHED MONTHLY NUMBER 1

Rockland, Rockport and Camden

By MARY STOYELL STIMPSON

ALONG the rugged coast of Maine, on the western shore of Penobscot Bay, lies a stretch of nine miles, which, teeming with beauty and historical significance, is also the centre of important industries. Within this limit are the city of Rockland and the adjacent towns of Rockport and Camden, a trinity having close relations, fraternal and commercial.

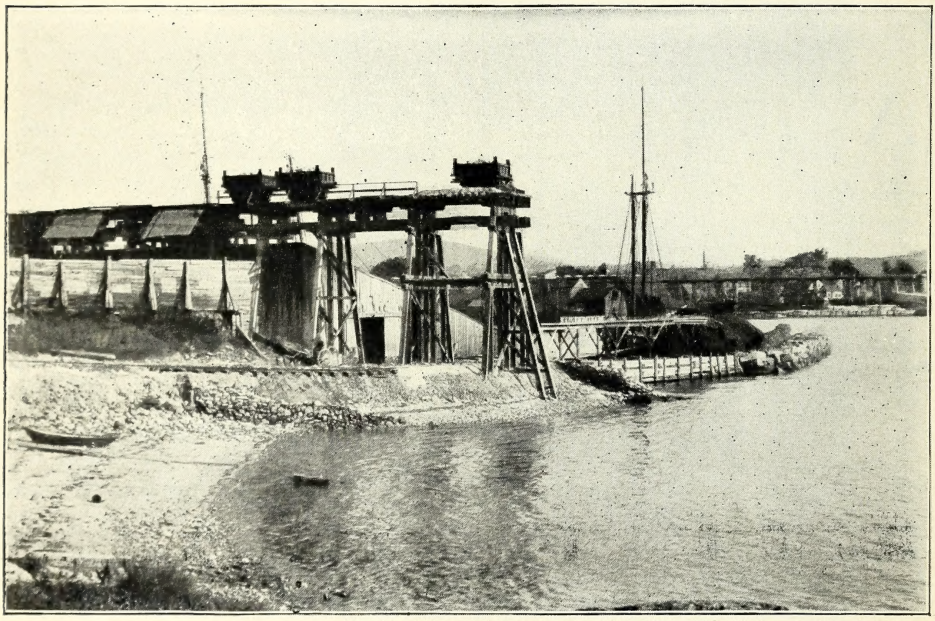
Rockland.

Rockland, the shire town of Knox County, has just celebrated her semi-centennial with dignity and enthusiasm. The annals of this half-century show an energy and progressiveness which augur well for a fruitful future. Originally a part of Thomaston, it was set off and incorporated in 1848 under the name of East Thomaston. Two years later the distinctive name of Rockland was adopted and in 1854 city government was organized. Hon. Knott Crockett was this city's first mayor and was the president of Rockland's first bank. The present executive is James E. Rhodes, a veteran of the Civil War, whose past official experience in city affairs fits him for his duties. His war record is meritorious and his abiding interest in G. A. R. Post matters can surely never wane while he remains in Rockland—a community which played no inconspicuous part in the War of the Rebellion, and which recalls with pride the distinguished service rendered by her two major-generals — Hiram G. Berry and Davis Tillson.

The reasons for Rockland's phenomenal growth are many. Her situation is favorable. She might well exclaim—slightly changing a ruler's words—"The centre it is I," for indeed it would seem all tourists must pass her at some point. The terminus of the Knox & Lincoln branch of the Maine Central Railroad, this city is also a point of departure for pleasing stage routes to Belfast, Union, Owl's Head and St. George; has an electric road by which one may trolley either toward Thomaston and Warren or the Camden Hills; contains a landing for the Boston and Bangor steamers, and is headquarters of the Portland & Rockland, Vinal Haven & Rockland, Rockland, Blue Hill and Ellsworth Steamboat Companies. Rockland's connection with Knox County

islands is important, for at Vinal Haven (the birthplace of Congressman Littlefield) are located the quarries of the Bodwell Granite Company—whose products are in constant demand, and "from the wave-washed ledges of Dix Island and Hurricane Isle (where operations in granite were begun in 1870 by General Davis Tillson) have come the giant colonnade which upholds the roof of the United States Treasury building at Washington, the material for the New York post-office, and the great government buildings at Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Atlanta, St. Louis, Baltimore and Philadelphia." Penobscot Bay has sent from her islands too, stone for the Brooklyn Bridge, the St. Louis Bridge, the Masonic Temple at Philadelphia, Tribune building, the Indiana State House pillars, and the Chicago Board of Trade building.

Rockland owes much of her present day prosperity to the sagacity and integrity of the past generation. The only city of Knox County was fortunate in possessing such citizens as Francis Cobb, John S. Case, Hezekiah Wight, Davis Tillson and John T. Berry, men who not only achieved personal success and the lasting esteem of their contemporaries — but by their wisdom founded organizations and industries which make for Rockland's continued aggrandizement.



FIVE KILNS, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

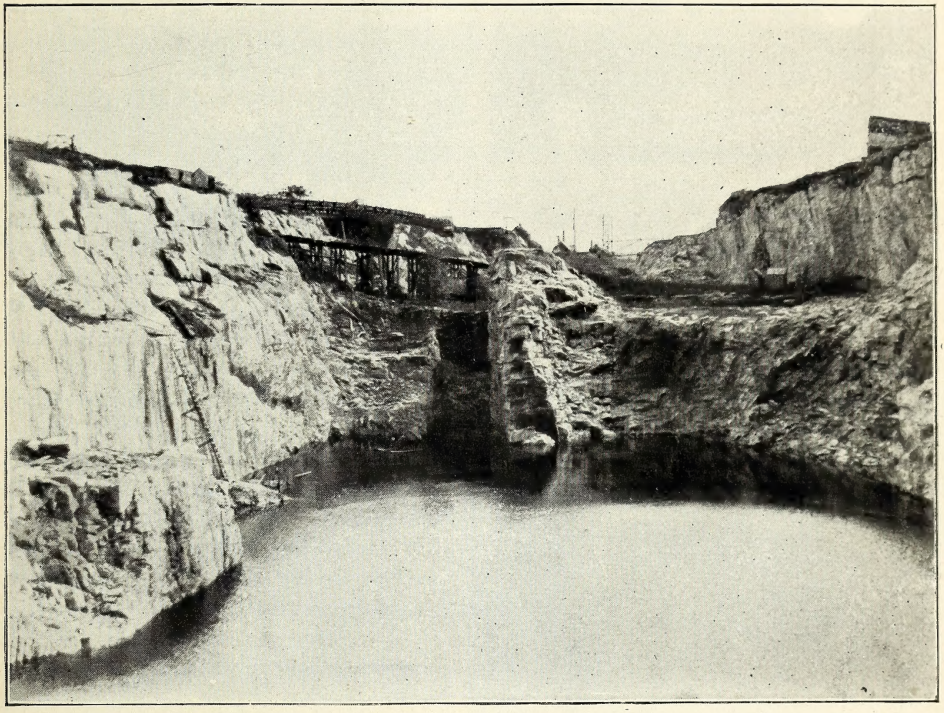
Lime making and shipbuilding have been the prominent and permanent industries along shore for more than a century. The story of the manufacture of lime as started by Samuel Waldo in 1732 — traced down to the present day—would be an instructive one. It should be an interesting fact to all good New Englanders that Rockland is the

home of the largest lime company in the world. Here is found the main office of the Rockland-Rockport Lime Company, which owns and operates eighty kilns, and ships lime throughout New York, New England and as far South as the Carolinas. It has a capacity of 10,000 barrels per day, and owns and has in commission a steel ocean-going tug and a fleet of six steel barges.

Its brands are "No. 1 Lime," "Jacobs' Lime," "Lump Lime," "Selected Finishing Lime" and "Pine Cone" Brand Prepared Pure White Lime, the latter being the new process Hydrated Lime now coming into general use.

This company was formed and incorporated in 1900, and its officers are as follows: Fred E. Richards, Portland, Maine, president; Joseph Remick, Boston, Massachusetts, treasurer; H. A. Buffum, Rockland, Maine, assistant treasurer.

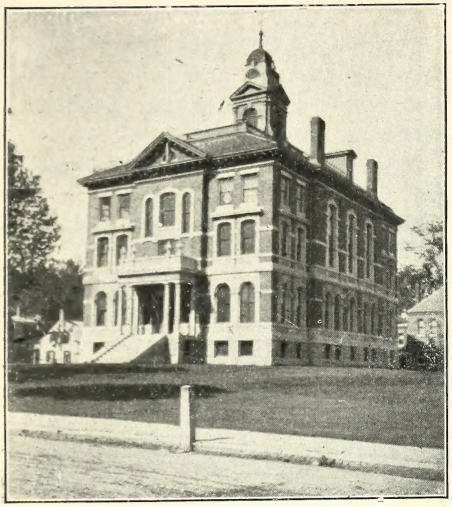
Its Board of Directors are Fred E. Richards, Robert Winsor, C. A Crockett, H. L. Shepherd, Henry Skinner, W. T. Cobb, Alfred Winsor, O. F. Perry, H. A. Buffum.



ABANDONED QUARRY, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

The South Marine Railway and the North Marine Railway are in active operation, while the wharves and piers between the two are thronged all the day long with active humanity.

The Camden Anchor-Rockland Machine Company represents two well-established activities, the consolidation of which was capitalized at $300,000 in January, 1901. The



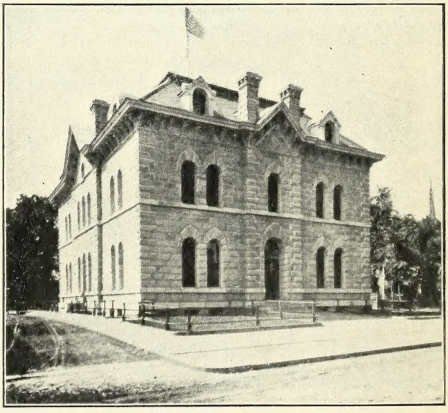
KNOX COUNTY COURT HOUSE,
ROCKLAND, MAINE.

Camden Anchor Works was organized sixty-three years ago by Horatio Alden, father of the present proprietor, William G. Alden, while the Rockland Machine Company is the outgrowth of a plant established several years ago by Morse, Trussel & McLoon. The consolidated company employs about a hundred men. The anchors, which have a world-wide reputation, are still made at the old plant, Commercial street, Camden. In 1903 several hundred anchors were made for the United States Government—and there is a large amount of Government work engaged for this year. These anchors have stood the test of time, and from all parts of the world come testimonials as to their superiority. On Sea street, in Rockland, the Rockland Machine Company manufacture the Knox marine and stationary gasolene engines. So popular are these proving that orders can scarcely be filled. Even the fishermen are demanding power dories, and this company are putting out engines which do not aim at high speed, but such as insure safety in their strength and simplicity. The officers of the consolidated company are: W. G. Alden, president and general manager; A. D. Bird, treasurer; John Bird, manager of the Rockland plant.

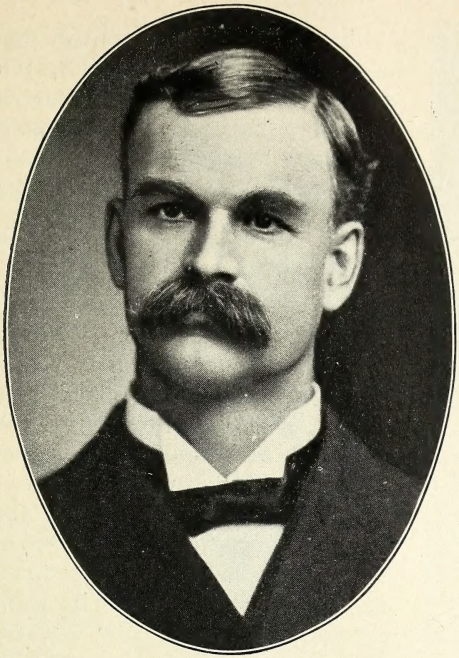
There are several wide-awake manufacturing concerns, and prominent among contractors and builders is the W. H. Glover Company, who have constructed many of the fashionable homes at Dark Harbor, and lately finished the Maine home of Charles Dana Gibson at Seven Hundred Acre Island.

The wholesale house of John Bird & Co., the brass foundry of J. G. Torrey & Son; such firms as Fuller & Cobb, Simonton Brothers, W. O. Hewett, A. Ross Weeks, H. H. Crie, represent names which have had at least twenty-five years' existence—and some of them can almost celebrate their half-century mark.

The Lime Rock National Bank was incorporated in 1836, the North National Bank in 1854, followed later by the Rockland National Bank, a savings bank, and two trust companies.



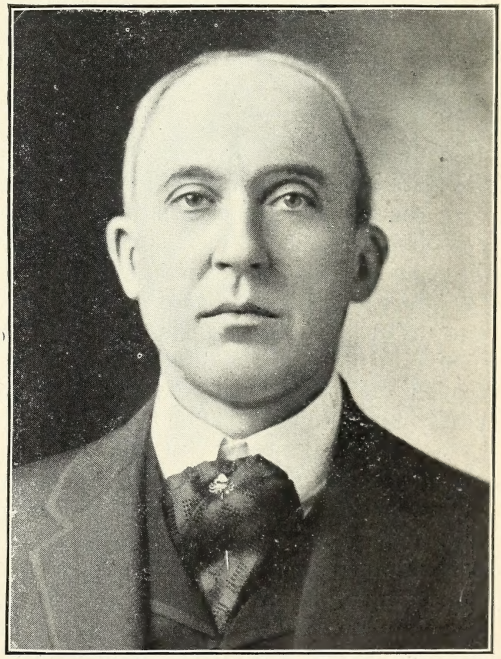
CUSTOM HOUSE AND POST OFFICE AT ROCKLAND.



CONGRESSMAN LITTLEFIELD, OF ROCKLAND.

Rockland has the purest of city drinking water, an excellent sewerage system, gas and electric lights, two telephone and two telegraph systems, fine public schools, one of the finest federal buildings in Maine, up-to-date residences, and a new public library, the gift of Andrew Carnegie, the attractiveness of which has been greatly increased by the generous appropriations of the city and the personal gifts of citizens past and present. The building is of pink granite with gray trimmings furnished by the Bodwell Granite Company. The architect is George A. Clough of Boston, and the contractors, Mitchell & Sutherland, are a young firm of Boston also. The noticeably beautiful screens of copper and marble which separate the rotunda from the northern and western wings were the gift of Hon. Sidney Bird. Miss Sarah Munroe Hall, Rockland's vocalist (who was the only American invited to sing at the international temperance convention at Switzerland in 1903) gave a large concert fund, Mr. Jarvis Perry a bust of Longfellow fashioned after the one at Westminster Abbey, and the well-known Boston artist, (Rockland-born) William Burpee, remembered his city with one of his finest paintings, "The Forge of Vulcan." The people have an accomplished and efficient librarian in the person of Miss Burbank.

In the suburbs—on Middle Street, is the Britt Hospital, a private sanitarium, equipped with all the modern appliances, and commanding de-



HON. WILLIAM T. COBB, OF ROCKLAND, GOVERNOR-ELECT.



MAXINE ELLIOTT.

lightful views of the harbor and mountains.

The different church denominations have substantial edifices, there is a flourishing Y. M. C. A., and several women's clubs—the largest being the Methebesic.

In the heart of the city is the long-established hotel, "The Thorndike." This, as well as "The Narragansett," "Lindsey House," Grant's Hotel and "The St. Nicolas" is filled to over-flowing during the summer season. Partly in Rockland and partly in Camden is "The Samoset" —the palatial hotel of Messrs. Hiram Ricker and Sons, which sets back a thousand feet from the shore and from a promontory overlooks the shimmering waters of the bay, and commands an inspiring view of the Camden Hills. Nearby is Warernton Park with its charming drives—which, through the courtesy of its owners, the Smith Brothers, is open to the public.

The Commercial College conducted by Howard and Brown sends out each year large classes of stenographers, bookkeepers and bank clerks, who find positions readily, so well does this institution stand.

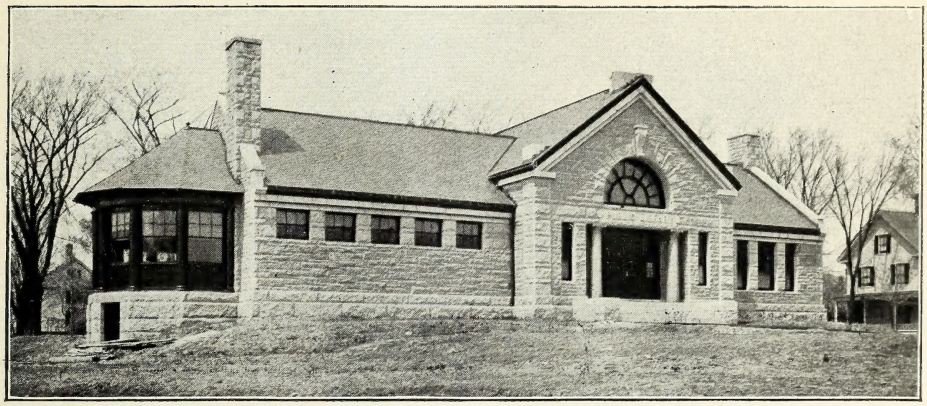
The Rockland Music School, under the personal management of Mrs. Carrie Burpee Shaw and Mrs. James Wight, has had a useful existence for five years. And the mention of these two names reminds one that the former is a composer and organist, while Mr. and Mrs. James Wight have been quite the founders and promoters of musical culture in that locality for a quarter of a century. The leading musical organization of Knox County takes its name—The Wight Philharmonic Society—from its director (who has composed several marches for the Maine Festival)—Mr. James Wight. Meservey's Quintette, still in great demand, and the memories of the Orpheus Club, Iopas, and Ariel Quartets are sufficient proof that superior musical talent has found its home for many years, in Knox County.

There are three newspapers—the Rockland Daily Star, The Rockland Opinion, a weekly paper, which has been the leading Democratic organ of Knox County, for nearly thirty years, edited by Oliver Otis; and the Courier Gazette, a Republican eight-page sheet, published twice a week. The latter had its beginning in 1846 and its editor, W. O. Fuller, Jr., is well known as an author and lecturer.

Rockland is the birthplace of the beautiful actress, Maxine Elliott, and is the home of Congressman Littlefield, whose ability has given

him first rank in the House, and whom President Roosevelt appointed as delegate to the Universal Congress of Lawyers and Jurists, which is held this month in St. Louis. On a business block of Rockland's principal street hangs a legal sign, Littlefield (C. E. Littlefield, Arthur S. Littlefield), a little dim, but plainer far than that distinguished gentleman's autograph—while his residence, noted as a home of free and unaffected hospitality, is a short distance from the handsome Custom House and post office, on Limerock street.

"Son of a carpenter-parson, he hewed his own path to education by work of alternate brain and muscle." Perhaps these circumstances developed his naturally fine power of will. Certainly he never quails, even if fighting single-handed. When, as a new member of the House, he distinguished himself in the Roberts case, people saw that he did not care for the dictum of the majority. Though as a lawyer and speaker he is remembered as driving home points with energetic shakings of his head and the "intimidating forefinger," he is far from stern in manner, being the happiest of story-tellers and entertainers. When at his Rockland home, he is a constant attendant at the Congregationalist church, taking an active part in parish affairs. An able and strenuous New Englander, should the sometimes hinted national honor prove to be his, it will be a matter of especial pride to Rockland and the neighboring Isle that distinction overtakes a citizen of theirs whose life is an open book, on the pages of which one reads only cleanliness and sobriety.

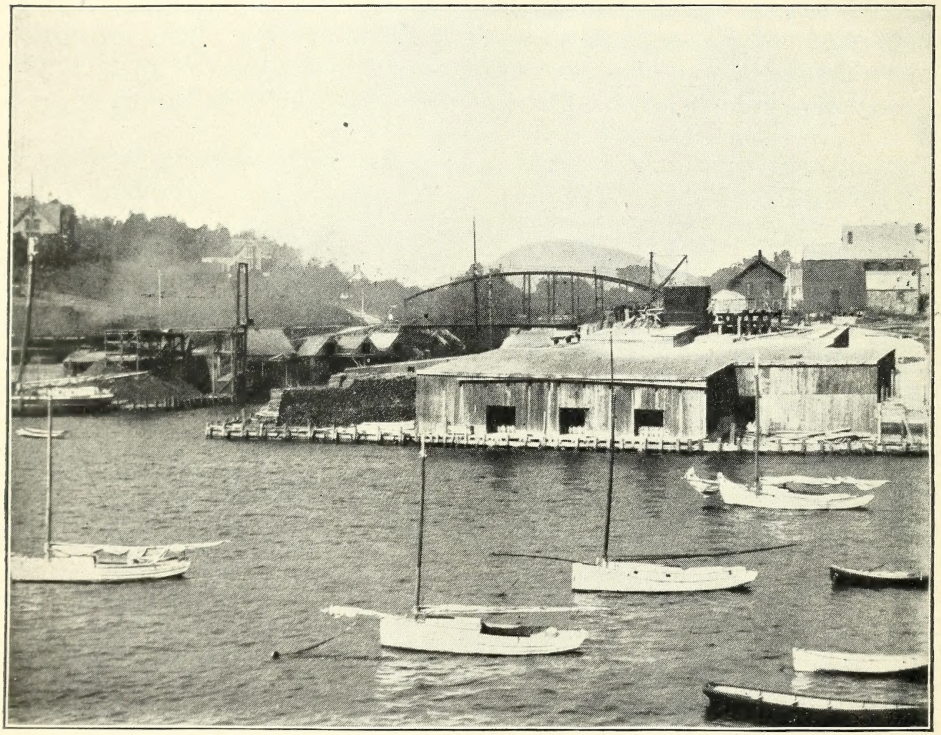


NEW CARNEGIE LIBRARY AT ROCKLAND.

Mr. and Mrs. Littlefield have two children, the son a Yale man, now at Harvard Law School, and the daughter, a Wellesley student.

Hon. Wm. T. Cobb, Governor-elect, is a native of Rockland, and is prominently identified with the public and social life there. He is cultivated and scholarly. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in the same class with Peary, the famous explorer, and the fact that at the Ivy Day exercises he was elected the most popular man in his class shows

that sometimes history most happily repeats itself. The appreciation of those fine points in his character which caused demonstration on the college campus has become more universal, so that Maine would confer upon him her highest honor. Mr. Cobb studied law at the University of Leipzic, the University of Berlin and at the Law School of Harvard, being admitted to the Knox County Bar in 1881. At the urgent desire of his father, who had large lime and shipbuilding interests, he abandoned the practice of his profession for a business career. A director of the Cobb Lime Company, at his father's death he was chosen its president. In 1884 he became a partner of Hon. A. W. Butler, and the firm of Cobb, Butler & Co. has to-day one of the most successful shipbuilding concerns in New England. "He was president of the Limerock Railroad and the Cobb Lime Company until the properties of both were sold to the Rockland-Rockport Lime Company, when Mr. Cobb became a director in that corporation."* As senior member of Cobb, Wight & Co., he has as partner Fred W. Wight, Collector of the Waldoboro district. A bank and railroad director, he is also president of the Glencoe Lime Company of St. Louis, and director of the United Gas and Electric Company of Dover, N. H. Amid these varied business experiences, at home and abroad, Mr. Cobb has held the esteem of all who know him.



BRIDGE AND KILNS, ROCKPORT, MAINE.

But something older than harbor, geographical position, rich desposits

* From the *Courier-Gazette.*

and able citizens has been a lever to this region.

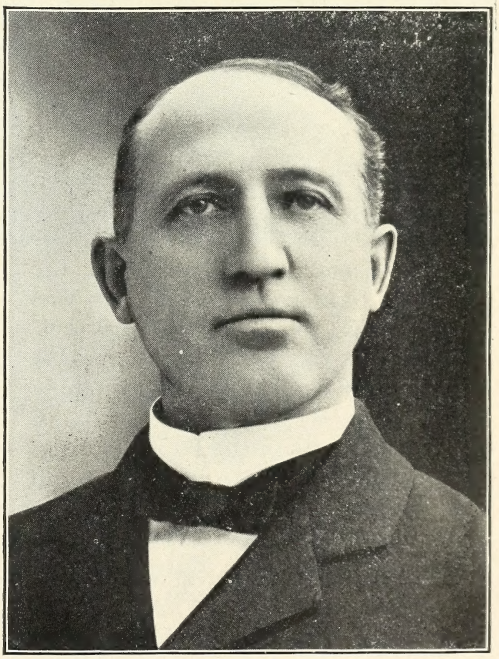
Rockland is an Eastern city with Western push, And the potent factor in her growth is her splendid loyalty to her own. A slight difference in politics, religion, station, methods, matters little. If a Rockport enterprise is afoot, then all Rockport is going to stand behind it. Doubtless she has no motto—but she might well emblazon on her shield, "The love of Our City prevails."

Rockport.

Rockport is really old Camden, for when the northern portion of the town was incorporated in 1891 under the name of Camden, the southern portion changed its name to Rockport. But in changing its name, it did not lose its enterprise, nor dismiss its past industries which have long since been fastened as a general description to it, for the benefit of strangers, thus — "Rockport? Oh, yes, they quarry lime, build ships and cut ice there." They have in their midst a man who is authority on lime manufacturing in the person of Hon. H. L. Shepherd. At the age of eighteen he was bookkeeper for Merriam & Shepherd, who handled "Shepherd's" lime, originally known as "Jacobs' Lime," and considered the best in the world. The archives at Washington, D. C., have this record:

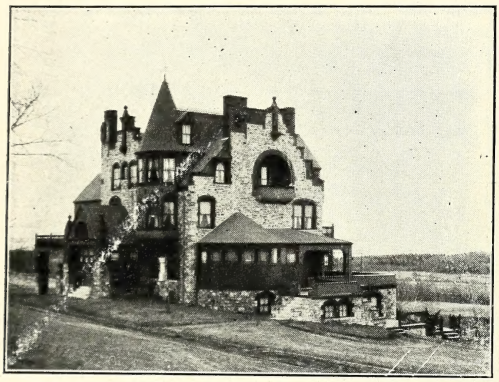
"June 14th, 1817: Captain John Welsh arrived to-day with a cargo of three hundred casks of Jacobs' Lime, to be used in building the Capitol.

The firm made changes, but retained Mr. Shepherd, who finally, with his brother, formed the S. E. & H. L. Shepherd Company, making the Shepherd lime from the Jacobs quarry until a stock company was organized in 1893, of which he became vice-president and general manager. When the Rockland-Rockport Lime Company was formed, buying nearly all the quarries in Knox County, Mr. Shepherd was made a director. The active management of this company is in the hands of an executive committee, originally composed of Hon. A. F. Crockett, Hon. W. T. Cobb, and Hon. H. L. Shepherd. The death of Mr. Crockett and the retirement of Mr. Cobb leaves Mr. Shepherd, with



HON. H. L. SHEPHERD, OF ROCKPORT.

the exception of Mr. C. A. Crockett, who serves on the board of directors, the only old and experienced lime manufacturer connected with the active management of the company. It was Mr. Shepherd who suggested the transporting of limerock by means of a steam railroad. In 1887 the Rockport Rock Railroad was built. Before this the rock had been carried in drays, tediously drawn by two or four horses. Again his energy was directed toward connecting Camden,



NORUMBEGA, HOME OF THE FIRST SUMMER RESIDENT AT CAMDEN.

Rockport, Rockland and Thomaston with an electric road.

Mr. Shepherd has been Inspector and Collector of Customs for the ports of Camden and Rockport, was a member of Governor Cleaves' Council in the years 1895-6, was a member of the Maine State Senate in 1899, and is superintendent of Maine agencies of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Portland for the past twelve years, during which time the business has more than quadrupled in Maine. President of the Oxford Light Company, at Norway, Maine; a director of the United Gas and Electric Company, of Dover, N. H.; a director in various important trust companies, and a trustee of the Camden Savings Bank at Rockport, he is anxious for the progress of his town, assisting in all movements which tend toward local advancement.

Summer visitors who trolley from Thomaston to Camden claim that nowhere this side of the Hudson is there such varied and romantic scenery. Rockport itself is uniquely interesting. Cottages are perched upon cliffs at every conceivable turn; and the tourist's eye takes in here the tiny cascade as seen from the iron bridge, there the Carleton & Shepherd quarries, Lily Pond, and hills and slopes on every hand.

Ballard Park is a pretty bit of Rockport, and the point of land known as Beauchamp's Point perpetuates the name of John Beauchamp of London, to whom, with Thomas Leverett of Boston, the Muscongus patent was granted by the Council of Plymouth in 1629. Beauchamp is in great demand by the summer colony, and one of the most charming cottages there is "Aldemere," owned by the Chatfields of Cincinnati, whose extensive grounds were laid out by Mrs. A. C. Mather, landscape gardener of Rockland.

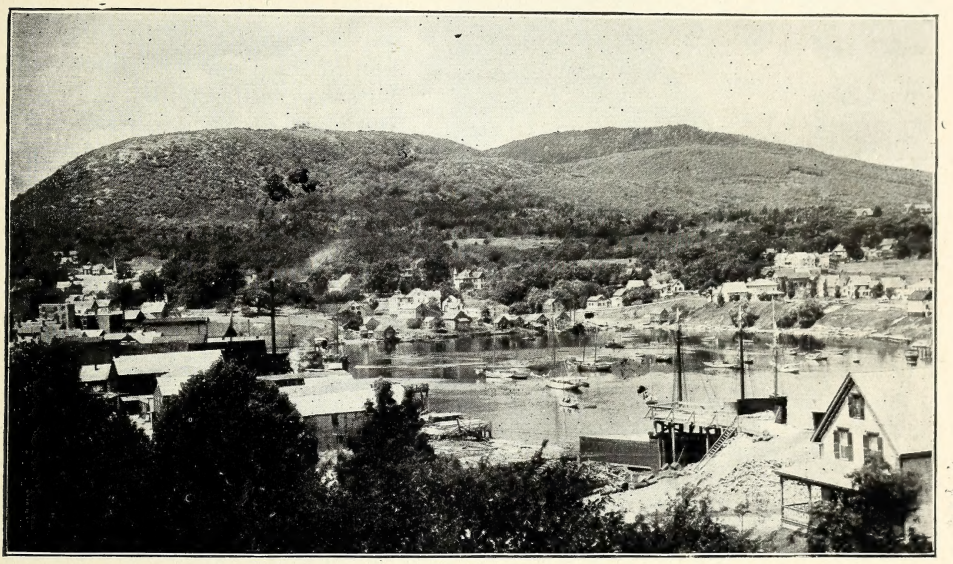
Shipbuilding is actively carried on by Carleton, Norwood & Co., while the Rockport Ice Company, who operate Lily Pond, filling a large amount of southern orders for ice, deal in almost everything that human consumers require.

Like the small girl who wished it might be Christmas every day in the year, some people insist on all the things Nature has to lavish being found in the spot they choose for a summer home. Certainly a great share of Nature's gifts may be found

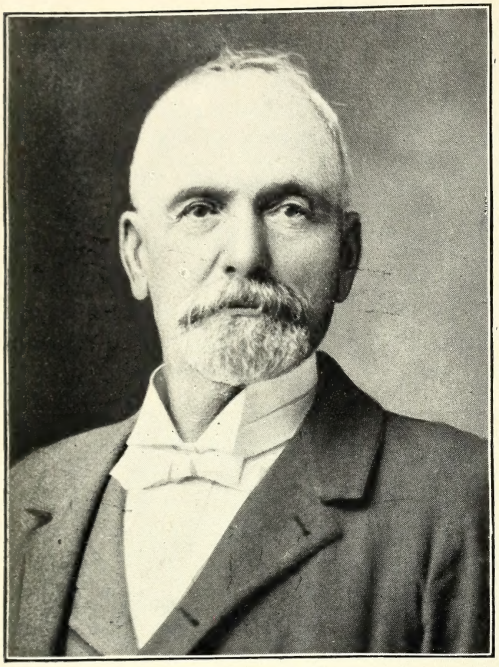
in the picturesque town of Rockport.

Camden.

As early as 1614, Captain John Smith built seven boats at Monhegan, and visited almost the entire coast of Maine, making careful observations, and trading with the Indians. And it was an English-speaking, friendly Indian, Samoset, who traded a considerable portion of the land lying between Rockland and Camden with the white settlers, for a few furs. In 1767, some preliminary steps were taken toward the settlement of Camden (which then bore the Indian name of "Megunticook," signifying "great swells of the sea,") and in 1769 James Richards, the first white man to make a home there, took his wife to this glorious but lonely region to brave the dangers of pioneer life. The Megunticook Mountain rising 1,457 feet; Bald Mountain, (so-called from its baldness on top), Ragged Mountain, of irregular shape (on the loftier elevation of which the United States Survey Station is located); Mount Battie, at whose base Camden nestles, and Mount Pleasant loom up majestically. Evidently Mrs. Richards enjoyed them, for she contentedly called the mountain nearest, her mountain, and her husband, falling in with her whim, called it Betsey's and Betty's, until changing a little, from time to time, in spelling, the name clung and Mount Battie it is to-day. In 1790 there were more than 300 residents, and in 1791 a town was incorporated, dropping the Indian appellation and naming itself in honor of Lord Camden, the Lord High Chancellor of England whom Junius used to be so fond of extolling. In 1802 a turnpike was granted, and not long afterward was made by Simon Barrett, over a part of Me-



CAMDEN, MAINE.

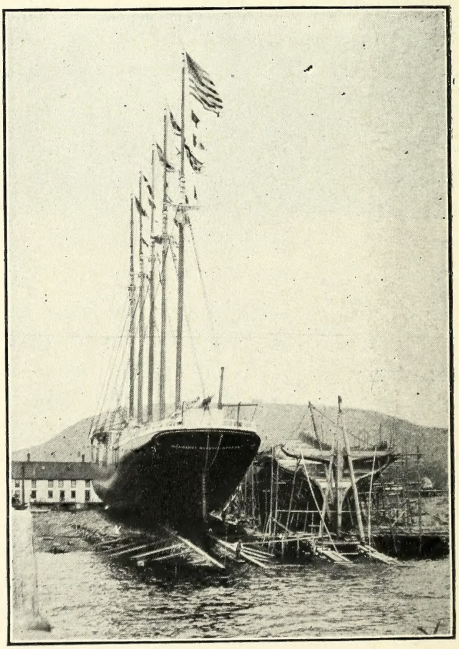


H. M. BEAN, SHIPBUILDER, OF CAMDEN.

gunticook Mountain. This is the highest point on the coast between Canada and Florida—and as one drives along this turnpike, gazing at the heights above on the one hand, the precipice and pond below on the other, he must possess a prosaic soul indeed, if not impressed by the unusual sublimity of it all.

Chickawaukie Lake ("sweet water") is a crystal clear sheet of water, 210 acres in extent, partly in Camden and partly in Rockland, is a never-failing reservoir to the river, which is its outlet, and to the citizens, who use it in their homes. There is fine water power in Camden, and all kinds of mills,—grist, saw, bark, rolling and fulling mills abound.

Four large woolen companies give employment to several hundred people. The Mount Battie Manufacting Company has W. H. Faunce as superintendent. The Megunticook Woolen Company, of whick W. G. Alden is president and treasurer, is capitalized at $300,000. William R. Gill is president of the Camden Woolen Company, which alone employs two hundred hands. The Knox Woolen Company has for president and treasurer B. C. Adams, furnishes work for a hundred employes, and is capitalized at $145,000. One of the big events of the summer was when the five-masted schooner, Margaret Haskell, named in honor of the daughter of E. B. Haskell of the Boston Herald, was launched, fully rigged, from the shipyard of H. M. Bean, the veteran shipbuilder. Mr. Bean built the first six-masted schooner (the George W. Wells) in the world (there are but three now, one having been built in Bath, Maine, the third



AT BEAN'S SHIPYARD, CAMDEN.

at Quincy, Mass.), and he is constantly originating new ideas.

Camden's leading hotel, the Bay View, is on the site of the old Megunticook House, and keeps up the spirit of kind old Samoset, whose first word to the newcomers was "Welcome." It is a place of comfort and good cheer, a point from which its guests find picnics, mountain climbs, and drives leading in a new direction every day, each one lovelier than the last.

Camden Harbor is finely locked in between two jutting points of land, one high, the other low, with Negro Island (on which the harbor light stands), deftly dropped in at the entrance.

What changes this harbor has seen! In 1823 the first steamboat to enter eastern waters visited this port. She was named the Maine, and used to connect with a Boston steamer which plied between that city and Bath. To-day the big ships of 6,000 tons slide off the ways at Bean's yards, yachts, large and small, dot the blue waters of the Bay, while big side-wheelers land families from every State in the Union, who are either boarders or summer residents in Camden-by-the-Sea. Indeed so popular is this one-time retreat becoming that a few like Lawrence Abbott of the *Outlook* are seeking less-frequented spots. The Borlands' cottage of Chicago; "Rockledge," the residence of Dr. George Strawbridge, of Philadelphia; "Timbercliffe," belonging to the Chauncey Keeps of Chicago; the Curtis cottage, owned by the publisher of the Ladies' Home Journal, Cyrus Curtis, of Philadelphia; Dr. George B. Phelps' cottage, Colonial in style, and "Breeze Hill," where Prof. E. H. Sneath, of Yale University, finds the summer one long delight, are just a few of the places which make one feel like calmly and joyfully appropriating one, as Betty Richards did the mountain.

Camden has a modern opera house, roomy churches and fine old-time residences. Her hills are thickly wooded with spruce, hemlock, pine and oak, and as might be expected where much ship-building is done, there are all kinds of industries demanded. Knowlton Brothers have an iron and brass foundry, deal in lumber, furnish pumps and blocks, and are also machinists; Carleton, Pascal & Co. are well-known ship-chandlers and grocers, as are J. & B. C. Adams, while ship-joiners, carvers, smiths and sail-makers are legion. John Wardwell is a master ship-builder known well in yachting circles.

A prominent Camden man, Judge Reuel Robinson, is Senator-elect—and in all things Camden aspiring, like her hills, means to be known in future history as well as on Captain John Smith's map, or in connection with the Muscongus grant.

The Sunny Side of the Minister's Life

By GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN

IT is an undisputed fact that the lot of a minister is one of peculiar difficulty, and once in a while some one will arise, as did "Graham Mac" in the pages of this magazine, and draw the attention of an unfeeling world to its trials and problems, as, for instance, the minister's lack of money and his starved intellect, his want of privacy and the fact that his life and that of his family must be lived inside out, with every seam apparent.

True enough, every word of it, and yet it is only fair to say that the shady side is not the only side, and that even the shady side makes no worse recounting than would the dark places of a doctor's life, or the dead monotony of a clerk's.

The demands upon the sympathy, the time and the patience of a clergyman are about like those made upon a doctor; the limitations of money are no worse for a minister than for a teacher or a clerk; the deprivation of the things of the intellect no worse for him than for a farmer, only inasmuch as he has the more wakeful mind.

And which of them all, doctor, lawyer, farmer, clerk, can boast one-half the advantages that come to many ministers simply because of their profession?

No man in any other business knows the feel of loyal backing as does that minister who can count upon his church. A friend of mine, who had been bearing a great grief and had been telling, with eyes that overflowed, of the kindness of his people, said to a brother minister without a charge: "Oh, you poor orphan! I forgot. It must be the lonesomest thing in the world to be like you."

In nine cases out of ten, if a minister is in trouble, even in trouble of his own foolish making, some of his people will stand by him, and it is this very trait, its beauty perverted, which makes the church "split" possible. Then a minister, counting upon that factor which is almost unfailing, the support of some of his people—people who say, "My minister, right or wrong,"—sometimes so far forgets the great ministerial principle that "the Church is bigger than the man," as to take to himself his friends and make two weak churches out of one strong one. No clerk can go and set up a rival business; a minister has that advantage, if he dare use it, and he sometimes dares, to the shame of the teachers who educated him and the seminary that sent him forth.

If a minister comes to a church in a strange city, he comes under more favorable conditions than any other man would meet. The best society of that city, as found in his church, is open to him. His friends are ready made, his welcome prepared, his place in the community assured. He

*This article is a reply to the pessimistic paper, "Some Side-Lights of the Clergyman's Profession," published in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for December, 1903. The writer is a minister's daughter, granddaughter and wife.

may step down—he need not climb up. If he is prepared to fill the place socially, his acquaintance may extend far beyond his own parish. If he is a gentleman—alas, that sometimes we must say "if"—the fact that he is a clergyman opens to him and to his children doors carefully closed to doctors, lawyers and merchants who do not bear credentials of the highest character. This man is a minister, and it presupposes him morally irreproachable, mentally well equipped and socially possible. Sometimes it presupposes what is not there, for ministers are only human. To their credit be it said, the presupposition usually holds, and in any community few men rank socially, intellectually or morally higher than its clergy.

And then, there is no need to be in the thick of the struggle for possessions; a minister can take his place, and it is to his credit if his family dress simply, live modestly, and deny themselves luxuries which are deemed necessary by those among whom they move. "Dr. —— never lost his influence here," they said of a fine but discredited minister, "until his daughters grew up and dressed extravagantly, plunging their father into debt and angering the best people in the parish."

In this case, the thing that was hurt was that intangible something which acts like a stimulant upon almost all men,—the pride of the parish in its pastor. This pride lets him know when he has done well;—says "Our minister," and when he goes elsewhere to represent his people, they scan the papers eagerly for news of his achievement. I know a church which spares its pastor months out of the year, allowing him freedom to represent his entire denomination both here and abroad, and exults over his absences, asking only that he should do well and let them be proud of him and call him theirs. To what other man does this come? Not even to a doctor, whose patients resent his having a night's rest at their expense, and as for his leaving them to read a paper at a medical meeting, perish the thought! For, are not two cases of measles greater than a knowledge of bacteria?

A minister's achievement is a matter of pride to all Christian people, and is often manifested regardless of denomination. It was in a large Baptist church that the venerable Presbyterian author of "Stand up, Stand Up for Jesus," entered one day, as a quiet worshipper, only to have the clergyman, who recognized him, give out this good old hymn and ask his people to rise and sing it. "Sing it," he said, "as Dr. Duffield has never heard it sung by Presbyterians." And how they sang it, and thanked him afterward with tears!

This pride in a minister gives him an unrivalled opportunity, for no other man finds people so eager to be told what to do, so desirous to be led in the right way. It is almost touching to see how many people even in these sophisticated days, take their pastor's word for law and gospel. Even a church whose trust has been betrayed will welcome and believe in a new man. If ministers could only be made to realize it!

Even if they do not realize these things, they are frequently called upon to wonder at the kindness which they receive; more than their share of unkindness in the long run, but more often their share of kindness, too.

Unexpected gifts come in the minister's way; a generous man or woman in a wealthy parish sends a

check; in a humble parish a book, a box of flowers or the produce of the farm. Once the minister I knew best received a fifty-dollar bill, and on the same day came a bushel of freshly-dug potatoes, and because it was for "Our minister" he rejoiced in both. In his case Browning's words do not apply: "For women hate a debt as men a gift."

And there is one thing about being the minister's family even in a comparatively small community. If any one of prominence comes to town to speak in church, to lecture, to sing, the minister meets him and very frequently has him for a guest. This is his great privilege, and it makes up in part for the indiscriminate hospitality which most parsonages exercise throughout the year. In one small town, in one year, twenty men and women of national repute were the minister's guests, and do you think he envied the richer doctor, the more prominent lawyer, the all too well-known merchant? Not he; he exulted that his boys and girls were hearing unforgetable talk and receiving indelible impressions as to the value of the intellectual life.

One advantage which clergymen used to receive, but which many of them refuse to avail themselves of in late years, is the ten per cent discount given for the asking in many large shops, and given without asking in others—a privilege never withdrawn by those offering it, and extended alike to the well-to-do and to the less fortunate.

The same is true of many railroads, which still issue "Clergymen's tickets" to those who ask. These kindly customs, which are of great benefit to many poorly paid men, seem to show in what esteem the profession in general is held, even by soulless corporations. Many men, as I have said, refuse the favors for pride's sake; many more accept them for the sterner sake of necessity.

But if a minister accepts these kindnesses, or spends a little more than he should or a little less than he might, who are they who will blazon it abroad? The family of the previous pastor—that family which "Graham Mac" forgot to enumerate as the "least of God's mercies." Then is the minister glad of David and the Imprecatory Psalms. The family rise up and sit down with him; they lay snares for his feet; search out his defects; lament his shortcomings, faithfully attend his ministrations and damn him with faint praise. They are instant in season and out of season—more apostolic than the Apostle. They are of an envenomed sweetness and of unheard-of longevity. They neither die nor remove; nor do they repent. And their name is legion. In the large parish they are annoying; in the small, pestilential. And everybody says: "Poor Mrs. So-and-So! If her husband were alive how dreadfully he would feel!" And so he would,—peace to his ashes! They are not always so—only frequently, and no doctor or lawyer or merchant has a trouble of like dimensions. The "in-law" of satiric fame is outranked by the in-law and gospel of ecclesiastical production.

It was all their fault that a man's sense of humor once lost him a pulpit. When Henry Ward Beecher was reproached once for making humorous remarks in the pulpit he objected, saying: "But you ought to hear the things I don't say." This minister resembled the great Brooklynite in that respect if in no other, but on one occasion, to the enduring joy of the deceased pastor's in-law

(more deserving of Acts of Parliament than the poor Deceased Wife's Sister) the minister's sense of humor was too much for him. An elderly deacon was speaking in prayer meeting, and descanting at great length upon the manifold afflictions of his family due to the "dumb ague." He had had dumb ague, his wife had had dumb ague, his children, individually and collectively, had had dumb ague. In the mercy of God, he no longer had it; owing to the over-ruling of Divine Providence his wife no longer had it; because of the intervention of the Hand of the Lord his children, individually and collectively, no longer had it. Then arose the minister, with a wicked twinkle in his eye, and upon his lips a portentous gravity. And he spoke. "If there is any one in the room," said he, "who has not had the dumb ague, it would give us pleasure to hear from him." When the minister left the church that night he went out into the cold world, and he knew it, for he had seen the eye of the ecclesiastical in-law.

Perhaps the point has not been proved; perhaps many will continue to think, "When a boy's no good for anything else, make a minister of him." But as a matter of fact there is no profession in the world where so great a majority of its members are upright, scholarly, self-denying men as the ministry; where so many men are happy in their loyal churches, their warm and generous friends, their acknowledged position and their great opportunities for service to other men.

Due East

By Louella C. Poole

I LOVE to smell the east wind, damp and chill,
That springs to greet me from the great salt sea;
Its fragrant breath brings buoyant life to me,
Suggesting sights and sounds that make me thrill.
With pleasing fancies it my brain doth fill,—
Of sailors' songs and ocean's symphony,
Of sun-kissed slopes in lovely Arcady,
Of palm and orange groves in gay Seville.

And when it brings the sea-fog in its wake,
I seem to see, as through a silvery haze,
Far out across the misty purple main,
Dim shapes arise, grand palaces, that make
Me think I've reached the goal of childhood days—
My castles fair, in far-off, sunny Spain.

The Legend of the Falls

By Orvel Weaver

HE was old and battle-scarred, and many times had he seen the green mantle of the fields and hills turn brown and then hide its faded beauty under the snows of old winter. A powerful chief was Powassee, who had led his braves to victory a hundred times, but never once to defeat. For three score years his name had been both dreaded and respected by all the neighboring tribes. Without a murmur he had seen his three stalwart sons, one by one, lay down their lives for the honor of the tribe and their father's name. And never yet had this honor been tarnished nor the prowess of Powassee questioned, either on the field or in the council.

But though his spirit was still unbroken, time was beginning to leave its traces on the proud old Indian chief. He had given up the first place in the foray to younger men and had taken his place at the head of the council lodge. His only regret was that no son remained to take his place and uphold the fame of Powassee. One child only was left to comfort him in his old age, a daughter, comely and fair as any maiden of the land. Nazinscot was the pride of the whole tribe and, so far as it lay in the power of a woman among the Indians, she had seemed almost to take the place of her brothers. She led a life such as no other Indian maid had ever enjoyed.

Since the death of his sons her father had guarded this last treasure with jealous care and had trained her almost as he would a son. She was the Joan of Arc of the tribe. She could shoot with the bow as well as any young warrior of the tribe, and for skill with the paddle she had no equal. With her light canoe, made especially small and buoyant for her own delicate strength, she could outstrip all comers, as the swallow outstrips the slow-flying raven.

But Nazinscot was no longer a little girl. The days when she was as happy and free as the squirrels that chattered with her from the tree tops, were gone, never to return. She was now a woman grown, and already her father saw that he must soon lose this last tie which bound him to this life. Several suitors had already placed their richest stores before Powassee's wigwam, signifying that they wanted Nazinscot for a wife.

Only two of them, however, seemed to have any chance of success in their wooing. One of these was Walahassee, a young warrior of her own tribe, who was fast coming to the front as a brave worthy to take the place of Powassee. He and Nazinscot had grown up together, and whatever he had accomplished had been done to win her favor.

As for Nazinscot, she had never thought of her future without Walahassee for a companion, though not until recently, when others had begun to seek her hand in marriage, had she ever thought of him as anything but a brother. He had always been her favorite among the youths

of the tribe, and since he had been old enough to enter the field and the chase, he had been her hero.

The old chief, too, liked the lad. He fully realized the possibilities of Walahassee, should he continue to win laurels as he had begun. He would gladly have approved the union had his decision rested merely upon personal favor. But there were diplomatic reasons which had led him to make other plans.

Moosguntik, a powerful young chief of a neighboring tribe, had offered half his wealth for Nazinscot. To Powassee, almost ready for the last victory, the suit of this young chief appealed very strongly. Such an alliance would seal the bond of perpetual friendship between the two tribes, and, after the old chief had gone to join his fathers in the Happy Hunting-grounds, Moosguntik would become the chief of both tribes. This would assure the future greatness and safety of his people, and, to the proud old warrior, this meant more than his daughter's happiness.

The father could hardly bring himself to compel his daughter to sacrifice her life by marrying someone for whom she cared nothing. Nor could Nazinscot defy her father's will and threaten the honor of his people by accepting the hero of her choice. Neither was willing to take the initial step, and the issue threatened to develop into something more serious than a peaceful rivalry for a maiden's hand.

But when Nazinscot fully realized that, unless something very unforeseen happened, she must marry Moosguntik, she began to seek some solution of the problem. She saw that she must devise some plan which would make her the wife of Walahassee, without openly rejecting the suit of Moosguntik. Soon her woman's wit came to her rescue, and she was able to place before her father a plan which she believed would be successful in every way.

Wallahassee was second only to Nazinscot herself as a skillful canoeist, while Moosguntik was considered the best man in his own tribe with the paddle. On these facts Nazinscot based her plans for settling the difficulty.

Her proposal was that on a certain day the two tribes should meet at her father's village, which was situated on the banks of a small river. The two suitors should then, in the presence of both tribes, contend in a canoe race for the hand of the maiden.

Powassee readily consented to this plan, as it seemed to offer the only way of settling the question, without giving Moosguntik cause for enmity. Should he consent and lose in the race, he would have no one but himself to blame. And should Walahassee lose, he and Nazinscot must bow in silence to their fate.

The proposed plan was satisfactory to all, and on the appointed day the banks of the stream were lined with the braves of both tribes, decked out in their gayest colors and plumes. The conditions of the race were that Nazinscot should have a start of fifty yards. Then the two men were to start even, and the first one to overtake her in her flight might claim her for his bride.

In having the arrangements made this way Nazinscot believed that the race would result as she wished it to. Her idea was to keep ahead until Walahassee should have left his rival behind and then allow him to overtake her. She knew that she would have no difficulty in main-

taining the advantage given her at the start, and she believed that her lover would be able to distance his adversary.

The day appointed for the race was perfect, and as the three contestants took their places a solemn stillness pervaded the whole place, as if nature herself were anxiously awaiting the outcome. At the signal three paddles simultaneously cut the water and three canoes shot forward with the rapidity of an arrow. The race was on, and every one realized that it was to be a battle royal.

In the first few minutes Nazinscot's quick, skillful strokes lengthened the fifty yards to seventy-five, and the attention of all was immediately turned upon the two braves. Here would be a fight that would determine the future history of the two tribes. The two canoes flew forward almost bow to bow. As first one and then the other, taking some slight advantage of the current, forged a few inches ahead, a mighty shout would go up from the banks where the two tribes watched, with breathless interest, the efforts of their heroes. But neither seemed to gain any decided advantage of the other as they swept on and on.

Nazinscot was merely holding her own. She felt that her strength would enable her to maintain her lead until one or the other of her suitors had shown his superiority. She listened with eagerness for every sound from the banks that would tell her how the race was going. Occasionally a slight bend in the course allowed her to get a glimpse of her pursuers. Each time, however, there was no apparent change in the positions of the two canoes.

The race had started from the village, and was to be down the river. Three miles below the village the river made a turn to the left around a high rocky bluff. Then it ran straight again for about a quarter of a mile, when it swerved again to the left around another bluff. Just around the second turn were the falls, with a sheer drop of forty feet to the rocks below.

No one had dreamed that the race would last for more than two miles, and so no provision had been made for the possibility of the falls becoming a factor in the race. In order that the reader may better understand what later took place it may be well to give a brief description of the falls.

As has already been stated, these falls were just around the second bend in the river. The general characteristics of the banks at both turns were so similar that a person not acquainted with the country would have difficulty in distinguishing one from the other. The current, after it had rounded the second bluff, was like a mill race and the river was so full of rocks at the foot of the falls that no canoe had ever succeeded in passing the falls in safety.

The excitement among those watching the race was so intense that no one had noticed how far the contestants had gone until it was too late. Nazinscot had been so confident of her lover's ability to quickly pass his rival that she had given no thought to anything else. But she had underestimated the ability of Moosguntik, for now, when the race had lasted for almost three miles, the two braves were still about as even as when they started.

Nazinscot was so intent upon what was taking place behind her that she did not even notice when she passed the first bluff. She had

not been able to distinguish between the shouts of warning and those of encouragement from the people on shore. Consequently the first intimation of danger which she received was when she noticed that the two canoes in the rear were apparently falling back. Thinking that in her excitement she had increased her stroke, she began to paddle easier. Still her speed increased until, thoroughly aroused, she took a quick glance at her surroundings. Even then she did not immediately realize the full significance of her condition.

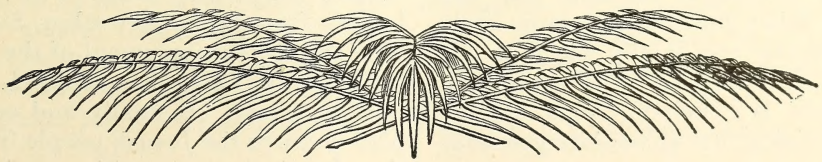
But the speed with which her canoe was now shooting along and the wild gesticulations of those on shore soon apprised her of her danger. She was already in the grasp of the swift, merciless current just above the falls. The moment she realized this she turned her canoe towards the right bank, where there was a chance to land. But a few quick strokes convinced her that she had already gone too far. It would be impossible to reach the shore before the current should sweep her frail canoe over the falls.

Turning for one brief second she sent a cry of warning to her lover, and then exerted all her energies in an endeavor to reach the least dangerous part of the falls. But it was a helpless task, and she soon gave it up and allowed the current to sweep her along towards the fatal drop.

But her warning cry had reached the ears of the two men. Each one took in the situation at a glance and in a moment each had decided upon his course of action. It was only too evident that no power on earth could save Nazinscot. But there was still time for the two men to save themselves.

Moosguntik, with a powerful stroke of his paddle, turned his canoe towards the shore, and in a few minutes stood safe upon the sand. Not so, Walahassee. To him that warning cry had seemed to come from another world. He instinctively felt that he would never again see Nazinscot alive. And what would life be to him without her love to spur him on and keep him ever hopeful.

Directing his canoe towards the point where he had last seen that beloved face turned to him in resignation and farewell, he dropped his paddle and abandoned himself to his fate. As his canoe shot over the brink of the cataract he looked for the last time upon his earthly home and the next moment he had overtaken Nazinscot and could claim her for his bride in the realms of the Happy Hunting-ground.



The Russian Jew in Southern New England

By Emelyn Foster Peck

Of the new blood pulsing through arteries of great steamship lines and New York immigrant stations into the veins of southern New England, that originally from Palestine and, of late, from Russia is picturesque, vigorous, and most inevitably a force to be reckoned with in the future.

The German brother of this Russian Jew came half a century ago, came from no religious persecution, but to better his financial condition. In this he has succeeded—as he will tell you with all the frankness of a Melchizedek Pinchas. In religion he is usually a "reformed" Jew, a follower of Moses Mendlesohn or the more radical Friedländer, and the theory of his belief entails the fatherhood of God, and love, sympathy and helpfulness among men, "unclogged," as he would say, by the cumbersome formalities of "orthodoxy." To him, if he is of a thoughtful cast, Christ stands as a notable instance of the heights to which purely human love and sympathy may attain. The commercially successful German Jew has often fallen into the American style of leaving the family piety to his wife and daughter, while his own religion is "charity," of a careful, patronizing, but splendidly generous kind.

But in the tenacity with which he clings to the ancient forms of his religion and in his attitude toward shifting any of the religious responsibility upon the shoulders of his womenkind, the Russian Jew, who comes here full-grown and from Slavic persecution, is as distinct from the German as his type of face is different. Consequently the German predecessor looks upon the late arrival as narrow and bigoted, while in the commercially established uptown Hebrew the immigrant Russian sees an apostate to Christianity.

The sad condition of the Jewish people in Russia readily accounts for any seeming narrowness of those who have been coming into New England during the last fifteen years. Old World persecution has only bound them closer to the loved forms of the religion of their fathers, to the one steady consolation in a veritable Valley of Death-shade.

Only within the Pale (the sixteen western provinces including about one-fifth of European Russia) has the Jew been allowed to live; and for generations there have been intermittent efforts on the part of the government to keep him from land culture and from work with his hands—from productive labor. Since 1882 the rigid enforcement of the so-called May Laws has worked ineffable misery. It finally and completely drove the Jewish people from the farming communities (where they tilled the soil and ran farms under verbal agreement, were "possessors," it being illegal even to *rent*

land to Jews), and then, in turn, from the villages; for the law decreed that they should live only in towns.* The condition of the crowded Ghettos, many times over-crowded by this unwelcome influx, may be imagined. In midwinter, and that a Russian winter, many of the forced evacuations took place, and in such haste that personal property was ruthlessly sacrificed, and in many cases mercy shown neither to the sick nor to little children.

Once within the Ghetto, life became a matter of strife for bread. The university graduate and the professional man might live where he pleased, even without the Pale, as m i g h t also the very wealthy merchant of the First Guild. The desire for knowledge, always keen in the race, was fostered by this vision of an archway to freedom. The commercial instincts were quickened by the same hope. But the Jew found, with feelings far different from those of the restless-hearted Ulysses, that it was only

"That untraveled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever,"

as he moved. The decree went out that no more than three (later two) per cent. of the university students might be of the Jewish race;† it became almost impossible to obtain government permission for the practice of medicine or law; and blighting special taxes were laid upon the aspiring merchant. No Jew might hold office in the Civil Service. No Jew might be an officer in the army. Of late years a stagnation in the building trades has driven many capable artisans to emigration, to starvation, or to the small trades which superficial observers are apt to think quite opposite to the Hebrew character, but which many an ambitious workman looks upon as the last resort of hopelessness.



HIS GERMAN BROTHER

In addition to his other troubles the Russian Jew has of late years been used in his helplessness as a political scapegoat. The Nihilism of the university student, the anarchistic trend of the undercurrent in literature, penetrating to the lower classes, there manifests itself not in thought but in passionate feeling. The Government, on its quaking pedestal, thought to sate the ill-will of an ignorant peasantry by turning it against the Jew —already disliked because of his clannishness (due largely to persecution) and to his superiority in matters material. He it was whom the vodka-sodden peasants, or the jealous rivals from the land-owning middle class, were taught by a press under government censorship to look upon as the cause of all wrongs, social and political. Hence the terrible massacres of Kieff and Kishineff.

The Jews themselves have been specially persecuted as anarchists; how bitterly may be guessed by the way the sympathy-devouring eyes

*The one exception to this law was in the case of the comparatively small farming colony in South Russia, established by the Emperor Nicholas as a social experiment.

†In the neighboring Austria, where the Jew numbers one in twenty and there is no educational restriction, forty per cent. of the students in the University of Vienna are Jewish.

of the older immigrant will cloud with suspicion and his ready tongue grow silent when you ask him what he thinks of Socialism—evidently not, in his experience, distinguished from Anarchism. The truth of the matter seems to be that discontent with the Russian government appears wherever men gather together with any chance for discussion. The "right of assembly" is denied to Russian citizens, but factory conditions nullify this denial. There problems, political and social, are discussed over the work or the noonday meal. And as the Pale contains the heart of industrial Russia and the Jews are forced by Government into the work of the cities—most of the factory hands are Jewish—these immigrants, very likely, have been deeply interested at least, in the Socialistic movement. One man, fresh from a manufacturing city of the Pale, said that the Ghetto people had for long looked upon it with deep distrust but that the terrible conditions of the past few years were leading many to an interest. Socialism was there, like the early Christianity, making its appeal to the poor and woefully oppressed.

So much to account for the religious and social attitude of the freshly-arrived Russian Jewish immigrants. These people come among us with hopes and ideals always intense, often vague, sometimes definite. Freedom they have longed for —freedom to worship according to their ancient forms, unpersecuted and with no government pressure towards conversion; freedom from political intrigue; for the Socialist, freedom to participate in the "natural, inevitable, unclogged evolution" toward his ideal; but, most of all, freedom in an untrammeled field of work. A surprising number come with a desire here to be able to work with their hands, and many with a hope of going back to the soil, to the old patriarchal state, to land-ownership so long denied them. Universal and very strong among them springs the desire for education, a desire all the more lusty for its Old-World pruning.

For first work, forced by poverty to turn to whatever may be immediately remunerative, they usually go into peddling, the business of the small merchant, or the sweat-shop. For the artisan and the would-be farmer this is but as a makeshift. Those who have come to the country as artisans (painters, bricklayers, masons, carpenters,) are said almost never permanently to leave their trades, and moreover they are frequently joined by the professional peddler or merchant. These very bitterly resent the idea that the Jewish people are by nature addicted to a parasitic commercialism. The large number of factory hands, day-laborers, tailors, shoe, harness, watch, and garment-makers, besides the farmers are, they maintain, most truly "producers of wealth."

As to the appearance of these newcomers, they are usually short and spare—even the rows of old Jewish women on the benches of the Synagogue gallery presenting many a type as meagre and angular as the proverbial caricature of the New England spinster. Some of the race retain the purely Semitic features—retreating forehead, hooked and dipping nose, large velvety black eyes, and full red lips; but most of them bear the marks of their long sojourn in the land of the Slavs—the high, rather bulging forehead, blue eyes wide apart, and the Russian nose—pure Greek (to go with long taper fingers and delicately blue-

veined hands), and again broad, flat, and even retroussé! Of the features it is not the nose, but rather the eyes that impress you most deeply, eyes sometimes furtive and wild, like those of a hunted forest animal (a type that has come out of bitter persecution under which the soul has sunk) but usually wide-open, frank, thoughtful and easily kindling to enthusiasm.

The men are shabbily dressed (except when in the always decent Shabbos black), wear the inevitable beard, and are seldom seen with heads uncovered. With all modesty the natural hair of the married woman is smothered under an ugly wig, which is parted in the middle and drawn into an uncompromising little knot behind. Fresh arrivals may be seen also in head-covering kerchiefs—maroon, yellow or crimson—which very soon give place to American bonnets of fantastic design. The little children are swarming, grimy, bright-faced, and so spontaneously affectionate as to be irresistibly lovable.

Most of the Russian Jews, who form five per cent. of the immigrant stream, have come into southern New England after a longer or shorter stay in New York City. Disheartened by the crowded condition of the Ghetto there, they have made their way along the railroad to New Haven, to New London and the farming and factory communities thereabouts, and up the Connecticut River to Hartford. During the three years beginning with 1900 it has been estimated that 3,249 of these people came into the State of Connecticut.

Naturally, at first they live clannishly; for many yet know nothing of the English language. Crowded into tenement houses, dark, rickety and ill-smelling, at a loss to understand the speech and customs of the not specially unctuous exponents of equality and fraternity, and with little money and less experience they have a hard time at first.

Of a summer afternoon, the narrow, sun-baked streets near the river or the railroad (wherever the "rents" are cheap—though it is said fat percentages accrue from the old ramshackles) are alive with children, a-squirm with babies. Old be-wigged grandmothers and young mothers in more worldly coiffure sit on the doorsteps or tend the ubiquitous soda-fountain. An occasional shabby peddler plods along the hot middle of the cobble-stoned street calling out his wares in a musical sing-song.

The people of this street, the fathers and mothers, at least, are thoroughly "orthodox." Their food is *kosher* (conforming to the Biblical and Talmudic laws); their Sabbath and their fast and feast days are rigorously kept; about their marriage and burial customs is an atmosphere of long ago; their children are sent to *Chaider*; and their men and old women pray often and go regularly to Synagogue.

Early *Shabbos* (Saturday) morning, the small shops are closed, the streets are comparatively quiet, and the fathers of the Ghetto, in decorous Sabbath black may be seen hurrying along toward the Synagogue, usually a large square brick building, the line of its roof broken by an oriental curve of twin domes. Inside there greets you what seems at first a confusion of forms and voices. Old men wrapped in white silken *Taliths* (praying shawls) and with heads reverently covered by small skull caps, are murmuring prayers or intoning responses, while they sway continually backward and

forward. In the gallery, and apparently oblivious to the progress of the service, the old women read in quavering monotones, each to herself from her prayer-book, her body swaying gently, her strange old face often puckered with a sob, and her voice rising now and again into a mournful wail.

The "reader" of the tiny desk below chants the services in a gustful minor and with a voice rich and flexible as that you heard the other morning singing as it passed beneath your window:

"Um-brells to mend! Um-brells to mend!"

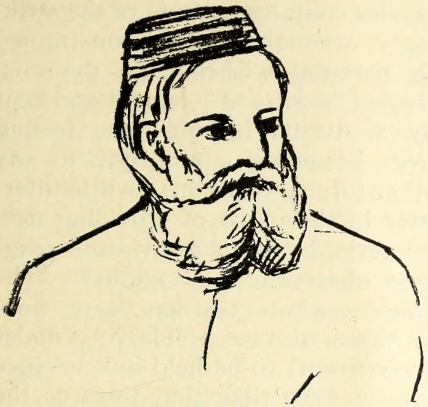
Later the Roll of the Law is taken out and the "reader" carries it to a raised platform in the centre of the room, while old men and a sprinkling of little lads press eagerly forward to kiss its gorgeous covering. Then ten are called up to the reading of the Law—just as it was many centuries ago in Palestine! Some of the services of the great fast and feast days are even more picturesque, more oriental. And the serious sincerity in the midst of what seems to us occidentals a "blooming, buzzing confusion," the deep consolation which the older Hebrew gets from it all cannot for a moment be doubted.

To the *Chaider* or Hebrew School, which meets every week-day evening except Saturday, and every Sunday morning, the "orthodox" Russian Jew sends his son and often his daughter. There the children are taught to read the Bible in Hebrew, and are given occasional lectures upon conduct and religion. The teachers, while sometimes so new to the country as to be unable to speak English, are often fine Hebrew scholars, widely-read philosophers, and possessed of a system of ethics as deeply spiritual and as broadly human, in essentials, as is to be found anywhere.

Another institution among them is the Benevolent Society. It is a well-known fact that there are no Jewish paupers. Organizations among themselves see to that. These have salaried doctors in their employ, and in cases where much help is needed, a general tax is levied or solicitations made from door-step to door-step.

Besides these distinctly Jewish influences in the life of the community, the public school stands as an immensely important factor. Indeed, in the case of the child himself it forms the transcendent influence; for it is the centre of his social interest, the open highway of his ambition, and the fountain for his quenchless thirst for the new American ideas. To the child of the Russian Jewish immigrant, school means infinitely more than to the uptown native whose interest is dispersed over a dozen different fields. Thoroughly disconcerting it is, at times, in talking to a little Ghetto lad, to find his information on a varied range of subjects wider and more accurate than your own. You would think that he had sapped the ideas of all his five or six successive teachers, bathed those ideas in the glow of his enthusiastic affection for all five or six, and so held them firm in his undistracted memory.

As might be expected from his previous race history, the child, while quick and often brilliant in his purely intellectual studies, makes no great showing in the manual training departments. Some teachers say that his drawing does not come easily to him, an inaptitude that might well be accounted for by the long disfavor of his race towards the plastic and pictorial arts.



THE RABBI

Considering the financial position of the parents, a very large number go on to High School and college. Run over the list of names in the honor rolls of both and you will find the inevitable "—sky" or "berg" (Russian as well as German) among them.

Late evenings of patient study after out-of-school hours of fatiguing physical work are often aglow with the boy's own vivid enthusiasm for his world of ideas, with his ambition not a whit more sordid than that of the aspiring native American lad. As for out-of-school reading, authorities of the Hartford Public Library say that the children of the Russian Jewish immigrants of that city read more and a better kind of books than those living in that part of the city where culture is supposed to rise with the altitude.

So much for the Russian Jew of the southern New England towns, numerically, of course, much more important than his agricultural brother. But the age-long prejudice against the idea of the Hebrew as a farmer might well receive a slight jolting from a thoughtful consideration of the Jewish farming community about Colchester, Conn., and eastward. There fresh immigrants have been buying up land for the last ten years—some with the aid of the Baron Hirsch Fund, from which money may be borrowed (only for the purchase of land) at four per cent.; others, and these usually the most successful eventually, paying down a few hundred dollars (earned by peddling, day-labor and the like), and borrowing the rest from the neighboring banks at six per cent., or even higher interest. The farms thereabouts lack, indeed, the spruceness of their former Yankee management. Rows are not so apt to follow the line of duty; houses lack paint; and the farm beasts are often built, as Dickens would say, after the Gothic style of architecture. But the fact remains that the Jew is getting a grasp on farming life just where the Yankee is abandoning it, that the community is increasing, and that very few are said to leave their farms for other occupations. With the educational influences now at work (little neighborly influence of old residents upon new settlers) the standard of living is being raised, and flowers, music, and a love of order are invading the homes. In many cases where the requisite faculties had been atrophied by generations of forced disuse, the stories of



THE SOCIALIST

first attempts at farm life were, in the light of past history, intensely pathetic.

In appearance the Russian Jewish farmer is much like that impression of the Slav peasant you carried away from the reading of Tolstoi or Turgeniev, except that his eyes are never dull and heavy—a short, spare, heavily-bearded man, often blue-eyed and tawny. He is a genial host, talkative, thoughtful and, perhaps from his wholesome, sweetening contact with the soil, without the ebullient boastfulness of his successful city cousin.

With the second generation, both of city and of country, tendencies seem to be away from "narrowness" toward an almost dangerous latitude. From his public school and his less prejudiced observation of the business world and that outer shell, at least, of social life that comes within his ken, the child absorbs a wealth of new Americanisms. He is the interpreter of American life, with which he is passionately in love, to his more circumscribed parents, too old to learn to read English or to talk comfortably in any tongue but the old "Yiddish," the jargon of the European Ghetto. While the beautiful affection and reverence so pre-eminently characteristic of the Jewish family life is still strong, the reversed relation of teacher and taught, the inevitable superiority of the son in his grasp of things material and things American tend to make him look often merely with affectionate tolerance upon the much-time-consuming customs and observances of his parents.

From the strictly orthodox Synagogue he is likely, if he be of the "successful," to drift to the "reformed" Temple where the religion is philosophically spiritual and the service contains nothing of the strikingly oriental. Often, constrained by parental wishes from the mistrusted "reformed" element and kept by a sturdy, lurking race feeling from becoming a proselyte to any other forms, led by his own indifference in the midst of crowding new interests, he drops away from religious observances altogether. The *Chaider*, whose teachers were wont in times of race solidarity (under persecution) to be held in reverence greater even than that towards the parents, finds it increasingly difficult to keep its children to the learning of the Hebrew, thoroughly essential to a sympathy with the old Synagogue services conducted entirely in that language. The highly educated lad who goes into the professions is apt to grow atheistic, or perhaps pantheistic, with a sympathy hardly broad enough to admit the idea of essential good lurking beneath all forms.

The tide seems to be toward Americanism. That is all you can say of it. The brilliant, rising young man would have you think of him as an American, would have it forgotten, at least in public, that he is anything aside from an American. Mark Twain's theory of the one great Jewish need (strange he, of all men, did not say it was a sense of humor!) that of a distinctly Jewish political organization, meets with this wrecking obstacle. Why should they rouse here the anti-semitic feeling (and doubtless the ethics of some of the political machines would not be above trying to launch it) by a political demonstration of the "aloofness of Israel?" A lack of solidarity among themselves, a morbid sensitiveness over religious differences—like that of the very early days in our own colonial history—is

another opposing factor to such an idea.

Thus the tendency of the second generation is, within the race, rather disintegrating; but with his keenness of mind, his interest in principles, his deep family affections, and his essential soberness, the scion may be trusted even in the riotous vigor of his new-old blood not to run far amuck of what makes for the best in this New-World freedom of his.

One charm of the Russian Jew is his variousness—the distinct qualities, all deliciously unconventional, found in numberless different types.

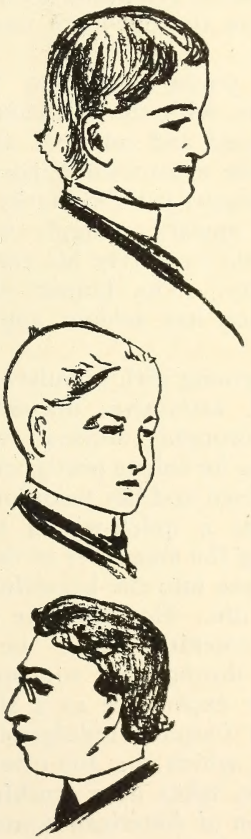
There's the old peddler. Did you never notice him as he drove along the street behind his wall-eyed mare, shabby, hunched over the crest of his load, and darting a swift, wary eye from out his unkempt growth of hair and beard, as he droned:

"Cash paid for rags!"

On a *Shabbos* morning this same little man may be seen walking consequentially about the Synagogue, venerable in cleanly dignity, genially offering snuff to his Talith-draped fellows, and joining in the responses with vociferous unction. He is probably somewhat of a Hebrew scholar, too, and knows the services, all in that language, quite by heart.

The old Yiddish-speaking mother —slow-moving, quick-tongued, bewigged—is a thoroughly and exclusively domestic type. She, indeed, has come out of great tribulation and the new language and new ways are too much for her bewildered mind to cope with. She is rather suspicious of them. Her duty is to see that the food is *kosher* and to care for the tiny children. Her pleasure is to go, in the twilight of every early morning, to Synagogue prayers.

Then there is the *Ruy* or Rabbi, the authority as to things that are orthodox or food that is *kosher*. He greets you with kindly, awkward dignity, a stoutish man in black alpaca coat and cap with thoughtful, other-worldly eyes beneath his broad white forehead — for he is vastly learned in Talmud and in sacred Scripture. His household comforts are meagre—unless you count his generous supply of children—and his knowledge of things profane not very extensive; but he is the well-loved shepherd of his "orthodox" flock, with a deep sympathy for all the sorrows of his people and a re-



TYPES OF RUSSIAN JEWISH SCHOOLBOYS

freshingly steadfast belief in the practicability of his cloud-capped ideal for their future.

One of the most interesting types is the older scholar, a forced exile, mayhap because of suspected Nihilism, from the Russian university whose doors swung so reluctantly for his entrance, continuing his long studies in an American college, thinking nothing of physical hardship, finding all consolation, quenching all thirst, in the pure love of ideas, retiring, sensitive to the estimate put upon him by those whom he feels to be his intellectual inferiors, cynical, atheistic—or at most pantheistic under a cloud of fatalism —and out of sympathy with what he considers the out-worn customs of his race.

The younger scholar, brilliant, versatile, with the consciousness of recognized and admired ability, is apt to be a somewhat more optimistic person; yet the murky realism of his upward struggle too often leaves its trail over his estimate of humanity. The humor of sordid situations has seldom appealed to him.

The young girl, impulsive, warmhearted, attractive, unconventional and thoroughly modest, with her yearning for things pretty and dainty and refined and her taste for domesticity, is a quick-witted agent in bringing the amenities of the American home into the beautiful Jewish family life. Her estimate of what these amenities may be comes mostly through her romantic reading, her experience as a shop girl, and her frequent indulgence in the theatre, which she, too often unfortunately, takes as a truthful interpretation of American home life.

Of all the impractical, emotionally idealizing types, the Socialist is the most vivid. You can hardly lay on the colors strong enough to do him full justice. Usually a day-laborer, widely read in philosophy, theology, economics, sociology, far traveled and an intensely interested observer, putting all the religion of his fervid nature into his intellectual convictions—for he has lost all other religion—he is yet a quite harmless enthusiast; for his theory holds that all things are bound to work by natural evolution, that cannot be stayed or hastened, toward the ideal state, toward universal brotherhood in which all differences of race and creed and condition shall disappear.

Then there are the farmer, the artisan, the tailor, the *Chaider* teacher and many another distinct type; but the eager, serious-faced little schoolboy is the most interesting of them all, perhaps because of his immense though indeterminate potentiality. He is not robust physically, never excelling in games of hardihood or in work that entails any great expenditure of muscular energy; but his is a certain wiry endurance, a persistent nervous energy that keeps him to many consecutive hours of brain work, that carries him over hundreds of pages of serious, midnight reading (for pleasure) pages all untraveled by the lusty and ten-o'clock-sleepy little Yankee. The ambitious lad, uncowed by race persecution—to him but a tale—has, too, a certain self-confidence (often, alas, all too apparent), that is bound to make for effectiveness. Besides his keen mentality and his irrepressible ambition he has his passionate boyish enthusiasms—for patriotism, for heroism, for daring—and a most grateful and affectionate lad he is. One must, perforce, have a bush growth of prejudice to find him otherwise.

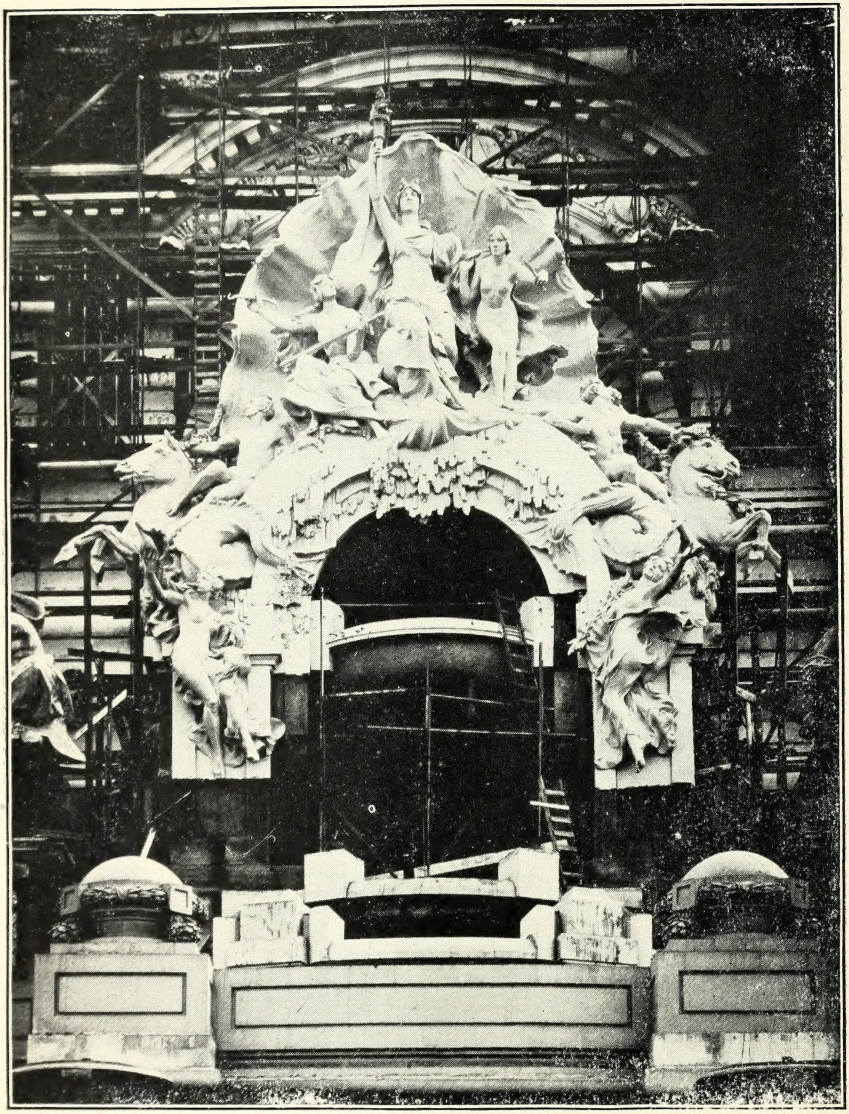
To sum up the case of the Russian Jewish immigrant: beneath his seeming physical weakness is a vitality strong and enduring; he is poor now, but he will not be so for long; he has a deep love for his home life, is affectionate, virtuous, cheerful, loquacious, unconventional (the charm of the Zangwill "Grandchildren of the Ghetto"), law-abiding. The compiler of statistics blindly classes him among those immigrants "dangerous because of ignorance." As to "narrowness," his philosophical observers think him already on the road toward a rather dangerous broadness. His desire is to be "American," and the chances are that he may be even more American than the Americans, with the leaven of Semitic fervor and the sedative of Hebrew shrewdness thrown in. Intellectually keen, emotionally intense, and with a persistence dogged as that of the original soil-conquering Yankee—such is the Russian Jew, withal a vigorous stream of new blood from Russia and the older heart of Palestine.

Song

By Walter A. Dyer

TELL me, gull, on sweeping wing,
Tell me of the morrow.
Will it be as full of joy
And as free from sorrow?
Will the sunshine be as bright
When I shall be waking?
Will he still be true to me,
He who sails the rolling sea?
Shall I be as glad and free?
Will my heart be breaking?

Death broods over yonder hill;
I am faint with sorrow.
Tell me, tell me, gentle gull,
Tell me of the morrow.
Must I always cry with pain,
Or is joy but sleeping?
Dost thou know my Fate's decree?
Is there something yet for me,
Somewhere o'er the sobbing sea,
That will still my weeping?



"FOUNTAIN OF LIBERTY," IN FRONT OF FESTIVAL HALL. HERMON A. McNEIL, SCULPTOR.

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Statuary at the St. Louis Fair

By Amy Woods

LESS than three years ago, what is now the site of the greatest of all the World's Fairs was a large tract of forest land, filled with natural beauties untouched by the hand of man. Now a complete metamorphosis has taken place, and under the guidance of the human mind those same wild beauties have been trained until they hold their place in the great symbolization of the fullest advancement of civilization in every branch of the world's growth.

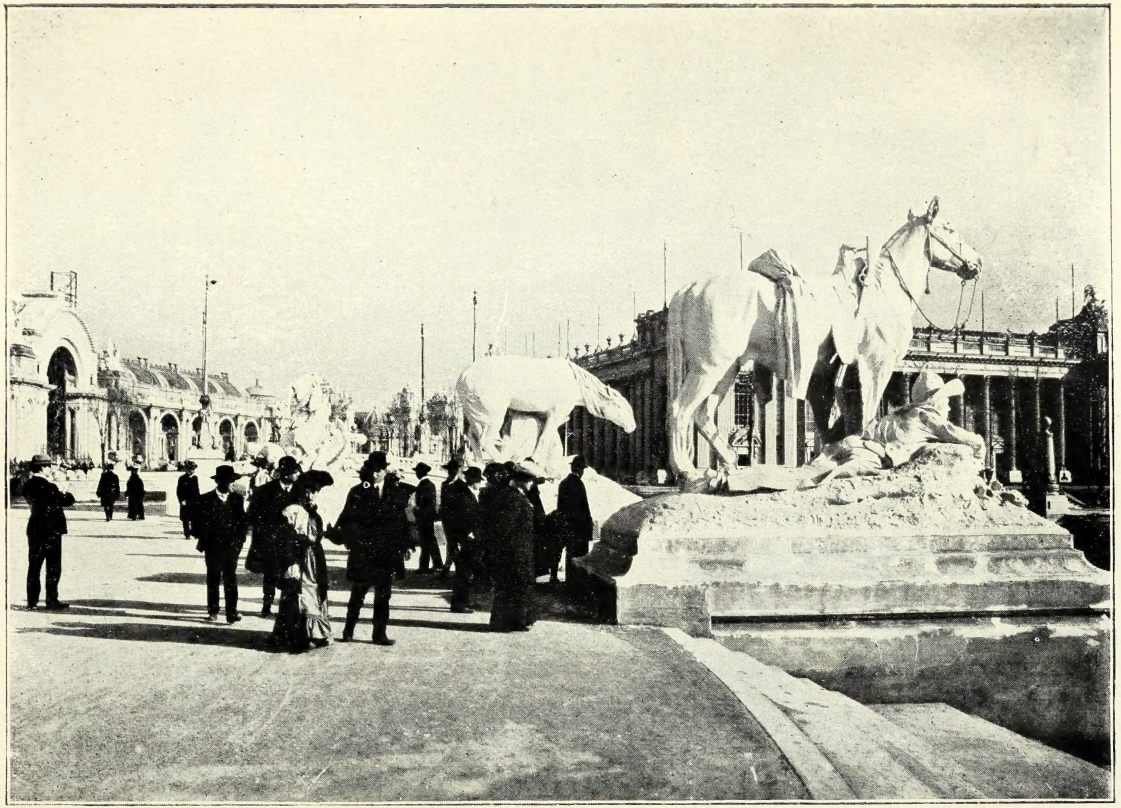
In the midst of the forest has sprung up a "city" of a thousand buildings, each a masterpiece in its way, typifying the highest and best in its department.

Too much has been said in the newspapers of the financial results of the Fair, too little of the æsthetic influence which it is giving at least to all who come within the gates. The architecture of the exposition palaces is on the broad lines of the Renaissance, though the greatest freedom has been allowed the artists in carrying out their own interpretations, and the effect is of unity of the whole made up of strikingly individual parts. Each building, beautiful in itself, is replete with statuary interpreting historically the advancement of our country since the Louisiana Purchase, — interpreting emblematically the progress of the world in material affairs, and allegorically the advancement of humanity at large in the realms of æstheticism.

The Fair ground is approximately rectangular in shape, extending two miles east and west, and one mile north and south. Through this runs the Des Peres River, which has been turned from its wanton way, dammed here, made to overflow there, until now it forms the lagoons which set off the ivory buildings by contrast with the deep blue of their waters. Few, if any, traversing the main avenue of the grounds, realize that they are walking over a river caged in a wooden box. Along the banks of the lagoons are many of the statues which play so important a part in the beauty of the Fair.

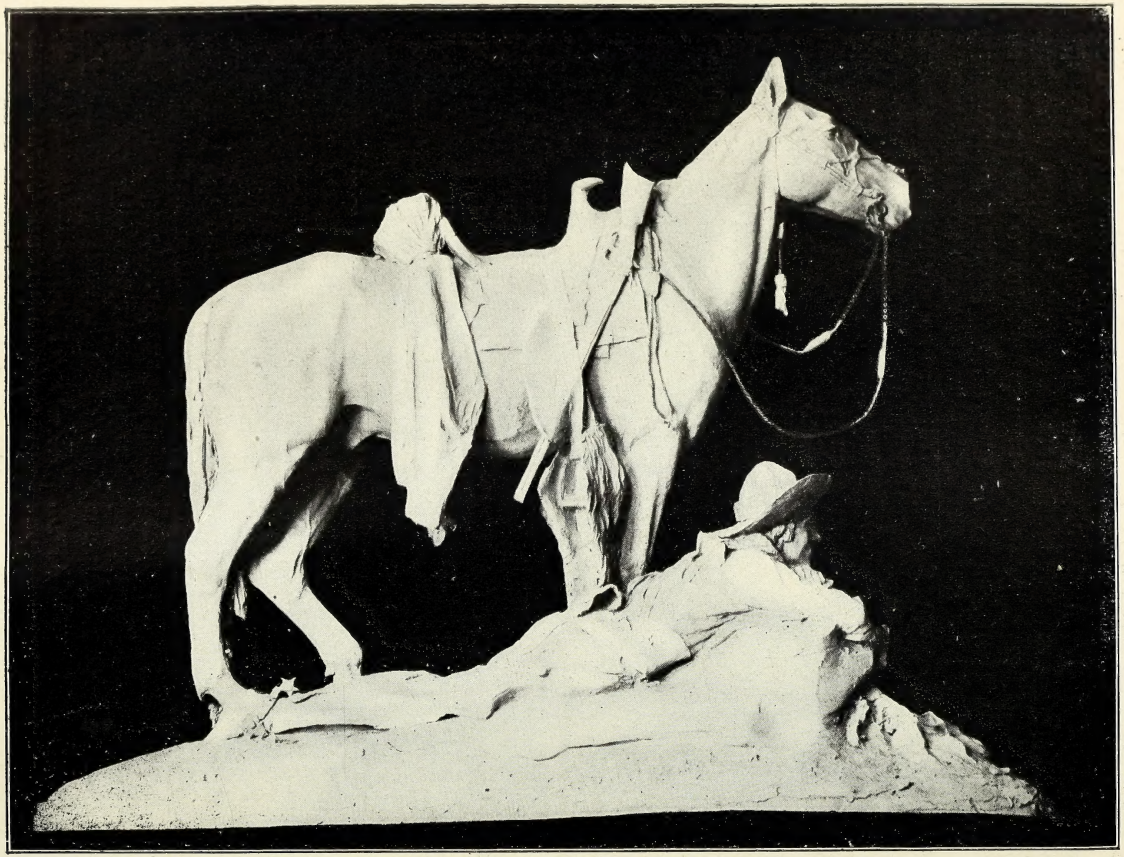
There are within the gates over a thousand figures, nearly all of heroic size. They are the work of a hundred American sculptors, who have by their own skill shown the advancement of art in America as well as the advancement they have striven to symbolize. Starting up the hill which is crowned by Festival Hall, one finds oneself surrounded by statues and groups. Festival Hall in itself is the symbolization of music; containing, as it does, the great organ, it seems to be a part of the harmonies which issue from those massive pipes. It gives at first the impression of ornateness. It has, to use a homely simile, the ponderousness of a heavily frosted wedding cake, but looked at carefully, the solidity of the whole fades before the beauty of detail. Here a dainty figure plays a violin, here in bas-relief shows a 'cello or the

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STATUARY AT THE LAUNCH LANDING. SOLON H. BORGLUM, SCULPTOR.

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"COWBOY AT REST." SOLON H. BORGLUM, SCULPTOR.

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curves of a French horn.

Above the fountain over the portal of Festival Hall is the "Triumph of Apollo," by Philip Martiny. The god of Music stands in the centre, while, on either side, the Muses are represented by figures, half horse, half woman, in joyous movement. The whole group is exquisite in delicacy and abounding with life. The crowning statue of Festival Hall, one might say the very apex of the Fair is "Victory," a youth standing on tip-toe, holding aloft the laurel. The making of this statue was competitive, and the honor was won by Miss Evelyn B. Longman, a St. Louis sculptor. A workman, overheard talking to another, was heard to say that it was originally intended that "Victory" should hold aloft a light in the right hand, but that when the management asked for volunteers to carry the necessary wires, there was no one who would offer, so the highest light on Festival Hall is around the hemisphere on which the figure stands.

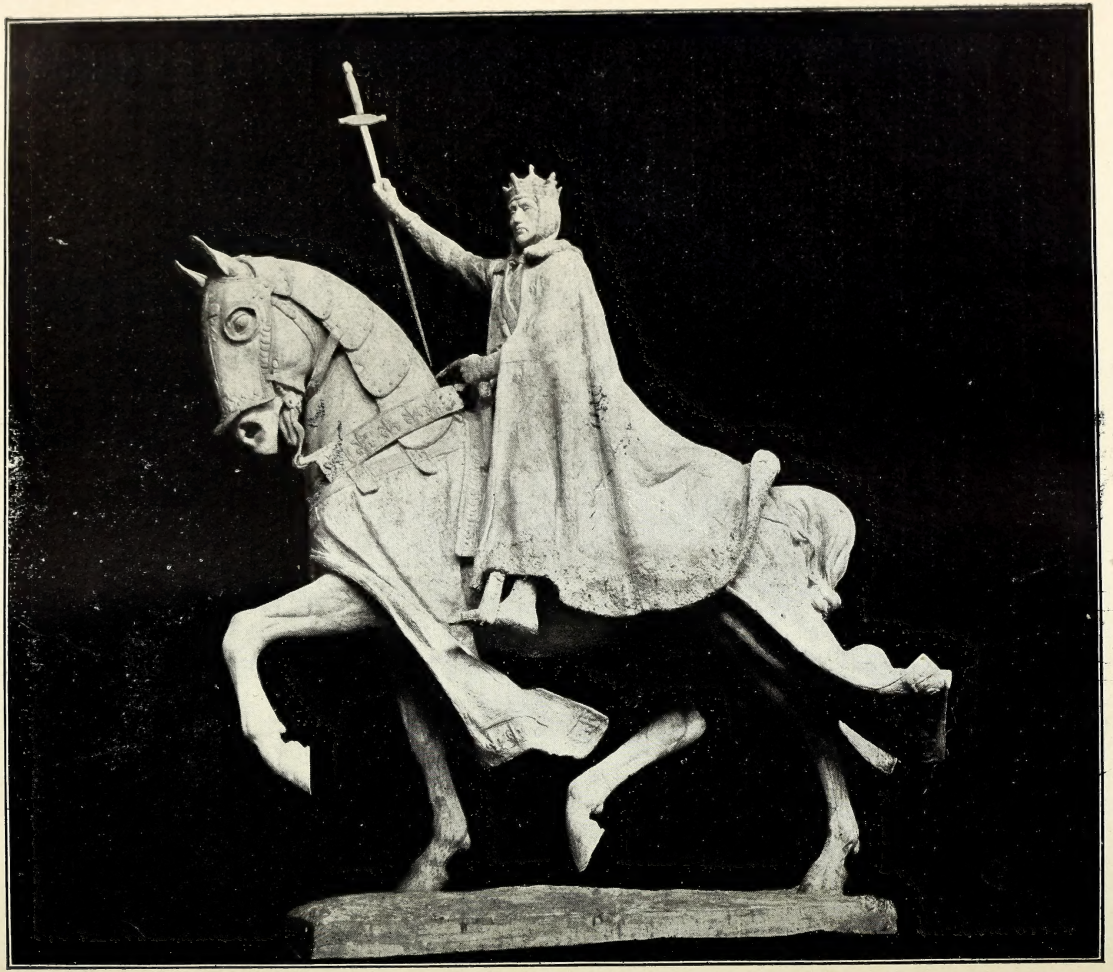
Speaking of the competition open to all sculptors brings to mind the great progress made by women since the Chicago Fair. There is no Woman's Building at St. Louis, but every competition was opened alike to men and women, and on each jury there was at least one woman.

In front of Festival Hall stands the grand basin of the central fountain, from which pours the crystal falls that lose themselves beneath the plaza to reappear in a series of sixteen ever-widening cascades. Above it, shielded as by a great shell, stands "Liberty," supported on either side by "Truth" and "Justice," and several other figures. It is the masterful work of Herman A. McNeil, full of superb dignity, and in the evening, when the reflected light from below is upon it, it is impressive beyond words to describe.

Along the brow of the hill connecting Festival Hall with the East and West Pavilions, runs the "Colonnade of States"—a peristyle curving around the brow of the hill forms the background for fourteen heroic female figures, which symbolize the fourteen States included in the Louisiana Purchase. By day it is stately (nor do I use the word in a punning sense); by night it is a gorgeous mass of light. Only one criticism can be offered—the fourteen stars outlined in electricity to symbolize the stars added to the flag seem scarcely in keeping with the classic columns.

The statues entitled "The Spirit of the Pacific" and "The Spirit of the Atlantic," by Isadore Kouti, crown the fountains of the East and West cascades. As for the arrangement of the cascades with their multitude of water sprites, dolphins and other members of the finny tribe, in the midst of the tumbling, foaming water, with the green-terraced borders and the architectural background, it is surely the most beautiful landscape picture ever devised by man.

Perhaps there is no grander view in the Fair Grounds than that from the terrace in front of Festival Hall. Standing there, one is in the midst of statues. On the right, a bull held in subjection by a female figure designates the triumph of mind over brute force. On the left, a fleet-footed Indian runs beside a buffalo, as the expression of physical liberty. Looking off over the cascades, one sees the great basin lying sixty-five feet below, kept always sparkling by the geyser fountains. Here and there the water is spanned by a



"ST. LOUIS." C. H. NIEHAUS, SCULPTOR.

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white-arched bridge. Down by the boat landing, where the bright-colored gondolas lie in sleepy indolence, are statues telling of the life of the frontier. The grass, the trees, the flowers, the red sandstone walks, the ivory buildings, carry one's imagination to foreign lands. Beyond the lagoon rises the shaft of the Louisiana Purchase Monument, which, in the writer's opinion, falls far below the statue of Columbia at the Chicago Fair, but beyond it is the Plaza of St. Louis, with the white peaks of the Tyrolean Alps, a concession of the Pike as a background.

Leaving Festival Hall, where the highest form of imagination has been portrayed, one comes to the statues of frontier life, spoken of before. Of course, life in the West means the life of the Indians as well as of the pioneer, and full justice and prominence have been given to them. In the Cascade Gardens the statue entitled "Defiant Indian" is full of strength and vitality. Seated astride a horse that is drawn back on its haunches is a naked brave, hurling defiance with his clenched fist high above his head. In contrast to this is the group of Indians with the buffalo moving steadily westward, while the American Eagle looks menacingly from above. It is "The Destiny of the Red Men," by A. A. Weinmann, and is full of significance and pathos. Then there is "The Buffalo Dance," by Solon H. Borglum, showing Indians in a favorite pastime. This group, with two others, "Cowboy at Rest" and "A Peril of the Plains," which, perhaps, are the most often reproduced, and consequently most widely known, stand at the north end of the Grand Basin. The last shows a forlorn horse, with his rider crouching for shelter beside him, lost in a storm. So full of subtle suggestion is the pose that the beholder feels the spell of dreariness upon him and the chill of the falling snow.

The statuary adorning the buildings is too great in number and variety to give any adequate conception of. If the visitor should stay from the beginning to the end of the Fair, he could not see and appreciate all of the art work upon the exhibition buildings. Many of the groups are so far from the eye that only a general idea of form and expression can be gathered. Yet each statue has its place, and its absence would materially affect the continuity of the whole. The Palace of Liberal Arts is the most richly decorated. The architecture is of a rather simple and austere type of the Renaissance, the softening of the outlines being left entirely to the Corinthian columns and the statuary. The main entrance of the building forms a grand triumphal arch, which is surmounted by a colossal quadriga. On either side of the portico, between the columns, are groups representing the various arts. The one entitled "Music" is especially beautiful. To the Palace of Education has been given the place of honor. It faces the Grand Basin, and is surrounded by the lagoons. Its style of architecture is simple, and resembles a little the Liberal Arts building of the Chicago Fair. It also has a quadriga over the main entrance, which, if not as large as that of the Liberal Arts Palace, is as full of life and spirit. The Palace of Manufactures is decorated with many mythological and allegorical statues. When you have seen them you are inclined to say, as Molly did in the "Lightning Conductor," how much more real mythology seems than history. The Machinery Palace—



"DE SOTO." E. C. POTTER, SCULPTOR.
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but why enumerate, when so little idea can be given of the purely imaginative conceptions. Is it not enough to say that every one may find something to appeal to his individual taste, and to awaken the best appreciation of art that is in him?

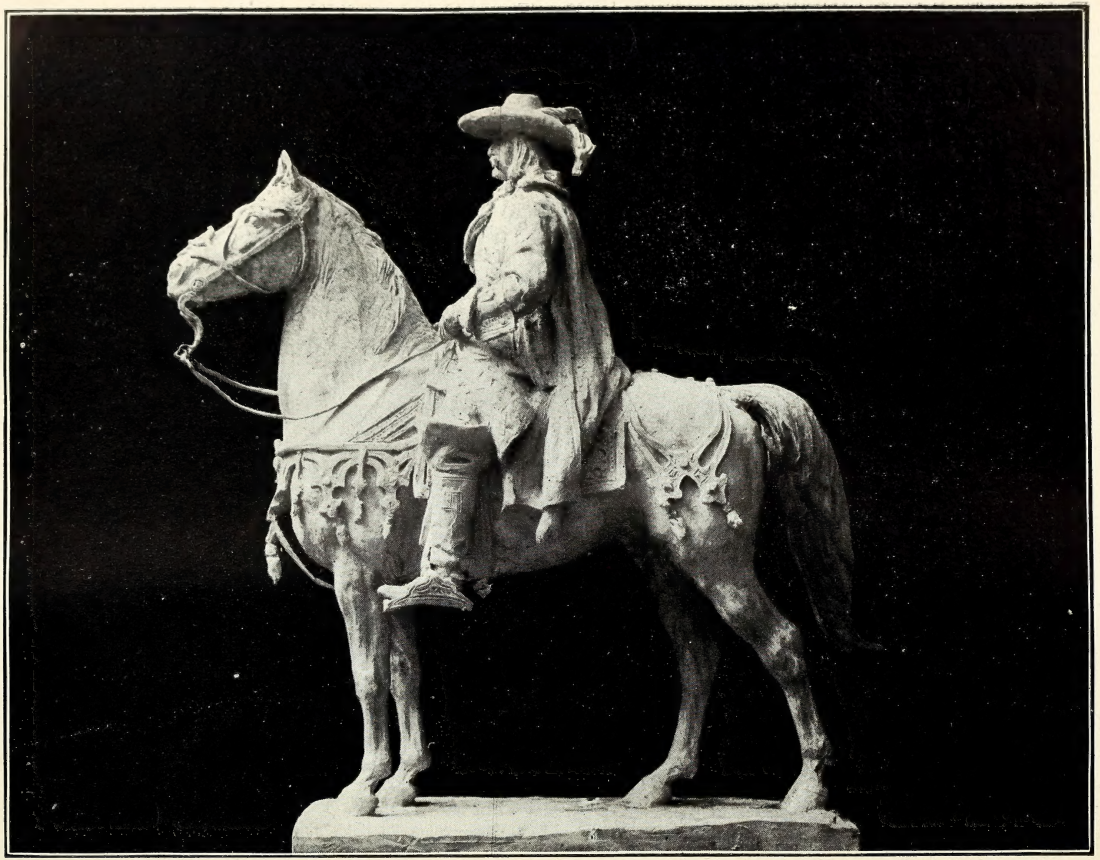
Of the statuary and architecture of the State and Foreign buildings I will not speak, for, comparatively speaking, they are of local rather than of universal interest.

The portrait statues of the men connected with the long line of events which have culminated in the exposition may be divided into two classes, first those which are delineations of actual personal appearances as handed down by pictures and tradition; secondly, the idealized likenesses of men whose character and deeds recorded in history suggest to the artists the physical contour.

The Plaza of St. Louis is the culminating point of historical art. At one extreme is the Louisiana Purchase Shaft, at the other the "Apotheosis of St. Louis." This group is a composite of the historical and emblematic interpretation. Bestride a war charger hung with ancient trappings, sits Louis the Crusader, dressed in his royal robes, his inverted sword on high, as the sign of the Cross. At the foot of the high pedestal on which the statue stands, sits a female figure embodying the hospitality of the city of St. Louis. In her outstretched hands lies a scroll bearing the city's name; beside her stands "Inspiration," whispering in her ear, and a little above hovers "Genius," two winged boys. The entire group is well-proportioned, dignified and lovely.

Half-way down the Plaza, on either side of the broad walk, are two equestrian statues of great beauty. One is C. E. Potter's "De Soto,"—the man who won everlasting fame for himself, and an untimely death on the banks of the Mississippi. Opposite stands A. Phimister Proctor's "Joliet," the famous French explorer, who came upon the river farther north a hundred years after De Soto's ill-conducted expedition. There are also statues of Père Marquette, the missionary; of La Salle, the intrepid explorer of the West; of Narvaez, of Ribaut, of George Rogers Clark, and of Lewis and Clark, and in fact of all the French and Spaniards and Americans who had a part in the discovery and settlement of the Louisiana Purchase region. These all might be classed as the "idealized" portrait statues. Here is where the school boy and girl may absorb the history of their country, while their æsthetic discrimination is being unconsciously developed, nor need this apply alone to the children; for older people, as well, is history vitalized by these statues. On the other hand, there are as many truly historical portraits; statues whose subjects have been most carefully reproduced. There are several statues of Napoleon throughout the grounds and as many or more of Jefferson, the two principal makers of American history a hundred years ago. Perhaps the two most notable are the companion statues, "Napoleon the First Consul of France," by John Gelert, and "Jefferson," by James E. Fraser.

There is one statue in the Fair grounds which must stand by itself in classification. It is unique. It is a bit of the life of to-day on the Western plains. Frederick Remington, the writer and the illustrator, has now made himself famous as the sculptor. His group, "Cowboys off the Trail," stands at the head of the



"LOUIS JOILET." A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR, SCULPTOR.

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Pike. The four bronchos are modeled as only Remington knows how to do it. Their riders have the dashing ease of men whose only home is the saddle. It is a group of marvelous activity. When Remington's illustrations first appeared in the magazines, they seemed grotesquely exaggerated to Easterners who had not seen a Western town; then the riding of the cowboys in Buffalo Bill's show discredited the criticism. A broncho can hump himself as no other horse can, can bunch his feet together and run—and only a cowboy can accept the various moods of the little beast and make himself one with him. It is a spirit of reckless deviltry which seems to pervade horses and men in this statue. It is difficult to realize that all these works of art are temporary; that at the end of six months they will be destroyed and their unsubstantiality revealed. They are a mushroom growth, here to-day, gone to-morrow, yet, while they last, they are a great awakener of art appreciation and the influence of their beauty will be felt long after they are gone.

Ernest Howard Crosby

By Alice Soame Jennings

THIS is an age not only of great commercial and industrial activity, but of social and religious unrest, and of conflicting ideals regarding good and evil. It is an era fruitful in theorists, religious dreamers and so-called reformers of many varying shades of opinion as to what is the best remedy for the evils of the hour.

Perhaps, too, there never was a time in the world's history when so many men of moral and intellectual might were devoting their lives to the amelioration of human suffering, and to the problem of the human soul,—its rights, its dignity and its needs.

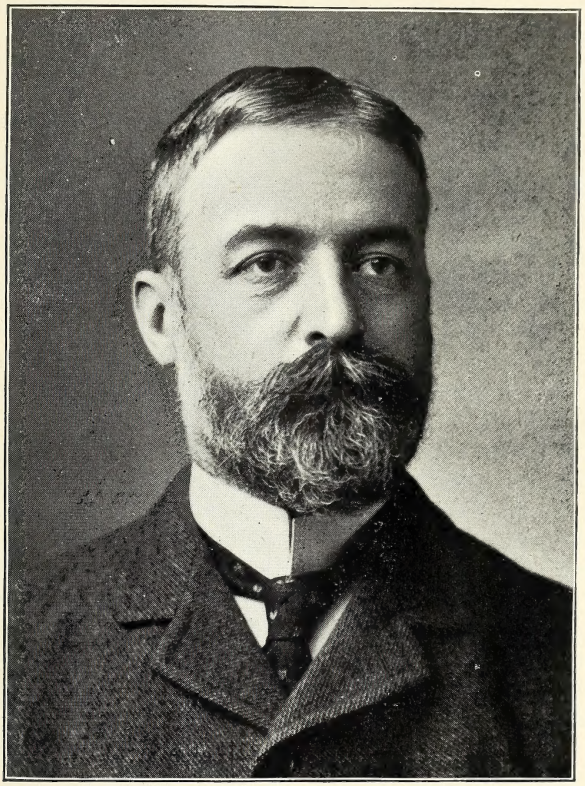
A place very high up in the ranks of such men should be accorded to Ernest Howard Crosby. By nature a reformer, he has been led by his broad sympathies, and by an active and inquiring mind, into many different lines of research and action, looking to the correction of wrongs and abuses, the decrease of human suffering, and the moral welfare of society.

Mr. Crosby's high abilities, and his known judicial and impartial mind, won him the position of American Judge in the International Court of Original Jurisdiction in Alexandria, Egypt, an office which he could have retained for life. Domestic reasons impelled him to resign this office. He also gave up a political career which promised to be a successful one. At one time he was a representative of the same district which Mr. Roosevelt represented in the legislature, and was a close political friend of the brilliant man who has since become the President of the United States.

Voluntarily to retire from fields of judicial activity, and to abandon what might have proved a brilliant political career was no sacrifice to

one who had such foregleams of a heavenly law and spiritual republic as indicated in his poem, "The State," containing these lines:—

"We become indeed legislators of the divine law, receiving it from God himself in the Mount, and human laws shrivel and dry up before us.



ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.

"And I asked the force within my soul, 'Who art thou?'

"And it answered and said, 'I am Love, the Lord of Heaven, and I would be called Love, the Lord of Earth.

"I am the mightiest of all the heavenly host, and I am come to create the State that is to be."

Tracing some of the views and ideals which have been shaping Mr. Crosby's course, we find that the mere facts of his life were conducive to his dropping the worldly pursuit of fame and fortune for the enduring satisfaction of mental and spiritual progress.

His ancestor, Gen. Wm. Floyd, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His father, the Rev. Howard Crosby, was pastor of one of the most flourishing Presbyterian churches in New York City, was for a time Chancellor of the University of New York, and was one of the American revisers of the Bible. He was an author of note, and aided the cause of International Copyright. Dr. Crosby was also president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime.

The son, Ernest Howard, trained in an atmosphere where vital interest in the progress of mankind governed the home of broad culture and gentle living, was prepared to continue in his humanitarian labors the ethical principles on which his character had been formed. He was graduated from the University of the City of New York in 1876, and from the Columbia Law School of New York in 1878. He then practised law for some time in New York. From 1887-9 he was a member of the New York Assembly. He was made chairman of the committee of the Legislature on Cities. In 1889 he was appointed by President Harrison as Judge of the International Tribunal at Alexandria, and the appointment was ratified by the Khedive. His resignation took place in 1894, when he returned to New York, and gave his attention to promoting the welfare of humanity. He was one of the founders and first president of the Social Reform Club, 1894, and is president of the New York Anti-Imperialist League. He was also for a time president of the Civic Council of New York, which was composed of about one hundred organizations working for social reform, particularly concerned with the municipal order. Mr. Crosby is an active propagandist against all war. He lectures and writes for the cause of peace, brotherhood, justice, uncorrupt methods, and human freedom. He takes great interest in the labor movement. Lending his support to planting the labor question on a high plane of equity and to ameliorating the circumstances of the working classes, he speaks of the futility of the panaceas proposed in all lands. "Here is the chance for the churches," he says. He shows that the only real relief is in the coming of the kingdom of God on earth with its reign of righteousness.

Mr. Crosby lives most of the year on a large farm near Rhinebeck, New York. In his country home with his wife and children, he divides the day between literary work and interest in farming. In the winter he gives considerable time to lecturing. He is one of the editors of "Whim."

Mr. Crosby is often spoken of as the leading disciple of Tolstoy in this country. Indeed he knows the great Russian well, and understands well the protesting nature of his rugged sincerity and simplicity, rebelling against tyranny, shams and ceremonies. Nevertheless, Mr. Crosby's own fine individuality is marked, and, although of the advanced American type, has a breadth which relates him to the universal man.

While Judge in Egypt, following his natural inclination to trace high themes, to probe into the cause of human ills, and seek the remedy for them, and to weigh the great import of Christianity, Mr. Crosby was led to study some of Tolstoy's writings. He read "Life," "My Religion," and other explanations of Tolstoy's theories, and on his way home visited Count Tolstoy at Yasnaya Polyana.

Like Tolstoy, Mr. Crosby seeks to promulgate the teachings of primitive Christianity, and to introduce thereby better social conditions. He agrees with Tolstoy that "love to God and love to man are the deepest experiences of man's consciousness."

An exalted optimism and altruism are maintained through all of Mr. Crosby's teachings and methods of work for mankind. The Sermon on the Mount constitutes the essence of his life-purpose. In the Golden

Rule he has found a working basis for all human relations and conduct. Truth, hope, and love unite mankind under that Providence which controls human destiny. Justice is a very important factor in a right course. "Only the just shall live by faith," he says. "Justice must come first; faith without justice is a mockery, a nonentity." Three lines from his pen, entitled "The Search," impress this fact vividly:

"No one could tell me where my soul might be.
I searched for God, but God eluded me.
I sought my Brother out, and found all three."

Following out Tolstoy's argument of the philosophy of life, Mr. Crosby writes:

"Love is the preference which we accord to other beings over ourselves. It is not a burst of passion, obscuring the reason, but on the contrary, no other state of soul is so rational and luminous, so calm and joyous; it is the natural condition of children and the wise. Active love is attainable only for him who does not place his happiness in his individual life and who also gives free play to his feelings of good will toward others. His well-being depends upon love, as that of a plant on light. He does not ask what he should do, but he gives himself up to that love which is within his reach. He who loves in this way alone possesses life. Such self-renunciation lifts him from animal existence in time and space into the regions of life. The limitations of time and space are incompatible with the real life. To attain to it man must trust himself to his wings."

Some of Mr. Crosby's books are Plain Talks in Psalms and Parables, Tolstoy and His Message, Captain Jinks,Hero, and a number of smaller works, lectures, etc,, on social and economic subjects. His latest volume of poems, issued in 1903, is Swords and Ploughshares. A good many of his prose-poems have been translated into German at Berlin and published in magazines and journals there, and a few into French.

He has a poem, "Life and Death," which is surely the voice of one brave spirit speaking to and for other brave spirits:

"So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But stay, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led,
Never mind how he died."

Mr. Crosby's nature and acquirements fit him to meet all classes. Poised and strong, his life moves broadening onward. His kindly interest and ready helpfulness portray a life and mind of great peace and reserved power. Like all liberal, conscientious thinkers, he is reverential toward the good aims of religion, wherever found. Against whatever is demoralizing, or vitiates the currents of society and government, his talents are turned. His remedy for the evils that afflict mankind is almost always found in the basic teachings of Christ, and his labors for the development of civilization are characterized by the humility which desires the glory of God and honor to the great Exemplar.

Mr. Crosby has an unusually noble presence and a winning personality, which the observer instinctively feels to be the index of his character and life. Few men so fully realize in personality the nobility of soul and dignity of achievement manifested in their deeds.

The Turn of the Lane

By Lewis E. MacBrayne

THERE is a place in the hills beyond Naples, long known as Posilipo, but often called Paradise by the loving Italians who live there, where the men of a hundred cities have bought villas, that in some season of the year they might rest among its gardens and vineyards, fanned by the breezes from the matchless bay below. There is gladness in the song of the birds there, beauty in the brilliant flowers that blossom over the high old walls, happiness in the very sunshine and the balmy nights. It would seem to be a place, long sought and finally found, where man could enjoy perfect peace away from the turmoil of the world.

And yet in an old villa of Posilipo, that stood among a very riot of tropical trees and shrubs, a lonely man spent many bitter years of his life; living under a name that was not his own; having no friends who spoke his tongue; waited upon by servants who served him for his gold, and knew him for a recluse whose one peculiarity was a passion for watching steamships that came into the bay from the United States.

He was a man between 40 and 50 years of age, his hair showing premature grayness, his beard and mustaches worn in the fashion of the country; a person of good figure, but restless in his movements, as though often under a mental strain.

Year after year he seemed to be watching, watching, for somebody who never came. Unexpected footsteps would startle him; English voices heard in the white roadway outside would agitate him; he seemed at ease only when concealed in the little shipping office in the customs house at Naples, where he could watch, unobserved, the tourists disembarking from the ships. On such an afternoon in September he stood watching, from his place of observation, an ocean liner that had just come in from New York.

The steamer had already made her moorings, and was about to release her human birds of passage; and the eyes of the man from Posilipo were fastened upon them hungrily, as an exile watches the men of his own race pass by. When the gangway was clear there was a rush from the upper deck, and a chattering stream of men and women poured out of the ship. On the wharf they gathered in little groups to see their luggage safely into the customs house, and snatches of English conversation and bursts of laughter floated up to the man in the little shipping office. With a sigh he turned away from the window and went down to the now nearly deserted ship.

But at that moment the last first-cabin passenger upon the deck, an American above the average height with light hair, blue eyes and a clean shaven face, prepared to leave the steamer. Stepping from the gangway to the wharf he found himself face to face with the man from Posilipo. There was a moment of tense silence, and then the older man spoke.

"This is Arthur Branker," he said.

The tall young man, who stood gripping a travelling bag in each hand, shuddered with a thrill of fear. "My God, I thought that I had thrown you all off," he said wildly. "The game is up; I surrender. You will find all of the money here."

But at this a strange thing happened, for the man from Posilipo—we need call him so no longer—shook as though he had been struck by a blow.

"You—you haven't robbed the bank!" he cried.

"What do you mean? You are not—"

"No, I am not a detective. I am Charlie Dollard, the old cashier of the bank. I robbed it fifteen years ago."

The cold sweat stood on Branker's brow. "I don't know how you came over here," he said. "We always supposed that you were in South America. Yes, I've robbed the bank, too. If you've got anything to say about it, get me out of here first."

"To be sure!"

The tension of the moment was relieved. Dollard put the baggage through the customs house without allowing it to be opened, and led the way to his carriage outside, and they were driven to the villa that stands on the road to Posilipo; two men who were unconsciously playing into the hands of fate.

It was nearly dinner time when they arrived at the stone house, and Dollard hastened to give an order for two covers; for so seldom did anybody dine with him, that the matter could not be left to the judgment of the servants. In the meantime he led Branker to his own room, the guest chamber being in less order; and on the way he explained briefly the situation, and his alias of John Armstead, an Englishman.

"You must not expect to find all the comforts of a home," he apologized, "for I have only my men servants here. Shall I show you the secret of my castle?"

He drew aside a drapery as he spoke, disclosing the iron door of a small safe set in the wall. "I trust my servants, but I do not tempt them," he continued. "It may be wise for you to put your own money here for the present. Of course, I do not know your plans—"

"I have no further plans," replied Branker. "I wanted to escape, and I took passage to this port from New York, after covering my tracks there. If it is safe, I will remain here if you will allow it."

"Quite so," replied Dollard, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I have been here for fifteen years."

He unlocked the safe, while Branker opened his travelling cases, and took out the packages of money and negotiable securities that it contained. "The sum is a hundred thousand," he said. "I had a shortage on the books, and they discovered it, and had ordered my arrest."

"A hundred thousand." Dollard whistled softly. "Was it a coincidence?" he asked.

"What?"

"Your taking the same amount that I took from the bank?"

Branker was placing his money in the safe, and turned about. "My finding you, or your finding me, was certainly not one," he replied.

"I mean, did the fact that I took a hundred thousand suggest it to you?"

"Yes, to tell the truth, it did."

"Then if I had never robbed the bank?"

"Come, come, let us not go into

that question," replied Branker moodily. "What is done cannot be undone."

Dollard's face did not betray his thoughts. He closed the safe door, locked it, and drew back the drapery. A few moments later the two men went down to dinner.

The garden of the villa was an ideal place by moonlight. Its shrubbery was semi-tropical, its flowers brilliant, its fragrance pleasing. A half moon had risen over the bay when Dollard and his guest left the house after dinner and strolled out there for their evening cigars. From the roof of a neighboring villa there came the sound of stringed instruments playing a dreamy Neapolitan waltz; a suggestion of home, of friends, of the companionship of women. There was no discordant note in the night.

"Our positions are radically different," Dollard was saying. "I have been an exile now for fifteen years. I had led a fast life, and was about to be disgraced for my debts. Mine had been a double life, and the robbery of the bank at the end came easy. Yours has been a cleaner life, and you had not gone wrong until you speculated. If you restore the money that you have taken, the chances are that the shortage can be settled. But as for me, the doors are closed; for my money is nearly spent, and old injuries are not forgiven. Come, tell me something about your home affairs. You are not married, I hope?"

"I am married and have a child," Branker replied. He flung his cigar away as he spoke. His throat was dry enough already.

"Not happily married, I hope?"

"Yes, happily married."

"Too bad, too bad!"

They paced the garden together, back and forth, back and forth, as men will do sometimes when they both are deep in thought. Their promenade finally came to an end at a corner of the estate overlooking the bay.

"I chose this spot for my exile because it was near the sea," said Dollard in a quiet voice. "Do you want to know why I was down at the wharf to-day? It was because I was homesick; homesick for the voices and faces of my countrymen. Exile is an awful thing when a man has sold his birthright."

He spoke earnestly, and unconsciously raised his voice now in a tone of command. "Go back to your country," he said. "It can't be worse than this, for this is hell, in spite of all that your money can buy. Go back to your wife and child."

But Branker shook his head wearily. "You don't understand," he said. "I weighed the chances when I came away. I have taken the leap, and I will remain."

"And your wife?"

"I have disgraced her, and she must forget me."

"Perhaps she will. But how about yourself? You'll do very well until the excitement of the thing wears off; and then you will be haunted by her face. When you wander into the churches and hear them singing of the Madonna you will think of your wife. When you hear the laughter of women out here on the road to Posilipo, you will remember her. You were only the boy in the bank when I left. I don't suppose that you know how, in running away, I deserted the woman whom I had promised to marry?"

Branker eyed him curiously. "I remember now; it was Mary Dunleith," he said.

Dollard started eagerly at the

name. "Yes, yes," he said. "What a long time since I have heard it spoken. In all the years I never have dared to say it aloud. Whom —whom did she marry finally?"

"She never married, Charlie."

"Never married? Oh, come, now; why, that's impossible."

"It's quite true, though. She has managed her father's house for the past few years. The old man is still at the head of the bank."

"Not married? The deuce; my cigar is out. Give us a light, old chap."

There was something pathetic in Dollard's sudden lightness of spirit. He held his cigar airily, turned the conversation to the beauty of the Neapolitan nights, and even laughed under his breath at his own witticisms.

But his companion was strangely silent. The tension of the voyage and the shock of his landing was followed now by a physical reaction. He finally complained of *mal de terre* and asked permission to retire for the night.

They re-entered the house, and Dollard led the way to the guest chamber. He was about to return to his own room, when he turned about as though prompted by an after-thought, and placed one hand upon the shoulder of his unexpected guest. "Is there nothing that I can say now, or hereafter, to induce you to return to your home?" he asked.

"Honestly, not a word," replied Branker sadly.

"Then good night."

In his own room, Dollard opened the door that led to his little balcony overlooking the bay. The night breathed softly up to him, and from above the innumerable stars sparkled like jewels in the warm Italian sky. For a long time he stood mutely, leaning over the stone balustrade; his mind in a whirl of an excitement that seemed to have gathered force with the repression of the years. "It is the turn of the lane," he said aloud at length. He was no longer John Armstead, but Charlie Dollard of old.

When he returned to his room, he had worked out the last detail in a plan of action. With the nicest care, he selected the articles indispensable in a long journey, opened the safe in the wall, took from it the hundred thousand dollars placed there a few hours before, and carefully packed a travelling bag. There remained in the safe two small bags of gold. He took one for his personal expenses, left the other where it would be found, and closed and locked the safe.

He argued that Branker would sleep late, not appearing for breakfast until called. A word from one of the servants would explain Dollard's absence for the remainder of the day, perhaps; and by that time he would be well across the province on his way to Genoa. As to the American ships sailing from that port, he knew them all as well as he did those of Naples.

So well did his plan carry, that without an incident by the way, he reached Genoa, and had the good fortune to secure passage on a ship about to sail for New York.

* * * * * * *

When the police failed to catch Arthur Branker, the absconding bookkeeper of the Keystone Bank, they had contented themselves with working on the theory that there was a woman in the case, until finally public interest had been diverted into a new channel, and they were enabled to relax their efforts.

And it was about this time that a

woman had quite unwittingly come into the case in the person of Mary Dunleith; though not in accordance with the theory advanced by the astute police inspectors. For Charlie Dollard had returned to the city from which he had been a fugitive for so many years, bringing with him as much money as he had carried away when he had gone into exile.

Disguised by the changes wrought in his face—he had worn no beard in his younger days, and had been free from any appearance of early grayness—it is doubtful whether he would have been recognized had he entered the city in broad daylight; but he had taken the precaution of arriving early in the evening, going to a hotel where he was not likely to be remembered, and registering under his English alias.

He had kept to his room with mingled feelings; his mind cautious in guarding against risks, his nerves tingling with the excitement of being at home once more. His plan, formed upon the balcony of his Italian villa, had been to return to see Mary Dunleith again; and the means to that end was the money that he intended to restore to the bank.

The directors must come to his terms before it was restored, however. He had concealed it beyond their reach, and would disclose the hiding place only after the pledge had been given that there would be no prosecution, either of him or of Arthur Branker. He had arranged already for a conference with a noted criminal lawyer at the hotel on the following morning.

It was now ten o'clock in the evening, and he knew that sleep was still hours away. He had endeavored to read the evening papers, but they were given over to sensational accounts of mysterious burglaries in the wealthy section of the city, and to other matters in which he found no interest; and after a time he gave up reading and paced the room. Finally his nerves got the better of him, and he determined to go out for a walk before retiring for the night.

Arrayed in a long travelling coat and a felt hat that partially covered his features, he left the hotel at a brisk pace. While he tried to deceive himself into the belief that he would take only a turn around the square, he kept straight on, until he found himself in the residential part of the city; until, in fact, he found himself in front of the house where Mary Dunleith lived.

He had walked slowly past it, and was turning back, when a carriage rolled down the street, and stopped before her door. Even as it passed him, he had caught a fleeting glimpse of a woman within, and stepping quickly into the shadow of a tree, he saw her alight, and cross the sidewalk to the marble steps that led to the house. She was in evening dress, with an opera cloak thrown about her shoulders; and he recognized her. His heart pounded like a fire alarm.

The door opened to her ring, and she passed within. The coachman drove away, and Dollard stepped out softly from his hiding place. Ah, here was the very air that she had breathed, a tiny fragrance in it still; here was the very place where her feet must have trod; there, on the knob, her hand—

He paused in surprise. A shaft of yellow light came out, for the door was unlatched. Just inside was the woman for sight of whom he had crossed the seas; the woman who had once loved him, and whom he

had disgraced. Without a moment's hesitation, he bounded lightly up the steps and entered the house.

It did not occur to him that he was an intruder. For the time being his disgrace and exile were blotted from his memory in the associations of the old familiar place. If he could only speak to Mary Dunleith now, he would realize his only conscious desire.

He passed through the hall into the room beyond, for he thought that he heard the rustle of a gown there; stepping noiselessly, and forgetting that he wore his hat, with the collar of his long coat still turned up to add to his disguise. Suddenly there was a shriek, and a maid rushed past him, crying "thief, thief."

The cries brought him to a realization of the danger that he had incurred, and he turned on his heel to run from the house. But in his excitement he pulled the door to, and the spring lock snapped, shutting him in. He fumbled about it, the cries still ringing through the house, and had just succeeded in finding the catch when there was a clap of thunder in his ears, and a sudden pain passed through his body, causing him to grip the bronze handle for support, and to gasp for breath. He stood erect for a moment, and then, with a sigh, sank unconscious to the floor. He had been shot.

When he came out of the swoon he was lying on a sofa in the library. There was a physician at his side, counting his pulse, an elderly man in a dressing gown at the foot of the couch, and a woman in evening dress and a maid standing together over by the table. After a momentary confusion of ideas, his mind became clear, and he recognized the several people in the room; the physician, who was a neighbor; Mr. Dunleith, the president of the bank that he had robbed; Mary—Mary, whom he had come to see; and the maid.

He spoke in a husky voice. "Doctor, did they take me for a burglar?" he asked.

At the sound of his voice Mary Dunleith gave a cry of surprise and alarm, and moved toward him.

"You had all the appearance of a burglar, and Mr. Dunleith thought that you were one when he fired," the physician replied.

"Oh, that's all right," said the wounded man whimsically, his mind clouding again. "I'm Charlie Dollard. Don't you remember Dollard, who robbed the Keystone Bank? I found the door open, and just ran in. Say, doctor, why was it I came? I can't remember."

Mary Dunleith, moved by a strange fascination, knelt beside the couch. The dying man saw her, and smiled. "Oh, yes, I remember now," he said. "I was hiding in Italy, and I came home to see Mary. I wanted—"

By one of those sudden changes that precede death, his mind became clear and alert again. He stretched out one hand until it found hers. "Mary, I have come back to ask you to forgive me for the wrong I did you," he said. "Death will punish me justly for my other sins. Don't let it rob me of your pardon."

"I forgive you," she sobbed.

"Thank God for that," he said in a low voice. "He has shown me that mercy. It is a long lane—"

The color, which had partially returned to his face, suddenly went out again, leaving it ashen gray. The physician hurriedly pressed a cordial to his lips, and he revived under its stimulus, struggling for a

moment to speak. They understood that he wanted Dunleith beside him, and the aged bank man, stricken with the horror of what he had done, hastened to the head of the couch.

"Mr. Dunleith, I have brought back all of the money that Branker took," said the wounded man at length. "You cannot recover it unless I tell you where it is. Promise on your honor that you will allow Arthur to come back free."

The bank president believed that his mind wandered, but gave the promise; and later he kept it.

"Now write, write," urged Dollard. The physician, with ready pencil, wrote down the address: "To Arthur Branker, care of John Armstead, via Strezoni, Naples, Italy: Return. Will not prosecute. Dunleith."

Dunleith, realizing the possibility of truth in the statement, bent over the couch. "The money—" his breathing came hoarse and irregular —"in Belmont—at express office—postpaid to Naples unless called for in three days. The check—is here."

He drew it feebly from his pocket; a piece of paper stained with blood. Then he fell back exhausted, and silence came over the little group, broken at length by a woman's sobs. Dunleith stared vacantly at the blood-stained paper. The physician felt for the pulse of the wounded man.

"It is over," he said softly. "He is dead."

Charlie Dollard had passed the turn of the lane.

The Price of Love

By Elsa Barker

HEAVY the price that I have paid for thee,
Fond Love, in whose unfathomable eyes
The radiant gods have veiled in thin disguise
The full reflection of their majesty
That else were unendurable to me
By pure excess of beauty. But I rise
By every bauble that I sacrifice
Upon the altar of thy mystery.

Nothing is had for nothing, and I know
How petty is the price that I have paid.
It is a wond'rous bargain I have made
With the blind traders of the world; and so
I set Love's jewel on my brow, and go
Into the blessed stillness, unafraid.

An Unpublished Legend of the Regicides

By Helen Evertson Smith

Author of "Colonial Days and Ways"

NOTHING in my childish days had ever interested me more than the Regicides, Goffe and Whalley, and the sudden appearance of one of them amid the Colonists of Hadley, Massachusetts, in repelling an attacking party of Indians. There was such a delightful opportuneness in the mysterious advent of the old man, whose flowing white locks crowned a still stalwart figure of more than common height, clad in garments of so ancient a fashion as to excite the wonder of the youthful part of the population. There was victory in his voice of command, in the swing of his sword, in the flashing of his eyes. There was an awesome thrill, too, in his sudden disappearance after the foe had been beaten back; a disappearance so sudden that the men at one moment obeyed his gesture of command, then, turning again, could find no trace of him. No wonder they—this people who believed with all their hearts that they had been under the direct and almost visible protection of the Lord of Hosts for so many years—should as fully believe that now His intervention was only a little plainer than before; that the white-haired leader was an angel temporarily made visible to give them courage and direction.

Later, I learned to think that the most wonderful things about it all were the qualities shown by the persons who thus believed.

Even in this distant wilderness, the sword of the avenger sought the men whose verdict had ordered death to an anointed king. That these men were successfully protected here argued a degree of steadfast courage combined with wisdom, a firmness and self-repression, and an absolute loyalty to a conviction of right, that are uncommon traits in any country and at any time. For here was a case in which no one could be actuated by hopes of possible future reward to offset the dead certainty of destruction to all who had in any way aided or comforted the hunted wanderers in event of their discovery. They were prudent, these wary men of the New England; they were weak in numbers and by position, and they would submit to the son of Charles the First, as they had once been submissive, if not loving, subjects of the beheaded monarch, but they would not betray the refugees who had trusted in them and cast themselves upon them for protection.

There was a marvellous power in the silence which they maintained—not for weeks, nor for months, nor for two, nor for three, nor for half a dozen years, but for almost a score of dragging twelve-months, during which the fugitives were traced from settlement to settlement, but were never betrayed. Yet scores, certainly, and probably hundreds of persons knew or guessed their secret, and would not even make an inquiry

concerning their presence. Nothing in our early annals has seemed more remarkable than the preservation of this secret from the knowledge of those whose interest it was to obtain it, by the many who knew, and the many more who must have suspected the hiding place of the fugitives.

All my life I had admired the courage, the wisdom, the stoutly preserved reticence of the Rev. John Russell, of Hadley, Massachusetts, in whose house the Regicides lay for the larger part of their last thirteen or fourteen years of hiding. My grandmother used to tell a tradition concerning the Rev. Mr. Russell's protection of Goffe and Whalley which—as I have not found trace of it elsewhere—may well be a family tradition preserved in the family of her mother, notwithstanding that the recently discovered line of descent, which they would have felt themselves honored to know, had been lost to memory.

When Samuel Russell (afterwards to become the for-many-years pastor of the Congregational Church in Branford, Connecticut), was a boy nine or ten years old, there came a sense of mystery into his young life. It was a something new, and to his limited experience implied a threat of unknown terrors. It was in 1664 or 1665, and that was a time when fears of many sorts were rife, and fears of the unknown were particularly so. Ghosts and witchcraft were forbidden topics in his parents' household, yet many a forbidden subject has been talked of under the rose, both before and since, and few, even fewer than now, were then the children of the best-regulated households who had not heard back-chilling and hair-raising stories of ghostly visions and wicked incantations from the servants, with whom, on account of the many and onerous occupations of the parents, the children were necessarily associated for more hours daily than their mothers would have desired.

Tales of Indian outrages were an ever present topic in every household in those days preceding the Great Swamp Fight, when a spirit of deep resentment was urging the savage tribes to attempt the utter annihilation of the whites before it should have become too late to make the attempt.

Because Indian plots were a subject of daily conversation, little Sammy felt quite sure that the Mystery,—the Mystery which he knew surrounded him, but could not guess —did not concern the savages. Once he ventured to ask his mother if she did not think their house might be haunted. At first she only laughed, then she tried to quiet his apprehensions by assuring him that ghosts only came to haunt places where crimes had been committed, and that none had been committed in their house, for no one had ever lived in it save themselves. But the youngster was not satisfied. He knew that he had not been dreaming when he had heard voices in the night that seemed to come from the sacred spare-room that no one was ever seen to enter or to leave. Though there was no communication between his room and this, and there was a separating closet that opened into his own room, he had heard, he knew that he had heard the voices of persons talking behind the partition at times when righteous folk were supposed to be asleep.

He had gone into that closet one night after ten o'clock, an hour that should have found him sound asleep, and would have, had he not remembered, with a start, that he had

failed to hang out of his window his bootjack, attached to a cord tied to his wrist, by pulling which a neighboring boy, the son of his father's step-brother and his own great crony, was to arouse him at an early hour the following morning to go and examine the traps they had set for minks. So into the depths of the long and narrow closet plunged young Sammy, regarding nothing until reaching the end of the wall of the closet, which, unlike the rest of it, consisted of upright planks instead of being smoothly plastered.

Here, as he reached up for the bootjack, he discerned a thin streak of light between the planks. He had always supposed that this end wall of the closet was the side of the chimney and that the planks covered the rough stones of the latter. Therefore a light seen behind them at this time of night, after the fires had long been banked, would mean that the chimney was on fire. Rushing down stairs to the kitchen he found that fireplace dark and cheerless. Gazing up the wide throat of the open chimney he could look upon a brilliantly star-lit sky. There was neither sight, sound nor smell of fire, and the boy, glad in his heart that he had not made an outcry and aroused the family, tiptoed back to his own room to find that the light had disappeared from the place where he had seen it, but the voices he was sure he still heard at intervals.

After that for many nights he saw and heard nothing. Then came a night when he both saw the light and heard the murmuring voices, and lay and shivered until the morning finally came and he found opportunity to question his mother, who could ridicule him into silence but not into distrusting his own senses. After this, not a night passed that Sammy did not examine the closet, and several times he heard a noise as of something passing up and down behind the boards. Finding that there was a knot in one of these, he succeeded in working it out of place and looked,—not into the chimney flue or against its stone, as he expected, but into a closet about two feet square. Peering through a door on one side of this new closet was the silhouetted head of an old man with long white locks. Both of the old man's hands were occupied in pulling up a laden basket, which he presently drew in toward himself, and, closing a door, shut off the light and rendered useless any further prying.

Apparently the children of those days were not only instructed that it was their duty to be seen and not heard, but also were taught to see and hear what they must, but to tell nothing of either, for, with a heart full of a mystery he could not explain, little Sammy did not whisper a word of it even to his young crony. But night after night he kept watch, and at last was rewarded by hearing words he could distinguish in a voice which he knew. It was his father who was talking from below with the old man above.

The first thought of a modern boy when he saw the old man pulling up the basket would probably have been of thieves, but with the exception of an occasional hen-roost robbery, or the theft of an ox-chain, or some equally prized utensil, nothing in Hadley had ever been stolen, and Sammy had not once suspected anything so commonplace as thieves. Now he certainly could not do so, because his own father was concerned in whatever the transaction might be.

Little by little, broken bits of uncomprehended conversation among his elders recurred to the little fellow's mind and pieced themselves together. In the Colony there were certain men who were never named and only referred to in undertones, accompanied by backward glances to make sure that no one listened. Certain other men, looking for those unnamed, had been sent to search for them by the King at Home. Of course the King must be obeyed. Sammy did not know why, but he believed this to be the case. He supposed that it was all men's duty to do this. His father had never said so that he could remember, yet Sammy supposed that he thought so. Come to think of it, perhaps he didn't. He had heard his father praise Mr. John Davenport of New Haven (and yet he did not think that his father liked Mr. Davenport over well), for having helped somebody to escape from the King's searchers. It was very mysterious, but Sammy would do the honest, straightforward thing; he would relate to his father what he had seen and heard, and do as his father should tell him to do.

Plainly Sammy had not the fear of the rod before his eyes, so he told his little tale, in all simplicity, and in return his father told him the whole story of the revolt of the people of England under the leadership of the Parliament and Cromwell; of the execution of Charles the First by the decree of men who believed that he had deserved beheading for his acts of unlawful tyranny; of the revulsion of feeling on the part of the people which had brought Charles the Second back to his father's throne; how the son had pardoned the most of those who decreed the death of his father, but had exempted from the pardon seven whom he deemed to be the most guilty; that some of these had been already executed, but that two, having escaped to New England, were now here and in hiding in the spare room of the parsonage house, where only himself, and his wife, and two other gentlemen and their wives knew of the strangers' presence in Hadley; that, so important was it to prevent the secret from becoming known, the bread for the men in hiding was baked in turn in the houses of the three families who knew. Other things, being old campaigners, the men in hiding could cook for themselves by the fire in the spare-room fireplace, which, opening into a flue of the kitchen chimney, would not betray them by a separate plume of smoke. These precautions prevented servants from forming suspicions which the large reward offered for the Regicides might induce them to make known. Their bread and uncooked food and their fire wood formed the contents of the big basket, which was hauled up many times each night from the cellar through the closet which had been built expressly for that use. (This was probably the first form of a dumb waiter or a freight elevator employed in this country.)

Sammy, honored by his father's confidence, became his loyal helper, often spending hours in attendance upon the forlorn old men in their darkened room, from which the light of day was almost excluded by the gloomy and heavy interior shutters of thick planks, with heart-shaped openings cut near their tops, as one may still see them in some very old houses. These shutters were never opened save at night, and then only when there was no light within.

The little boy greatly pitied the

two old men, and, as he grew older, often accompanied them late at night down through the secret passage described by Mr. Judd in his history of Hadley, and out through the cellar to walk in the garden, which was protected by a high plank fence from casual observation. Here, as well as in their own room, he often listened to the warlike tales of one of them. The other had fallen into the weak and melancholy state known as second childhood. But Goffe retained until the last much of the old vigor which had displayed itself with the Ironsides on many a hard-fought field. So that the boy, grown almost a young man by that time, was not surprised when the old warrior, who had spied the enemy through the aperture in his closed shutter, appeared so suddenly at the church to head the villagers against the savage enemy.

In after life the Rev. Samuel Russell spoke of Goffe as the most interesting narrator he had ever known, and a man whose influence over himself had been one of the greatest blessings of his life. These things only make one feel the more poignant regret for the fury of the Boston mob, which, in its wanton destruction of the library and papers of the Royalist Governor Hutchinson, about a century after the Regicides had taken refuge in Hadley, destroyed also, not guessing its nature or value, the diary of Goffe, which had fallen into Hutchinson's possession as a collector. Goffe had kept this diary during his exile, and it is believed to have contained not the monotonous history of wearisome days in which nothing occurred, but rather the reminiscences of a lifetime of action and of association with the great men of his time. It will be remembered that Goffe was a son-in-law of Whalley, who was a brother-in-law of Cromwell.

The death of the last Regicide probably occurred in 1679 or 1680. Even then, so great was the fear of the resentment of the English government that, save in whispers, no mention was made of the presence in this country of the condemned fugitives until after the death of every person who had ventured to be helpful to them.

The World Executive

By Raymond L. Bridgman

POLITICAL development is as truly an unfolding as is the development of vegetable life. In the fullness of time there is now in sight world-business sufficient in amount and miscellaneous enough in character to justify the establishment of a regular international congress, or world-legislature. But this stage has been reached slowly. It could not have come before the world had been brought together by steam and electricity, or before the newspapers had made the people of one nation familiar, more or less, with the people and events of all the other nations. It could not have come before statesmen had become accustomed to thinking in world-terms. It has been preceded by centuries of slow growth during which the unfolding could scarcely be detected and in which the ideal seemed to be visionary beyond possible realization. But treaty relations between two nations were followed by arrangements involving more than two. International understandings were succeeded by formal conferences or congresses. Specific subjects of common interest were considered by representatives of an increasing number of nations until, in the establishment of the Universal Postal Union by all the nations of the globe worthy of the name, true world-legislation including the largest number of human beings was enacted by agreement of all nations represented and a strong precedent was set for regular world-legislation.

In a similar way there has been an unfolding until the present stage of the world-judiciary has been reached. It is true that this stage is as yet a very little developed one. It is true that a large broadening must occur before the full proportions of a world-court are attained. But it is none the less true that in the Hague Court of Arbitration there has been laid the solid and permanent foundation of a world-judiciary. The growth began far in the past. It can be seen in the efforts of nations to settle their differences by other means than war. It developed into formal, repeated and successful instances of arbitration until the wisdom of the method over war convinced the world and the Hague Court was established.

Neither world-legislation nor world-arbitration has been secured suddenly by the creation of a machine having no antecedents in kind, but the unfolding has continued according to a process similar to the unfolding of plant life.

In the case of the world-executive, therefore, it is reasonable to expect that a parallel course will be followed. Events tend so strongly to the political organization of the world into one body that it is evident that the consummation will surely occur under the influence of existing forces. But political organization requires three kinds of organs, and only three,—the legislative, the judicial and the executive. The first two being already in the process of unfolding, it is timely to look for the third.

An executive is one who carries out the will of one. In the case of world-will the best illustration is the establishment of the Universal Postal Union. In the main the execution of the details of the system is necessarily left to the separate nations. But the pertinent point right here is the fact that the Universal Postal Union, which is a world-body, has a permanent secretary whose office is in Berne, Switzerland. There is an executive officer of all the nations of the world, established by the will of the world. Therefore, in this office we have the germ of a true world-executive. It seems to be a small office, but its nature, not the number or importance of its functions, is the criterion by which it is to be classified. The world-executive has begun to grow. Henceforth the unfolding is a matter of time. What is now of most concern is that the process has actually begun.

True executives are servants. The hand is not as high as the brain. It is for the world-will, represented by the law-making power of the world, to say what shall be done. It is for the executive organs, which it creates, to do it. In the nature of the unfolding, world-executives of large powers will not be seen early. A world-president will be the culmination of the system. Before he appears upon the scene there must have been many minor forms of world-executive. We may get an illustration from State and national practices. For the accomplishment of certain service to the political body certain men are set aside to oversee, perhaps merely to investigate and to report upon, perhaps to administer, certain fields in which the public welfare is specially concerned. Boards, bureaus or commissions are thus set up for special functions. They are established by the national will (speaking here of those nations in which the will of the people is represented in the government), and are responsible, in last resort, to it. Very likely these organs of service are independent of each other and unrelated to each other, save that they have a common origin.

In the unfolding of the world-executive, therefore, it is to be expected that the process will be by development of such organs. In the first place it is to be expected that they will be created for some particular service, just as world-legislation began in special congresses or conferences and as special instances of arbitration preceded the establishment of the Hague Court. Perhaps there might be selected a body of medical experts to decide what should be world-regulations to prevent the spread of some threatening plague, or to investigate the status of consumption or cancer all over the world. Such a body might lead to the establishment of a permanent bureau to have oversight of conditions of world-health.

So, from field to field, from special service to permanent, the unfolding would proceed until the stage was reached at which some coordination of the executive offices would be for the advantage of the world. Then the time would be ripe for a chief executive of the world. But he would be a commissioner-in-chief, or minister-in-chief, really a servant-in-chief, to execute the will of the world for the harmonious administration of the different departments, to study the workings of the organs created for separate functions, to correct their defects by pointing out where they were organ-

ically defective, or by improving the administration by personal supervision and effort when the defect was one of administration alone. The true world-executive will never be the ruler of the world, unless the people of the world surrender their rights and become slaves, which is unthinkable. World-empire could be possible only with world-slavery for the mass of the human race, and the people of the world are too far advanced for that to be tolerable. The world-president will not be responsible for the human race, but he will be a very subordinate official, though at the head of an immensely extended and complicated system of offices, and it will be his duty to see that the offices perform their function and that the officers are diligent, efficient and honest. Supreme over all would be the world-will, and it would be for the intelligence of the world to watch over its executives, chief and subordinate, and make sure of honest and competent administration.

It might be that the world-executive would be reached by a short cut across, without waiting for this unfolding in detail. If there were a rapid development of the world-sense of world-unity, and if the nations were ready early to surrender formally their claim to absolute sovereignty, they might agree early to put the enforcement of such world-legislation as should have been enacted into the hands of a single world-executive, giving him power and responsibility, and so reach the consummation sooner. Eventually, however, it must be believed, both lines of development, or discharge of both classes of functions, would merge into one.

Such, in brief, forecasting the future from our experience, we can say concerning the world-executive. The ideal no more presupposes perfection in the administration than the ideal of State or national executive presupposes State or national executives beyond criticism. The main point to notice is that the world is surely advancing toward political organization as a single body, that such an organism necessitates the three kinds of organs, and that the unfolding of the executive seems certain to be from insignificant beginnings to the full office of executive-in-chief for the world.

An Old Rhyme

By Meribah Philbrick Abbott

LILY, and rose, and violet,
Are in my Neighbor's window set;
And out of the glow and greenery
An old, old verse comes back to me,
Gayly traced with quirl and crook
Upon the leaf of an old, old book:—
"*The Rose is red, the Violet's blue,*
The Lily is sweet and so are You,"

Springs a-many have smiled and fled,
Hopes a-many are crushed and dead,
Love's forgot, and the heart is gray;
But over and over I sigh, and say—
Vision-haunted in soul and brain,
The stir of youth in my pulse again:—
"*The Rose is red, the Violet's blue,*
The Lily is sweet and so are You."

Brown eyes shy, and black eyes bold,
Shingled locks, and curls of gold,
Side by side in the second row,
Over the speller bending low;
Restless feet beat anxious time
To the painful pen that scrawls the rhyme:
"*The Rose is red, the Violet's blue,*
The Lily is sweet and so are You."

Neighbor mine, in the window there,
Little you long and less you care
For one who lingers and looks, to see
Your face in the glow and greenery;
Love's forgot, and the heart is gray,
But over and over I sigh, and say:
"*The Rose is red, the Violet's blue,*
The Lily is sweet and so are You."

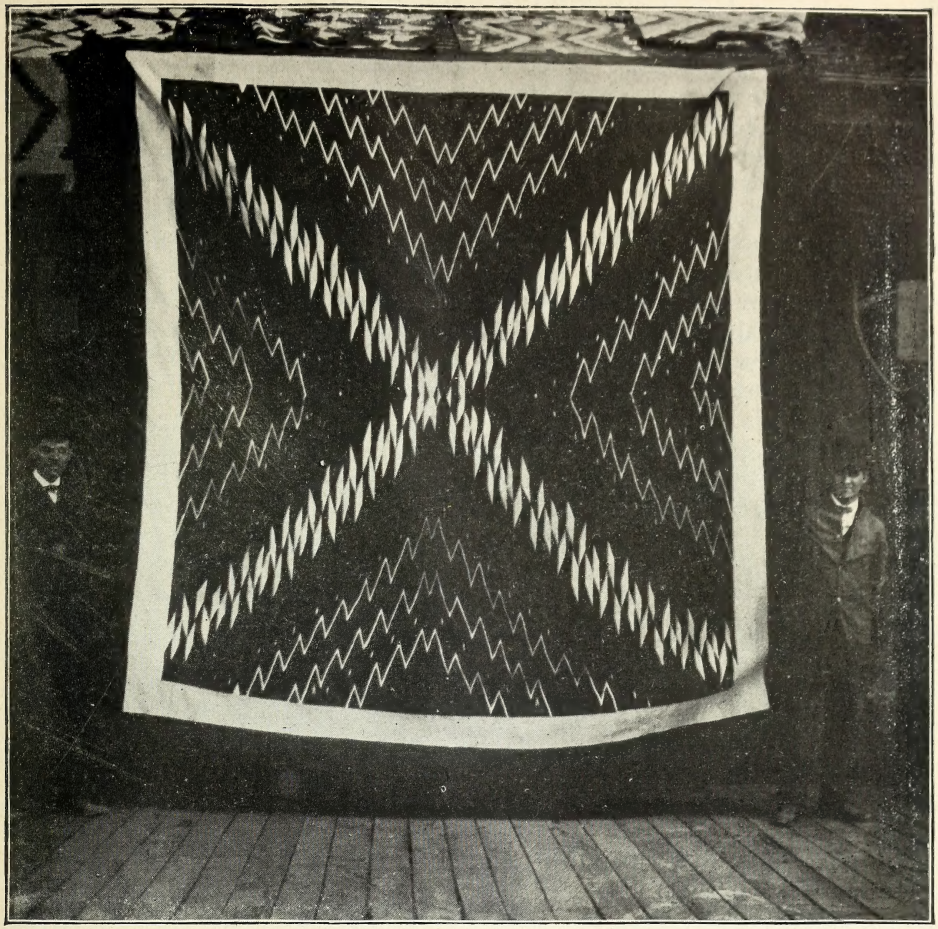
The Navajos and Their Blanket-Weaving Industry

By George Leo Patterson

OCCUPYING a vast reservation within the very territory of their forefathers is a nation of twenty thousand red men, tall and athletic in build, and dignified in deportment, a proud-spirited, self-reliant people, who rejoice in being untainted with white blood. They are the tribe of the Navajos, of New Mexico and Arizona, a race that has won more or less renown from its skilful weaving of blankets.

This industry—the handiwork entirely of their women—has rendered them a self-supporting nation, and relieved the United States government of any financial responsibility whatsoever concerning them. According to verbal history, the blanket-weaving industry was carried on many centuries ago, the textile fabrics being exchanged with the Utes and other tribes for articles made by them. Of such antiquity is the art that it appears recorded in the tribal mythology. According to tradition, the Navajos are living in the fifth world, the entire tribe having ascended from each of the lower abodes to the next above. When dwelling in the fourth of these, the men and women had a war of words and lived for some years on opposite sides of a great river. The male population maintained that they ought to be obeyed on account of their killing the game and clearing the fields, to which the gentler sex replied that they wove the blankets. It is sometimes said that the art of weaving was learned from the Spaniards, but by residence among the Navajos, one is soon convinced that it was the red man who taught the Spaniard and that the craft was followed by the Indian long before Cortez visited the American Continent.

The original Navajo country, as recognized by Indian tribes, was bounded on the east by the great and extinct volcano, San Mateo, situated in what is now western New Mexico. The highest peaks of the Zuni Mountains formed the southern boundary, while the San Francisco range of Arizona marked the borderland of the west. The Carizo Mountains bounded the country on the north. Thus the nation occupied a region two hundred and fifty miles long and two hundred in width, measuring from corner to corner. An old "shaman," or native priest, once informed the writer that many centuries ago these four mountains were much nearer together. The people, however, became crowded for room and prayed to "Him of the East" and to the god of each of the other three peaks, beseeching that each deity pull his mountain farther away and thus enlarge the world. The prayer was granted and the people given the extensive territory above described. From one of the



NAVAJO RUG BLANKET, WOVEN TO ORDER, WHICH BROUGHT $150 IN 1903, AND REPRESENTED MANY MONTHS OF LABOR.

lonely and nameless mountains in the centre of the old Navajo country, the writer was once permitted to view the great peak of San Mateo, although seventy miles distant. Through the thin clear air of the Continental Divide, the old volcano appeared surprisingly near, and one could easily imagine how the primitive man might believe, as he laboriously journeyed thither, that "He of the East" was pulling the mountains farther and farther away. Although the reservation given these people embraces more territory than is contained in the State of Connecticut and is situated within their ancient tribal domains, they are to be found, quite naturally, in all parts of the solitudes for which their ancestors fought.

The Navajos fear the east, believing that from the land of the rising sun have come all evils. Thence came the smallpox, tuberculosis, and the white man. In fact, the Caucasian was sent into their fatherland by a certain deity whom they once offended. By them the paleface is seldom to be trusted. A few salesmen representing wholesale houses of the east make occasional visits to

the isolated trading posts. "What a bluff!" say certain Navajos in their own language. "The white people say that they are stronger in numbers than we, yet they have to send the same set of men over and over, hoping thus to convince us."

The blankets made by the Navajos often sell for great prices. In a raffle a large fabric will sometimes bring two hundred dollars. The patterns are of great variety, new figures being constantly introduced. Blankets made after the favorite design of Manuelito, a late and celebrated chief, sell for large sums, since the women, out of respect for the deceased ruler, no longer make them. The few squaws who live within sight of the railroad introduce in their blankets many designs suggested by the moving trains, and a crude but creditable likeness of a locomotive is often to be seen woven in the texture of a fabric. President Roosevelt, during his late tour, was presented with a Navajo blanket which bore his title, together with the place and date of his reception, all having been laboriously woven into its substance by a skilful squaw who could neither read nor understand the English language. The design had been furnished her and her powers of imitation had done the rest. Thus Elle of Gnado bears the distinction of having woven the blanket of the white man's "great chief," and is especially revered by her dark and dignified neighbors, as they tend their flocks among secluded and mysterious mountains two hundred miles west of Albuquerque. Many patterns represent a dozen or more prayers. Every cross, every square, every bar or zigzag marking has a definite significance, and as they are made indelible parts of the fabric, the native feels that the gods can in no way mistake the meaning. The majority of supplications offered are directed to the evil deities on the ground that it is necessary to appease the wrath of these, while the good gods will befriend the red men without the asking. According to tradition, all blankets were in ancient times of pure white, but later, a combination was discovered by which wool could be colored gray, and investigation and experiment continued until the other tints were developed in dye form. At the present time there exist two general classes of Navajo blankets, those made from native wool and dyes and those which are woven from yarn of American manufacture. Fabrics bearing a long nap are native in make, the Indians having raised the sheep, spun the yarn, and from this woven the blankets. Few Eastern people realize the amount of labor required in making such articles. The squaw measures on one finger the distance of an inch, and explains to her white neighbor that every strip of such width represents a day's work.

Filled with superstitious awe, the Navajo objects to being photographed. Whatever may happen to the picture he firmly believes will befall his person. If the likeness is ever destroyed, he himself will be wiped from the face of the earth. Frequently the offer of silver coins will tempt him, however, to run the risk.

During the summer months, these primitive people dwell within a ring of brush or hut of green boughs. As cooler weather approaches, a framework of piñon or cedar logs is erected and covered with earth to the depth of several feet. A hole is made for the escape of smoke, and thus is completed the winter "hogan."

Underclothing is seldom worn, and during bad weather naked feet are quite the fashion. On many an occasion has the writer witnessed his Indian neighbors walking barefooted through the half-frozen mud, although later, when the weather was dry and warm, they were to be seen in their moccasins. Nature would repair sore feet better than damaged footwear.

of horse seems like a small fortune. Game is not plentiful, although there are rabbits, prairie-dogs and a few bears. Wildcats, mountain lions, and coyotes are to be found, yet are hardly to be considered eatable game. The prairie-dogs are hard to reach, as they remain near their holes and quickly dart under cover. Furthermore, it is wrong to kill certain animals, according to the



ELLE OF GNADO, AND THE ROOSEVELT BLANKET (WOVEN BY HER) WHIL : YET ON THE LOOM.

As a class, the Navajos are inclined to be thin on account of forced economy in diet. Whenever a cow or horse is accidentally killed, the natives hastily cut it up and bear the pieces to their respective hogans. By actual observation, an animal that had broken its leg disappeared within fifteen minutes after it was shot. Meat is so scarce in the homes of these poor red men that a quarter

Navajo faith. Considering, therefore, the scarcity of game and the limitation of the native religion, it is easily seen how far from plentiful fresh meat must be.

Water also is highly valued. When it is remembered that the average Navajo must carry his supply from one to three miles, no one can blame him for taking infrequent baths. His dwelling commands some high ele-

vation, but his daily work leads him many miles over the arid solitudes of the great Southwest. The sheep must be taken to new pastures, and by pastures is meant neither grassy prairies nor green mountains, but bare earth having sage brush and shrubs of grease-wood scattered over its surface in clumps. Upon such feed live the sheep, summer

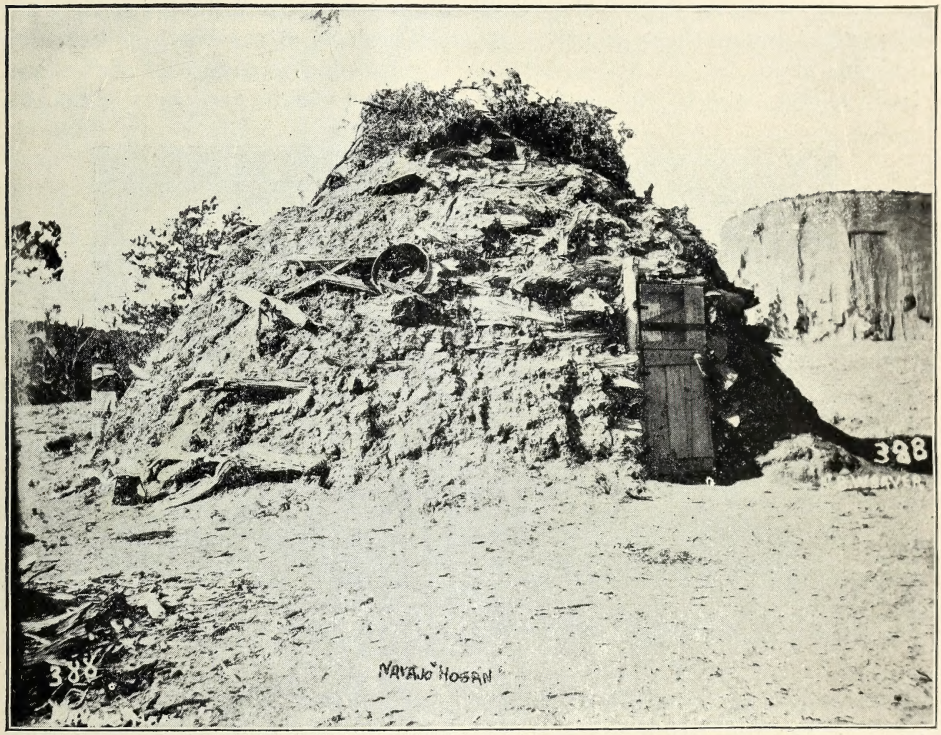


NAVAJO LOOM WITH BLANKET.

and winter. During times of drouth they are driven often ten or twelve miles in order to reach the nearest spring, all of the shrubs in its vicinity having long since been picked clean. The art of "finding water" is well developed among the Navajos. Where white men would perish, these strange people can live, weave their blankets and take care of their children. In conversation with an Indian neighbor, questions were asked regarding the source of his water supply, whereupon the Navajo pointed to the bed of a dry stream which could be seen winding its way through the valley a mile distant. This arroyo seldom contained water, and the significant gesture of the Indian served only to awaken curiosity until the fact was made known that in a certain few places he could, by digging to a depth of five feet, always find water. Signs known to himself told him where to dig. Among other ways of locating water may be mentioned the presence of arrow-weed. Wherever this plant is found, although the country may appear to be a desert, the

thirsty Navajo can generally reach water by digging but a few feet. In this way the Indian has often led his white pursuers a weary chase. Knowing the signs of water, the red man would quench his own thirst and carefully cover the hole in the sand.

At night the camp-fires of the Navajos can be seen on the hill-tops for many miles. On one occasion within the last few years, they appeared, however, much nearer together than the white settlers would have preferred. A white man had shot an Indian and much excitement prevailed. The Navajo leaders maintained that since it was their custom to deliver up an Indian who had taken the life of a paleface, the white people ought to surrender to the red men the person who had shot one of their number and allow them to torture him to death according to custom. The American population of the little town knew only too well what this would mean. Some Indians had already told a paleface who had incurred their enmity that if he crossed their country again, they would "kill him for three days." A settlement of the shooting was, however, finally reached by the white men paying eighty dollars to the indignant natives.



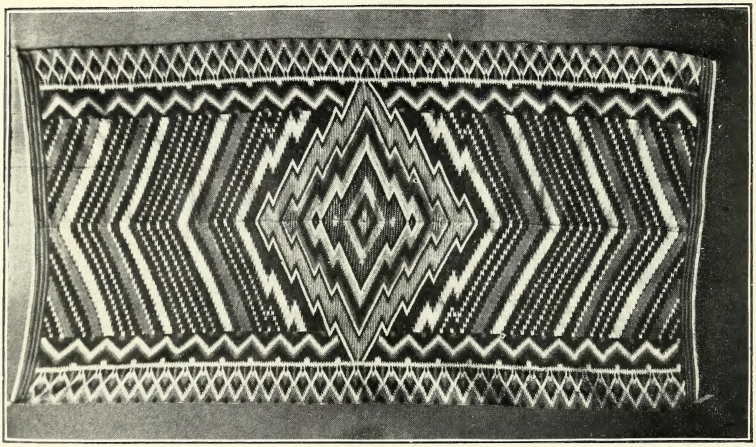
A WINTER HOGAN OR DWELLING.

On a certain dark night, I once stole to the scene of a so-called medicine dance. Navajo doctors use no drugs. The Indians were seated around a fire which occupied the centre of a "summer hogan."

Within this circular barricade of cedar brush, lay the sick man on a bed of blankets, while the company chanted magic songs and manipulated a small rattle-box made from a gourd. The Navajo is a believer in a native faith cure, and in his own way leads a very prayerful life.

While the wife is weaving the blankets, the husband in many instances is making silver ornaments, the trade of silver-smith being well recognized among these people. Certain members of the tribe devote their entire time to the fashioning of ear-rings and bracelets, necklaces, belts and bridle mountings. One often sees hanging far down the bosom an elaborate necklace of round silver beads, interspersed with quite artistic representations of flowers, all being worked in the solid metal. Many of the Navajo belts are quite regal, being covered with a number of solid silver plates several inches in length. The buttons of coats, when such garments are worn, are often made from the white metal, and even the moccasins are frequently decorated with ornamental pieces of the same substance. The Indian may be riding a pony which alone could be purchased for five dollars, yet the silver of the animal's bridle would bring many times that amount. Near the Twin Buttes of western New Mexico were discovered the remains of an Indian and pony that had perished many years before. On examination, thirty dollars' worth of silver was found about and around the animal's skull.

The land of the Navajos has very few running streams. It abounds in arroyos which are mere channels and full only when there are heavy rains in the mountains. On such occasions, the floods march down these empty gorges in mighty torrents, and it is, indeed, a great spectacle to watch a dry arroyo in ten minutes time become filled with as many feet of tumultuous water. Owing to the nature of the soil, these river-beds have no banks but possess instead perpendicular walls. Many times these are to be seen rising thirty feet in height, while with smaller gullies, the depth will be considerably greater than the

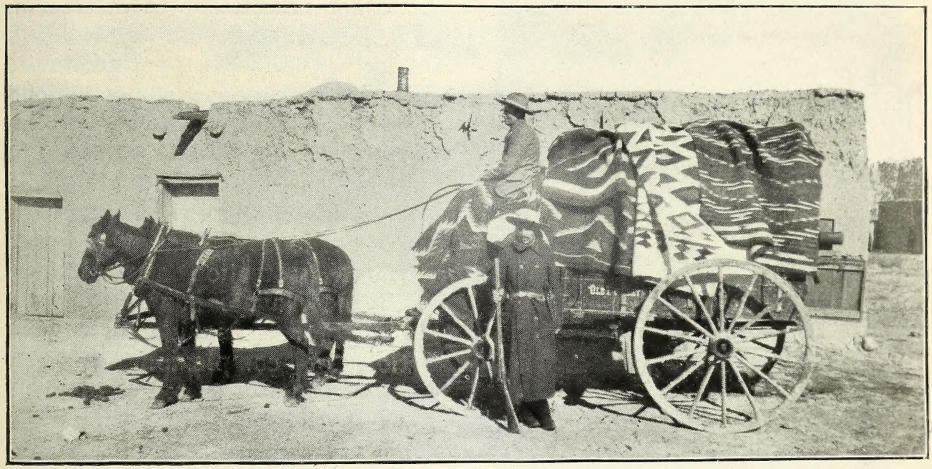


NAVAJO BLANKET WOVEN SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, WHICH WAS SOLD IN NEW MEXICO FOR $175.

width, making it exceedingly dangerous for a person unacquainted with the country to ride horseback at night. In these narrow but deep channels, the red men build occasional dams and in this way succeed in saving a supply of muddy water for the irrigation of small fields of corn and garden vegetables.

The Navajo is as fond of watermelon as is the Afro-American. The home of the writer being near the store of an Indian trader, he has on numerous occasions found as many as ten copper-colored neighbors seated along the edge of the rough porch, eating water-melon. A member of one group stated that he had tried to raise a crop of his own, intending to eat his melons at his own hogan, but "dogs" had relieved him of the task, undoubtedly referring to the little animal commonly termed "prairie-dog." The corn raised in the humble fields of these patient people never leaves their abodes, for they grind it themselves between convex and concave pieces of lava. When it is remembered that many imitation emery wheels, used by civilized man for the grinding of hard steel, are made from this same substance, it is seen that the Navajo has at least good material for millstones.

At times bears have become so numerous that great damage has been done to the small fields of corn and wheat, yet it is considered wrong to kill Mr. Bruin without giving him fair warning. On one occasion an Indian was observed to shoot a bear, and considerable comment was excited. The red man explained, however, that this was the creature's third offense. Having found the animal in his corn field on two previous occasions, he had informed him that the crop was not his and that he ought to go to his own hogan among the crags and desist from disturbing peaceable Indians in their property rights. If the offense should be repeated, he would have to adopt strenuous measures. Therefore having given him explicit warning, he for the third offense took the bear's life. Such conduct is easily



RETURN FROM THE NAVAJO COUNTRY WITH $2,000 WORTH OF BLANKETS.



NAVAJO WOMAN AND CHILD.

explained when it is remembered that the Navajo regards the majority of lower animals as human beings in a different form. The coyote even is held sacred and is not to be killed except for some special offense and after the giving of due warning. According to the tribal mythology, the first of living creatures were a man, a woman, and a coyote. The latter knew "all things without being told," and for some time these three were the only inhabitants of the first world.

In many instances the Navajo women are quite fine-looking, although the necessary hardships of their life often cause the beauty to fade. The most noticeable feature of their costume is the moccasins they wear of deer or sheep skin, provided with long strips of the same substance which are wound around the limbs until loose leggins are formed. With these is worn a skirt extending a few inches below the knee. That this represents a fixed fashion cannot be denied, although the exact reason for their wearing such heavy and cumbersome foot apparel is difficult to understand. One of the many reports in this connection ascribes the origin of the custom to the great number of rattle-snakes which at one time infested the country and maintains that these loose leggins were adopted as a protection against bites. With the Navajo squaw, a bright copper-color is considered the perfection of complexion, and the young women are much given to painting their faces in order to intensify the redness of their hue. All sit astride their ponies, and regard this posture as the most healthful both for horse and for rider. From this Indian custom, the American ladies of the Southwest have learned to assume the same position until this mode of riding has become popular in many cities of the East. In New Mexico, a lady assuming the side position would attract attention. Many livery men go so far as to refuse to put a side-saddle on one of their horses, and give as the reason that it tends to injure the animal's back.

When clad in strict native costume, the men wear a buckskin shirt and white baggy trousers of the

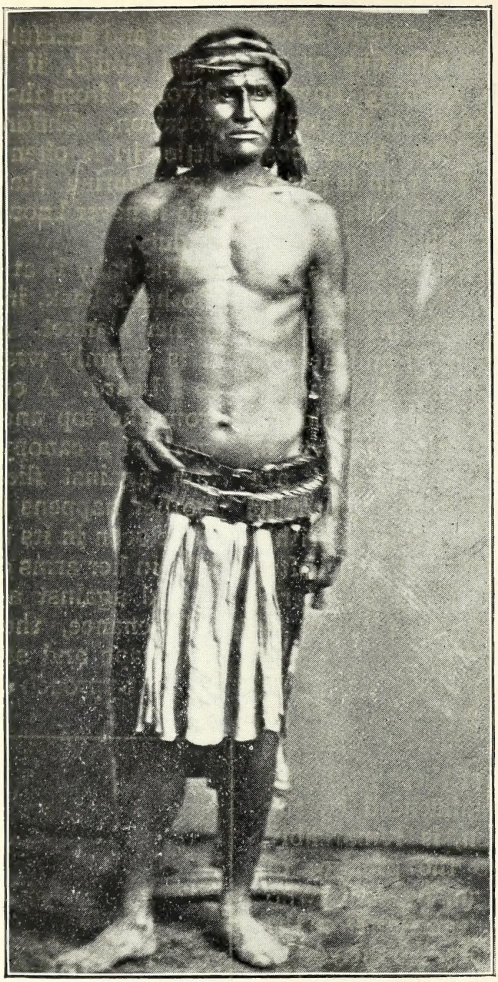
same material, which extend below the knee, having a slit five or six inches in length running upward from the lower edge on the outer side of each leg. Below these loose trousers, the clear red skin is generally in plain sight until the top of the moccasin is reached. In some instances, a tight leggin covers this intervening space. No form of hat is worn, but the long hair is combed back from the forehead and held in place with a head-band. In times of war this formerly served to hold the feathers. With the thick growth of black hair, the head and neck are protected from the burning heat of the sun. If the Navajo lives within reach of an Indian trader, he often adopts bright calico as the material for shirts and white factory for trousers. A red handkerchief is purchased also for use as a head-band instead of the homespun article of his forefathers.

The family life of these primitive people, when uninfluenced by the evils of civilization, is remarkably pure. Years ago the practice of polygamy was begun by some who had received the suggestion from the few Mormon settlers. As the young Navajo has simply to purchase his wife, it is easy to see how readily such a custom might be introduced. It is not recognized by their religion, however, and is practiced little except among a few of those living near white settlements. The man feels called upon to take the heavy end of every task. If the pony is large enough to carry man, woman and child, one will often see the three astride the one animal. If the little broncho is not equal to so great a burden, the man does the walking as a matter of course. As a rule, couples are devoted and faithful, although the husband could, if he chose, become divorced from the wife on slight provocation. Children are obedient. A little girl is often seen watching the horse during the mother's absence, and is never known to leave her post of duty.

The baby is at first carried on the mother's back, in an ingenious fold of her blanket. At it grows larger, it is warmly wrapped and fastened to a board. A curved strip extends from the top and forms the framework of a canopy used as a protection against flies. Wherever the mother happens to be, the infant is to be seen in its board cradle, either held in her arms or unceremoniously leaned against a tree. With stoic countenance, the child views the landscape and seldom cries, except on the approach of a coyote, bear or



SEMI-CIVILIZED NAVAJO INDIANS.



PREPARING TO INVOKE THE ELEMENTS FOR RAIN.

white man. Whenever the paleface showns signs of admiration for the little one, the primitive woman's face becomes enlightened with that look which is the same among all races, and can rightly be termed "the mother look." She is proud of her silver necklace, bracelets and belt, and of her untainted Navajo blood; she enjoys thinking of the blankets she has woven, but all earthly things sink into oblivion when her attention is turned to the little red baby tied to the board. The Navajo nation is not to die so long as its mothers are so devoted.

In many respects the Navajos are the least civilized, yet the most to be admired of Indian tribes. By intimate acquaintance with these simple-hearted natives, one becomes convinced that the "noble red man" is not a mere creation of the poet when the Indian is permitted to live free from the evils of civilization.

Under Changed Conditions

By Lewis Worthington Smith

FOR twenty years of married life Mrs. Hartigan had bemoaned her humble lot, and then, by a sudden turn of fortune, for which, after all, the head of the family had made abundant preparation, she found herself able to buy anything that money will buy. Mrs. Hartigan had yet to learn the art of getting what she paid for, but she was learning slowly. A long struggle with social difficulties had sharpened her wits until she knew at least when she had not won in a bargain, and that was something. Now the burden, which had so far been on her husband's shoulders, was transferred to hers, and she entered with zest into the problem of making a place for herself and for those that belonged to her. There were John and Bertha, both promising shoots of the Hartigan stock, and for them at least some pleasures that had been denied to her should not be wanting.

It is not too much to say that Mrs. Hartigan had over-rated the importance of the mere fact of having money. She knew in a vague way that it was not simply having money, but using it, that counted; observation of the ways of people whom she desired to be like had given her some ideas on that subject. They did not always seem applicable to the present case, however; they were not seldom ill-defined, they were sometimes hopeless. Still she was making progress and was constraining herself to continue optimistic. Mrs. Wallach, once a stranger, had shown herself not unfriendly; the Morgans had indicated a willingness to exchange social civilities; the Clapp girls had gone shopping with Bertha, and on the way home had insisted on her stopping with them for tea. There were other things equally promising, and then there were some things that might have been very discouraging. Of these last factors in the situation, no one was permitted to feel that she had any knowledge.

The head of the family, while he did not share the social aspirations of his helpmate to the full, was quite willing to have her gratify them, and quite willing to pay the bill. Regardless of what he got out of it, he wanted to spend money, and he did not see how he was to spend any large part of what he had to spend alone. With men of the class to which he now belonged, not getting and not hoarding, as he observed, but spending, was the law of life. Happy are all men who know the law and find it one to which it is an easy and pleasant task to conform.

There still remained plenty of that which is necessary for conformity, and he still had the good will to conform, when one day Charley Lowther came up to the desk in the office and smiled. Then he remembered, although the memory went back to the days before he was married, and with the memory came the breath of a buoyant sort of happiness, a something that was almost ecstacy, so old as to be new again

and altogether delightful. Charley was a vagabond, of course; what else had he ever been or could he ever be? That was the charm that he had long ago had for Hartigan, a charm renewed on the instant when his own eyes lighted in response to the old-time smile. He could forget that life had been strenuous, and in a reawakened instinct be what for too short a time he had once seemed to be.

"I thought you would remember," said Lowther, reaching out his hand.

"Of course," said Hartigan. "It is a long time, though."

"I haven't counted."

"What has become of Roberts?" asked Hartigan, another memory lighting up the dimness of the years.

"Roberts got tired a few years ago."

Hartigan smiled, not understanding that it was not the proper moment.

"He did that before I knew him."

"That was a sort of affectation; he was amusing himself temporarily. The present weariness is no joke. There isn't even the ghost of potential energy in him."

Hartigan couldn't think of anything to say about Roberts dead, and for a moment the conversation languished.

"You haven't asked about my health," said Lowther directly.

"No," said Hartigan, brightening. "And how about Mrs. Lowther and the children?"

"You have the advantage of me, I am afraid; my acquaintance is not so extensive."

"You don't mean to say that you haven't met her yet? I thought you had settled that a half-dozen times before I was married."

Lowther knew now that it was time to take a seat in assurance of welcome, but a glance about him failed to discover a chair.

"Come," said Hartigan. "Go out to lunch with me; we can talk more at our ease than here."

In the course of their conversation at the table it developed that Lowther had an idea that was a sure thing and a big thing, if he could find someone with capital to join him in pushing it.

"Go in with you on it, Charley?" said Hartigan. "What do I want to go in with anybody on anything for? Take a week's vacation fishing with me—you know where—and before we start you can have my cheque for five hundred or a thousand, as you wish, and that ends it."

The fortnight—for it became a fortnight—during which Papa Hartigan was gone fishing was an extremely unpleasant interval for the rest of the family. Mrs. Hartigan was not familiar with the rules that governed the game in the world of which she was just catching a glimpse, but she knew that something had gone wrong. For two weeks she had been counting on receiving an invitation to a dinner at the Van Hutens', of the probable date of which she had even been told by Mrs. Van Huten herself. Had the dinner been given up? Had Mrs. Van Huten really not intended to ask her? Had she, or John, or Mr. Hartigan, or Bertha, ignorantly given any of the Van Hutens offense? Had they been guilty of any inexcusable infringement of the social law that exacted unshaken obedience of the votaries of form? This last possibility was the thing continually gnawing at Mrs. Hartigan's peace, and now the dread possibility had somehow grown more tangible and real.

A great deal of information about

men and women who were counted important, and about their ways, came into the family through the restless energy of John's inquiring mind. The heir of the family name was not so anxious to exalt it as his mother, but he was very observing, and he reached conclusions that were more or less baffling, as well to his father's plodding reason as to his mother's intuitions. His indifference to social distinctions was a matter of anxiety to Mrs. Hartigan, but now he had conceived a boyish passion for the daughter of a family of established standing, and his point of view was a little altered. The girl was a vacuous thing, able to play solitaire indefinitely without having any sense of mental inanity, or to devote her time to any one of a number of equally useless things without experiencing anything approaching ennui. John was not an age to reach conclusions in such matters, and his mother was not in a condition of mind to care. It was enough that he had a new reason for wishing to learn the ways of the social world towards which the family aspirations looked.

It was not surprising, then, that he was the one to make something out of the apparently unimportant details of a newspaper paragraph. Mr. Crawford Hunter had given fifty thousand dollars for a great public charity, and Mrs. Hartigan, after reading the general statement, put down the paper without giving attention to the lengthy account of conditions, restrictions, and provisions. John picked up the paper, ran over the whole paragraph, and tossed it down.

"That man knows how to give money," he said with the emphasis of conviction. "That is as careful a business proposition as he ever made. That deal will advance him ten points in public estimation, or I don't know two and two."

Mrs. Hartigan looked a little dazed, and Bertha was frankly incredulous.

"What connection is there between such business-like sort of giving and public estimation?"

"Well, I've figured it out about like this. When everybody has money, and all can give and spend alike, the mere fact that a man gives and spends doesn't make him much different from the others. It's showing judgment in giving and spending that puts a man at the head of his class, don't you see? Generosity itself and alone certainly is not the hall-mark to recognition with these people."

"Well, I guess not!" Bertha agreed. "Giving is solely for the sake of the giver, so far as I can find out."

"That's it! The fundamental principles of success haven't altered materially. The man that can make the best bargain and get the most for his money is the biggest man."

Mrs. Hartigan had listened with quickening interest, an interest that grew to comprehension and then to dismay. She sank into a chair as there flashed over her an understanding of what was, perhaps, the cause for the present check to her ambitions. Doubtless, Mr. Hartigan's friends knew of his senseless generosity to Lowther. It was so absurd a thing that they had doubtless told others, and by this time everybody probably knew that their newly acquired wealth was being thrown away in the careless fashion of the uninitiated. Worst of all, this was a thing that it was somehow impossible for her to manage. Tom would never understand that he

should dispense his gifts with the calculating eye of a drummer offering a cigar to his customer in the country store. Some things he would have no mind to understand, if he could. It was beginning to be clear to Mrs. Hartigan that her task was far from as easy as she had thought.

When Mr. Hartigan came back he found the atmosphere of the home circle not wholly in accord with his own feeling. He had been happy, more than happy, for some days, and he was happy still. John showed no particular sign of unhappiness; Bertha was merely a trifle less sunny than she might have been; but Mrs. Hartigan was the picture of determination in gloom. He felt instinctively that he should again need to take up the burden, that the thought of being care-free must be an alien thought, a thought forbidden. Mrs. Hartigan found it difficult to tell him clearly just what was wrong, and what he must do and must not do. Groping through the confusion of her words, he at length understood the new social burden that he must assume, the error he had made for which he must atone, and the social depths to which they would inevitably sink, if he were not more careful.

"All right, Louise," he said. "I shall be more comfortable with something to be anxious about again. I have felt a lack lately, and I haven't been able to say what. Luckily I have just got a new deal on with Oscar Raymond, and he can give me pointers, if anybody can."

Raymond was an incipient Andrew Carnegie, generous but shrewd, open-handed as open-hearted, but calculating and practical. He had not been born to the purple, but all doors had opened to him easily, and now, while he was enjoying what he had won, he was not permitting himself to forget the established habits of a lifetime. Mr. Hartigan felt that he could maintain relations of fellowship with him, and that from him he could gain an occasional bit of combined social and business wisdom. The new problems were such as he did not feel quite able to solve alone, and yet, clearly, they were problems that must be solved. What does it profit a man to gain a prize which he has not the wit to enjoy?

The weeks and the months dragged by without bringing any great deal of social consolation to Mrs. Hartigan. So far as she could see, conditions were not improving now, and she had come to have a feeling of helplessness which was somewhat accentuated by the fact that Mr. Hartigan seemed to have no plans and was, perhaps, equally without purposes. As often as she felt that she could do so without exhausting his patience, she drew near to the subject of her dearest ambitions and made effort to discover what he was doing for the gratification of them. Always after her attempts to advance the interests that so troubled her she found herself more discouraged than before.

Mr. Hartigan, too, was not always cheerful as the result of these conferences. The feeling that he was failing in a duty, a most important duty, although an unpleasant one, was borne in upon him too forcibly. There had been a time when, however dark the prospect of their lives, she had never blamed him in any way for seeming failure, since she knew that he was doing the best he could. Now he was sure that she had an altogether different feeling. Fortune had turned his way, and, if he would, he could bring about the

consummation of her wishes. He knew better, but she did not, and somehow he did not like to explain how it was that he could not bring his will to bear upon this difficulty as he had brought it to bear upon other difficulties before. He came at length to dislike thinking about it, to shrink from Mrs. Hartigan's questioning and even to resent it. At times the look of anxious expectancy in her eyes angered him.

He was in this mood of irritation under Mrs. Hartigan's eyes one day when he picked up a book with which he was not familiar, and was surprised to find from the inscription on the fly-leaf that it was a gift from someone unknown to himself.

"Where did this come from?" he asked.

"I don't know. I didn't pay much attention to it, and as you do not care for books I forgot to say anything about it."

That was a provoking sort of explanation at best, and it was an ill moment for the provoking thing to happen. He picked up his book and took it to the study, where he dropped down upon the padded leather of his easy chair with a positive will to assert himself and be a reader of books.

For a few moments that was not an easy thing for him, and he turned the pages idly, but a sense of something familiar in the illustrations grew upon him, and at length his eye fell on one picture in which he could not be mistaken. He remembered both the place and the time when Lowther made the drawing and showed it to him. He turned back to the title-page and found a name that was clearly an assumed one. This did not help him, but on the preceding page there was a line: "To the friend without whose generosity the drawings which are the first excuse for this book could never have been published." Now he knew the author and the donor, and letting himself go back to days of dream he read on and on, all the deeper fibres of his being tingling with the currents of old feelings flowing unchecked, as the stream at spring's awakening from the fount of tears. Out of the pages came bits of talk from moments when they had eagerly toiled over wind-swept hills or rested idly as chance wishes led. Sudden fancies, wild fervors born of the buoyant happiness that thrilled them, subtle glimpses into the workings of secret things, quiet sympathies that breathed upon them with the healing balsam of the forest silences; all these lived in him as if the time when they were not had never been. They were even more real than at the time of birth, since things felt, but not at the moment expressed, things seemingly inexpressible, were here shaped into the meaning and the passion and the inspiration of words.

He read the book through from cover to cover and then sat still, while the hand that held the book dropped from the elbow of his chair into his lap. Then he remembered that the hour was late and that Mrs. Hartigan would be looking for him soon. This book was his and must be put up on the shelf with the few other books that no one disturbed but himself. There was no one stirring in the house and the lights were low when he went quietly to his room for the night.

Only a week after this John came into the room where the rest of the family were and asked for the book that he had seen lying there only a few days ago.

"What do you want of it?" asked his mother.

"I just want to look it over. Everybody's talking about it; I've got to see what it's like."

"Your father took it," said Mrs. Hartigan, hesitating.

"I took it; I know the author," said Mr. Hartigan, evasively.

"You do! Who is it? Everybody wants to know."

"Charley Lowther, but I did not mean to tell you."

John stood for a moment in astonishment, and then the light of a livelier feeling came into his eyes.

"That's like falling heir to millions. Mother, you just give a dinner and invite a few select friends to meet the distinguished author, Charley Lowther, and your troubles are over."

An illumination began to show itself in Mrs. Hartigan's face, too. In place of the puzzled anxiety that had disturbed it so long, a satisfied understanding grew into a glow of triumph.

"Everybody would want to see him," said John in the silence.

"And I should like to see him, too," said the head of the house.

Charley Lowther had an unalterable objection to the business of being lionized, but when the situation was explained to him, he entered into it with a genuine zest that made Mrs. Hartigan quite in love with him. What was even more delightful, Mrs. Van Huten and Mrs. Clapp, not to mention others, when they came—and they did come, except for one unfortunate woman somewhat uninformed in a literary way—Mrs. Van Huten and Mrs. Clapp both pronounced him the loveliest and most interesting man. Their volubility led them on to the asking of a number of questions that were a bit hard to answer, that were, indeed, rather troublesome to Mrs. Hartigan, but these things were trifles. What sank into Mrs. Hartigan's soul most deeply, as she saw Lowther entertaining guest after guest in the genuine overflow of a whole-hearted nature, was the indisputable fact that they had now an established status. She had been humbled somewhat of late, but she still had sufficient confidence in herself to believe that what she had won she would not lose.

In the final outcome there was an irony of fate, but John, sturdy and able to bear many a severer shock, was the victim. In the changed state of affairs, Mr. and Mrs. Hartigan discovered that the young lady who had attracted his fancy was not wholly pleasing to them, and he was compelled to see the wisdom of forgetting her. Luckily, he did not have the misery of tracing this result back to his own worldly wisdom, as he might have had.

The French Exiles in Pennsylvania

By J. W. Ingham

THE spirit of Revolution is infectious, and travels around the world on the wings of the wind like a contagious disease. When it attacks an excitable people without education, without property, and without moral restraint, and who have been trampled in the dust by remorseless kings, and privileged classes, it rages fiercely as a forest fire. The French revolution was the offspring of the American; but the revolutionists of France were unfortunate in having no Washingtons, Jeffersons, Adamses, and Franklins for leaders. The leaders of the French revolution were, with but few exceptions, unprincipled demagogues who cared nothing for the freedom of their country, or the happiness of the people. They neither feared God, nor regarded man. Behind these unprincipled leaders was an ignorant, unthinking mob, maddened by poverty and the oppressions which they had long endured, with no prospect of alleviation.

The tiger broke his chain, and slaked his thirst for blood. An amiable king and queen were put to death for no cause except the impolicy of asserting the prerogatives which had always belonged to the kingly office. During this period of anarchy and crime—this "reign of terror"—thousands of Frenchmen, fearing for their lives, fled from their homes; some went to other countries in Europe, while many came to the United States, taking up their residence in Philadelphia, then the capital of the nation. They made their escape with but little money in hand, leaving their property, and sometimes their families, behind. Other Frenchmen about this time, fled from the "horrors" of Santo Domingo, during the slave insurrection, and came to Philadelphia. All were cordially received by the citizens of that place, who entertained very friendly feelings toward the French on account of the assistance given by France to the United States during the Revolutionary war. Their houses were opened to the exiles, as were the houses of their own countrymen, like Stephen Girard, the rich merchant, who had been long residents of the city.

However, so great was the number of refugees fleeing thither from France and Santo Domingo, that it was deemed by their leaders necessary to make some provision for their settlement as a colony in the country on a large tract of land, to which it was expected other French refugees would come and found a community for themselves, where they would not become burdensome to their entertainers, and where they could enjoy more comfort and independence.

The two most active and influential promoters of the colony scheme were Viscount Louis de Noailles and the Marquis Antoine Omer Talon. The former, generally called "the Count" by Americans, came over with General Lafayette and

other French officers, in 1779, to assist the United States in obtaining their independence. He was several times mentioned for bravery by Washington in his general orders; was one of the officers appointed by him to receive the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and after the conclusion of peace returned to France, and became one of the most zealous defenders of the popular cause. He was a deputy of the nobility to the States General in 1789, and subsequently a member of the National Assembly, where, on the 4th of August of that year, he proposed the celebrated acts by which the whole federal system, with its abuses, and privileges, was abolished. He was active in the reorganization of the army, was colonel of a regiment, and Field Marshal at Sedan. At length he fell under the displeasure of Robespierre, by whom he was condemned to death, and his property confiscated. He fled to England in 1792, and from there came to the United States, and took up his residence in Philadelphia, where he found many acquaintances whom he had met when serving in the army of the United States. He was obliged to escape hastily, leaving behind his wife (who was a sister of Madame Lafayette), two little sons, and his father and mother. These were not considered in danger, but the whole family were guillotined!

Omer Talon* belonged to one of the most illustrious families of the French magistracy, or the men who execute the laws; was a lawyer, and Advocate-General when the revolution of 1789 broke out, and was distinguished for his fearless defense of the royal prerogatives. His loyalty to the king angered the revolutionary conclave, and his arrest was ordered. He kept himself secreted at Marseilles until his friends, among whom was Bartholomew Laporte, who had been a wine merchant in Spain, put him into a wine cask and carried him on board an English ship, which conveyed him to England, Laporte going with him. From England they engaged a passage to Philadelphia, where he resided, as did most of the other French exiles.

Noailles and Talon had been political enemies in Paris—the one on the side of the people and the other on the side of the king. Both were now companions in misfortune, and became warm friends in their exile. They joined heartily in the plan to buy lands on the Susquehanna, and secure a home for their unfortunate countrymen who had fled from anarchy, with but little money in hand, and but slight prospect of obtaining more, as their estates had been confiscated.

A land company was contemplated to purchase large tracts of wild land on the Susquehanna, which could be obtained for fifteen cents per acre, and form a colony of French refugees, and it was confidently believed that other settlers would be attracted to the place in large numbers, and that the project would be financially profitable to the company, as well as a charitable aid to the Frenchmen. Among the more prominent members of the land company and the financial backers of the enterprise were Robert Morris, who had been the able financier of the United States during the Revolutionary war, and

* Talon went to Europe in 1792 to dispose of some property for others, and returned to Asylum the same year. In 1797 he went to France, was implicated in a plot against Napoleon Bonaparte, was imprisoned for three years, and died insane in 1811.

was now a Senator of the United States; and John Nicholson, Controller-General of the State of Pennsylvania, and the owner of large bodies of wild, unseated lands in said State.

Noailles and Talon were interested in the formation of the company, which, however, was not organized until April 22, 1794.

Previous to this, in August, 1793, M. Charles Felix Bui Boulogne, who had been a lawyer in France, and could speak the English language fluently, and Adam Hoops, who had been an officer in General Sullivan's army when it marched up the river to attack the Six Nations of Indians in the State of New York, and was well acquainted with the Susquehanna Valley, from Wilkesbarre to Tioga Point, were sent on a tour of observation up the river to select a suitable place for the proposed settlement. They carried with them a bill of credit from Robert Morris to draw upon Tower & Company, at Northumberland; Matthias Hollenback, at Wilkesbarre, and Mr. Dunn, at Newtown (Elmira), for whatever money or supplies they might need. They selected the valley called "Shufeldt's Flats" (now Frenchtown), containing about 2,000 acres, lying on the west side of the river, opposite the mouth of Rummerfield Creek.

The few settlers already on the lands (principally New Englanders), having the Connecticut title, were bought out, and in order to make themselves perfectly secure, the Frenchmen also bought the Pennsylvania title from the Pennsylvania claimants.

The lands having been purchased, M. Boulogne* was appointed to superintend the erection of houses, which he began in October, 1793. Building in the wilderness at that time was a difficult business, as all building materials and seasoned lumber had to be pushed up in boats from Wilkesbarre, a distance (as measured by the windings of the river) of seventy-five miles, and it required four or five days to make a trip. Mr. Morris and de Noailles appointed Matthias Hollenback, of Wilkesbarre, their banker, upon whom Boulogne drew his checks for money and supplies. On October 29th, Aristide Aubert Dupetit Thouars and M. Perault, with a number of American laborers, arrived at "Azilum" (as the French called their settlement), and reported to Boulogne for employment. The former, with his long name, was usually called "Duthouars," or "the Admiral." He was educated at the military school in Paris, and became a Post Captain in the French navy, during a war with Great Britain, and in a battle with a pirate ship lost one of his arms. He came to America, and being acquainted with M. de Noailles, was induced to come to Asylum. He was a fine example of what a brave man with a stout heart can endure with cheerfulness when overwhelmed with misfortune. His good spirits, genial temper, and kind disposition made him the friend of all who knew him. None of the Frenchmen were so well liked and so long remembered by the Americans as the "Admiral." At Asylum he was for a while the guest of Talon, who came on the ground the 9th of November.

* Charles Felix Bui Boulogne was drowned July 20th, 1796, in attempting to ford the Loyal Sock Creek, at Hillsgrove, Sullivan County, Pennsylvania.

Unwilling to be idle, and remain too long a visitor, he took up 400 acres of land where the village of Dushore now stands, and living alone in the woods in a rude cabin, commenced clearing land, wielding the axe with his one hand. When the Duke de la Rochefoucauld and M. Blacons visited Asylum, Duthouars accompanied them to Niagara. The two first named went on horseback, and Duthouars on foot, declaring that he preferred walking to riding; the true reason no doubt being that he could not afford the money to purchase a horse. When order was restored in France, and the edict of expatriation was revoked, he was among the first to return to his native country, received a commission and was placed in command of the Letonant. This was a vessel of eighty guns, which was in the fleet that conveyed Napoleon Bonaparte's army to Egypt, and was annihilated by Nelson at the battle of the Nile, where Duthouars fought his ship with great skill and gallantry, and was killed near the close of the conflict, Aug. 1st, 1798.

Talon, who was the general director and executive head of the colony, arrived at Asylum on the 9th of November, 1793. Noailles came on the 13th and remained until the 16th, going from Asylum to Wilkesbarre to arrange business matters with Mr. Hollenback, and from thence returned to Philadelphia, where he continued to reside, but always taking a great interest in the prosperity of the colony, and the welfare of its members. It was during this visit, and conference with Talon, that the plan of the town was agreed upon and received the name of Asylum (or, as the French spelled it, "Azilum"). The original is deposited in the library of the Tioga Point Historical Society at Athens, Pa. Boulogne, who had been appointed superintendent of house building and agent for obtaining supplies, bent all his energies to getting the houses ready for the emigrants in the early spring, as they were anxious to be on the ground in time to make gardens. He was favored by mild weather until Dec. 21st, when winter set in so cold that the masons, who had been brought up from Wilkesbarre to build the chimneys, would not work, and building operations had to be suspended until spring. Several houses had been completed, excepting chimneys, and for warming these, Franklin stoves and pipe were substituted, so that the winter was spent in comfort by those already in the settlement. A quantity of goods and supplies for the place had been sent from Philadelphia to Catawissa, and were brought up in boats after the ice commenced running.

When spring opened, work was actively resumed at Asylum, and emigrants who had spent the winter in Philadelphia began to arrive. They came in wagons to Catawissa, and from thence pushed up in boats to the settlement. Some of them were of noble birth, several had been connected with the king's household, three belonged to the secular clergy, not having assumed monastic vows, some were soldiers, others were keepers of cafés, merchants, and gentlemen. Few, if any, belonged to the laboring class, and none had been agriculturists. They were mostly Parisians by birth, had spent their lives in that city, and were accustomed to the comforts, conveniences, refinements and pleasures of the gayest and most beautiful city in the world. They knew nothing

about clearing land and raising crops, nor of the toil and hardships, and privations, to which the early settlers in a new country are exposed. They were to make a living by farming, but not one of their number had ever been a farmer. It was a discouraging prospect for these city-bred people to take up their residence in log houses, far away in the woods of Northern Pennsylvania, and in a clearing bristling with stumps, and nothing deserving the name of a road, leading in any direction.

As was generally practised in Europe, they laid out a town where they built their residences, for sociability, and each colonist had a farm outside of it. The houses were mostly two stories in height, built of hewn logs, with cellars beneath, and roofed with shingles, and warmed by wood fires with fireplaces and chimneys.

The following description of one of the houses describes most of the others:

"On No. 416 stands a log house, 30x18 feet, covered with nailed shingles. The house is divided into two lower rooms, and two in the upper story. The lower ones are papered. On both sides of the house stand two small buildings of the same kind [of hewn logs]—one is used for a kitchen; the other being papered, is commonly called the dining-room. Both these buildings have good fireplaces. Three rooms in the biggest house have fireplaces. The two side buildings, and the larger, are joined together by a piazza. There is a good cellar under the dining-room. The yard is enclosed by a nailed picket fence, and there is a good double gate. The garden has a like fence, and a constant stream of water running through it. Over the spring a spring-house has been erected. The garden is decorated by a considerable number of fruit trees, young Lombardy poplars, and weeping willows."

The house built by Talon stood near the site of the present Hagerman house, and was 84 feet long and 60 feet wide, two stories high, with a spacious attic; four stacks of chimneys and eight fireplaces on each floor. It was built of hewn logs and roofed with pine shingles. The windows were square, with small square panes of glass, and solid wooden shutters. It was said to have been the largest log house ever built in America.

These Parisians did not become regardless of their personal appearance after they became residents of the woods. No matter how plain the food on their tables, the ladies always came to dinner in full dress, and the men put on the best suits in their possession. Their American neighbors laughed at this, but it was entirely proper and praiseworthy. It tended to promote their cheerfulness, and beguiled the solitude of their situation. Although strangers in a strange land, they did not abandon their French gayety.* They frequently spent the evenings in each other's houses with music, dancing and games. In summer afternoons they congregated on the hill above the town, from which there was a magnificent view of the valley, and where they picnicked.

At this time there was no mill in Bradford County that could make bolted flour, and there being no stream at Asylum large enough to drive a mill, a grist mill, driven by horse power, was built. The mill-

* They had periods of sadness and depression, as well as of gayety and pleasure, as shown from the following extract from a letter written by Alexander D'Autremont to M. Boulogne, July, 1795: "M. de Larue's clearing will come to $36 or more, per acre. Everybody here is disgusted—everybody talks of quitting—even M. de Montule, who says that if he could get one or two shillings profit on his purchase per acre, he would give up all idea of settling in this country. Come, sir, come very quick to re-establish confidence, for it is terribly low everywhere."

stones were procured from Wilkesbarre, and for a bolting cloth one of the ladies gave a silk dress. Two stores were established at Asylum with larger assortments of goods than could be found at any store north of Wilkesbarre. The colonists cleared up their lots, beautified their lawns with flowers, and shrubs, raised good gardens, and made their homes more attractive than their American neighbors were accustomed to see.

The romance of the settlement, the reputed wealth and distinction of the settlers, their refinement, the well-filled stores of merchandise, brought many visitors here on business, or from curiosity. To accommodate the strangers who came among them, as well as some of their own people who had no families, three tavern licenses were granted by the court of Luzerne County. The services of the Catholic Church were conducted in a log chapel by M. Fromentin and M. Carles. The missal used was given by the Hon. John Laporte to Father Toner, and by him deposited in the Vatican Museum at Rome. Quite a settlement was begun about three miles from Asylum, near the present village of New Era, where two large houses were begun for the reception of the dethroned king and queen of France, and whom they supposed would be allowed to leave France for America. The news of their execution put an end to the generous plans of the exiles. A brewery was built as a commercial adventure, for Frenchmen are not supposed to care for beer.

Some of the residents who came from Santo Domingo brought slaves with them, but the "chattels" were not long in finding out that under the laws of Pennsylvania they could not be held, and bade their masters goodbye. M. Larue offered "a reward of five dollars for the return of a negro about 30 years of age, stoutly built, not able to speak scarcely a word of English, who ran away from his house at night, taking various articles of clothing."

In May, 1795, the Duke de Rochefoucauld de Laincourt visited the settlement and gave a very full account of it in his "Travels in North America," only a part of which will be copied. He says at that time Asylum

"consisted of 30 houses inhabited by families from Santo Domingo, and from France, by French artisans, and even by Americans. Some inns, and two shops [stores of general merchandise] have been established, the business of which is considerable. The fields and gardens begin to be productive. The sentiments of the colonists are good. Each follows his own business—the cultivator, as well as the innkeeper, or tradesman, with as much zeal as if he had been brought up to it. They possess no considerable property and the way of their life is simple. Mr. Talon lives in a manner somewhat more splendid, as he is obliged to maintain a number of persons to whom his assistance is indispensable."

He speaks of the dislike which the Frenchmen had for some of their American neighbors, who were a drinking quarrelsome set.

It was unfortunate that in the vicinity of Asylum there lived a clannish people whom the more respectable Americans called "the tribe." Where they came from nobody seemed to know, but from their speech, their color, their action, and tribal manner of living, they were evidently a mixture of Indian and negro, the Indian blood predominating.

In October, 1796, the next year after the visit of de Laincourt, Mr. Isaac Weld, Jr., an English traveller, stopped at Asylum, and described it as follows: "The town consists of

about 50 log houses, and for the use of the inhabitants a considerable land has been purchased adjoining it, which has been divided into farms. The French settled here, however, seem to have no great ability or inclination to cultivate the earth, and the greater part of them have let their lands at a small yearly rental to Americans, and amuse themselves by driving deer, fowling, and fishing. They live entirely to themselves; they hate the Americans, and the Americans in their neighborhood hate, and accuse them of being an idle and dissolute set. The manners of the people are so different that it is impossible that they should ever agree." Allowance must be made for the prejudice which Englishmen at that time entertained towards the French, with whom they had so often been at war. Respectable Americans respected the French, and were respected by them. Alexander Hubert, son of Madame D'Autremont, one of the titled lady residents of Asylum, married Abigail, daughter of Oliver Dodge, of Terrytown (a place a few miles down the river). Another son of Madame D'Autremont—Augustus Francois—married Sarah Ann Stewart, an American girl. In 1797 Bartholomew Laporte, one of the bachelor exiles, married Elizabeth Franklin, the daughter of an American. A M. Beaulieu, one of the exiles, also married an American wife.

Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, who visited Asylum in 1804, makes mention of the place in verse, as follows:

"Gauls, exiled royalists, a pensive train,
Here raise the hut and till the rough domain;
The wayworn pilgrim to their fires receive,
Supply his wants; but at his tidings grieve;
Afflicting news! forever on the wing,
A ruined country, and a murdered king!
Peace to their lone retreat, while sheltered here,
May these deep shades to them be doubly dear."

It is probable that no place in America ever held in so short a time so many residents of noble birth and so many distinguished visitors.

In May, 1795, as already stated, the Duke de Rochefoucauld de Laincourt visited the settlement. Talleyrand, the famous statesman, who had been a member of the constituent Assembly and became one of the shrewdest, most adroit, and unscrupulous statesman and diplomatists of Europe, came in the fall of the same year. In 1796 Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans (and afterwards king of France), accompanied by his two brothers, the Duke Montpensier, and the Count Beaujolais, tarried a while at Asylum while on their way from Niagara to Philadelphia.

Chevalier de Pontgibauld, one of the young Frenchmen who came over with Lafayette to assist the Americans in gaining their Independence, was at Asylum in 1793. He says:

"The most curious spectacle was to see these Frenchmen fallen from their greatness, and now exercising some trade or profession. One day I entered a shop and found the proprietor to be one of the famous 'electors' of 1789."

Among the noted residents was John Keating, who was descended from an eminent English Catholic family, some members of which had sat in the House of Lords. Persecuted by Oliver Cromwell, they moved to Ireland, where the family resided for more than a century. John Keating and three of his brothers took service in the French army, and the battalion to which John belonged was sent to Mar-

tinique in 1780, and from there in 1781 to the United States to assist the Americans; but were met on the ocean by a sloop sent by Count De Grasse, to inform them of the surrender of Cornwallis, and that their services were not needed. They then sailed for St. Eustacius, which had just been captured by the English from the Dutch. They stormed the place, capturing the whole garrison. John Keating held a temporary command in Santo Domingo; resigned his commission in 1792, and landed at Philadelphia Christmas Eve, the same year, with less than $300 in his pocket; became interested in the settlement at Asylum, where he paid taxes, and resided most of the time during its continuance. After its breaking up he married Eulalie Deschapelles, daughter of a former French planter of Santo Domingo, and resided at Philadelphia, where he died at the age of 96 years.

Among the permanent residents, while the colony existed, were some persons of wealth and high position in France. The Marquis Leucretius de Blacons* was deputy for Dauphine in the constituent assembly. He kept a store at Asylum in partnership with Mancy Colin,† formerly Abbe de Sevigny, and Archdeacon of Tours.

James Montule, a French baron, had been captain of a troop of horse in the king's service.

John Becdelliere's partners in his store were the brothers Augustine and Francis de la Roue, one of whom had been in the police service in Paris, and the other a captain of infantry. They both returned to France with Talleyrand, and one of them became his private secretary.

Dr. Lawrence Buzzard, a physician, had been a wealthy planter in Santo Domingo; escaped with his wife, son, and daughter, and settled in Asylum. John Brevost, a native of Paris, an educated man, with a good knowledge of English, joined the colony, and in order to make a living for himself, wife and daughter, advertised that "he intended to open a school at Asylum, for teaching the French language. The price of teaching a child between the ages of ten and sixteen years of age will be sixty bushels of wheat per year, one-half to be delivered every six months."

As might have been expected, his school in the woods of northern Pennsylvania was a failure. On the breaking up of the colony he went to New Orleans, where he, his wife and daughter established a flourishing young ladies' seminary. M. Beaulieu had been a captain in the French army, and married his wife in America.

Madame Marie D'Autremont, a native of Paris, and whose husband (Hubert D'Autremont) had been guillotined early in the revolution, fled from France in 1792, and bringing her three sons, settled first at Butternuts, a few miles above Binghamton, N. Y., and in 1794 came to Asylum.

Her oldest son, Louis Paul, returned to France with Talleyrand, and was afterwards sent on business of the French government to England and Portugal. On the general break up at Asylum, Madame D'Autremont and her two sons and their wives returned to their former resi-

*M. Blacons, after the breaking up of Asylum, returned to France, and became a member of the National Assembly.

†M. Colin went to Santo Domingo, became a chaplain in the army of Toussaint L'Ouverture. On its surrender to Leclerc (who obtained it by treachery), Colin fled to Charleston, S. C., where he died.

dence at Butternuts, and from thence moved to Angelica, N. Y., where her descendants still reside, and are among the most opulent and respectable citizens of the place.

The colonists during their stay at Asylum expended $3,000 in making roads, and building a wharf at the river for the landing of boats. They also established a weekly express to Philadelphia, the postman travelling on horseback.

Under the controlling influence of Robespierre, the French National Assembly issued a. decree ordering all the exiles to return under penalty of having their estates confiscated. When the strong hand of Napoleon Bonaparte had assumed power, all Frenchmen were invited to return, and the restoration of their estates was promised.

The postman who brought the news to Asylum waved his hat and shouted the glad tidings to all he met. The settlement was rapturous with joy, men hugging and kissing each other in their ecstacy. Most of them immediately began making preparations for leaving the Pennsylvania woods for the beloved France. They did not all go at once, but returned across the ocean as fast as they could dispose of their property and obtain the means. Antoine Le Fevre, who had kept a fashionable café in Paris, and one of the inns at Asylum, moved across the river to Standing Stone, where for many years he kept an excellent house of entertainment.

Only two of the whole number remained at Asylum—Charles Homet and Bartholomew Laporte. The former had been steward in the household of King Louis XVI., and fled when misfortunes came upon his sovereign. In the same vessel in which he crossed the ocean was a Miss Schillinger, who had been one of the waiting maids of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette. The king's steward and the queen's waiting maid had known each other in Paris, became better acquainted during the voyage, and were married shortly after their arrival in this country. Their descendants are among the most respectable and wealthy citizens of the country. As before stated, Bartholomew Laporte had been a wine merchant in Spain and at Marseilles, had assisted Talon in making his escape to America, and came with him to Asylum. He married Elizabeth Franklin, an American woman. Their only child, the Hon. John Laporte, was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, served two terms in Congress, and was Surveyor-General of Pennsylvania.

The continuance of the settlement was less than ten years, but the Frenchmen set their American neighbors the example of better houses, better roads, better gardens, better tillage, more tasteful surroundings; with flowers, shrubs, nurseries, fruit trees, polite manners, and above all, courage in adversity. In 1796 there were 29 names on the tax list, 50 houses, and from 150 to 200 inhabitants. After the hegira of the French, most of the houses remained tenantless.

The Atrophy of the Maritime Provinces

By "GIVAN"

IN 1867 the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and, later on, Prince Edward Island, united with Ontario and Quebec to form the Dominion of Canada. This was a federal union, modelled closely, so far as the units as political entities were concerned, upon that of the United States. Previous to this compact, each province was independent in regard to its colonial neighbors, and possessed all the political attributes, speaking generally, that the Dominion itself, now holds. All internal artificial restrictions of trade were abolished, and the whole county was given, and surrounded by, a common customs tariff. Many causes, some of which do not concern us here, contributed to induce the various groups to enter this union. Without doubt, the chief was that almost universal incentive, political ambition: the desire to attain, as a nationality, to power and eminence in the world. At that period the idea of amalgamation was rife and popular. Just previous, Italy had succeeded in welding her divergent and, formerly, mutually hostile fragments into one more or less harmonious whole; and it was only four or five years later that the world saw the consummation of German union. It needs no long argument to prove the strength of a popular impulse. Nothing is commoner in the world's history than the widespread prevalence of what is practically an identical theory. In molern times the course of human events has been largely governed and moulded by this curious phenomenon. Religious reform seems to have enveloped the European mind, almost simultaneously, in the sixteenth century, and the idea of political and individual freedom took possession of both America and Europe in the eighteenth. It was, therefore, to the ambition for racial and national unity, so characteristic of the middle of the nineteenth century, that we mainly owe the formation of the Dominion of Canada. As nearly always happens, all other considerations were measurably obliterated by this one, great, overmastering impulse. Geographical situation, the diversity of race, differences of climate and inaccessibility of the constituent parts were forgotten, or made little of, in the mad desire for union. Railroads, then much more novel than at present, with their power, consequently, vastly over-rated, were, without the slightest hesitation, pronounced capable of overcoming all obstacles in the way of successful nationality. Of course, the outcome of the Italian movement had, also, a very great effect, while the utter failure of the attempt at disintegration of the Hungarians in Europe, and of the Southern States in America, but a year or two before, enhanced the apparently imperative duty of consolidation. It is the object, therefore, of the present paper to point out, as briefly as may be, the chief elements of political incongruity in the Canadian Confederation, presented by these maritime provinces.

When the United Colonies, in 1775, began their struggle for independence, the country now called New Brunswick was almost wholly uninhabited, and consisted, for the most part, as described in the school-books of a much later date, "of one unbroken forest." At the close of the conflict there were some forty or fifty thousand people, who, the citizens of the new nation were determined, should not remain within their borders. They were the so-called "United Empire Loyalists," and these Britain found thrown upon her hands. Being bound to dispose of them in some way, she transported about one-half of the number to these unsettled, and, so far as the United States were concerned, unclaimed regions. Twenty thousand settled at, or near, the mouth of the St. John River, and founded the city of that name, and in a couple of years instituted the new province of New Brunswick. Previous to this time, the utmost eastern English-speaking settlements of any note were in the territory of Maine, except a few thousand in Halifax, Nova Scotia. In this manner was a single river-valley, at the eastern extremity of the North Atlantic seaboard, separated, politically, from the entire southern and western portion. Of course this "wedge" of loyal people effectually prevented the inclusion of the adjoining peninsula and islands, on the east, in the newly-formed union of the late colonies. This, then, in a nutshell, is the story of the origin of these three provinces, and the reason of their peculiar isolation from that main portion of the continent to which they naturally belong. It is not the intention to enter upon their subsequent history with any degree of minuteness. For three-quarters of a century, Irish and Scotch immigration, a fairly fertile soil, and, above all, a bountiful supply of the best building-woods in North America, caused them to make comparatively rapid progress in wealth and population. This was the era of great wooden sea-going ships and of the almost miraculous extension of English commerce. Beside the larger centres, such as St. John, N. B.; Yarmouth, N. S., etc., every harbor and cove along their extended coast line resounded to the click of the ship-carpenter's hammer and saw. The long war with Napoleon having almost stripped England of her oak forests in providing means of defence and offence against that autocrat, the markets of the "mother-country" were continually open to the purchase of all the ships the provinces could manufacture. Almost co-incidently with Confederation, this great industry came to a sudden end, by the substitution of iron and steel for wood in the structure of sea-going vessels, and with it the real prosperity and progress of the provinces. Since 1871 their population has been at a virtual standstill, and, though various attempts at the introduction of other industries have been made, with the exception of coal-mining, the trade of the maritime provinces has kept pace with the downward trend of their population. In 1866, another element of their prosperity was abolished. For ten or eleven years, under a reciprocity treaty, in which they had been included with the upper provinces, a mutually lucrative trade had been enjoyed with the United States. The rise of the Protection idea in the latter country effectually debarred them from an alternative market, when that of England failed. This

loss of trade was a minor element in facilitating the union with "old" Canada. During the discussion of that measure, glowing forecasts of the future of St. John were constantly promulgated by the various promoters of the political change. It was to be a manufacturing centre of very great importance, and its harbor was to make it "the Liverpool of America." Even staid and thoughtful people, forgetting, or ignoring geography, anticipated, with confidence, the apparent expansion the new movement would afford to the energies of the maritime people. As already noted, these aspirations have almost wholly failed to be realized, and want of enterprise and energy is, of late, a common reproach directed upon the people. No population deserve it less. Thousands of the more prominent men of New England, to-day, in nearly every activity of life, acknowledge these provinces as their place of birth and youthful training. A young man or woman can have no greater recommendation, when seeking employment in Boston, than to be known as a "down-easter." The trouble lies, not with or in the people, but in the artificial environments, man, himself, has set up. By means of the Ashburton Treaty, the State of Maine was made to almost cut off this corner of the continent from the valley of the St. Lawrence. The northern extremity of the State approaches to within twenty miles of the southern bank of that great river, and this narrow strip, therefore, is the sole isthmus of connection between the mass of the Dominion and her southeastern provinces.

When the blood of the body, restricted to an unnaturally narrow passage, refuses to flow, and so denies to the extremity that nutriment so essential to its life, physicians say the latter part will undergo atrophy. It is from precisely parallel causes that the atrophy of these provinces has set in. Debarred by tariffs from trading with their natural neighbors and customers, the people of New England, a "pent-up Utica," in a most realistic sense, is theirs.

History, which continually repeats itself, shows us an exactly similar situation in Scotland two hundred years ago. From the dawn of authentic records Scotland had been the synonym of penury. "As poor and proud as a Scot" is a simile as old as the English language, but one no longer appropriate. From time immemorial that country had lain comparatively idle, yet containing, for its size, the most valuable deposits of mineral wealth, in coal and iron, in the whole world. No sooner did the commercial union with England open to her that country's areas of trade and manufacture, than life, like an electric shock, passed through her every system. To-day, Glasgow, at one end of her immensely valuable coal field, is the second city of importance in the Empire, and one of the first of the world. New Scotland, or Nova Scotia, presents an entirely parallel case. No part of her interior is beyond thirty miles of navigable tidewater, and almost every inch of her area is stored with mineral or agricultural wealth. Yet a few hundred thousand tons of coal, sent as far west as Montreal during the summer months of navigation of the St. Lawrence, measures, to the utmost, the size of the market she has derived from Confederation. The county of Aroostook, in Maine, and that of Carleton, in N. B., are only

separated by the imaginary line of the international boundary. Yet the former raised more potatoes in 1903 than did the whole three provinces, twice over. Yet Carleton, as hinted, is in every way as fertile as Aroostook, and, notwithstanding popular opinion, her people are every whit as industrious and enterprising. One reason, and one only, prevented them from producing as many potatoes in that year as their American neighbors. That reason was the want of a market in which to sell them. This is the real embolus, damming back the blood of industry and trade in these provinces. Under and surrounding the city of St. John, everywhere within a stone's throw of navigable water, lies what experts pronounce to be the most valuable deposit of limestone in America. Yet a few hundred tons are all that is manufactured in a single year. Ship-building in wood, as has been noted, built up the city, originally. Were it not for artificial barriers, the same industry would be as largely pursued there as ever. During 1903, nearly every small creek and harbor along the Maine coast was busily engaged in the building of immense schooners for the coasting trade of the United States. This is debarred St. John. No question exists as to her ability to build them, but everything prohibits her either sailing or selling them. England no longer uses wooden vessels; the navigation laws of the Union exclude foreign-built craft from registration or domestic trade, and the local marine of Canada is almost wholly confined to iron steamers plying upon the great lakes and built in the lake ports. Fertile as parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia undoubtedly are, neither can compare in this regard with Prince Edward Island. It has been very fittingly called the "garden of the gulf." Yet, during the decade, 1891-1901, that province actually lost some thousands of an already sparse population. Imagination can scarcely picture the scene of pastoral wealth and beauty that island would afford, had it free access to the markets of Boston and New York. It is needless to cite further examples. In every direction, no matter in what walk of life, the same paralyzing cause is at work. The country is being slowly strangled, and all Anglo-Saxon life, vigor and enterprise are being done to death. This suggests mention of another significant result following upon this commercial and social atrophy. Originally settled by a few hundred French Acadian families, the descendants of these people are the only ones at all making any numerical progress. They, as a rule, cling to the soil, rear large families, and live pretty much as their ancestors did two centuries ago. Already one-fifth, or more, of the population of New Brunswick is comprised of this race. The farms, deserted by the disgusted and discouraged Anglo-Saxon, are taken up by the scions of the French families, and what was, yesterday, an English-speaking parish or neighborhood, is, to-day, included in the "French district." What their latent capacity for culture and high civilization may be is uncertain, but it is only too plain that that capacity is, as yet, in a latent condition. Another half-century under the present regime will see New Brunswick dominated politically and socially by this race, and the other two provinces fast following suit.

It will be asked: Are the people so dull that they do not realize their contracted position, and strive to

amend it? An affirmative to this could not be a greater mistake. It is felt and recognized, individually, and during the preceding fifty years hundreds of thousands have thrown off their shackles and enlarged their opportunity for action by emigrating to New England. Collectively, however, the case is far otherwise. Especially during the past decade, which has witnessed the rise of "Imperialism," not only in the Empire, but also in the United States, the cry of "loyalty" has dominated all political endeavor. Among the maritime people it is wholly sentimental, and has absolutely no material basis, either present or in the future. In "Upper" Canada, it rests upon sounder and more reasonable grounds. That section is, to a large extent, self-contained; it is extensive enough and already possesses sufficient wealth and population to form a rational basis of hope for ultimate nationality. With the lower people it is as largely artificial as are all the other political conditions under which they live. It is made for them by that army of semi-parasites upon the body-politic, which we know by the name of "government employes." Custom-house and post-office officials, government-railroad men, governors, judges, clerks, as well as aspirants for these and other positions, and, in short, that multitude which, in every country, draw their living from the public revenues; all who feel that the tenure of their position would be insecure in any political change; that class historically inimical to revolution, and which comprised the great bulk of the "United Empire Loyalists," have caught up the cry, and made it their own. Thus the sentiment of loyalty rests as a nightmare upon the mass of the people, and no man is yet so daring, or possesses the courage of his convictions in sufficient degree, to plainly put before them the actual state of affairs. The moment he arises will witness a new revolution on this continent, peaceful, let us hope, but effectual in any case.

A singular condition of apathy regarding this exists not only on the eastern, but on the western side of the border also. Already the signs of the times definitely point to the passing of the manufacturing supremacy of New England. Under present conditions the textile industry can trend in only one direction, viz., to the States of the South, where the raw product is at hand. This is not wonderful, for the leadership of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut in this activity was without natural basis, being wholly dependent upon the enterprise and wealth of their citizens, backed by a great market. Neither coal or iron is found within their confines, and, of course, other raw materials are just as foreign. But nothing except a few miles of sea separates Massachusetts from the finest deposits of these minerals in America. I refer to Nova Scotia. Were the hostile tariffs abolished, Fall River and Lynn would once more feel the impetus of new life, and a new lease would be given to their prosperity. But this is not all. While, perhaps, the coal would meet the raw cotton half way, in New England, Nova Scotia herself would quickly rival Pennsylvania in the working of the more enduring and more intractable commodities—iron and steel. As noted regarding the agriculture of Prince Edward Island, imagination would have a still more difficult effort to realize what Nova Scotia would become in the course of a few years as a manufacturing centre, if

the God of Nature had His way, and the baneful and absurd divisions, fostered by a sickly sentimentalism, were brushed aside. The writer, as a native of these provinces, as a lover of the beautiful land of his birth, and a well-wisher of the prosperity of his kinsmen and neighbors, would be well content if he thought he could move the first pebble of the avalanche, which, sooner or later, will sweep away man-made barriers, and permit the flood of material happiness and greatness to inundate his country.

Caricature in America

By Rufus Rockwell Wilson

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was the first American caricaturist. Humor was the dominant impulse of that many sided man, and it was his youthful caricatures in the pages of his brother's newspaper, of the gospellers and elders of Boston, that led to his exile to Philadelphia. There in after years, when he had become one of the foremost men in the colonies, caricatures—which he managed in some way to have engraved and printed—were one of the means employed by him to fashion the opinions of his fellows. Aside from these efforts of Franklin, few examples of Revolutionary caricature have come down to us; but Washington's first inaugural was travestied in drawings more ill-natured than brilliant, one of which shows the General riding on an ass and held in the arms of his favorite man Billy, while his aide and secretary, David Humphreys, walks in front, singing:

> The glorious time has come to pass
> When David shall conduct an ass.

The pictorial satire of the Jeffersonian era was abundant in quantity if not of shining excellence; the second war with England yielded its quota of fugitive caricatures, which have since found a resting place in the collector's portfolio, and the long contest which ended in Jackson's election to the Presidency called forth more caricatures and lampoons than any similar strife since the invention of politics, unless it was the campaign which carried the elder Harrison to the same office. Crude in form and coarse in spirit, these have already been forgotten; nor did the thirty years' word war that preceded the four years' conflict in arms between North and South produce anything in the way of burlesque art that is likely to be revived.

Indeed, prior to 1870 but three men had done work in this field worth remembering, and of the trio in question, only one, Henry Louis Stephens, was an American: the other two, Matt Morgan and Frank Bellew, were born in England and had their training in that country. Stephens, who died a dozen or more years ago, was in some respects the ablest of the three, and during the first half of the Civil War there appeared in the pages of



CARTOON BY THOMAS NAST

"Vanity Fair," a now half-forgotten comic weekly, a number of cartoons executed by him which, though somewhat crude and faulty in method, were, nevertheless, notable for their originality and force, and for the staunch and wholesome support which they gave to the administration of President Lincoln. Stephens, however, lacked either the inclination or the opportunity to continue in the field for which he had shown so marked an aptitude, and long before he died he had fallen into obscurity.

Morgan was a man of signal talent and versatility, who, after a brief and sensational career in London, was brought over to New York by the late Frank Leslie, but his cartoons, although exceedingly clever in their way, failed to make any deep or lasting impression; while Frank Bellew, who came to this country to embark with John Brougham in the publication of a short-lived weekly called the "Lantern," later helping to found half a dozen other periodicals, and who had all of Morgan's cleverness and versatility, with an added whimsical vein which Morgan lacked, failed, like Morgan, to achieve complete success in his work and so left no definite impress upon the political thought and action of his time.

American caricature, in its present familiar form, really had its beginning in the work of Thomas Nast, whose death occurred a few months ago. Mr. Nast was born at Landau, Bavaria, in 1840, of mixed German and Italian parentage, and was brought to America when a child of six. He was originally an office boy for Frank Leslie and began to draw while in his employ. In 1860 he went to England and followed the army of Garibaldi, sending sketches to London and American pictorial papers. Then he returned to New York, found work upon "Harper's Weekly," and when the Civil War broke out, went to the front for that periodical. Thus, a new career opened up before him. From a roving artist he was changed to a patriot, and the powerful emblematic cartoons which he drew for the "Weekly" brought him into general notice and endeared him to the army, which he glorified.

Mr. Nast's work at that period was serious and intensely in earnest. His cartoons were not humorous at the start, and it was not until 1864—Lincoln and McClellan being then rival candidates for the Presidency—that he began his political work, which reached a brilliant climax in 1872, when he waged the remarkable warfare on William M. Tweed which helped the latter to his fall and made the artist one of the most widely known men of his time.



THE CHAMPION OF DESPOTISM.—(EARLY CARTOON.)

Boy: *"Say, Boss! He's a-comin'! Yer told me to call yer when he went past. It's the man that wrote all that stuff agin the Hungarians."*

Boss: *"Good gracious! Here, Bill! Work this bellows for a minute till I see that man. I wouldn't miss having a good look at that man for a new ten-cent piece. He must be a curiosity!"*

Mr. Nast's cartoons on Tweed were inspired by an intense personal conviction that scorned counter-influences, and while in subsequent years his partisan political cartoons were received with divided opinions, there can be no question of the effect of those dealing with Tweed and his associates, than which nothing superior in power and cutting sarcasm had appeared in the whole history of caricature. The heart of the artist was in his work, and the coarse repulsiveness of Tweedism was shown in Nast's pictures more effectively than it could have been in any other way.

Had Mr. Nast been able to keep pace with the artistic progress of the country his vogue would still be as great as ever, but this he failed to do. From the first he drew clumsily and crudely, his strength lying in the force of his ideas and the power and fertility of his invention rather than in the technical polish that is sometimes accepted in lieu of ideas, while, after his differences with the Harpers some years ago, chiefly on questions of politics, he had not the advantage of a medium of such general and influential circulation as "Harper's Weekly." For several years he was not before the public to any extent, save for a brief period in the pages of an ill-advised paper of his own which really never got on its feet, and latterly he was pushed aside by younger men who, having had advantages of artistic training which it was never his fortune to enjoy, have done their work, so far as simple execution is concerned, in a style more in accord with an advanced public taste in matters of art. However, than he, no man labored more effectively for the found-

ing of a school of caricature in America and his fame as an original and vigorous cartoonist is destined to endure.

Co-workers with Mr. Nast during the most brilliant period of his connection with "Harper's Weekly" were Thomas Worth and Michael A. Woolf, and a group of younger men including Edwin A. Abbey, John W. Alexander, Charles S. Reinhart and Arthur Burdett Frost; all of them destined in the space of a few years to become artists of repute and notable achievement. Mr. Reinhart's untimely death in 1896 and Mr. Woolf's sudden passing in 1901 will not soon cease to be causes for deep and sincere regret, but all of the other men just named are still living and at work.

Mr. Worth first came into notice as a caricaturist in 1862 when he furnished a number of spirited and clever illustrations for a humorous work entitled "Plutarch Restored," which has since become a prize much sought after by lovers of rare books. During the following twenty years he was a regular contributor to "Harper's Weekly," and from 1887 until 1897 the principal caricaturist of "Texas Siftings." From the first he has known how to grasp the essence of a comic story and depict it with humorous power, and this gift, made finer by time, still abides with him.

The art of Mr. Woolf, who was an actor before he became a comic draughtsman, grew mellower and richer with the years. This artist will be best remembered in time to come as a feeling, sympathetic and exquisitely humorous depicter of child life; but his appeal was always to the intellect, and not a few of the acute and bitter social caricatures contributed by him in his earlier years to "Harper's Weekly" were in the direct tradition of Hogarth, Gilray and Rowlandson, and drawn, besides, with the simplicity and the apparent absence of effort without which the pen-and-ink work of the cleverest social satirist falls to the ground.

Mr. Abbey, twenty years ago, was a very young man feeling his way; a fact which may not serve to make him grateful to the writer for bringing to mind the tentative essays made by him at that time in the field of caricature. The fact, however, remains that in many of Mr. Abbey's social caricatures, now buried from sight in the dusty volumes of "Harper's Weekly," there is evidenced a deftness of touch, a niceness of observation, and a vein of quiet humor which, given free play, would in time have made him a worthy rival of DuMaurier.



IN A POSITION TO BE RECOGNIZED.

The celebrated Sepoy Juggler and Acrobat, Jeff Davis, in his Dangerous Globe Feat.—*Henry Louis Stephens.*

Side by side with these drawings by Mr. Abbey appeared a number of political caricatures by Mr. Reinhart, vigorous in conception, virile in execution, and charged, in not a few instances, with the causticity of true satire. However, Mr. Reinhart's fugitive ventures in this field soon came to an end, and his reputation now rests upon his work as a facile and veracious portrayer of contemporary life. Mr. Alexander's growing fame as one of the most individual of our portrait painters has also caused his 'prentice caricatures to be forgotten, yet all of them, particularly those dealing with the "Tweed" Ring, possess merit of a high order, and cannot be passed over in any review, however brief, of the rise and progress of caricature in America.

Caricature, as I have just said, was only a fleeting phase of the careers of Abbey, Reinhart and Alexander. Of the gifted quartette, who five-and-twenty years ago worked together in the drawing-room of the Harper's, Mr. Frost alone remains faithful to the idols of his youth. He began as a "comic" artist and such he is still and promises to remain. The term "comic artist" is one that has suffered no end of abuse, but in applying it to Mr. Frost I have in mind an artist,—the genius is much rarer than is generally supposed—who draws pictures that are true to nature and funny at the same time. And Mr. Frost is always true to nature and always funny—a draughtsman of honest method and exceptional skill and the most gifted follower on this side of the Western Ocean in the mirthsome footsteps of Leech and Keen.

Moreover, the enjoyment he takes in his work is so manifest and irrepressible that you are forced to laugh because you know the artist is laughing with you. It is this quality that makes his "Stuff and Nonsense" inimitable in its way, and gives the final touch to such captivating bits of drollery as the series of drawings having to do with the benevolent but fatuous efforts of a certain old gentleman to lead a calf by a rope. In the field of pure humor he had no superior among his contemporaries.

Mr. Frost has never essayed political caricatures. For many years Thomas Nast's sturdiest rival in this field was Joseph Keppler, who died in 1894. Mr. Keppler was born in 1838 at Vienna, where his father was a fancy baker, and began his art career by making copies of fine costume plates, which he offered for sale. After that he drew for the comic German papers, but finding this did not pay he joined a dramatic company, assuming at will the role of tragedian and comedian. The company foundered, and in 1869 he came to America, settling at St. Louis. There he began to work in earnest. Most of his time was spent in making designs for lithographs, but he was too ambitious for that work and induced some friends to aid him in founding a German "Puck." St. Louis, however, was a poor place for such a paper, and the venture lived only a few months. Thwarted, but not discouraged, Keppler removed to New York, where his talent was at once recognized and he was employed to draw cartoons for "Leslie's Weekly."

While thus employed, Mr. Keppler made the acquaintance of Adolph Schwarzmann, at that time foreman of a printing establishment. The two men joined hands and began the publication of a German



"SATAN, DON'T GET THEE BEHIND ME!"—Anything to Get Possession.
(Cartoon by Nast, Aug. 17, 1872).

illustrated paper which was called "Puck," after Keppler's earlier venture in St. Louis. This was in 1876, and in the following year the edition of "Puck" in English was established. Before that time American caricaturists had worked entirely in black and white, but for "Puck" Mr. Keppler drew upon the lithograph stone, the main cartoons being tinted, and it was not long before these colored illustrations and the grace with which they were drawn attracted the American public, so that "Puck," its success assured, speedily became a recognized factor in political campaigns.

It is not too much to say that the extraordinary popularity enjoyed by "Puck" from the very first, it owed in chief measure to the pencil of Keppler, and this despite his extraordinary ignorance of politics and of the principles of the two great parties, the leaders of which it was his task to caricature. Until the last he never understood the American character nor the spirit of American institutions. The secret of his success lay in his singular quickness in seizing an idea. A mere suggestion had but to be made to him, when he would instantly grasp it and see things in it which the person with whom it had its origin never dreamed. Accordingly, in each Presidential contest there was generally a new man to suggest a new idea to Keppler, which became the keynote of the campaign. In 1880, when Garfield and Hancock were the opposing candidates for the Presidency, the suggestion was made to Keppler that he should depict Hancock as Samson, and he did this in a series of cartoons remarkable for their keenness and timeliness.

But the most artistic and striking, perhaps, of all Keppler's political cartoons was one published in October, 1880. It was entitled "Positively Last Awakening of the Democratic Rip Van Winkle—Don't leave me Here for Another Twenty Years." The Democratic Rip Van Winkle is shown starting from his slumber on the edge of a precipice. A broken musket labelled "State Rights" and an empty bottle of Bourbon lay beside him. His arm is uplifted as he sees the phantoms of former Presidential candidates of his party—Douglas, McClellan, Seymour, Greeley, Tilden and Hancock, "the superb." The idea, treated with such weird strength, was borrowed from a rough sketch sent to Keppler, but it is doubtful if any other artist could have made so telling a cartoon from a mere suggestion.

Not less brilliant and effective were Keppler's cartoons of social matters, in which he again accepted and improved upon the conceits of other men-members of his staff and outsiders. One of these was "The Deadly Upas Tree of Wall Street"; Jay Gould being the tree, with ruined stockholders lying under its branches. Another was "The Great Advertising Ball"; representing the ball at the opening of the late William H. Vanderbilt's mansion, where the cost of costumes of the guests appeared on tags, the price of each piece of furniture being also marked on it. "Mrs. Knickerbocker Gives a Ball" was a third. A society lady having requested in her invitations that her guests should appear in the costumes of their ancestors of a hundred years ago, most of the figures in the cartoons were attired as market gardeners, laborers and domestics, all drawn in Keppler's best style and full of rich humor.

Judged by the standards of the studio, Keppler had little skill in composition and was a faulty draughtsman; but his sense of humor was broad, his satire keen and his gift for caricature undoubted, while his feeling for color never failed to please the audience to which his efforts were addressed. His death in 1894 was a great blow to "Puck" which has not yet been able to fill his place.

land became a member of a firm of wood engravers in that city. From there he went to Cincinnati and made drawings for various lithographers, afterwards settling in New York, where he became an artist for "Wild Oats" and "Harper's Weekly." A year or two later he spent some months in Europe where he made drawings for "Vanity Fair" but in 1876 returned to America and



DYING IN HARNESS.

The Democrats having lost their donkey,make the poor old man do the heavy campaign work.—*Judge*, September, 1888.

Keppler, during his long connection with "Puck," was the master and instructor of an entire generation of cartoonists, some of whom are now dead and others still living and at work. First of the line, and first to die, was the lamented and gifted James Albert Wales, the memory of whose work is already fading from the minds of men. Wales was born in Clyde, Ohio, in 1850, and after working at stencil-cutting in Cleve-

joined the staff of Frank Leslie, working there for two years.

In the latter part of 1878, Wales became a member of the staff of "Puck" where he stayed until August, 1881, when he resigned to help found the "Judge," continuing with that paper three years. During 1885 he had no regular employment, but early in 1886 returned to "Puck," remaining with it until shortly before his death, which occurred with tragic suddenness in the closing



"I am in the Hands of my Friends."—
Grover Cleveland.

Mr. Cleveland has acceded to the demands of the Tammany machine. Tammany will now run the Cleveland campaign in New York State.—*Judge,* September, 1892.

days of the year last named. Studied after the lapse of years, Wales' more pretentious caricatures seem, with few exceptions, to be over-weighted with detail and to lack point and force. He was signally effective, on the other hand, when his drawing dealt with only one or two figures, and rarely failed of success when called upon to seize and accentuate the salient features of a striking personality. In this respect he stood, in his time, quite by himself.

Among the draughtsmen, however, whose names are identified with the early history of "Puck," the most brilliantly conspicuous, both in point and talent and of material success, was the late Bernhard Gillam. American in all save the accident of birth—having been brought from England to the United States when a lad of ten—Mr. Gillam was an engraver and portrait painter, before, in 1879, he became a cartoonist on "Leslie's Weekly," later drawing for the "Graphic" and "Harper's Weekly," and in 1881 joined the staff of "Puck." For five years he was associated with Mr. Keppler in doing colored cartoons for "Puck"—his masterly "Tatooed Man" remains one of the best remembered features of the Presidential campaign of 1884, —but in 1886 he ended his connection with that periodical to become one of the proprietors of "Judge," serving as its chief cartoonist during the remainder of his life.

"The caricaturist," Mr. Gillam once said to me, "must aim his shafts at what is really deserving of ridicule or he will miss his mark." This axiom he kept constantly in mind as

the end and aim of his own work. Never malicious or brutal, he hit hard but always fair, while behind the least of his cartoons it was evident that a strong and serious mind was at work, and one that knew itself. A careful and patient student of Tenniel's drawings, like Tenniel he made his point simply and boldly,—there were never needless lines to detract from the purpose of his sketch, nor did he strive for more than bold color effect,—and both in "Puck" and "Judge" his cartoons were a militant force against sham, hypocrisy, pretence and folly, and a power to be reckoned with in politics. He died suddenly, in 1896, in the very vigor of his life and work, with full thirty years of the time allotted to man unfulfilled.

The Healing of The Woods

By Clinton Scollard

O HEAL mine aching moods,
Give me God's virgin woods,
His cloistral solitudes
Where none intrudes!

A dim sequestered place,
With leaves that link and lace,
Where peace and primal grace
Meet face to face.

There would I gain heart's-ease
From the sweet calm of trees,
And the low melodies
Of birds and bees.

There would the balm distill
A soothing for all ill;
With cheerfulness the rill
My heart would fill.

I would go softly thence
With a far kindlier sense;
With more benevolence,
And less pretence.

Fairer the sky would ope;
Less would I, faltering, grope,
But tread life's onward slope
With surer hope.

Great Personages and Gardens

By Ethel M. Colson

THE subject of Great Personages and Gardens, replete with varied interest, leads into many pleasant highways and byways, and is inextricably connected with humanity's most important children and issues. Full and adequate treatment of this subject would mean simply a fresh writing of universal history. The merest list of great men and women who have loved and enjoyed gardens and gardening would make a sizable volume. Gardening, indeed, would seem to have been in all ages the recreative delight of great minds.

"God Almighty first planted a garden," says Bacon, himself a devoted lover of gardens and author of a delightful essay on this topic, "and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of men, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy works; and a man shall ever see, that, when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection."

This statement would seem to be borne out and supported by the facts of history, ancient and modern. A high degree of national and personal culture has ever been marked and accompanied by fine and artistic gardening plans and operations. The famous "Hanging Gardens" of Babylon and the remarkable Imperial and Government Gardens maintained by various present-day states and kingdoms alike offer reasonable proof of the truth and correctness of the Baconian theory. No young or untutored race has yet attained to enviable gardening skill or reputation, while national and intellectual leaders have from time immemorial found in gardens and garden-making a sweet, almost universal recreation and joy.

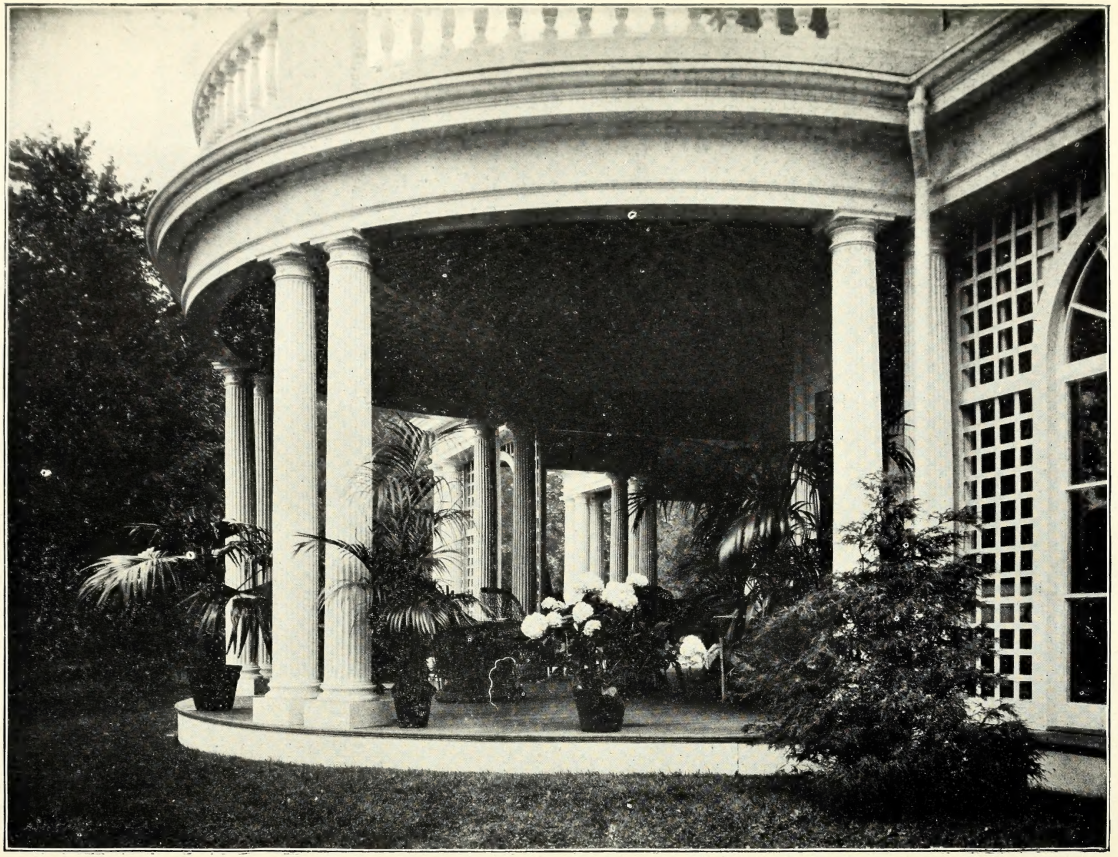
An elaborate formal garden surrounded the Tuscan villa of Pliny the younger, and he wrote much describing its various architectural and vernal features. Addison and Pope, long centuries after, took issue with him in this connection, decrying the "formal garden" as an offence against nature. But Addison, in particular, loved simpler methods of "making gardens," and had a delightful garden of his own at the Twickenham home.

"The idle time of those delightful poets, Horace, Virgil, Cowley and Cowper, and of the stately, sagacious Bacon," says William Matthews, "was spent, not idly, but wisely for their literary production, in gardening."

And when Diocletian was urged to resume the resigned imperial purple he rather reproachfully replied:

"You would not have asked such a thing of me if you had seen the fine melons I have now ripening, and the plantations about my villa I have made."

Stephenson, the great railway engineer, found in practical gardening work rest, relief and inspiration from and for his mechanical and inventive labors, and was prouder of having outwitted his crookedly inclined cucumbers by fitting them with specially designed glass jars



PORCH OF A NORTH SHORE RESIDENCE.

than of having revolutionized the world of travel.

Robert Louis Stevenson — God bless him!—also "rested his brain" by digging in his garden, finding thus entire and pleasant change from his literary efforts. And the garden at Vailma conveyed many a sweet and lasting lesson to those privileged to know it and the man who laid it out.

Thomas Jefferson was as deeply interested in gardening as in statescraft, and once declared that "the greatest service that can be rendered to any country is to add a useful plant to its culture." At another time he writes: "Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God, if ever He had a chosen people, whose breasts he has made his peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtue. Corruption of morals in the mass of cultivation is a phenomenon of which no age or nation has furnished an example. Generally speaking, the proportion which the aggregate of the other classes of citizens bears in any state to that of the husbandman is the proportion of the unsound to its healthy parts."

The quaintly beautiful garden at Mount Vernon still bears effective witness to the fact that the Father of His Country, no less than the gentle and dignified Martha Washington, found pleasure and recreation in the sight and cultivation of "green things growing." The late Queen Victoria furnished another example of a wise and conscientious ruler who dearly loved gardening and gardens. She was never more peacefully happy, more thoroughly herself, than when walking and wandering about some beautiful garden-nook of loveliness and grace.

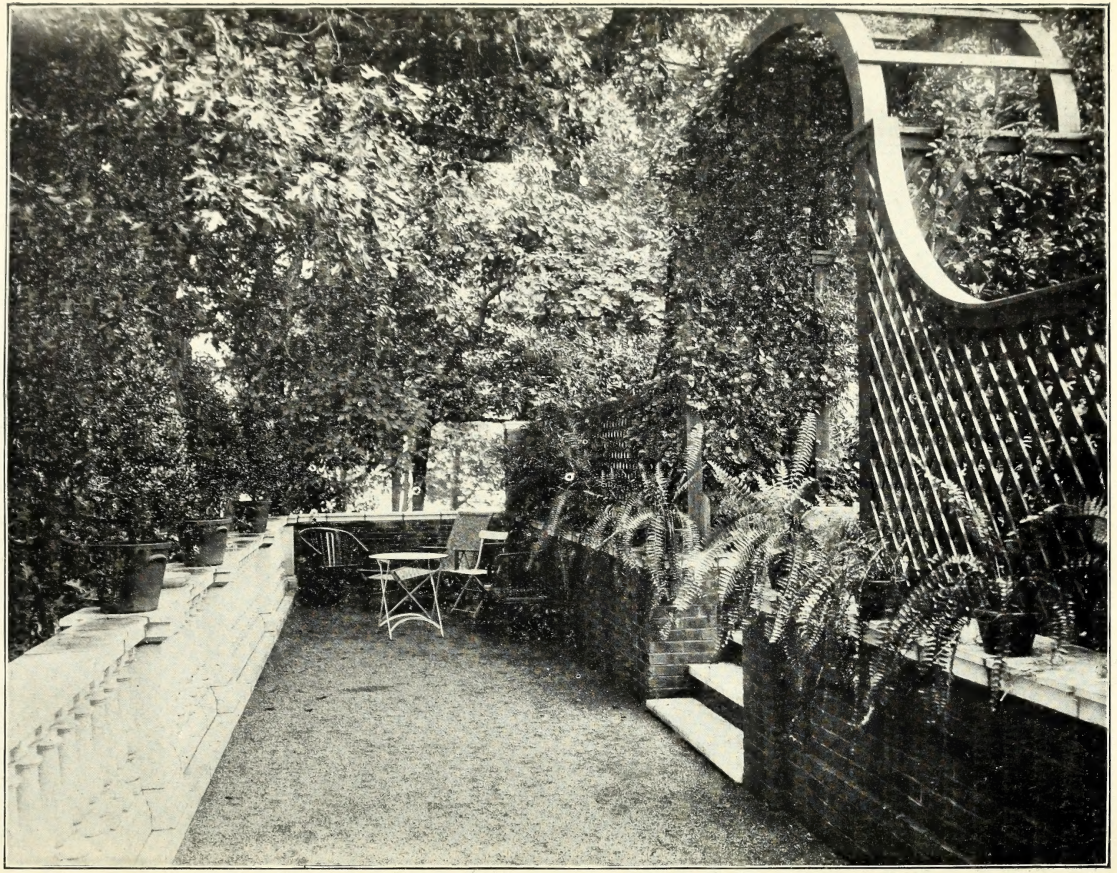
Henry VIII. had a wonderful garden, personally planned and superintended in part, at Nonsuch, with ten acres devoted to picturesque "tangle" and "wilderness."

Lincoln and Garfield both loved to escape from too oppressive state dignities and ceremonies and honors to the restful quiet of the nearest garden glade.

Mme. Loubet, wife of the President of France, loves gardens and shares with Mrs. Roosevelt the passion for outdoor receptions and levees. McKinley's passion for the carnation and affection for the Canton garden are too well known and remembered to need more than a passing mention. And who does not recall, when thinking of dignitaries and gardens, poor Marie Antoinette and her violets and the famous Versailles garden; unhappy Lady Jane Grey and her devotion to quiet gardens and rose-walks, the ill-fated Mary Stuart and her love of flowers?

Pope Leo, a tenderly passionate gardener, acknowledged a special love for the wonderful Vatican roses, and it was even whispered that he watered them with beef-tea, the better to increase their powers of growing and bearing. The present Pope is credited with a genuine love of the simpler garden blossoms. Cardinal Richelieu left his arrogance behind when he entered a garden, Thomas a Kempis found and taught many high lessons in similar surroundings, and the famous garden of the Bishop of Ely—later Hatton Garden—in Holborn was as well and widely known as the man.

Solomon, the wise teacher, knew and loved a fair garden, for how else could he have written the wondrous "Song"? David, his father, had earlier learned the strength and calm and stimulating sweetness to be found within garden borders.



VIEW OF THE COURT.

Maurice Maeterlinck, pessimist and prophet of sadness in other connections, finds great delight in garden-tending, and devotes many pleasant hours to this work in the grounds about his Parisian home.

"Frail and chilly, and yet as bold-faced as a bright idea," so, in happy, comprehensively descriptive phrase, he recently characterized the sweet, pale-tinted blossoms of the early spring.

Tolstoi loves gardening, and occasionally relieves his sterner literary and field labors by simple flower-culture. Charles Lamb and his sister were never happier than when working among the "sweet, sweet blossoms" of their especial delight and affection. Jane Carlyle, poor creature! now and then, as opportunity offered, worked off her superfluous energy with spade and trowel. David Swing believed that in "vines of our own planting" lay great possibilities of happiness and true culture. Froebel evolved and perfected many of his mighty educational tools and problems over garden tools and flowers. Walter Savage Landor was devoted to floriculture, and once, when his violent temper so overcame him that he threw an offending maid out of the window, regretfully exclaimed as the partial consequences of his hasty action occurred to him, "Oh, oh! I forgot the violet-bed!"

Shakespeare declared that "there are no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-diggers," and was himself fond of gardens, as witness his frequent and invariably correct and sympathetic allusions to them. "Daffodils that come before the swallow dares," he says in one place, evidencing affectionate acquaintance with the habits of these brilliant sunshine-makers, and numerous other flower and garden references are quite as fine.

William Cullen Bryant believed garden-making at once a fine art and an ecstatic pleasure. Emerson spent much time in beautifying the "kitchen-garden" and flower-patch of his home in Concord, and once wrote thus about soil-tilling operations:

> "I believe in a spade and an acre of good ground. Whoso cuts a straight path to his own living by the help of God, in the sun and rain and sprouting grain, seems to me a universal workingman. He solves the problem of life not for one, but for all men of soul and body."

And, in another place:

> "If I had but two loaves of bread remaining, I would sell one and buy white hyacinths to feed my soul."

Lowell dearly and all his life loved the trees and flowering shrubs and gardens of Elmwood. Longfellow never liked to leave Cambridge while his lilacs were in bloom. Whittier, Whitman, Du Maurier, Thoreau, Mark Twain, Sir Edwin Arnold, Bret Harte and Margaret Fuller, all these have registered alike their love for gardening or gardens. Of John Burroughs, Hamilton Mabie, Ernest Seton and similar worshipers at the feet of nature there is no need to make mention. Mozart, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Handel, Haydn, Jenny Lind, Patti, Sir Arthur Sullivan,—but why continue? Was there ever a truly music-loving child of humanity not eagerly alive to the "soundless music" of gardens and flowers.

Washington Irving, when at Sunnyside Farm, "the dearest spot on earth to him," according to Charles Dudley Warner, took great delight in improving the grounds and making the environments more lovely. Oliver Goldsmith was dis-



THE GARDEN.

THE FOUNTAIN.

tinguished by so great a passion for flowers that he was at once the adoration and the despair of the gardeners at the famous country-houses he visited. "Goldsmith shall pull his flowers," threatens Beauclerc, promising all sorts of penalties for Lord Charlemont, another enthusiastic flower-lover, unless the latter returns at once and forthwith to England.

Wordsworth was a great gardener, loving to visit both simple garden-nooks and elaborate "snow places," and had himself a beautiful garden at Rydal Mount, where he lived from 1817 to 1850. Shelley's garden at Lynmouth, North Devon, was a place of enchantment. Tennyson was rarely "loving and knowing" about gardens and their alluring flower occupants, regarding wild flowers with a peculiar and especial devotion. All the little, characteristic "tricks and manners" of countless floral specimens were known to him. Not even the seldom recognized "faint flush" of the laburnum blossom escaped his adoring attention; he could name and place hundreds of plants and varieties, common "love-titles," unusual or distinguishing features, botanical descriptions and all. He remembered and loved the gardens of the few people whom he admitted to his "inner friendship" and visited as he did their faces, and a house without a garden would have seemed to him as impossible of civilized residence as a barn.

That neither of the Brownings could have helped loving flowers and gardens no true admirer or student of their work could fail to recognize and divine without question, but let any uninclined to accept so wide and general a statement read the delicately lovely and poetic "Garden Fancies" and be convinced.

Keats and Chatterton, "Tom" Moore and Thomas Hood, Samuel Johnson, "rare Ben Jonson," Pepys and Boswell, how all alike they did love flowers!

Henry Ward Beecher declared flowers to be "the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into," and has expressed his love for old-fashioned gardens and blossoms, once announcing that "I shall never think I have enough mignonette growing until I can mow it with a scythe."

"Flowers belong to fairyland," says "Ouida," also a dear lover of gardens; "the flowers and the birds and the butterflies are all that the world has kept of the golden age—the only perfectly beautiful things of earth, joyous, innocent, half-divine,—useless say they who are wiser than God."

"How fair is a garden amid the toils and passions of existence," wrote Disraeli.

"Learn, O student, the true wisdom. See yon bush aflame with roses, like the burning bush of Moses. Listen, and thou shalt hear, if thy soul be not deaf, how from out it, soft and clear, speaks to thee the Lord Almighty."

so ran the teaching of Hafiz.

"Flowers," said Bishop Coxe, who believed that the bright blossoms of the garden can see and hear like human beings, "are words that even a baby may understand," while Goethe declares them "the beautiful hieroglyphics of Nature, with which she indicates how much she loves us."

George Eliot is credited with similarly sweet and gentle fancies in regard to flowers, and the soul of sweet Jane Austen reveled in fair gardens with great joy.

Monsieur and Madame Curie find flowers no less interesting than science, and in their "moth-eaten little garden," in the poorer quarter of Paris, they manage to find much pleasure and induce a few plants to blossom. Joseph Chamberlain loves

gardens and flowers, the garden at Highbury, his country home, near Birmingham, being very charming. Here white violets, the favorite flowers of Mrs. Chamberlain, are now extensively cultivated, while the orchid, Mr. Chamberlain's long-time object of special floral devotion, also receives generous attention. Gladstone was an enthusiastic garden-lover, the Hawarden roses being famous. Milton, Herrick, Herbert, Donne, Chaucer, Isaak Walton, Turner, Sir Philip Sidney, Lady Mary Montagu, Horace Walpole, Sir Thomas More, Lord Shafesbury, Joubert, John Lyly, Sir Henry Capell, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lady Orford, Sir Walter Scott, and a host of other old-time men and women of note and genius were all renowned for the garden-making or garden-loving in which each and all rejoiced.

"I am making winding alleys all around my park, which will be of great beauty," wrote Madame de Sevigne, in 1671. "As to my labyrinth, it is neat, has green plots, and the palisades are breast-high; it is a lovable spot."

Alexander Necham, Abbot of Cirenchester, was a gardening authority as early as 1157, and so continued for many years thereafter. His commonplace book, "Of the Nature of Things," bears many delightful references to garden-knowledge of varied kind.

Robert Burns, Victor Hugo, Wellington, General Grant, Wolsey, Nelson, Phillips Brooks, George W. Childs, Lord Byron, men widely apart in all save this common interest, each found recreation and pleasure in garden visits or lore.

"The Amen! of Nature is always a flower," says the loving and lovable "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," and he sings, elsewhere, "But oh! the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that blossomed first!"

Dickens, Ruskin, Kipling, Thackeray, Morris, Swinburne, Whistler, all the "noble army" of latter-day lovers of literature and beauty, have delighted in flowers and gardens. Frances Willard had a passion for gardening and tree-planting: "Rest Cottage," the Evanston cottage now sacred to the cause of organized temperance reform, is still beautiful with the results of her efforts in this direction. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Thomas have spent some happy summers in laying out "Our Mountain Garden," concerning which Mrs. Thomas has recently published a pleasant book. Margaret Deland, in addition to her outdoor floral pleasures, has a charming indoor and window garden, devoted to spring-flowering bulbs, sold, each year, for charity. Marion Harland has long maintained a "souvenir garden," almost every plant or bush of which has been given her by some friend or admirer, and which contains many rare specimens. "The Bungalow," the summer home of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, at Short Beach, Connecticut, is gay with flowers, and the "Poet of Passion" loves to plant and tend them. Lillian Bell delights to "make garden,"—working with her own hands in earth and pots and seeds, and so on—and her garden at "Applethorpe," Tarrytown-on-Hudson, is a charming spot.

Nora Hopper-Chesson writes so lovingly of gardens and their charming denizens that she surely must love them. Louisa M. Alcott enjoyed robbing gardens to make wreaths and daisy-chains as much as she enjoyed the company of young people. Susan B. Anthony, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Eliza-

beth Cady Stanton have each talked and written "in praise of gardens," as well as of freedom, liberty and woman's rights.

Calve, Julia Marlowe, Nordica, Maxine Elliott, May Robson Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mansfield, Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. Fiske, Maude Adams, any number of well-known and famous actors and singers, are enamoured, every summer, of the garden fancy. Mary Mannering yearly indulges this fancy to the full in the grounds of her summer home, the quaint and historic "old Putnam house," near Greenwich, Connecticut. Sembrich has a garden at Villa Marcella, Dresden, that is remarkable for beauty. Melba's "Quarry Wood" home on the Thames is set in a rare old garden that delights the soul of the songstress, and boasts a picturesque boathouse, overgrown with yellow roses, that she loves almost as well as her voice.

The garden of Paul de Longpre, the flower artist, near Los Angeles, California, contains almost countless varieties of roses alone, the man who paints flowers so exquisitely loving equally well to grow and tend them. Celia Thaxter's charming "hardy garden," on the Isle of Shoals, New Hampshire, has a world-wide reputation. Year after year, during her lifetime, it grew in grace and beauty, her poppies and other simple flowers being especially famous. The garden is still maintained in similar fashion, and is wonderfully fair to see.

"Flowers have been like dear friends to me," once wrote Mrs. Thaxter, who was often happily at work among her posies by sunrise, "comforters, inspirers, powers to uplift and to cheer."

Sidney Lanier, whose name might live forever if only because of his exquisite "Ballads of Trees and the Master," was keenly alive to the tender beauty and charm of each and every floral specimen that came under his notice. Sir Henry Irving "rested his soul" in quaint and rare old English gardens. Ellen Terry is a garden-lover of parts and distinction. Sir Henry M. Stanley, no less than his wife, who, as Miss Dorothy Tennant, won gardening as well as literary fame and distinction, has looked long and lovingly on many gardens, far and wide.

Englishwomen of good family and breeding have always loved flowers and gardens; the traditions are well preserved by modern ladies of high birth and title. Lady Warwick now has a "garden of memory" at Warwick Castle, formed by the gifts or plantings of friends and visitors who have been asked to help in this manner. Lady Grosvenor takes great pleasure in the "Saints' garden," at Saighton Towers, her Cheshire home, where bloom and thrive the flowers sacred to certain saints and supposed to blossom in honor of their "days." Lady Inchuquin has a wonderful garden of chrysanthemums and another of violets; Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quin, the only surviving daughter of Lord and Lady Dunraven, also has a charming violet-garden at Adare Manor. Mrs. Coghill, daughter-in-law of the famous Sir J. Joscelyn Coghill, has many acres of violets at her Irish home in County Cork.

Mrs. Cornwallis West and her daughters, the Duchess of Westminster and Princess Henry of Pless, are well known for their gardening skill and endeavors, and Mrs. Hwfa Williams is the proud owner of a uniquely beautiful "pink garden," in which she cultivates flowers of every known or imagin-

able shade and tint of pink. The Duchess of Somerset maintains a wonderful "kitchen garden," with a "medicine border," planted with healing herbs and roots of great number and variety. The Duchess of Sutherland grows countless roses at Trentham, where the gardens include a Dutch-Italian nursery, a "trellis," several "parterres" and a "rainbow walk" of remarkable beauty. She also makes a specialty of spring flowers at Dunrobin, her north of Scotland home.

The King and Queen of England, the Emperor and Empress of Germany, the Czarina of Russia and the Empress of Japan are all devoted lovers of gardens. Queen Alexandra is fondest of growing roses, lilies of the valley, but is also proud of her violets. The Princess of Wales, who likes blue, regards the tiny forget-me-not with high favor, though she is reckoned a real authority on jonquil culture; when Duchess of York she always insisted on having plenty of white roses, the York flowers, in her gardens.

The Empress of Japan is quite naturally partial to cherry blossoms and the imperial chrysanthemums. Queen Wilhelmina, for similar reasons, is particularly interested in tulips. She visits large numbers of public and private bulb gardens yearly, and has fine "tuber plantations" of her own.

Lady Curzon has always loved flowers, and leaves a lovely trail of fine gardens behind her wherever she goes. The country home of Whitelaw Reid, at Rye, New York, is remarkable for exquisite garden spots of almost every possible kind and variety, the huge and "woodsy" wild garden of his especial pride and delight having few equals. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is another enthusiastic devotee of the cult of the wild blossom. Her summer palace at Hempstead, Long Island, is truly wonderful in this connection, and the happy mistress loves to work in and about the extensive grounds and gardens with her own hands.

Nor is the passion for gardens and gardening by any means peculiar to men and women of comparative leisure, or to those "great ones of the earth" who have devoted their lives and talents to intellectual efforts. The busy, overworked and overhurried "money kings" of the present day and the idler despots of far-off ages have shared this passion, alike found rest and recreation for wearied brains and jaded natures in "making garden" or enjoying the fruits of this sweet toil.

The ancient Greeks and Romans loved gardens,—rose gardens in particular. The most famous rose collections of the time contain no finer or more varied specimens than were found on the old island of Chios, itself a gigantic rose haven, looking from the sea like a huge bouquet of blossoms, and from whence tons of roses were sent to Athens every summer day. May 28 of each year marked the beginning of a great rose feast, in old Rome, held in commemoration of the dead, roses being alike used for all occasions of great joy or sorrow. For a single banquet Nero imported roses equalling some $125,000 from Alexandria. Generous and plentiful gardens were needed when men sat at meat upon festive occasions, surrounded and cushioned by high-piled flower-petals, and when each new host vied with all his fellows and predecessors in discovering or inventing unique and extravagant uses for the fragrant, beloved blooms.

John D. Rockefeller, to return to the present, loves and grows violets,

turning them, like all things else, into money. The best of the rare violets grown in his great gardens and greenhouses he himself picks and sorts into bunches, and these bring the best prices in the market.

Sir Thomas Lipton alternates gardening with cup-racing as a means of recreation, the "Lipton orchids" produced in the beautiful park and gardens and orchid-stations at Osidge, near Southgate, England, being among the finest procurable.

Harlow N. Higinbotham, president of the World's Columbian Exposition, has a passion for flowers, particularly carnations. At his country home, near Joliet, Illinois, he rears some of the finest possible specimens of these blossoms, and the great gardens are filled with other beautiful shrubs and flowers. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, has a mint-bed in which he especially rejoices. The Cornelius Vanderbilt gardens at Newport are famous all over the world.

The lists might be indefinitely varied and lengthened. Large numbers of "merchant princes," "kings of commerce," "captains of industry" and world-famous men of affairs and business, as large numbers of brilliant and "worth while" men and women of every possible kind and ilk and order, have from the very beginnings of humanity found in gardens pure, stimulating and refreshing recreation and delight.

That the garden-passion, moreover, while a distinguishing characteristic of many great people, is common to people of all lands, minds, and classes is clearly proved at every possible turn and opportunity. Who does not remember the thronging and varied multitudes who daily and nightly visited the Wooded Island and the Rose Garden of the Columbian Exposition? The International Gardens and other floral exhibits of the St. Louis Exposition are equally popular, equally admired and beset by men, women and children of widely diversified nationalities, kinds and tastes. "Show gardens" of whatever sort are sure of numerous and frequent visitors and admirers, the world over. The Metropolitan Church of Christ, Chicago, recognizing and catering to this laudable affection, is to have a gay and flourishing roof-garden next year.

In support of this world-wide passion for gardens and gardening, were such support needed, it may be urged that life first began in a garden, that garden-making and garden-enjoyments represent the natural modes and pleasures of existence, that to be a garden-lover, if not a proof of inborn and intrinsic greatness, at least allies the nature thus blessed with many high minds and spirits. Nearly all great people, in all ages, have loved and admired and cultivated gardens.

All the great Saviours and teachers of the world, from the garden-loving Christ to Buddha, Confucius and Mohammed, have expressed their interest in and affection for gardens, and have used garden similes and examples in propagating their tenets. The Bible is particularly rich in literature and allusions of this kind.

And even the long-standing hinted reproach that the Serpent tempted and Eve fell in a garden, while the Garden of Gethsemane witnessed yet a greater tragedy, is removed by the quiet reflection of what the Garden Agony meant for all coming humanity, and by the remembrance of Who it was that walked in the Garden of Eden during the cool of the day.

The Seed of Life

By Anna Wharton Morris

IT was Mrs. St. Clair's seventy-fifth birthday. One would have thought her much younger than that, had not the touching girlishness of her face been crowned and contradicted by a coil of white hair. None of her daughter's friends could remember having seen her hair less uniformly and perfectly white, so that it had come to be a by-word of beauty among them.

She sat alone, yet it was impossible to think of her as lonely. There seemed always a Presence with her, a Presence which her practical daughter was too busy to perceive.

Mrs. St. Clair could not understand her daughter's manner of being busy. She herself had been a busy woman, but she had been busy in her own home; whereas the next generation seemed to regard time spent at home as time lost.

To-day her daughter had said that she would be back immediately after lunch, but it was nearly four o'clock when a trailing of heavy silk skirts along the hall heralded the advent of a stout fur-clad matron of fifty.

"Here I am, Mama!" she cried, kissing the old lady, but omitting to sit down. "Are you all right? It's too bad you had to eat alone on your birthday! But of course I couldn't miss the Civic Luncheon. And the girls would have come home, but they had to stay down town for their Italian lessons, you know. I just popped in now to change my bonnet for the reception to that Russian writer—whatever his name is,—and then the Carter musicale. I do wish every week had twenty days in it! for I cannot get everything done in seven."

Her tongue ran on so fast that it was only as she went out the door that the old lady could say, "All right, dearie. Have a good time." But as she said it, she realized that the swift flow of modern city life had left her far behind, in a tranquil and forgotten inlet.

As the sense of intrusive hurry faded from the room, the Presence bloomed again, like an unseen rose, which is discovered solely by the floating fragrance.

Mrs. St. Clair moved her seat, so as to face the open fire, and took up her knitting. For some minutes, the stripe of green worsted lengthened under her fingers, and nothing was heard but the barren winter wind. As this increased in force, a troubled expression which had begun to lurk in her eyes grew to positive pain. For her hard-won peace was never proof against the insidious sobbing of the wind. This sound invariably transported her soul to the day that had so cruelly seared it, the day of her husband's death. Now the knitting dropped, and she lived again in that third summer of her marriage, which was to her as vivid as yesterday.

Arthur had rented a little cottage above some sand-dunes, so that they might breathe deep of the sweetness of sea and shore. Something in his blood throbbed with the throb of

the sea, and he revelled in its nearness, its kinship. He declared joyously that no other summer had ever been as beautiful as this summer, that no other place was as beautiful as this place, that no other wife and baby could be as beautiful as his wife and baby.

Mrs. St. Clair looked upon his happiness with a sense of adoring awe. She knew that the wonder and beauty were not so much in his surroundings as in his own nature, which was ever attuned to joy. She knew that with such a man

"All things beautiful keep new,
And every morn the first morn seems to be—
So freshly look abroad his eyes of blue!"

And his happiness was not selfish. It did not include only his wife and baby. It included every person who saw him at that time. The fisherpeople caught the infection of his shining face and his lithe, eager figure. They felt that he was one of themselves, but nearer to God.

Half the day he was in a boat of some sort, and his wife, too. The sea was to him the great soul and centre of the universe, the wholly-satisfying complement to restless humanity. It was his passion,—and his fate.

Mrs. St. Clair felt the shadow of this fate tempering each sunlit day. She could not rest in the moment. She knew that life rarely reaches the perfect flower, and that when it does, the bloom is brief.

At the end of August, Arthur went back to town for a week, to straighten out the inevitable tangles caused by his absence. When he bade his wife goodbye, she said to herself, "The sea has got into his eyes. They are as blue as the blue deep itself, as radiant, as unfathomable."

He was to return as usual by the local steamer "Octavia," and when the appointed morning came, there was a stiff wind blowing. Mrs. St. Clair was glad at first, because she knew and shared Arthur's love for the wind. But with each hour of the day its strength increased, and the heavy sky darkened.

Every little boat that was out sought harbor. Every sail was lowered, every loose thing was fastened down. The fisherpeople looked across the water, saying that there would be trouble before night.

Mrs. St. Clair had an open fire lit, and she played with the baby in its cheerful warmth. But as the window panes rattled or the house quivered, a terror grew within her. She said to herself, "Though the wind is mighty, it is not cruel." And her terror answered, "It knows mercy as little as it knows cruelty, for it has no soul to know either."

The baby laughed at the flames, and its mother crushed the terror within her and laughed, too, singing, "Papa is coming, Papa is coming! He will be here at tea-time, and baby shall wait up for him!"

Then she sneaked to the window and put her face against the glass, straining to see through the chaos of wind and rain. She could hear the waves surging and growling. When Arthur should be safely harbored in the warm room, they would enjoy the glory of the storm together, as they had often done; but it was almost too big to bear alone.

Conscious of some stir in the room, she turned to find the door open and a big brown fellow from the wharf standing in awkward silence.

The terror within her raised its head, sneering, "I told you so. It has come."

She snatched the baby from the floor, crushing it in her arms. Then she looked at the man's face and said, "Joe, what is it?"

Poor Joe had no art to dissemble. He shuffled and snuffled, and burst out, "Oh, ma'am! The 'Octavia,' ma'am! She's gone to smash on the bar outside. The hell it is!"

Mrs. St. Clair did not speak one word. She was not surprised. She told herself that she had known it long ago. She dropped into the chair behind her, squeezing the baby so sharply that the little girl screamed with fright.

Then followed lurid days—when the details of the disaster became public, when St. Clair's body was recovered, and when it was quietly buried above the sand-dunes, near the sea which he had loved and which had claimed him.

She arranged everything with careful exactness. She seemed to dwell in a cold mist, remote and vague. Only the baby kept her in touch with earth. Its complete unconsciousness made her resolve that it should never realize any loss, any lack.

So her days were spent in dumb action. But at night, alone in the room that held the most intimate image of her husband, she cried unceasingly. She did not voluntarily cry, but the tears came in great floods that washed her clean of any bitterness. Nights when the wind howled, she quivered in bed. Nights when the moon shone, she kneeled at the open window, feeling him close, close. But all nights she cried.

She did not pity herself. She had known existence at its richest, joy at its fullest—now she must suffer; that was just and right. She did not pity St. Clair, for one could not pity a dead man. But she did pity the world, for having lost so bright a being; a being whose strongest deeds were yet undone, whose fairest words were yet unspoken, whose bravest thoughts were yet unformed.

She knew, and only she, all that his powers promised, and she pitied the world, because it could never share her knowledge. And she said over and over again, "Ah, the waste of life! The wanton waste of life!"

The sweet spirit which had looked from those blue eyes, and which had spoken in that delicious voice, would be always with her, for it had become a part of herself. And indeed, as the years passed, it grew to be a Presence dearer and closer than any of her visible surroundings. As she became an old lady, the Presence remained young, gloriously young, gloriously strong, gloriously beautiful. The only thought which troubled her serene days was, that Nature could sweep away and utterly destroy the strength and beauty so newly launched, and leave no trace. She still repeated her cry, "Ah, the waste of life! The wanton waste of life!"

As Mrs. St. Clair sat by the fire, dreaming of the past, the wind ceased to shriek and the daylight faded from the room. But she was not conscious of these facts. She was looking again into young eyes, eyes with the color and the sparkle of the sea in them.

The fire crackled briskly, and the old lady's white hair reflected its glow, as her face reflected the feelings of fifty years before. An emotion may not survive so long, but the memory of an emotion defies time and change, as Mrs. St. Clair knew.

Suddenly the great front door clanged and someone was coming up stairs. The step sounded curi-

ously like Arthur's. Roused from her dreams, she listened with every sense alert. This person mounted the long flight with a lithe spring, an impetuous vigor, such as only her husband had possessed.

Involuntarily she rose, and stood trembling, with gaze fixed on the door.

It was flung open, and, outlined against the brilliant electric light, stood the very figure of her dreams, young, graceful, gay. The features were there, and yes, yes! the eyes themselves, blue, radiant and unfathomable as the deep sea!

"Arthur!" she cried, holding out her hands.

"Yes, Grandmother," he answered, striding across the room and putting both arms about her, "I gave you a surprise, didn't I? I ran down from college, just to kiss you on your birthday, you jolly old Grandmother!"

He thrust her tenderly into her seat, and taking a little stool beside her, looked up out of those laughing blue eyes.

Her face shone responsive to the boy's mood, her heart thrilled responsive to the boy's love, and her soul sang hymns of praise, because what she had supposed forever dead was alive in all its charm and all its power. Here were not only the form and the eyes, but the very spirit of her lost mate.

She passed her soft hand cherishingly over Arthur's cheek, saying, ingly over Arthur's cheek, saying, goose trip for your grandmother's birthday."

But to herself she said, exultantly, "Thank God, I was wrong! Nature may seem to indulge in wanton waste. But she is wise, and secretly preserves the seed of life."

BOOK NOTES.

"American Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt." By Edward Stratemeyer. Finely illustrated from photographs and with frontispiece by Charles Copeland.

Ever since the enormous success of Mr. Stratemeyer's "American Boys' Life of William McKinley," there has been an urgent demand that he follow the volume with one on the life of our present President, and this has now been done with a care and faithfulness certain to win immediate appreciation everywhere. The book covers the whole life of our honored executive, step by step, as schoolboy, college student, traveller, author, State Assemblyman, civil service and police commissioner, Governor of New York, as a leader of the Rough Riders in Cuba, as Vice-President, and finally as President. Many chapters have also been devoted to Mr. Roosevelt's numerous adventures as a hunter and as a ranchman (true stories, which are bound to be dear to the heart of all boys who love the strenuous life), and full particulars are given of the daring battles for Cuban liberty in which our worthy President, as lieutenant-colonel of the Rough Riders, took such a conspicuous part. The Appendix contains a Chronology of Theodore Roosevelt, and also brief extracts from some of his most famous speeches and addresses. (Lee & Shepard, Boston; $1.25.)

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THE DEVIL'S LIME KILN, SHUTTER, AND GULL ROCK, LUNDY.

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South Natick in Fact and Fiction

By EDITH A. SAWYER

SOUTH NATICK, earliest known for its wealth of association with John Eliot's mission effort among the Indians, and more recently made prominent as the "Oldtown" of Harriet Beecher Stowe's portraying, has many allurements as a pilgrimage-point, to-day. There is an attractive main highway of approach, a broad avenue which leads from the railroad station in Wellesley, two miles distant, past the richly diversified acres of the Wellesley College Park, past the H. H. Hunnewell estate with its extensive arboretum, past the handsome country homes of the present Hunnewell generation, of the Shaws, the Sargents, and the Cheneys,—estates upon which liberal expenditure has been made with consummate skill and admirable result. Prosperity, attainment, great natural and acquired beauty are in evidence all along the way, and beyond, at the journey's end, is the quiet.

For South Natick is quiet. There is no steam railway within ordinary sight or sound, no local stir save the stated passing, crosswise through the town, of trolley cars running between Natick and Needham, and the departure or arrival of coaches over the main highway between Wellesley and Bailey's far-heralded hotel. The town's personnel is made up, for the most part, of substantial homes and good old families,—people who have a definite local pride and a strong public spirit, and who guard their treasures of history and romance with keen appreciation. The charm of location and surroundings amply justifies Mrs. Stowe's description—"as pretty a village as ever laid itself down to rest on the banks of a tranquil river." Pegan Hill and other highlands give an impressive background, while winding along the lowlands,

—"the Charles—stripe of nether sky,
Now hid by rounded apple trees between,
. . . . . .
Now flickering golden thro' a woodland screen,
Slips seaward silently through marshes purple and green."

As voiceless, yet eloquent, sentinel to South Natick stands the Eliot Oak, and a short distance only, behind it, rises the Eliot Church. In front of the patriarch tree, the highway of approach from Wellesley forks. On the left, the riverside and hillside teem with associations and landmarks of John Eliot, the Indians, the early white settlers, the

characters and incidents of "Old-town Folks." Here in the enclosed common are the monument to Eliot's memory and the Bacon Free Library with the historical rooms. Still farther to the left are the Sam Lawson and Parson Lothrop houses. In oblique line, back from the oak again, is situated the hotel on the Eliakim Morrill tavern-site, while beyond the hotel and back of the church on the tree's right, extends the old cemetery,—away from which one's thoughts travel without barrier or bound.

It is a matter of record that John Eliot selected the land and to some extent organized his Natick settlement in 1650. South Natick, to-day, is in fact Old Natick: the Natick known to this generation is the larger subdivision on the north, through which the steam railway passes. The church building, in Old Natick, was completed in 1651, and previous to that Eliot assembled the Indians under a large oak tree to teach them and preach to them. The actual identity of the present "Eliot Oak" with that oak of two and a half centuries ago is a controverted point. Suffice it to say that the tree named the Eliot Oak, if not the veritable oak tree of that long ago time, represents the one under which Eliot gathered his dusky companions. Longfellow has commemorated the historic annal in his sonnet on "Eliot's Oak":

"Thou ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud
With sounds of unintelligible speech,
Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach
Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;
With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,
Thou speakest a different dialect to each;
To me a language that no man can teach,
Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.
For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
Apostle to the Indians, Eliot, wrote
His Bible in a language that hath died
And is forgotten, save by thee alone."

It is a sturdy tree, crowned by a noble uplift of branches. And a stone at its feet tells the quondam passer-by that this is "The Eliot Oak."

Almost directly behind the oak, from the Wellesley side of approach, rises the Eliot church,—a typical, tall-steepled New England structure, with light painted, shingled exterior and conventional windows,—the fifth church building upon the spot, and a lineal descendant of John Eliot's first meeting-house. Eliot himself went into the forest with the Indians while they felled and squared the timber, the Indians bringing it on their shoulders to the chosen place. The building was completed in 1651 by the Indians, excepting a few days' assistance from an English carpenter. It was a plain wooden house, fifty feet in length by twenty-five in width, and two stories high. As the building was to serve the purposes of schoolhouse, store and study, as well as church, it must be a safe place, so it was surrounded by a fort, circular in form and palisaded with trees. The lower story of the house, which formed one room, was used for worship on Sundays and for a schoolroom on other days. In a letter from Boston to England in 1651, John Wilson, describing the building, said:

"And as there is a large Room below, so there is a like chamber above, in a corner whereof Mr. Eliot hath a little room inclosed, and a bed and bedstead therein, and in the same chamber the Indians do as in a Wardrobe hang up their skins and things of price, as counting them there to be safe

as well when the doors be open as when they be locked."

The first building fell down, or was blown down, about 1699, and the second one was erected in 1700, with aid from the General Court. The third church was built for "the new minister," Rev. Oliver Peabody, who came here in 1721, and the

"THIS CHURCH STANDS ON THE SITE OF JOHN ELIOT'S INDIAN MEETING-HOUSE."

John Eliot was

"Such priest as Chaucer sang in fervent lays."

Briefly, the events of his early life may be summarized thus: He was baptized in the Widford parish church, Hertfordshire, England,



ONE OF THE INDIAN FARMS NOW LOCATED AND MARKED.

fourth building, begun in 1753, but not finished for several years later, was taken down in 1800. Twenty-eight years elapsed before the present edifice was erected and dedicated—November 20, 1828. It is known now as the Eliot Unitarian Church, and bears inscription—that he who runs may read—

August 5, 1604—the exact date of his birth not being recorded; in his eigtheenth year he took his bachelor's degree at Jesus College, Cambridge University, entered Holy Orders, and came to America in 1631, on board the ship Lion, with a large company of colonists, who settled in the New England community. History has chronicled his

acceptable services to the Boston church, his subsequent settlement at Roxbury in 1632, where he labored for almost three score years, a faithful shepherd to his flock, leaving his mark on school as well as church. Like Chaucer's priest,

"Wide was his parish and houses far asonder."

From Roxbury as a centre, Eliot wandered forth on foot or on horseback into the surrounding wilderness in pursuit of opportunities of service. He became interested in the civilization of the Indians, and set about collecting them into settlements for their better instruction in letters, religion, agriculture, and the useful arts,—efforts that have given him immortality as the Apostle to the Indians. It would be superfluous here to trace the development of his enterprise from the first meeting, at Nonantum in 1646, through his arduous journeyings to the red men in the wilderness, to the fruition of his desires in the establishment of the South Natick Indian settlement, in 1651, where, as well as in Indian villages elsewhere, he wrought and taught for years.

Writing from Boston, August 27, 1651, to the corporation established by Parliament for promoting the Gospel among the heathen in New England, John Endicott told of what he saw and heard on a lecture-day among the Indians, when an Indian made a prayer and address with

"reverence, zeal, good affection and distinct utterance, which being done, Mr. Eliot taught in the Indian tongue about ¾ of an hour. . . . The Indians, which were in number, men and women, about 100, seemed the most of them so to attend him . . . as if they would lose nothing of what was taught them, which reflected much upon some of our English hearers. After all there was a psalm sung in the Indian tongue and Indian metre to an English tune. I rid [rode] on purpose thither, being distant from my dwelling about 30 or 40 miles, and truly I account it of the best journeys I made these many years."

At the time of the building of the church, in 1651, for the Natick settlement, three streets were laid out, under Eliot's guidance, two upon the north side and one upon the south, and the ground was divided into building lots, with yards and gardens attached. Along these streets the Indians built their houses, some after the English mode, others after the Indian. Between the north and south sides of the river—the Charles—they constructed a rude footbridge of timbers, in the form of an arch, and resting upon abutments of stone. And the present Eliot Bridge is on the site of that first bridge. In the course of years, through their leader's encouragement, the Indians cleared the forests roundabout and broke up the ground. They built fences of stone and wood, enclosing their gardens and fields; they planted orchards, raised good crops of grain and hay, kept cattle, horses, swine and fowls; several of the Indian farms are now located and marked. Various trades were represented among these Indians,—carpentry, masonry, blacksmithing. They made baskets, and cut out lumber from the forest stores, and gathered furs of the fox and beaver. so that a considerable trade with the river towns below was carried on from this Indian village; and the people lived in comparative comfort on the fruits of their toil. Such is the industrial picture set forth in Captain Daniel Gookin's report of 1674, after the village had been planted here for twenty-three years. At this time there were in the village twenty-nine families, numbering about one hundred and fifty souls.

Eliot, at first, was the only preacher. But gradually he prepared young men among the Indians to fill his place. Daniel Gookin, in his 1674 report—to the Society for Propagating the Gospel Among the Indians—stated that

"Mr. Eliot hath of late years fallen into a practice among the Indians, the better to prepare and furnish them with abilitee to explicate and apply the Scriptures, by setting up a lecture among them in logic and theology, once every fortnight, all the summer, at Natick, whereat he is present and ready, and reads and explains to them the principles of those arts. And God hath been pleased graciously so to bless these means, that several of them, especially young men of acute parts, have gained much knowledge and are able to speak methodically and profitably unto any plain text of Scripture. . . . From this little church and town of Natick hath issued forth, as from a seminary of virtue and piety, divers teachers that are employed in several new praying towns."

Two Indian teachers were employed in the school at the time of Gookin's report,—Anthony and John Speen. Two constables were chosen annually, by the Indians themselves, to enforce the laws and preserve order. A marshal-general, also an Indian, having jurisdiction over all the "praying villages," was appointed by the General Court. Waban was a local justice of the peace, "a person of great prudence and piety, held in high esteem both by the Indians and the English." Waban was not learned in the technicalities of the law, but he executed



CHARLES RIVER BELOW CHENEY'S BRIDGE.

it in a summary and impartial manner. The following is a copy of a warrant issued by him for the arrest of a certain troublesome offender:

"You, you big Constable, quick you catch um Jeremiah Offscow, strong you hold um, safe you bring um before me, Waban, Justice of the Peace."

There is also a unique sentence of Waban's recorded in a case between some drunken Indians of Nonantum:

"Constable, tie um all up, and whip um plaintiff and whip um 'fendant and whip um witness."

For more than twenty years the experiment of civilization had been carried on, and a well-ordered, prosperous village had been established here at Natick—"place of hills," or "place of search." Although there were occasional petty crimes and drunkenness among the Indians gathered here, still for the most part life was "decent in outward appearance, pure in morality, and under the watchful eye and guiding hand of Eliot, a humanizing and elevating influence had been established which gave promise of beneficent and far-reaching results."

On the breaking out of that terrible war—King Philip's war—the general distrust on the part of the English of the "praying Indians" of Natick and the neighboring villages was greatly intensified. The worst reports about them were credited; they were believed to be in league with Philip, betraying the English and leading the Indian movements. And the stories grew and multiplied.

It was in vain that Eliot and Gookin pleaded for these Indians, showing that very few, if any, had left their villages to ally themselves with the enemy. The people demanded their immediate removal to a place of safety, where they could do no harm. The Indian villages were accordingly broken up, the Indians being taken from their homes and placed upon a bleak island in Boston harbor, where in hunger, cold, and privations, they were kept during the winter of 1675-6. And when at last the English called on them for help, the Indians came to their aid and gave them the benefit of their sagacity and cunning in dealing with the foe, proving loyal to the English, and most efficient aids, if not the salvation of the white man's settlements.

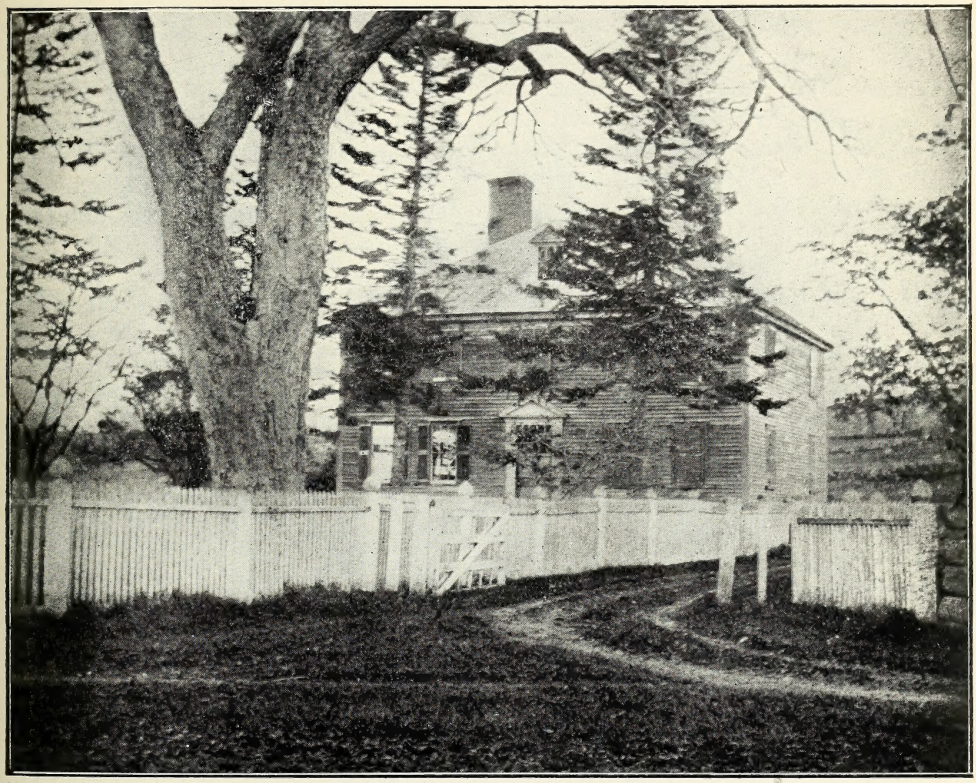
After the war was over, the Indians were permitted to return to their villages. But their homes were in ruins, their fields and flocks well-nigh destroyed. The work that seemed so promising before the war was almost undone. In 1684, eight years after the war, Eliot said there were only four villages left. Increasing age lengthened the intervals of the Apostle's visits, and after his death, in 1690, little more is heard of the "praying Indians." Takawambpait did his best in his time. But the trend of the world was not the way of the Indian. The Natick settlement continued to exist as an Indian town or village until 1763, when it was reorganized as an English town. At that time there were but thirty-seven Indians of pure descent in the place.

The Natick Indian Takawambpait deserves more than passing mention. John Eliot found him worthy, and appointed him to continue the mission work. A reference in Judge Sewall's diary states that "Daniel Takawambpait was ordained November, 1689, ye first Indian minister." Rev. Grandal Rawson, of Mendon, visited Natick in 1698 and re-

ported that he found here a small church of which Daniel Takawambpait was the pastor. Takawambpait's memory is tangibly preserved by the headstone of his grave, which stands in line with the fence on Pleasant street, not far from the church and the monument to John Eliot. It is the only marked gravestone remaining within the limits of the Indian burying-ground. The stone, of simple, primitive workmanship, bears this inscription:

Here Lyes the
Body of
Daniel Takawambpait,
Aged 64 years.
Died
September the 17, 1716.

It has sometimes been suggested that Eliot's effort on behalf of the Indian was a fruitless one, that his translation of the Bible into the Indian language, a marvellous accomplishment in philology, was a wasted labor of love. No more fitting refutation of such a view could be given than the words of the Rev. Leverett R. Daniels, for several years pastor of the Eliot church in South Natick: "Things so high, so noble, cannot die. The ages seek out the high hopes, the self-sacrificing aspirations of individual men, and enshrine them in the hearts and minds of future generations." John Eliot was centuries ahead of his time in our country. To-day his ideas of



BADGER PARSONAGE, BUILT 1753.

education and Christianization are being carried out not only in Hampton and Carlisle, but in scores of other places.

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
. . . . . .
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit."

Unlike many of the surrounding towns, Natick for the first seventy years of its history was almost exclusively an Indian village. Its period of actual white settlement is exceeded in length by Sherborn, Framington, Weston, Needham and Dedham. For everything they acquired of religion, morality, education, even the land to hold, the Indians were indebted primarily to the sagacity and energy of Eliot. But when the good influence of Eliot and his associates began to wane, they forgot many of the lessons they had learned, while, simultaneously, owing to the action of several definite causes, their numbers became much reduced. These circumstances combined to make an opening for the white man who had looked with ambitious eye on the rich farming lands possessed by the Indians. And from the time of the first white settlers, about 1718, there is handed down a record, not without its pathetic side, of the gradual displacement of the original owners by the incoming and stronger race.

In 1721, when Rev. Oliver Peabody—Eliot's successor after a long lapse of years, save for the Indian preachers—was sent to Natick by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, he found but two white families in the place, the Thomas Sawin and the Jonathan Carver families, whose names occur conspicuously in Natick's early history. David Morse, the third settler, came here from Sherborn in 1727 and was long a leader among the whites and the Indians.

Mr. Peabody preached, as a missionary, for eight years, after which a church was embodied (in 1729) and he was ordained its minister. He was a zealous, untiring worker, and it is stated that during thirty-one years of service in this, his first and only pastorate, he improved the moral and spiritual status of the Indians, helped many to throw off the habits of intemperance which had become fastened upon them, taught them to till their farms more economically and skilfully. In these years he baptized one hundred and ninety-one Indians and four hundred and twenty-two English. The Peabody family lived in a house on Eliot street, built shortly after the missionary came, and destroyed by fire in 1867. In the spring of 1722 the Indians brought, as tokens of their good will, two elm trees, "The Friendship Elms," planting them with much ceremony in front of the house, and these trees flourished about ninety years, when, failing, they were cut down.

But although practically all the outward visible signs of the Indian race have vanished from the South Natick of to-day, many landmarks and legends remain. The Takawambpait grave-stone tells its own significant story. Sites of Indian farms have been carefully located and marked by stone monuments. One such monument shows where Hannah Dexter, the far-famed Indian doctor, lived,—a well-known character, who was sent for from all the region roundabout, as she had the reputation of effecting wonderful cures, but who herself met a tragic fate, on the eve of December 6, 1821, having been pushed into the

fire by her grandson, Joseph Purchase.

The gently-gradual southern slope of the hill which is in effect the town-centre to-day, was chosen by the Indians at a very early date in the settlement as their burying ground. When Mr. William Biglow wrote, in 1830, his excellent though brief history of Natick, he found in these graves, such as beads, spoons, arrow-heads—placed there undoubtedly in accordance with the customs of the Indians—have been preserved in the town historical collections.

The Historical, Natural History and Library Society of South Natick is to-day the stronghold for all that can be gathered of local value. With

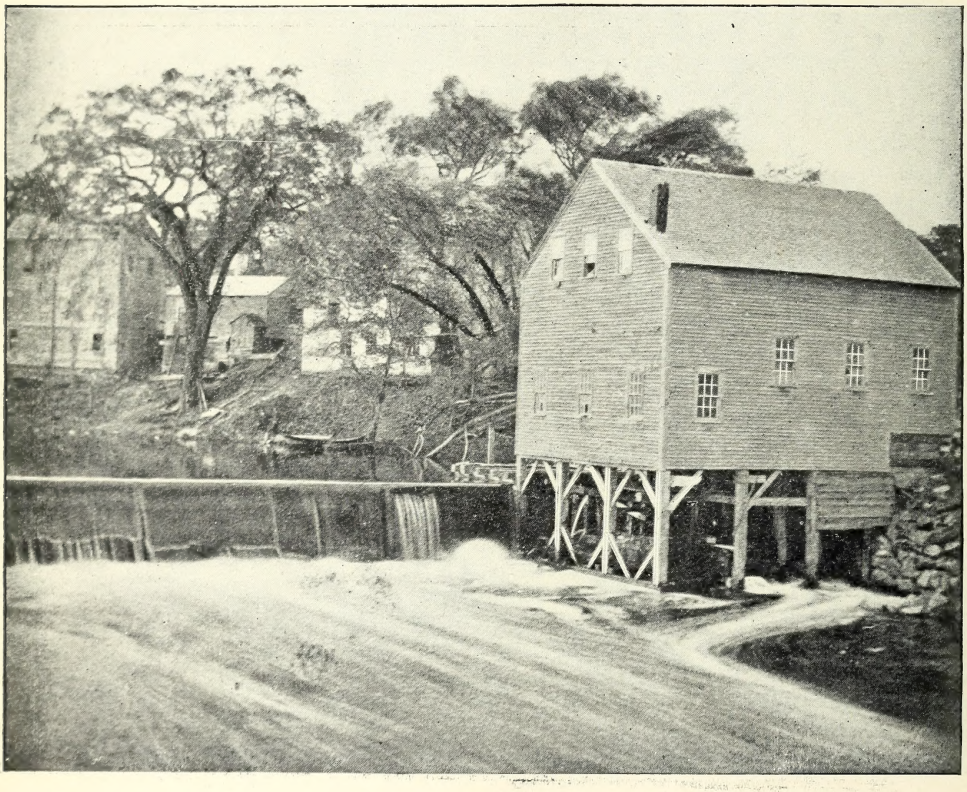


THE BACON PLACE, BUILT 1710.

stated that within his memory the remains of Indians from the surrounding country were brought here and deposited in this burying-ground. And only a few years ago a statement was made, on good authority, that it was hardly possible to remove the earth anywhere in the allotted limit without opening Indian graves. Many of the articles such a historic record as South Natick could show, it was natural that some means should be adopted for the collection and preservation of historic material. Until 1869, however, only individual efforts were made here and there,—except the town's public celebration in 1851, of its two hundredth anniversary. A pamphlet history of the town had

been published by William Biglow in 1830, and a somewhat more extended history by Oliver N. Bacon in 1856.

In 1869, January 6, Rev. Horatio Alger and a number of gentlemen in South Natick met to discuss the expediency of forming a historical and natural history society, and on February 22 the society was organized with Rev. Horatio Alger as president; Rev. Gorham D. Abbott, LL. D., vice-president; Joseph Dowe, recording secretary; Rev. Stephen C. Strong, corresponding secretary; William Edwards, treasurer and natural history curator; Dr. George J. Townsend, Dr. George C. Lincoln, Elijah Perry, C. B. Dana and Amory L. Babcock, directors. Quarterly business meetings were arranged, and, in due time, a course of lectures was inaugurated,—the first lecture, on "New England's Place in History," being given by Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, D. D., a native of the town, and, as he himself often commented, "chiefly known as the husband of his wife." Through 1870 and '71 the infant society made rapid and vigorous strides, and by the first of March, 1872, a varied, valuable collection of animals, birds, botanical specimens and historical relics had been secured, the collection being located in rooms over some shops in the town. Among these relics were the sounding-board under which



THE OLD MILL.

Rev. Oliver Peabody preached, the bridal robe and slippers worn by Mrs. Stephen Badger, "Lady Lothrop," specimens of pottery made by the Natick Indians, and many other articles having local associations.

On a bitterly cold night in early March, 1872, a fire reduced the building and the collections to ashes; at the same time, also, the old tavern and nearly all the business blocks in the town were burned. The society did not suffer a total loss, however, for, although money could not replace the lost relics nor the record book of donations to the society, an insurance policy of $500 secured to the society money with which to begin the work of gathering a new collection. During 1872 the society was reorganized, its work enlarged, and new rooms fitted for its museum. Steps were now taken to form a corporation, and on the 21st of February, 1873, an agreement of association was signed by H. H. Hunnewell, Asa Gray, William Claflin, Judge J. W. Bacon, Rev. Horatio Alger, Jackson Bigelow, Dr. George J. Townsend, William Edwards and others, for the most part residents of South Natick, to form a Historical, Natural History and Library Society, to be chartered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The charter was in due season obtained, and the corporation



THE PRESENT ELIOT BRIDGE, ON THE SITE OF THE FIRST INDIAN BRIDGE.

began work successfully, with Rev. Horatio Alger as president.

In 1878, by the will of Oliver Bacon, who died in April of that year, about $40,000 worth of property was left to build a public library, with the provision that the Historical Society should have suitable rooms provided for its museum, free of rent forever. The Bacon Free Library, a well-arranged, suitable, substantial brick fireproof building, was erected in 1880, and the ground floor has been used since 1881 for the historical collection. In the summer of 1881, a society seal was procured, which, in design, depicts the Apostle Eliot presenting the Bible to a group of Indians gathered under the Eliot Oak.

The society held a series of Field-Day meetings in May, 1881, '82 and '83, when members and their guests visited historical sites and houses in the vicinity and heard descriptive papers read. On May 30, 1900, another historical Field Day was held, and through a suggestion made at this meeting, a committee was chosen to arrange for the observance of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of South Natick. After due conference, the society formed by the Descendants of John Eliot arranged to hold its second reunion in South Natick, July 3, 1901, and the Historical Society selected July 4 as the day for its anniversary celebration. On both these days, two years ago, admirably ordered and thoroughly interesting programmes were carried out.

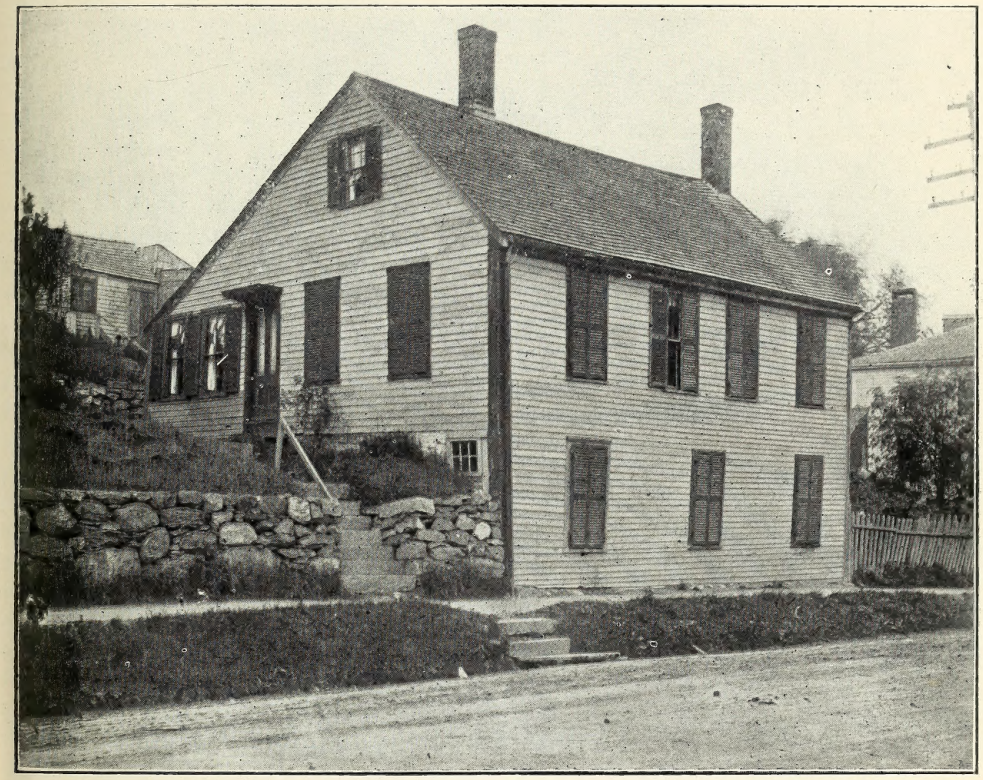
Ever since its organization, the Historical, Natural History and Library Society of South Natick has been ably officered, and has benefited by much devoted effort on the part of its members. The governing-board at present is composed of Mr. Gustavus Smith, president; Mr. William Pfeiffer, vice-president; Mr. M. V. B. Bartlett, treasurer; Mrs. M. V. B. Bartlett, recording secretary; Mr. Osborne R. Perry, corresponding secretary; Miss Ida H. Morse, custodian and historical curator; Mr. Henry Pfeiffer, natural history curator, and a board of ten directors, which includes the first five officers named.

From time to time, mainly through gifts, have been gathered into the library building collections of which the town's people may justly be proud. The library in itself, besides containing valuable old books and papers, is well stocked with modern books, and is a recognized centre of influence. In these fortunate days a multitude of towns and villages have libraries. Few towns, however, possess so carefully arranged and representative natural history and historical collections as South Natick.

The natural history accumulations, of birds, butterflies, fishes, reptiles, mammals, corals, shells, mosses, lichens, represent a wide range of countries as well as many exceedingly choice and rare specimens. It is the local historical lore embodied here, however, which has for the present purpose most of interest.

Indian axes, spears, gouges, arrowheads, primitive cooking utensils of both the Indians and the white people, tin ovens, foot-stoves, specimens of fine needlework, samplers, spinning implements, make up a collection illustrative of the daily life and character of the old-time days. Some of the articles are especially noteworthy in detail. Among these is a hand-made wooden rose-mill—believed to be two hundred years old

—for grinding the petals of roses to make rose-conserve, a favorite sweetmeat in colonial times; a clumsy toasting-iron for use before the fireplace; a Yankee baker, made to "hug close to the fire;" a wooden cheese-mill for grinding the curd before it was pressed; candle-molds, bearing marks of much use, and several home-made spoons.



SAM LAWTON'S HOUSE.

"Oldtown, with its elm trees, its great square white houses, its meeting-house and tavern and blacksmith's shop and mill,"—the Oldtown of Harriet Beecher Stowe's description, is no other than South Natick,—although sometimes, and naturally enough, the name and locality are confounded with Old Town, the Indian colony near Bangor, in Maine. Professor Calvin E. Stowe, son of Samuel and Hepzibah (Biglow) Stowe, was born in South Natick in 1802, in a small house which stood just south of the present Merchants' Block. Always having kept a warm affection for the home of his youth, Mr. Stowe was desirous that his gifted wife should embody in a book local scenes and incidents which should picture New England life and character at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In November 1866, Mr. and Mrs. Stowe came to South Natick to collect material for "Oldtown Folks." It was in the large square wooden house,—sometimes called the White House,

and with whose front fence the Takawampbait gravestone is in line, —that they stayed on this visit. The book itself was written in the Stowe's Florida home.

In her preface to "Oldtown Folks," Mrs. Stowe wrote "My studies for this . . . have been Pre-Raphaelite,—taken from real



ISLAND RETREAT OF HORACE AND HARRY IN "OLDTOWN."

characters, real scenes, and real incidents. And some of those things in the story which may appear most romantic and like fiction are simple renderings and applications of fact."

The story is naturally not closely accurate as to dates or geography, and some of its characters had no counterparts in the early life of the town. As has been said "The book is a literary tapestry, of which the Natick of a century ago forms the canvas background, but over and through the sober threads of fact the genuis of the author has woven the brighter threads of fancy to make an artistic and harmonious picture."

Professor Stowe's youth is well portrayed in the character of Horace Holyoke, the presumable narrator of the story, who, in the intervals of time between doing chores and running errands, delighted to wade over to the island by the mill-dam, and shut in a leafy thicket which he called his study, pore over the old books left him by his father.

Besides "Horace Holyoke," the

principal personages named in the story, who have been clearly identified, are the Lothrops, the Badgers, and Sam Lawson. "Parson Lothrop" is the Rev. Stephen Badger, "Deacon Badger" is Deacon William Biglow, "Sam Lawson" is Samuel Lawton.

Rev. Stephen Badger came to South Natick in 1753, successor to the Rev. Oliver Peabody. Mr. Badger, a native of Charlestown and a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1747, was selected by the same English Society which had sent Mr. Peabody here, and Mr. Badger ministered to the spiritual needs of the community through a long lifetime. He survived his first wife by twenty-one years, but his second wife — "Lady Lothrop," whose coming to town made such a stir in Oldtown, — outlived him twenty years. The Badger parsonage, built about 1753, on Eliot street, is standing yet, and is commonly spoken of as the "Parson Lothrop House." In front of the house is a large, stately elm tree, the surviving one of the two "Friendship Elms" planted here by the Indians, who thus signified for the second time their good will toward the incumbent minister. The house is now owned by Mr. Arthur Hunnewell.

Every Sunday in the old meeting-house on the site of the present Eliot Church, came together the entire population of the neighborhood, men, women, children, aristocrat and vagrant, to all of whom Parson Badger, in flowing black silk gown and spotless bands, preached sound, accepted doctrine. The Indians — diminished relics of Eliot's flock — were included in the congregation, certain benches being reserved for them in the centre of the church.

A conspicuous figure in the church life—in fact, as in fiction—was Deacon William Biglow (the name was then spelled without the "e"), maternal grandfather of Professor Stowe. William Biglow was the first of his name to settle here, and was a minute-man in 1775. The site of his house was near the southeast corner of the present library grounds. Deacon Bigelow appears to have been a prosperous man for the times; close by the homestead lot stood his saw and grist-mill; he also owned a farm, and in addition to the sawing of logs and the grinding of corn, manufactured paper. At the Biglow homestead "the wandering Indian was never denied a good meal, a seat by the kitchen fire, a mug of cider and a bed in the barn." In the story, Horace Holyoke says:

"My grandfather, out of his ample apple orchard, always made one hogshead of cider which was called the Indian hogshead, and which was known always to be on tap for them; and my grandmother not only gave them food, but more than once would provide them with blankets, and allow them to lie down and sleep by her great kitchen fire."

Sam Lawson was a frequent visitor at this same hospitable fireside. And his is said to be the character most true to life, in Mrs. Stowe's story. He appears not only in "Oldtown Folks," but is also the presumable story-teller in Mrs. Stowe's "Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories"— which embody much of the Natick folk-lore. Sam Lawson was

"a tall, shambling, loose-jointed man, with a long, thin visage, prominent watery eyes, very fluttering and seedy habiliments. . . . Of respectable family, and not destitute of education, he was an expert in at least five or six different kinds of handicraft, in all of which he had been pronounced by the knowing ones to be a capable workman, 'if only he would stick to it.' He had a blacksmith's shop, where, when the fit was on him, he would shoe a horse better than any man in the county."

But Sam was essentially, good-naturedly, incurably indolent, to the great vexation of his wife Hepsy:

"Hepsy, she's at me from morning till night," said Sam. "First it's one thing and then another. One day she's at me . . . 'cause the wind's east, and fetches the smoke down chimbley. I tell her, 'Hepsy, now look here,—*do* I make the wind blow?' But it's no use talkin' to Hepsy. . . . Hepsy hain't no sort o' patience. Why, jest this mornin', I was a-tellin' her to count up her marcies, and I 'clare for't, if I didn't think she'd a-throwed the tongs at me."

"In all Oldtown there was no better story-teller than Sam Lawson." He was something of a philosopher, also, and many of his sayings have passed into a kind of proverbs. "Jest mind and remember and allers see what there is in a providence afore you quarrel with it," is a characteristic expression. And another: "There's places where folks jest lets go 'cause they hes to." Philosophical, indeed, are these shrewd utterances: "There ain't nothin' lasts forever! Wait long enough, and 'most everything blows over," and "That 'are's jest the way folks go all their lives. It's all fuss, fuss, and stew, stew, till ye get somewhere; and then it's fuss, fuss, and stew, stew, to get back again: jump here and scratch your eyes out, and jump there and scratch 'em in again, —that 'are's life."

The "Sam Lawson," or Lawton, house stands on Eliot street, between the Parson Lothrop house on the one hand and the tavern-site on the other, and not far from the Bacon Free Library. The basement, Sam used for his blacksmith shop. He occupied this place from 1798 to 1812, when he sold it, and leased a small one-story house with basement below, nearly opposite. Here he lived until his removal to Newton Lower Falls, in 1828, where he died January 22, 1862, aged eighty-eight years.

South Natick had its travellers' stopping-place, as a matter of course, in the old days. In 1872, Eliakim Morrill—who was born in Wilmington, Massachusetts, in 1751, of a notable family—bought the land now occupied by Bailey's Hotel, two dwelling-houses and the schoolhouse near by, and built a tavern, which he kept for seventeen years, and which, passing through various hands, stood until 1872, when it was destroyed in the same fire that laid waste the historical collection. Bailey's Hotel was erected in 1873, and has proved an honorable successor to the old-time inn, where shelter, hospitality and entertainment had been so long and so amply furnished—"when fires of hickory and oak wood blazed upon the wide open hearth, in the low-studded 'common-room,' and the loggerheads were heating in the coals, and the fragrant smell of the turkeys, or beef, or pork roasting on the spit before the open fireplace in the kitchen filled all the house."

The Uncle 'Liakim, sometimes Uncle Fly, of Mrs. Stowe's book bears slight resemblance to Mr Eliakim Morrill, the traditions of whom were undoubtedly made elastic for the purposes of the story Eliakim Morrill removed from Natick to Dedham about 1799, and died forty years before "Oldtown Folks" was published. One of his descendants, S. B. Noyes, of Canton wrote of him a few years ago:

"I delight to dwell upon the picture of the old tavern as presided over by my grandfather,—not as he was in his old age, when he used to take me with him in a square topped 'one-horse shay' from Dedham to Boston, a distance of ten miles, and back in the same day; he dressed in shoe clothes, black silk stockings, silver kn

buckles and shoe buckles,—but as a younger man, a host on hospitable thoughts intent, as he was always in his later years."

As many a traveller laid himself down to rest, at the day's end, in the old tavern, so many a town's man laid himself down to his last sleep, at his life-journey's end, in the old cemetery, which is just beyond the tavern site, and in sight on the right from the Eliot Oak. The cemetery lies close to the northern limit of the Indian burying-ground, and the land was granted by the Proprietors of Natick to the Rev. Oliver Peabody and his successors, June 22, 1731. Here, on time-worn stones, may be found the names of many honored families of the town, — Biglow, Bacon, Jones, Stowe, Morse, Thayer, Broad, and others.

The earliest date is found on a stone near the road, which bears the inscription: "Here Lyes Buried the Body of Mehettable Dyer, aged 30 years. Dec'd June ye 11th, 1733." Rev. Oliver Peabody, who died in 1752, is buried here, and his gravestone is marked with a long Latin inscription which commemorates his virtues, wisdom and devoted labors. Here, also, is the grave of his successor, Mr. Badger. As the stone sets forth:

"Deposited in this enclosure are the remains of Rev. Stephen Badger. He was chosen by the Commissioners for Propagating the Gospel in New England, and ordained as a missionary over the Indians in Natick, March 27, 1753. Died August 28, 1803. Respect this stone. As a tribute of affectionate respect this stone is here placed. While memory fond each virtue shall renew."

Many of the stones date well back into the eighteenth century. Their inscriptions are suggestive of ancient hymns and "Young's Night Thoughts." These eighteenth century tablets contain many curious names,—Lerniah, Kesiah, Medora, Pardon, Peltiah, Lampetia, Euphamia, Olynda, Josephame. A peculiarity of the early inscriptions is the poetic sentiment expressed in the first person, as if the deceased were speaking; for instance, the following:

"Friend or physician could not save
My mortal body from the grave;
Nor can the grave confine me here
When Christ shall call me to appear."

Another admonishes thus:

"My friend, when you do read these lines,
I hope you'll bear it in your minds
How instantly that I did die
And went into eternity."

There is one quaint bit of poetizing which is full of pathos. Over a little mound is a stone marked, "Patty Smith, aged 15 mos. 25 days," with these words below:

"A pleasant plant, a blooming flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour."

Three headstones in the old cemetery read thus:

Sarah Eliot, daughter of Dea. John Eliot, of Boston, died September 6th, 1787. Aged 62 years.

Silence Eliot, daughter of Dea. John Eliot, of Boston, died August 2d, 1790. Aged 60 years.

Joseph Eliot, son of Dea. John Eliot, of Boston, died September 25th, 1782. Aged 54 years.

Deacon John Eliot, of Boston, was a grandson of Jacob Eliot, brother to John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians. Deacon John Eliot married for his third wife Mrs. Hannah, widow of Rev. Oliver Peabody, which doubtless explains the fact of Deacon Eliot's son and daughters being buried here, as his widow returned to Natick after his death. Some of the fine needlework wrought by Sarah and Silence Eliot,

who were deaf mutes, is in the historical rooms.

The half has not been told about South Natick. Many a relic, many a house and landmark, is the nucleus for a story. Many a family,—the Carvers, Sawins, Bacons, Morses, as well as the Badgers and Bigelows—has been conspicuous in town affairs. "Sacred to the memory of" seems written everywhere.

Even a brief record of South Natick would be incomplete without a mention of Samuel Welles, Jr., who, "in 1770, owned more land in the town than any other person." Much of this land is now comprised in the Hunnewell estates. Samuel Welles, Jr., was a great-grandson of Governor Thomas Welles, of Connecticut, and on his mother's side a descendant of the Eliots. Mr. Welles was one of the leading and most successful business men of Boston, and although his largest interests were in Boston, he identified himself from the first of his purchases with the town affairs of Natick. Many prominent positions and offices of trust were bestowed upon him by the town's people. As Selectman he approved a bill which, entered upon the town records, incidentally shows something of the school system of the day:

"Natick, Septm. 5, 1773.
"The Deestrict of Natick Dr. to Betty Carver for keppen scolle & Boarden 10 weeks at four shillins & ten pence per weke, £2, 8s, 0d. Errors excepted By me.
"BETTY CARVER."

As the school-mistress was married during her term of service, Mr. Welles warns the town treasurer "not to pay the bill unless her husband also signs it."

Another entry on the town records has reference to the freeing of a black man named Caesar Thompson, one of Mr. Welles's servants:

"Boston, Feb. 18, 1783.
"This may certify, to all whom it may concern, that I this day, fully and freely give to Caesar Thompson his freedom.
"Witness my hand.
"SAMUEL WELLES.
"A true copy. Attest:
"ABIJAH STRATTON, Town Clerk."

The Welles family continued to be prominent in these parts for many years, and when the new township was set off from West Needham, in 1881, it was named, in honor of this family, Wellesley.

The half has not been told. But space will not permit the dwelling upon additional details concerning past and present South Natick. Of the facts herein related, be it said that they are the most accurate one

"could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history."

And the place is well worth thinking o'er, as a pilgrimage point,—this Oldtown of to-day, where exist, in happy conjunction, surpassing natural beauty, rich stores of local history and romance, and unfailing courtesy on the part of the town's people.

At the Home of Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

By Jane A. Stewart

PERHAPS less is generally known of any other living American author than of the forceful writer, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. Her avoidance of public prominence is the outcome of a natural diffidence, of partial ill-health and of a complete devotion to her art. The sense of reserve and an innate distaste for anything suggestive of notoriety has led her to close the doors tightly upon her private life.

Yet Mrs. Ward is not in any degree a hermit. She often receives visitors, with whom she converses freely on topics of the day. It was the writer's good fortune to spend an afternoon, not long since, with the brilliant author at her winter home in Newton, not far from Boston.

A quick sense of delighted anticipation came as I alighted from the train at the pretty suburb and stepped into a carriage for the two-mile drive to Oak Hill.

Though born more than half a century ago, "within a mile of Boston State House," Mrs. Ward has never lived in the metropolis. From earliest years she has lived at Andover. But since her marriage, some twelve years ago, she and Mr. Ward have resided at Newton Centre.

One naturally looks for an author's home in a suburb. It was to secure the desired solitude and seclusion that the Newton location was chosen. "The distractions, the exhaustions, the savage noises, the demands of town life, are for me," she declares, "mortal enemies to thought, to sleep and to study; its extremes of squalor and of splendor do not stimulate but sadden me; certain phases of its society I profoundly value, but would sacrifice them to the heaven of country quiet, if I had to choose between."

The transition from city to suburb and then to country is quickly made in the thirty-minute ride from Boston to Mrs. Ward's home. Surely the environs of well-to-do Newton carry no suggestion of urban underlife and sorrows. In an inconceivably short time the carriage, or, if one is a good pedestrian, a smart walk, takes one into all the beauty and seclusion of the real country side.

After a brief quarter of an hour, the carriage departs suddenly from the road and brings one almost unexpectedly upon the gravel driveway, which circles directly in front of Mrs. Ward's door.

The dwelling is a modest one. It is of two and one-half stories, painted the traditional white, with green blinds. Dormer windows break the outlines of the sloping roof, back and front. There are no trees near the house, which is set in a "sweet field of living green" on the crest of a lovely slope commanding an enchanting and unbroken

outlook of hill and valley for thirty miles.

The home is just such a place as would rejoice the heart of one of retiring temperament and of modest wants. The ardent lover of natural beauty should find ample gratification in an environment so full of nature's most lovely manifestations in field and wood.

A plain small porch protects Mrs. Ward's front door. In response to my ring, the author herself appeared. With unaffected cordiality she invited me in. And with the thoughtfulness which is one of her chief characteristics, she remarked at once, "Do not tell the man to call for you; I will see that you are taken back to the station."

Mrs. Ward is an impressive personality. An expressive, mobile face, a tall figure, suggestive of vigor and activity, and a manner cheerful, hearty and sincere, set off a marked individuality. She appeared exceedingly approachable, agreeable and kind.

A low, narrow hall runs through the heart of the author's home. At the rear is the study, a small room opening on a veranda looking to the west. The simplicity and plainness of the interior reminded one of Mrs. Ward's own words regarding her home:

"Plain New England comfort and economy we consider to be in princely circumstances. Our upholstery hangs in our silver birches and bronze chestnuts, our red oaks and olive pines. Our Wilton and Axminster lie in our clovers and snowdrifts. Our bric-a-brac shines on the boughs of our apple trees when the blossom blushes. Our jewels blaze on the tips of our pine-fronds when the ice-storms glaze and the sun of the winter thaw is hot. Out galleries are filled with the masterpieces of May and of October, framed in quiet study windows, whose moods we choose to fit with ours."

"We can never quite want for society," she continues, "when our pine groves talk; they have taught us their language and we need no translator when the winds are abroad. The piano rings to the accompaniment of grand winter storms, from which only the true country-lover never shrinks; and the books on their shelves or tables turn loving faces to the readers, who do not count the evenings dull in the society of these loyal and life-long friends. The country-side without and the fireside within open the book of home together; and the word they read is peace."

I was ushered at once into the author's study. A very beautiful spaniel, Mrs. Ward's pet Fée, immaculately white and fresh from his bath, gave me a vociferous greeting, and scarcely remitted his welcome even when affectionately commanded by his mistress, whose tenderness for animals is among her chief attributes.

Half reclining in her favorite chair, in the study, with arms thrown back above her head, Mrs. Ward talked interestingly for an hour, the chief theme being the cause of anti-vivisection, of which she has become a consistent and persistent advocate.

"I am sorry I did not go into the work twenty years ago. And if I had known as much as I know now, I would have devoted my life to it," she declared with characteristic frankness and vigor.

At the advent of the housekeeper with a large vase of fine yellow Marguerites, Mrs. Ward paused. In a simple, unconscious way, she rose and crossed the little room to the stand near the window, where the flowers had been placed. Putting both her hands tenderly under the drooping sprays of the winsome blossoms, she pressed them close and tenderly, gazing thoughtfully and earnestly at them. Then looking silently for a moment out of the window, she returned to her seat and resumed the thread of her conversation.

I was impressed by her decision of manner, her animation and her force of expression. Although not fluent ("I can write much more comfortably than I can talk," she says), her command of language is evident. Her precision and care in the selection of phraseology are noticeable. Occasionally she would pause for just the right word to present itself. "Everything else can wait," she was saying, "until this blot on Christian civilization (vivisection) shall be"—and coming to a sudden stop, she looked at me quizzically, and asked, "What do you do to a blot?" "Eliminated?" I ventured to suggest. "Sponged out," she concluded with a cheerful laugh.

I was naturally sorry when the time for the daily drive had come, which meant the breaking off of the pleasant visit, although I was to share a portion of the ride. Every afternoon, it seems, Mrs. Ward's custom is to drive in an open or closed carriage, as the weather may determine. On this occasion, as the clouds had begun to look threatening, it was the closed carriage which was brought out. Holding the lines over the sober white horse was a coachman, whose voice, "like the sound of many waters," proclaimed him to be a transplanted seafarer. On the brief ride to the station Mrs. Ward said but little. But her observant eye seemed to take in every detail of the passing scenes. A prostrate tree-trunk, which had fallen across the electric wires, caused her to remark, "We shall have a dark street to-night." Referring to the case of a noted reform leader who had apologized in the most magnanimous manner before her constituency for an error, she thoughtfully said, "We are greatest when we humble ourselves."

As I parted from my distinguished hostess I felt that I had met

"A Nature wise
. . . . . .
With watching from the dim verge of the time,
What things to be are visible in the gleams
Thrown forward on them from the luminous past,
Wise with the history of its own frail heart,
With reverence and with sorrow and with love,
Broad as the world for freedom and for man."

A Friend To Me

By CLARENCE H. URNER

NATURE hath been a friend to me:
For when too proud to speak of grief
To humankind, there came relief
In Nature's kind society.

The Evolution of the Japanese Stage

By YONE NOGUCHI

NO country under the sun has ever seen such a battle as that which has raged in Japan (yes, they tell us "Nippon" is the most extraordinary country in the history of human progress) for the last thirty years, and especially during the last fifteen years—the battle between her old thoughts and the new civilization which blew from America chiefly. The old "civilization" is retreating. The final triumph of the Western idea is in sight. We showed a striking genius for transformation some twelve centuries ago, when we welcomed the Chinese. It could not be compared, however, with our present demonstration. And how sudden! It would be nothing but mystery for you to see us present ourselves under the new civilization as if we were born in it. Not a few people are endeavoring to resolve its mystery.

And I wonder if there could be any more abrupt revolution than our opinion upon the drama and its players. We had never looked upon the actors as equals. They were not permitted to be buried in the same graveyard with other people. We denounced their lax morality without any slightest proof. We condemned them as toys of women of the lowest order. (Respectable women were not encouraged to see the play.) Even a beggar had more advantages socially. They couldn't mingle with the people publicly. Pray, look at them to-day. The government honors them, highly recognizing their calling as a "Kyodosho-ku" (profession of teaching and guiding). The stage has sprung into a school, and the actors to moral instructors. We have discovered their art and its merits. They have suddenly become an object of admiration. They gained the most remarkable distinction, which has no parallel in our history, when in 1879 they were invited to play before Prince Henry of Germany, and before General Grant, in 1881 before King Karakawa, and in 1887 before our august Emperor and Empress. What an honor! Did any actor ever dream of it?

The Japanese dramas were made long before the stage. The productions were called "joruri," since the earliest plays dealt with the loves of Lady Joruri and Yoshitsune. Under the peaceful age of the Tokugawa feudal government, Joun Satsuma exhibited his dramatic performances in Yedo (present Tokyo) with the puppets. His show prospered during the second quarter of the seventeenth century, and his followers retained the fad of it in Yedo for some hundred years. However, it reached its highest development in Osaka, where Harima Onoye was a recognized master. His fame was eclipsed gradually when Gidayu Takemoto appeared. He opened a puppet show in 1686, he himself singing and reciting. The popularity of Takemoto was largely due to Monzayemon Chikamatsu,

the greatest lyrical dramatist ever born in Japan. Yes, Monzayemon Chikamatsu was called the Japanese Shakespeare. His beauty of style and diction has no superior in Japanese literature. He wrote some hundred plays, being on historical subjects with the exception of twenty-two on domestic. The "Tenno Amijima" (the suicide of two lovers, a paper dealer and a courtezan) was considered his greatest production. Later appeared Izumo Takeda (1691-1756), who opened a puppet show in Osaka, and from his time joint authorship in drama grew into fashion. Izumo and his collaborator wrote the "Chushingura" (The Forty-seven Ronins), the most celebrated play on the Japanese stage, in 1744. With their death the puppet show fell out of favor, the regular theatre taking its place. Now Jihei Ysuuchi, playwright, made his appearance, followed by many talented writers, the last of whom was Mokuami Kawatake (1816-1893).

The theatre was first built by Kanzaburo Saruwaka in 1624. However, the first actor worthy of mention appeared half a century later in the person of Danjuro Ichikawa. His family is still continuing to-day, acting having been their hereditary profession for two long centuries. The ninth bearer of Ichikawa's great name, Mr. Shu Horikoshi,—the ablest of all the Danjuros, and the greatest tragedian ever seen on the Japanese stage,—died suddenly last September in his sixty-sixth year. He, with his clever contemporary, Kikugoro Onoye (Alas! he died also several months before Danjuro), was king of the stage for the last thirty years. They played invariably the old plays which were written originally for the puppet show. These plays were historical and tragical—to the Japanese mind the play was nothing if not so. The stage gave a chapter of history, but not a reflection of our modern life. Actors frequently performed the domestic plays written by Mokuami Kawatake, and in later years the plays of Genichiro Fukuchi, a playwright monopolized by the Kabukiza, one of the best Tokio theatres. But his plays were usually adaptations from old writers, chiefly from Monzayemon Chikamatsu. Originality was less approved.

All in all, there was nothing more conservative than the Japanese theatrical world, say, some fifteen years ago. The actors' genius was carefully clipped into conventionality, their mode of acting moulded in a cast. Any new fashion would be denounced—"Katani nai" (that's not old form)—however great it might be. They painted their faces as they were taught by their forefathers, and they dressed in the same fashion. They wore the eternally same wigs, and their elocution was their fathers' elocution. No Western civilization had touched them in those days. Nevertheless their impersonations won nothing but praise from the foreign critics.

In 1890 there was revolution in the air. A new school of actors suddenly made its presence felt, headed by Oto Kawakami. They raised the flag of realistic acting, doubtless adopting a certain Western method, and utterly ignoring the original Japanese rhetoric in impersonation. Some of them were born actors, but our prejudiced minds could never permit them the title of actors. They were not finished artists in our best sense. We dubbed the followers of Kawakami, "Soshi Yakusha." Soshi means a fellow half a student, half a vagrant, hanging around the politi-

cians, while yakusha is an actor—wholly an amateur, spoken cynically. They put Tetsucho Suyehiro's political novel, Sechu Bai, on the stage to begin with. It was the first time in Japanese history that any novel was transferred to the stage. It was not a success, and the troupe were not admitted to play in any large theatre, but only in some Doncho (shabby one). However, it was not a phenomenon to be ignored, since their followers steadily increased. They were winning popularity.

And this year (the thirty-sixth of the "enlightened" Meiji era) might be called their year of triumph. The new school presented to us two plays, one being "Tamakushige Riourashima" and the other "Othello." Decidedly they mark an epoch for the Japanese stage.

The former failed, but it opened the stage to literary writers, since "Tamakushige" was written by Ogai Mori, an author of the highest repute. He attempted to have his play staged as an opera, but it ended as an experiment. Opera is an utterly unknown form to the Japanese.

Four years ago Oto Kawakama and Madame Sada Yacco gave many a performance to Americans, when they were on their way to the Paris exposition. Their acting was highly praised. We Japanese used to denounce their unworthiness of such admiration. We even ventured to mutter about Americans' utter want of discrimination. But still greater recognition they won in England and France. They played in every country in Europe. Undoubtedly they made their "foreign tour" partly from eagerness to study Western stagecraft. Their ambition was to revolutionize the Japanese stage, as the leaders of the new acting. When they returned home, they commissioned the novelist Suiin Emi immediately to translate "Othello" for them. He was the very first to make an adaptation of Shakespeare to the Japanese stage. We wondered what he could do.

We were told that he would present to us a certain modernization of Othello, as well as its Japanization. We promised ourselves not to be too severe, since he was undertaking a work which appeared to us impossible at once. We would be satisfied, we said, if he produced some shadow of the play—even the faintest shadow—showing Iago's terrible villainy ruining Othello's noble mind with its poison. Did he succeed in his adaptation? Yes, he did. And the players also.

The Japanese "Othello" was first put on the stage of Meijiza last April. Did any "soshi yakusha" of ten years ago ever dream that the time would come for him to play in such a big theatre?

"Cyprus" in the play was moved to Formosa—to Pescadores Island (Hotoke in Japanese), to be particular. The Japanese Othello (Major-General Washiro Muro, the Commander-in-Chief in Formosa) has been despatched for immediate action against threatening danger from the Chinese pirates combined with the Formosa natives. He was made up hateful in face, but not black, as the real Othello might appear. He was only boorish-looking, so the contrast between him and his Desdemona (Tomoye Fujin in Japanese) was not startling. The translator made Washiro Muro's birth somewhat suspicious, to which Tomoye's father, Count Banjo Fura, the Minister of the Treasury (Brabantio in the English play), objected. Family history is first in Japan.

The Third Act (Act II., Scene 1, in the original,) opens with the scene of a huge banquet in celebration of the subjugation of the rebels. Upon the tables you will see a thousand bottles of wine, fruits, cakes and "Western" food. From the room next to the banquet hall a burst of laughter from the already arrived guests reaches you. Here Iago (Gozo Iya in Japanese) will appear, accompanying Roderigo. The Japanese Roderigo is in the guise of a Formosa gentleman, by name Ko Rotori (son of the director of the bank). They will talk briefly over their treacherous devices against Cassio (Major Yoshio Katsu in Japanese). The translator did not know how to use the clown in the original third act, so he introduced Bunta Kuroi (the Formosa interpreter) in place of the clown. He skipped the jolly drinking songs in the Hall of the Castle (it being impossible to reproduce the merry rhythm of the English for the Japanese). However, the bed-chamber scene (Act IV., Scene 3, in the original,) cannot go without Desdemona's song:

"Yuku mizuya! Saso nagareni yanagikaze! Motsure gaminaru otomegoga, koini nakunewa satogawano, seni suterareshi ishi koishi warewa ukiyoni sumu tsukiya!"

It is a pretty Japanese song, but only a faint echo of the original. It is a love song without the directness of the original, vague expression being considered high art in Japan. And it would be regarded as most extraordinary for a lady to sing a popular song. Therefore the adapter introduced the Edison phonograph to sing it. Bianca appeared as a geisha girl from the gallant Shinbashi of Tokio, Biaka by name

You will not blame Suiin Emi for failing to bring out the sublimity and beauty of phrase of the original. Who ever could? French translators have failed, and German also. You will find the most forcible expressions in English turning to something short of the ridiculous in the translation. The translator was forced to leave immense gaps. At the very close, Othello (I mean General Mura) wound up his words with "Saraba!" (farewell) without "killing myself, to die upon a kiss." To mention kiss is absurd in Japan. Japan is the country without kissing.

So, one of Shakespeare's great tragedies has made an appearance on the Japanese stage, and has proved a success, whatever critics may say about the acting.

Still another triumph of the new school was assured in Asajiro Fujizawa and Company's performance of Hokusei Kusamura's novel, Hamako, last October. On the other hand, with the sudden death of those two great actors, Kikugoro and Danjuro, there is probability of the old school declining.

A Prophetess in Her Own Country

By Jean Bingham Wilson

THE hot July sun poured relentlessly down upon the farmhouse roof. It would have made the low kitchen unbearable if a faint breeze had not sprung up from time to time and filtered through the coarse white curtains at the window.

"My, but it's hot," said Mrs. Perkins, laying her flatiron down with a bang. "Ain't you hot, Amandy?"

"S'pose so," returned her daughter shortly, from the corner where she sat sewing. "I guess I've got something else to think of, though, except it's being hot."

She jabbed her needle into the piece of white muslin with energy.

"D'you mean George?" asked her mother good-naturedly; "'cause he's here, comin' through the yard. It's a matter o' three days sence you saw him, ain't it?"

"He's ben busy," said Amanda, briefly, as she left the kitchen to meet him. Her mother watched her cross the yard with her stiff pink calico dress fluttering about her figure.

"Somethin's the matter with George," she said aloud. "He hain't smiled sence he met Amandy. An' they're comin' in." She cast a swift glance around the kitchen before she met the pair at the door with the broadest of smiles, as if to make up for George's noted deficiency. "Hello, George!" she cried, hospitably. "Come right in. Glad to see ye."

Her cheeriness did not extend to George Barton.

"Good afternoon, Mis' Perkins," he answered constrainedly. He followed her and Amanda into the room, trying to walk as unconsciously as usual. In consequence a certain stiffness became apparent in his carriage.

"Sit down, George," said Mrs. Perkins. "'Mandy, take his hat. You don't mind if I go on ironin', I s'pose. I alwis feel more at home on my feet."

Amanda sat down again in her low rocker. Her face was flushed; her appealing blue eyes looked questioningly at her lover, but she said nothing. George seated himself on the edge of his chair with his big hands holding the sides. He did not look at Amanda.

There was silence for several moments. Only the flies were uninfluenced by it, and in the absence of other sound their buzzing seemed all the louder. George cleared his throat awkwardly; his long, lank figure moved about uneasily in his chair, and his face reddened.

"Mis' Perkins," he began hesitatingly, "I guess you'll think it's none of my business, but there's some things I've got to know. Folks is talkin' about you, an'—"

"I guess I know what you're goin' to say, George," interrupted Mrs. Perkins. She stopped ironing, and her plump figure straightened up. "You're a-goin' to say somethin' about me bein' a poet, ain't you?"

"Yes'm," said George, "I—"

"I s'pose you're goin' to say that folks is gossipin' about it. I know

ye are. Ye see, George, nobody understands about it now, not even Amandy. But I think you'll take my part when I tell you how it all started."

George looked embarrassed. "Why, folks has told me a good deal about it," he said, haltingly. "Ma says—"

"Wait!" cried Mrs. Perkins. "You'd better le' me tell ye the whole thing afore ye talk about gossip. Then you'll see how things really is."

Mrs. Perkins stood up straight by the ironing-board and faced her hearers. Amanda looked only at George, with an expression of slow apprehension on her face; but he kept his eyes persistently on the floor.

"It all begun a long time ago, George," said Mrs. Perkins. "Ye see it's this way;—all my life I've loved th' beautiful, an' never knowed it. I've alwis loved flowers, an' the blue sky, an' pretty dresses, an' I alwis dressed my childern jest as well's possible under the circumstances, which wasn't fav'rable, so to say. I alwis loved everythin' nice an' clean an' pretty 'round me, an' yet I never knowed why it was."

George shifted his position.

"But I found out, George, the very day you come here last," went on Mrs. Perkins. "It's because I'm a born poet, an' I never knowed it afore in my life. It took the *Farmer's Wife's Companion* to tell me, an' even then I couldn't believe it fer a while. It had a beautiful piece in it, explainin' the whole thing. I'll read it to you."

Mrs. Perkins opened the drawer of the kitchen table, and drew out a long paper clipping. She went to the window and read slowly:

THE LOVE OF BEAUTY AND THE POET.

"The love of beauty is a poet's characteristic. In his heart it abides and rests forever. The genius of a poet will shine forth in spite of obstacles. Burns was a Scotch cottager; Keats, the son of a stableman; the great unrivalled Homer was only a poor, blind, wandering minstrel. Gold, the brightest of all metals, is found in the commonest earth. The diamond, peerless gem and priceless jewel, is plucked from the fond embrace of Mother Nature. So our sweetest singers, our most inspired poets, are found in the humblest surroundings, and their most famous songs are filled with mention of the most homely articles of common usage. We are all familiar with those beautiful lines of Woodworth's, celebrating the "Old Oaken Bucket That Hung in the Well." How many of us could write as beautifully of other familiar objects.

"Ye mothers on farms and lonely villages of this land, the United States! Upon you depends the moulding of the future race! Whether the coming generation has a deep-seated love for the beautiful depends upon your habits and upon your influence. Many of you are poets—aye, though you know it not! Thoughts of the utmost beauty sweep across your minds as you do the petty, daily duties, monotonous and common. The time may not be far distant when one of you, laying aside the churn or the dish-cloth, may astonish the world with glorious outgushings from a poetic soul."

Mrs. Perkins drew a long breath as she finished. "Ain't it beautiful?" she cried. "Oh, George and 'Mandy, if ye only knew how it makes me feel! Think o' bein' a poet after all these years! It's a long time sence Mr. Perkins died, ye know, an' it was pretty hard work a-keeping up this farm an' the house, too. Sometimes I most thought I'd have to give up. But I didn't, George, an' now here's my reward. Ain't it beautiful?"

George knit his brows. "It's a pretty piece, Mis' Perkins," he said, "But I'm dummed if I see how you knowed it meant you."

"Why, it almost says me," answered Mrs. Perkins surprisedly. "I wasn't sure either, though, until I tried writin' po'try to find out. Why, George, it's as easy fer me as it c'n be. The poetry jest wrote itself right off. Le' me read ye a piece."

"Oh, no, ma!" cried Amanda, distrustfully.

"Let 'er read it, 'Mandy," said George. "I want to hear ever'thing."

Mrs. Perkins took a small recipe book from the table and drew a piece of brown paper from it.

"Here's one," she said. "It's named 'Diamonds and Gold':"

DIAMONDS ARE GOLD.

"The diamond is a priceless gem,
But I will not have one of them.
For every day I see the dew
Upon the grass quite plain to view.
And gold, of metals the most bright,
Which some folks say is out of sight,
I do not care to have it mine.
Butter's my gold, stamped with a lion."

"There!" cried Mrs. Perkins triumphantly, as she finished. "What d'you think of that!"

George looked puzzled. "I dunno anythin' about po'try," he said, "but I'd wait a long time afore I was sure I was a poet. 'Twon't do, Mis' Perkins, to go agin what folks says. 'Mandy an' me—"

"You'd better le' me read you my next," said Mrs. Perkins hurriedly. "P'rhaps you'll change your mind then. This's about Homer—the poet I read ye about. Ever heard o' Homer, George?"

"No," answered George stiffly. "Who was he?"

"The poem tells," said Mrs. Perkins. "Here it is."

HOMER.

"Homer, thou wast unrivalled!
Poor wandering minstrel thou!
Would I mightst wipe the journey's dust
From off thy dripping brow!
How oft thy goodly violin,
Tucked up beneath thy mighty chin,
Thou must have played for many a dance
And loved the jolly, happy din."

Amanda sighed as her mother finished.

"What's the matter, 'Mandy?" asked Mrs. Perkins.

"I ain't goin' to say nothin' at all," the girl answered.

"'Mandy don't believe in me, George," said her mother sadly. "She don't understand; but she will after I've published a whole book o' these, an' have got famous. They say ev'ry poet has a hard time gettin' famous. There was Columbus."

"He wasn't a poet, ma," cried Amanda, blushing, and breaking her vow of silence.

"So he wasn't," returned her mother good-humoredly. "So he wasn't, but I dessay he had poetic ideas."

She cast a swift glance at George's face, but it was not aglow with admiration, as she had hoped to find it after her reading. She lost a little of her self-possession, and her fat, red face grew redder.

"George an' 'Mandy," she said appealingly. "You don't know what all this po'try means to me. I thought ef you, George, would only understand that I really am a real poet, you'd kind o' help me till I got to be famous, and make the neighbors an' your mother believe in me like they'd ought to. I'll never give up this po'try, you can be sure. I ain't got many more years to live, an' I got to hustle 'round to git a book done afore I give out. It ain't right fer a poet not to be famous,—you'll be doin' wrong ef you go agin me."

She could not see Amanda's face which was bent over her work, but George's expression of unyielding perplexity did not change. Suddenly he rose, and put his great bony hand on the chair back of him for support.

"Mis' Perkins," he began, "I come over here to say somethin', an' I guess I'd better say it now. I don't know nothin' 'bout po'try, couldn't never even learn the stuff myself

Far as yours goes, it may be all right; mebbe 'tis an' mebbe 'tisn't; 'tain't my place to say. But folks is talkin', Mis' Perkins, an' they say all sorts o' things 'bout you. Some think you're crazy, even, an' that ain't right fer 'Mandy."

Mrs. Perkins's face fell, then brightened. "But, George," she said eagerly, "'twon't be so long now afore I git enough to make a book. I got quite a few now—I c'n do two ev'ry day. Then folks'll know, an' the joke'll be on them."

"'Twon't do, Mis' Perkins," George began again. "It's makin' 'Mandy here jest sick; she said so."

"I feel dreadful 'bout 'Mandy's taking it so hard," answered Mrs. Perkins. "But she'll be so glad when I'm famous. It won't be so long now, an' I can't stop it, George; I can't! Why, I'm a different woman sence I've knowed I was a poet."

George took a step nearer. "I guess I'll have to tell you the whole thing," he said slowly. "I hoped I could persuade you out of it, but I see I can't."

Amanda got up from her chair and came nearer. Mrs. Perkins stood still, waiting for his words.

"It's hard to tell," began George uneasily, "but you won't stop any other way, an' I'm afraid you won't by this neither, prob'ly. You dunno how ma feels about this, Mis' Perkins. She's jest mad clear through. She says you ain't no poet, nor never will be; she's knowed you forty year, an' if you'd ha' been a poet all this time she guesses she'd ha' knowed it. She says you must be crazy, an' none o' her fam'ly ever married into any crazy fam'ly, an' she don't mean 'em to begin now. She says if you won't stop writin' trash, an' makin' so much talk tellin' people you're a poet, she won't gimme that money fer the farm; then 'Mandy an' me can't git married next month, nor not fer five year, anyway, even with me a-workin' hard by myself. You'd oughter give in, Mis' Perkins! It ain't right fer you to stand in 'Mandy an' my way jest fer an idee."

Mrs. Perkins fell back with a whitening face. She sat down heavily in a chair near by.

"'Mandy not married!" she cried. "Me not a poet!"

George felt that he had won his case.

"Jest think, 'Mandy," he cried, turning to her. "Jest think o' waiting five year more."

But Amanda's face was no more tearfully sullen. George met a pair of blazing blue eyes glaring at him.

"D'you think my ma's crazy?" demanded the girl. "D'you think she don' know what she's doin'?"

"Why, 'Mandy!" faltered George. "You said yourself she ain't no poet."

"I know I said so," she returned. "I've said lots o' things I hadn't ought to, an' I guess I've led poor ma a dance these last few days. I don't know whether my ma's a poet or not; but I ain't goin' to have your ma bully over her that way, you can jest believe! George Barton, my ma's goin' to write po'try all she has a mind to! She's goin' to write all day ef she wants. You c'n marry me in five year, George Barton, or you c'n leave me now, jest as you've a mind to,—but I'm goin' to stay with my ma, an' she's goin' to write ev'rything she wants!"

Amanda's cheeks were burning, and her eyes flashing. George had never seen her look so pretty.

"Why, 'Mandy!" he cried weakly, "you know I'd never leave you—"

Mrs. Perkins had been sitting perfectly still, with a dazed look, for several minutes. She had not seemed to hear anything until her daugh-

ter's last words aroused her. Suddenly she stood up again.

"I ain't never goin' to *say* I'm a poet agin," she said slowly. "The Lord *knows*, I guess, but he don't tell all o' us at once, anyways."

She crossed the room swiftly and took up the old recipe book and the paper clipping. Amanda and George watched her with fascinated eyes. She raised the stove-lid quickly and threw the papers into the fire below. One quick blaze, and fame had deserted her forever.

"Oh, ma!" cried Amanda. "What did you do that fer! You needn't—"

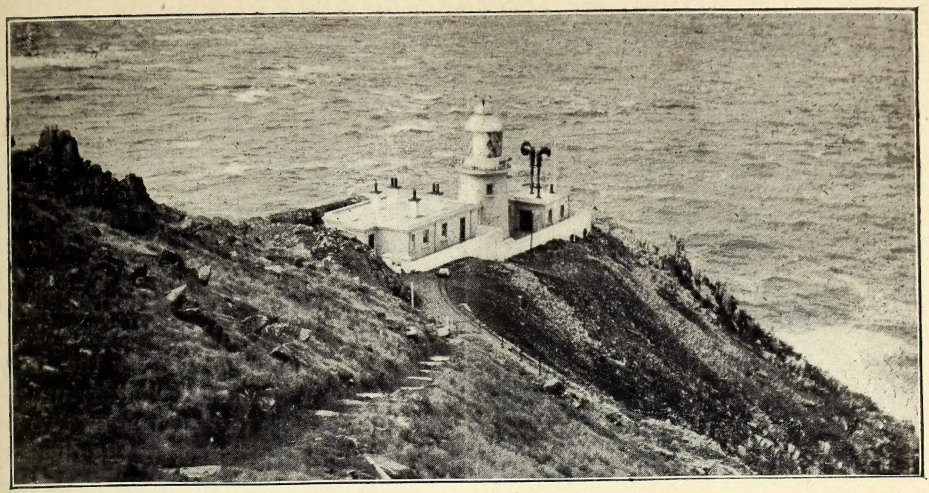
"I've ben a mother thirty year, Amandy," said Mrs. Perkins firmly, "an' I've ben a poet only three days. I guess my claims o' bein' a mother has got to be settled first. Now you two go on out an' leave me,—I got to git this ironin' done."

She stood quite still watching them, as they left the room hastily with embarrassed words of joy and regret on their lips. When they had gone, she stepped quickly to the stove, and lifted the lid again. But her eyes were too dim to see the white ashes beneath.

October

By Joseph Wesley Leathers

A LITTLE brown, a little gold,
The forests and the fields enfold;
Reminders that the year is old.
The earth will soon grow sober.
But now a sense of keen delight
Is in the air from morn to night;
The crisp, sweet air on vale and height:
And this we call October.



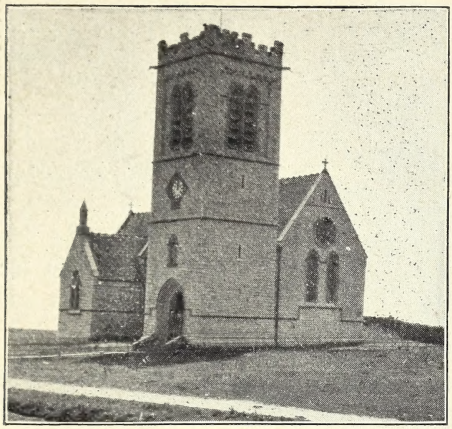
NORTH END LIGHTHOUSE, LUNDY.

A Visit To Lundy

By R. L. PILLSBURY

ALL through the sweet English summer, as one wanders along the Devon and Cornwall coast, there is visible, from Ilfracombe down to Tintagel, the outline of an island,—now compactly massed and even, now long, irregular and low; now dim, now distinct, but mysterious always,—the changeful outline of Lundy. There are days when it seems but a short sail distant, when its white church and lighthouse towers gleam with cameo-like definiteness against the blue-grays and pearl of the island itself and the over-arching sky. Other days there are when even from near Clovelly it looks immeasurably remote,—no more than a dim blue profile against the dim and neutral sky, or, even, no more than a silver haze on the point of melting into the tender atmospheric haze. Again there are days when it disappears from mortal vision as completely as Atlantis of old, and the baffled gaze seeks it longingly, in vain. Alluring, retreating, ever fascinating, with a continual promise of mystery to be revealed, of a secret to be shared,—it is the veritable Monna Lisa of islands.

Difficulty of access and re-cess yet further guards the enchanted spot. One *may* reach it with a coaster from Bristol, but much more probably he may not. In the season, one may come with an excursion steamer from Ilfracombe, only that the weather and "the act of God" (I quote from a sailing notice), must always be taken into consideration; and, moreover, this excursion steamer, like most sectarians, has its own interpretation of the weather and the act of God,—an interpretation more often unfavorable to Lundy than otherwise; also, the complicated internal politics of the island prevent all excursion steamers save this one only from touching there.



CHURCH, LUNDY ISLAND.

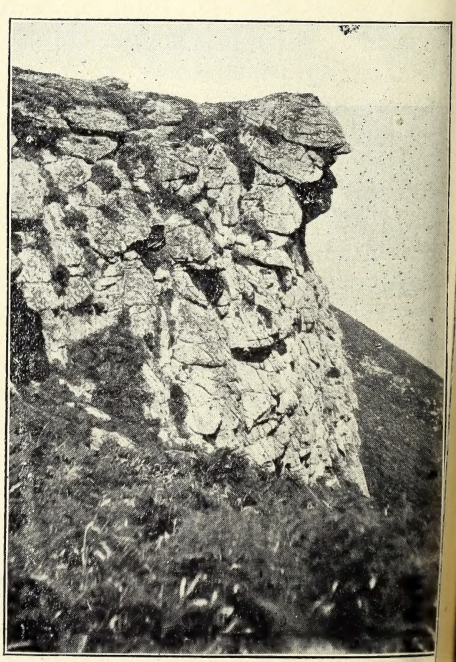
Again, weather and the will of God permitting, it is possible to get a sailing boat from Clovelly, in which case—according to wind and tide—one may be for hours or forever in reaching the elusive goal.

And yet again, one may avail himself of the weekly mail skiff from Instow, only that the weather and the act of God affect this as all other approaches to Lundy,—it being on record that four weeks at a time have passed without the skiff being able to cross.

Also, one must bear carefully in mind the fact that if—by the grace of God and the weather—he does in the end reach Lundy, the same conditions that affected his arrival will probably determine his departure. But if, by a fortunate agreement of circumstances, the weather is favorable, the traveller's temperament equable, and his time at his own disposal,—then his stay upon Lundy, whether enforced or voluntary, will be an experience worth having,—a pleasure in the present and a unique remembrance for future days.

It must be borne in mind by intending visitors that the island is private property as much as any estate on the mainland, that the few inhabitants are the proprietor's tenants, and that accommodation for the stranger is strictly limited;—he cannot pick and choose; he must take what he can get. The proprietor's residence, the Manor Farmhouse and a good church of recent construction, are the only buildings of any size, lighthouses excepted; and the Manor Farm is the only place for a transient visitor, unless he should care to rent one of two or three empty cottages, or the disused lighthouse near the centre of the island's southern half, and cease for a while to be transient.

Lundy is a long, narrow, treeless tableland, rising to an average height of 500 feet above the level of the sea; with its somewhat wavering length extending due north and south, and its breadth—such as it is—from east to west. Like Arnold's Helicon, on all sides it "breaks down



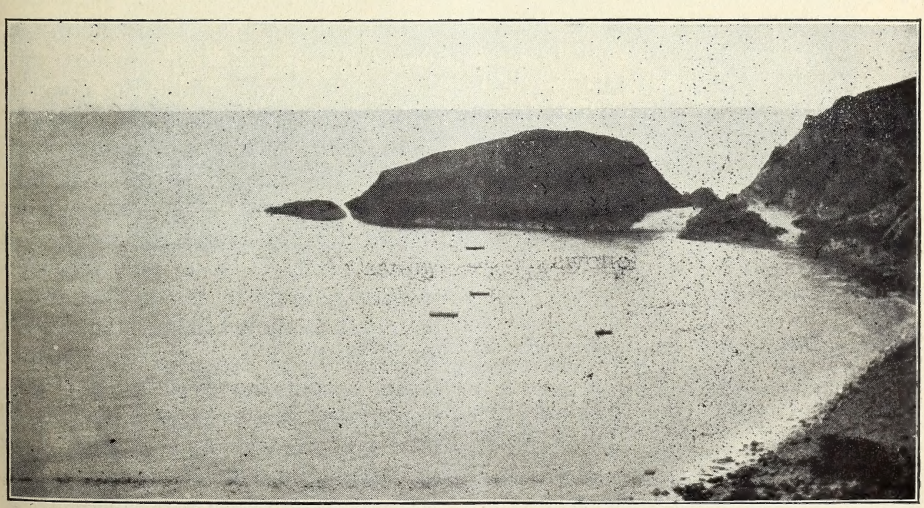
THE "TEMPLAR," LUNDY.

in cliffs to the sea,"—cliffs precipitous, ribbed, rifted, cut into scarps and battlements, or simply sheer walls of granite,—now green or bronzed with bracken, now bare as the palm of one's hand, and with the Atlantic surges beating ceaselessly at their feet. Only at the south-eastern corner is the slope a little more gradual, and pierced with a narrow valley, in which nestles the proprietor's house. A good road has been constructed from this point down to the landing place, with a branch to the south-end lighthouse; also there are the remains of a road leading past the old Half-way and Quarter Walls, up to the north end.

A lighthouse stood of old on the highest point of land, near the southern centre,—stands there yet, in fact, but is a lighthouse no longer. After it was built, experience showed that in certain conditions of the atmosphere a light at that elevation could not be seen, so that when most needed it was practically useless. It was given up accordingly, and two fine new lighthouses were built,—one at the southeastern end of the island, just above the landing place; the other at the extreme northwest; and both on a lower grade, where the light is always visible. The one at the northern end is the most picturesquely situated; that at the south looks across the water to the mainland, and exchanges flashes of greeting with the lights at Hartland Head, Bull's Point and Braunton.

The most remarkable feature on the eastern side of the island is the famous "Templar" rock. The likeness, though quite unassisted by art, is astonishingly faithful. The lineaments of the face are largely chiselled, bold and masculine, surmounted by a knight's cap with the visor up. Its gaze is directed with stern intentness toward the mainland; and it requires little stretch of the imagination to regard it as the island's sentinel, stationed there by the fierce old owners of the place,—the wild and lawless Mariscos, whose fortress still remains at the southern end, to mark the by-gone history of Lundy.

Let us please ourselves also by



LANDING PLACE AND RAT ISLAND, LUNDY.

thinking that the "Templar" must have suggested to Mr. William Watson his fine

"Inscription on a rock having the likeness of immense human features:

"The sea fowls build in wrinkles of my face,
Ages ere man was, man was mock'd of me.
Kings fall, gods die, worlds crash;—at my throne's base
In showers of bright white thunder breaks the sea."

The southern end of the island is ineffaceably associated with Kingsley's "Westward Ho." Readers of that splendid narrative will remember that after the defeat of the Armada, Amyas Leigh, in his little *Vengeance*, pursued for sixteen days the galleon of his mortal foe, Don Guzman de Soto, upward as far as the Orkneys, down again through the Bristol Channel, until at last in the midst of a fearful storm he overtook him,—only to see his ship strike on the Shutter Rock of Lundy, and go down with all on board. Amyas sees no more in this world, for at the same moment he is blinded by a flash of lightning. The *Vengeance* wins into the harbor, and his friends carry him up the hill to Marisco Castle. A few days later, when he has recovered somewhat from the shock, he gets them to take him to the rocks above the Limekiln and Shutter, that he may review mentally, on the spot, the past tragedy. The description that follows is of Kingsley's best:

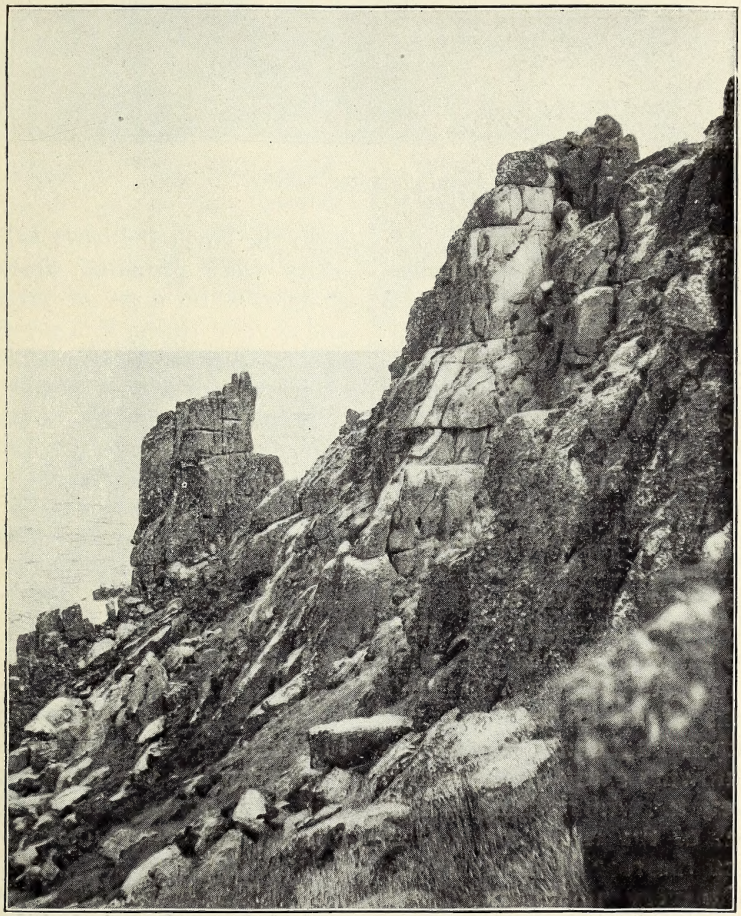
"So on they went to the point, where the cyclopean wall of granite cliff which forms the western side of Lundy, ends sheer in a precipice of some three hundred feet, topped by a pile of snow-white rock, bespangled with golden lichens. . . . To the northward the glens rushed down toward the cliff, crowned with gray crags, and carpeted with purple heather and green fern; and from their feet stretched away to the westward the sapphire rollers of the vast Atlantic, crowned with a thousand crests of flying foam. On their left hand, some ten miles to the south, stood out against the sky the purple wall of Hartland cliffs, sinking lower and lower as they trended away to the southward along the lonely iron-bound shores of Cornwall, until they faded, dim and blue, into the blue horizon forty miles away.

"It was no easy matter to find a safe place; for from the foot of the crag the heathery turf slopes down all but upright, on one side to a cliff which overhangs a shoreless cove of deep dark sea, and on the other to an abyss even more hideous, where the solid rock has sunk away and opened inland in the hillside a smooth-walled pit some sixty feet square and some hundred and fifty in depth, aptly known then, as now, as the Devil's Limekiln; the mouth of which, as old wives say, was once closed by the Shutter-Rock itself, till the fiend in malice hurled it into the sea, to be a pest to mariners. A narrow and untrodden cavern at the bottom connects it with the outer sea; they could even then hear the mysterious thunder and gurgle of the surge in the subterranean adit as it rolled huge boulders to and fro in darkness, and forced before it gusts of pent-up air. It was a spot to curdle weak blood, and to make weak heads reel."

One can realize the beauty of this description anywhere; but to realize its absolute truth, its transmutation of the scene into the phrase,—one must read it on the spot, seated on the same rock where Kingsley sat, and where he places his hero. It was with pardonable pride that, after his trip to Lundy, the novelist told a friend: "I sat down opposite to the Shutter Rock, and took it all in, and yesterday I wrote it all out. When I got home, I said to my wife, 'My dear, my trip cost me half a guinea, but I have put five-and-twenty pounds in my pocket, for I have got a whole chapter for "Westward Ho!"'"

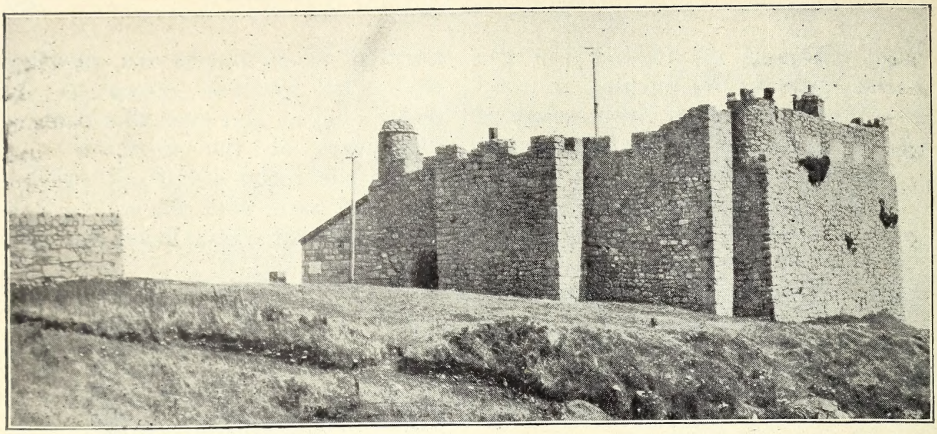
To reach the North-end lighthouse, one passes over uncultivated moorland for at least the upper third of the island. It displayed in late August, when I saw it, a wealth of autumnal coloring, in rich, dark

tints. Masses of heather ran the entire gamut of purple, relieved every now and then by bunches of gorse in its second growth,—great splashes of glowing yellow. Occasionally rose long stems of foxglove, gone to seed save for a few late blossoms at the very tip; occasionally, too, there were bunches of dog fennel, over which hovered clouds of little butterflies, blue-gray and golden-brown. All this gave way, on approaching the cliffs, to a thick growth of bracken in shades of mottled green and brown, clothing the more gradual slopes to the water's edge. But even this clothing disappears at the northern end, where the rocks stand out precipitous and bare, with the waves tearing wildly at their base, and one magnificent pillar of rock — the "Constable"—rising alone in bold relief,—the guardian, the sentinel of the waste.



"THE CONSTABLE," LUNDY.

Descending here from the high upland plateau, by means of a ladder-like staircase of some two hun-



MARISCO CASTLE, LUNDY.

dred steps cut from the solid rock, one reaches the northern lighthouse, wedged in between sea and cliff. Its isolation is complete, and its environment splendidly, savagely picturesque. The outlying rocks, called the "Hen and Chickens," possess none of the usual peaceful attributes of barnyard fowl; they are, on the contrary, ravening birds of prey, ever on the watch for hapless ships. Over them and between them, and between them and the shore, beat violently and continually the great Atlantic billows. When the wind rises in force, the breakers roll in like the ranks of an advancing army; break upon and climb far up the cliffs, throwing spray and spin-drift to the very top with untiring energy. The roar of the wind is only less loud than the roar of the surf; one loses the very understanding of silence.

A terrific northwest storm visited Lundy while I was there; and it was a sight worth seeing,—how the ships, as many as could, gathered like frightened birds in the lee of this great island breakwater.

Fishing boats, coasters, colliers, and craft of yet larger size, came rolling, pitching, plunging, tossing, in to the coveted shelter. Two tugboats were prowling around, like shaggy water-dogs of larger size; and several times, as a message was flashed over from the mainland that such or such a boat needed help,—they put their noses down to the surf, dashed out into the tremendous turmoil, and disappeared in spray and fog. After a while they would be seen returning, at times almost buried beneath the waves, but always re-emerging with cheerful and unabated persistency, towing after them into safety the disabled craft.

Spin-drift was blown clear over the island; patches of heather were torn away by the roots with their thin soil, leaving the light-colored granite beneath it bare;—to walk against the wind was almost impossible. This storm lasted three days and nights,—the wind shifting from southwest to northwest,—until it literally blew itself out.

The air was cool and clear when I left Lundy,—after a last walk to the Devil's Limekiln, and a last glance at the evil fang of the Shutter. Looking back, when the boat was well out at sea, the island appeared like an etching,—so clear and

delicate was its finish, so sharp its relief against the sky. But a little later it grew indistinct, and before we reached Biddeford Bar it was best described in the haunting lines:

"Old Lunday lay some leagues away,
Guarding the middle sea;
A silver mist his low length kissed,
Yet rugged and cold looked he."

The next morning, a sea-haze had rapt entirely from view the enchanted island.

Child Life in the Philippines

By MINNA IRVING

IT would take the masterful pen of a Hugo to portray the various phases of child-life in the Philippines, though much of the tale is written plainly on the children's faces and all who run may read. Such wizened, pinched, old faces as they are—pinched for nourishment of the soul as well as of the half-starved, half-naked little body, and too often, alas! old in sin as well as suffering. I am alluding, of course, to the masses and not the classes, for Filipino children of the upper classes are petted and spoiled and overfed to an even greater degree than anywhere else on the civilized globe. It is of the children of the nipa huts and crowded Manila tenements I would speak most, for these little ones already present the knottiest problem the United States has to solve in dealing with its new possessions, and one that requires to be handled with great *finesse*. I refer to the system of child-slavery practiced there, and which is a great stumbling block in the path of the American school teacher who goes out from the States to teach the young idea to shoot in the outlying provinces.

Little toddlers of four or five years old are bound out as knife boys by their needy parents, and remain in slavery until they are old enough to run away, which they generally do. The duties of a knife boy are to scour the knives and other kitchen utensils, empty the slops, lay the table, and fetch and carry for the family. He is a little scullion, and receives in return only his food and lodging. The former is often the scraps from the table, and the latter a piece of ragged matting spread anywhere on the floor. His clothes are hardly worth mentioning, being usually rags, with the original colors weather-faded and lost in dirt, while many boys—and girls, too,—run about quite naked until they are eight and even ten years old. When the child is furnished with a single garment of coarse sacking, which is made by merely cutting a round hole to admit the head and two slits for the arms, the master considers he has done his duty by way of providing his tiny slave with a wardrobe.

Aguinaldo began life as a knife-boy to the village priest, but the priest was a kind man, and not only educated the future Filipino leader, but on discovering he possessed unusual intelligence and ambition, sent him to a European college. There is also a system of paying debts which falls heavily upon the debtor's children. The children are bound to pay the debts of the parents by being



THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

sold into slavery to the creditors, and remaining in such slavery until the debt is paid. Slaves of this kind who desire their freedom and who seek the protection of any military garrison now receive it. They may also cancel the debt by purchasing themselves from the owner, and many masters allow them opportunities of earning money for this purpose. But more frequently the child grows to manhood or womanhood, becomes bent and old, and dies before the debt is paid. As the debtor is usually very ignorant, the creditor has it all his own way, and is thus enabled to secure laborers for his rice fields and servants in his house at little or no expense. This form of slavery has been largely abolished under American rule, and at present is mostly confined to the Moros and the wild tribes of Northern Luzon, whence come the blood-curdling tales of little slaves offered up as sacrifices on heathen altars.

Except among the wealthy you look in vain for the happy, round and rosy baby faces so plentiful in other lands. Little Juan or Dolores is painfully angular, and utterly lacks the soft, charming curves and dimples of well-fed, well-cared-for childhood. Baby brows are prematurely creased anl wrinkled with deep lines left by famine or disease, and the glaring tropic sunshine traces a fine network at the corners of large, dark eyes. Most of them have beautiful eyes, velvety, melting and pathetic as a wounded doe's.

It is rather startling to a new ar-

rival to see cigarettes between infant lips, but boys and girls of all classes learn to smoke as soon as they learn to talk, and young girls of twelve or fourteen stroll along the street, puffing away at big black cigars that are so strong they would turn the stomach of an alderman. The sight excites no more comment

parents. The Filipino teacher now receives fifty dollars a month in gold, but is forbidden to accept fees. Even since American reorganization, the schools are sadly inadequate in every way. They are often conducted in open bamboo sheds, with roughly laid floor planks in lieu of benches, and no desks but the



A BOYS' SCHOOL IN MANILA.

there than would a high school miss eating a bon-bon here.

The little middle class Filipino gets his schooling, like his malaria, in intermittent doses. The school day is five hours long, and before the American commission reorganized the schools, the native teachers were dependent on fees from the

knees of the scholars. During the rainy season a thick mold gathers on the books, and the armies of cockroaches that swarm everywhere and breed in the Philippines as they breed nowhere else on earth, eat off the backs to get at the paste. An effort is now being made to protect the books with covers. Nearly every



BOY, 2½ YEARS OLD, BORN OF AN AMERICAN FATHER AND FILIPINO MOTHER, AND REARED ACCORDING TO AMERICAN CUSTOMS.

school now has an American principal, and very often he is a soldier of the regular army. The soldier's habits of discipline make him an invaluable teacher, and organization and system are his strong points. In the schools presided over by native teachers only, two big boys, detailed as monitors, are armed with long, stout switches, and these boys are not required to study, but to watch the ranks for transgressors and bring down the whips sharply on the shoulders of any children caught whispering or defacing their books, "wiggling" during recitation or otherwise breaking the rules.

A Spanish school is the nearest thing to bedlam, and would make a nervous person a raving maniac in five minutes. Both reproof and punishment have lost their terrors, owing to their frequent repetition; and the punishment is certainly severe—a child being stood on his knees in an uncomfortable position and kept so for hours at a time, having his ears pulled, being beaten about the head with books or the teacher's bare hands, or whipped cruelly with the *bejuco*.

The language used in all the schools at the present time is, of course, English, and it is amazing to see how quickly the native teachers have learned it. When the little brown boys and girls start for school in the morning with their books under their arms you will find them equipped much the same as American children of the same age. Here is the list of what they carry: First Steps in Arithmetic, Baldwin's Reader, Frye's Geography, Myer's General History, First Steps in English, Davis's Nature Studies. The smallest scholars take Baldwin's Primer, and after they have mastered the alphabet, "Robinson Cru-



THE ONLY WAY IN WHICH BABIES ARE CARRIED.

soe for Youngest Readers." The Igorrotes are more eager to attend school than are the lads and lasses of semi-Spanish blood, but their lines do not fall in pleasant places among the native teachers. Every Filipino despises this savage tribe, which, however, lacks the ferocity, the cunning and the warlike instincts and predatory characteristics of other savages. He regards them as a vastly inferior race, fit only for beasts of burden, and a little lower than the water-buffalo wallowing in the mud, so the lot of an Igorrote child in pursuit of knowledge is not a happy one.

The Filipino mother does not trouble herself to provide an elaborate layette for her offspring. A calico slip with nothing at all under it, and a string of beads are considered an ample outfit.

The fact that a Filipino lives in a nipa hut, goes barefooted, and eats off the floor, does not prove that he is a poor man, and the son and heir of such a one is often sent to college in Manila or to Europe for his education, while the little daughter is placed under the care of nuns in a convent, there to be taught music, embroidery and other feminine accomplishments. The Filipino boy is just beginning to know the joys of baseball, which has been introduced by American soldiers, but the



CHILD OF THE DEL ROSARIO FAMILY OF MANILA, TYPICAL OF THE WEALTHY SPANISH CLASS.



NATIVE TEACHER.

childhood of the "little brown brother" has not heretofore been conspicuous for amusements suitable to a tender age. There is only one playground in the islands, and that is at Iolo. Boys and girls delight in swimming, in riding the mild-eyed caraboa, and find great sport in catching locusts in their season. Every child keeps a wide-mouthed bottle among its few treasures, and when a swarm of locusts passes through the village on their way to devastate the rice fields, all the children in the place come tumbling out of the rickety houses, each one bearing a bottle, into which the insects are dexterously crammed. Stripped of their wings and fried in cocoanut oil, they form a welcome addition to the evening meal.

The children of the Philippines share the pleasures and labors of their elders from infancy. Every girl is a born coquette and precocious flirt, and in well-to-do homes it is very droll to see a little maiden arrayed for the occasion in her best bib and tucker, gravely making eyes at a male caller as old as her own father, jingling her beads and bangles and tossing her beribboned locks with all the finished airs and graces of an experienced belle.

Her brother is a sport from the cradle, and indulges in cock-fighting as soon as he can beg, borrow, steal or buy a bird, in which pernicious pastime she encourages him by betting her bangles, earrings, and even her cherished rosary on the result. The Filipino boy likes to climb like the little monkey that he is, and thinks nothing of shinning up a tall cocoa palm to a dizzy height, from which he drops ripe nuts to his playmates below. He can also run like a deer, leap, wrestle, and is an expert diver, but he is never a street gamin. He is the politest little fellow alive, and this is equally true of all classes.

Another, and probably his favorite amusement is the sham bull-fight in which the patient caraboa or the family goat usually represents the bull, and is half killed by the poking and prodding received at the hands of the small toreadores. When the animal's owner objects to such a doubtful use of it, another boy acts the part of the bull. Among the poor, the little ones soon learn to



A LITTLE COQUETTE.

labor in the rice fields, and many children are kept from school during the rice harvest or in the time of the gathering of maize. Perhaps this early assumption of the business of life may be partly if not wholly responsible for the quaint old faces seen on infantile bodies. Be that as it may, the white man's heaviest burden in the Philippines is the care of the children.



AN IGOROTTE SCHOLAR.

Emotions Experienced in Battle

By CHARLES E. BENTON

Author of "As Seen From the Ranks," etc.

THE Civil War has sped away, forty years into the past. As a war it was so widespread in its field of operations, and was participated in by such large numbers, both of the North and of the South, that for that generation, at least, knowledge of the conditions of actual warfare and of experiences pertaining to the fray was very general. But of those who are now living in the United States probably not more than five persons in a hundred have any personal recollections of matters pertaining to that war, and only a fraction of one per cent. of the population have ever witnessed a battle; and the Spanish War of a later date gave actual battle experience to so few that the percentage is not materially increased. To be under the fire of the enemy, to be actually in a battle, is an experience that, in our modern civilization, comes to but few at the most, and it is a wholesome curiosity and desire for knowledge which prompts many to ask what such an experience may be compared to, and what are the emotions incident to it. While it would doubtless be an error to suppose that the experience of one was a measure of the exact experience of all, yet as human nature is much the same everywhere, probably the experiences of the majority of men are much more similar than is generally supposed, so I give here a few scraps of my own participation in and observation of scenes of danger, hoping to add to the general fund of information on the subject.

For this purpose I have selected scenes from two battlefields as giving typical forms of some phases of the widely varying experiences which fall to the lot of those who are involved in many battles.

I will say here that I was a noncombatant in the war, having, soon after my enlistment, been detailed to serve in the regimental band, and in that capacity served from the autumn of '62 to the close of the war in '65. This position was a favorable one for observation, for in time of battle it enabled me to witness both the front and the rear of operations.

We approached the field of Gettysburg in the early morning of July 2d. The conflict of the first day had left the advantage greatly with the enemy thus far, and a sober feeling, not of despair, but of glum determination rather, had settled down on the Army of the Potomac, an army which had struggled heroically for two years, but thus far without the reward of substantial success. We were new to campaign experience, having joined the army at Frederick City but a few days before, and were as yet hardly a homogeneous part of it. Though ours was a well drilled regiment, nine months in the service, yet a field

campaign was as new to us as if we had but just donned the blue. While we covered eight miles that morning with the utmost rapidity, and throughout the whole distance could hear the roaring of cannon, and as we came nearer could also hear the cracking of the skirmishers' rifles, and with the almost absolute certainty that we were going directly into the fray, yet I do not recall that there was much checking of cheerful conversation or even of good spirits in the ranks; not until we met a wounded man who had blood on his hand and arm, and, though walking without difficulty, was evidently suffering greatly from fatigue and pain.

That sight—to be regarded with indifference a few hours later—wrought a magic change. Faces blanched, conversation ceased completely, a strange silence fell upon the marching column, and we trudged silently on, in a vague dread of—we knew not what. Unformulated though our feelings were, I believe that what we really dreaded at that moment was that we should witness more suffering, rather than that we should be in danger of wounds and death for ourselves. Hitherto we had had knowledge of everything pertaining to battles, but meeting with this wounded man was the shock of our first contact with the tragic. This feeling became gradually dissipated, however, as we proceeded, perhaps helped in its cure by the extreme physical exertion made necessary by the forced march, and by the time we reached the field and rested in reserve we were again the cheerful regiment of the morning.

The nation was making history furiously on that day, but there was nothing of especial note in our experience until about sundown, when we were hurried at double-quick for about a mile up the long eastern slope of the slight elevation which has since become known as Cemetery Ridge. It was to cover the complete route of Sickles's corps. To save the position until we should arrive, a single regiment, the First Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, had been sacrificed,—but not sacrificed in vain,—they losing more than four-fifths of their number in ten minutes. As we approached the scene of the struggle the ground over which we passed was sprinkled with the dead and wounded, and in our front were to be seen the serried ranks of the dead and the few scattered living of the destroyed regiment, while beyond them was the advancing foe, scattered and disordered somewhat, but still advancing.

While our line of battle was being formed the air was filled with the sound of bullets, overborne by the peculiar howling roar of shells with the noise of their terrific explosions, and amidst it all could be heard the shoutings of officers and the blatant peals of bugles. Mingled with the sounds, sometimes seeming a part of them, but oftener like a living soul wandering through the confusion, there was another peculiar sound, one with which we had grown familiar at a distance during the afternoon—a prolonged falsetto, rising higher and higher as it floated from left to right until it ended in a scream which seemed to float away in echoes on the clouds of smoke. It was the famous "Rebel yell," the battle-cry of the Southern army. Through the smoke from the cannon there were glimpses of furiously galloping horsemen, and of gunners who were loading and firing with

the automatic regularity which made each man seem like a part of some vast machine which moved its figures by invisible levers, and yet they were moving with such anxious haste and rapidity that they were like furies incarnate springing from point to point. In the broad light of day guns do not show the fire of their discharges, but the smoke only. But night was falling now, and in the gathering darkness the firing of the cannon showed in belching sheets of flame, while the cloud of smoke from the enemy's guns was pierced with a thousand lances of fire.

It was an extremely critical stage in the progress of the battle, and excitement was at the highest pitch. I do not recall that anyone showed the least sign of fear, but every one moved and ran here and there in obedience to commands, for, as is the case with all well-drilled troops, the evolutions of the regiment were performed instinctively. The excitement and impetus of the movement seemed to have left no room for fear. It was exactly that phase of a battle which is usually put forward by writers as one that is typical of all parts of battles. And yet my subsequent experience convinced me that such scenes of excitement are the exception and not the rule. I have described this incident and its environments at some length, as it seemed to be characteristic of that exception and of the excitement which does sometimes occur. In a few moments the tension was at an end, for the enemy retreated at once before the reinforcements, and night rapidly covered the field with its pall of darkness.

I will pass over the remainder of the scenes of that night, and of my labors among the wounded (for I had early been detailed as stretcher-bearer), and will present to the reader an experience of the day following. While my regiment had been thus occupied on the left of our line, at Cemetery Ridge, the enemy had forced a portion of our line on the right, south of Culp's Hill, obtaining a position dangerously near to our line of communications. The task of the morning was to force them back and recover our line of defences, and after this was accomplished my brigade was placed in the line, relieving troops which had held it all night. They were confronted by "Stonewall" Jackson's famous corps (commanded then by Gen. Ewell, for it was after Jackson's death), which had never known defeat.

No more famous body of troops was known during the Civil War than this corps. Under their talented leader they had accomplished prodigies of valor, over and over again scoring their victories, until the presence of "Stonewall's men" had come to be considered synonymous with victory for the Southern arms. This famous corps, chagrined at being driven out of the position which they had gained on the previous evening, were now to attempt to break our line, at whatever loss it might be to themselves. To succeed would be to place them on our line of communications and in the rear of our whole army there engaged, and thus secure disastrous defeat to the Union army. To fail,—they had never failed, and should they fail now! Among the troops set to resist these "invincibles" was placed our raw brigade, which had never been under fire until the evening before. The struggle for the position lasted from early morning until nearly noon. Again and again they

tried to "rush" our line, but to no avail. The panic-inspiring "yell," which had gained such a hypnotic influence over the troops that had suffered defeat at their hands, inspired no such fear in these new men; men who had never learned by experience to dread it.

I was still on duty with the hospital forces, and during the forenoon was sent to the regiment to assist the wounded to the rear. I received the order just at the thickest of this combat, and as I looked at the fragment of primeval forest which the surgeon had carelessly indicated as "those woods," there were rising from the tree-tops sulphurous clouds of smoke, while the discharge of rifles (for there were no cannon engaged at that part of the line) was so rapid that the sound had blended into a long roar, like the tumult of some vaster Niagara. Just at that moment I would have given all that I possessed or ever hoped to possess for a brief loan of Aladdin's magic, invisible transfer to some other locality. But now grave Duty, the soldier's guardian angel, came to my rescue and would not permit me to even hesitate, and towards the line of battle I went, assuming an air quite foreign to my feelings at the time.

I found my regiment located on the southern slope of Culp's Hill. They were crouched behind a slight barricade of logs and branches, and in that position were resisting the constantly renewed onslaughts of the enemy. The ground descended somewhat in our front, and the dense forest of large trees imprisoned the battle smoke so that the opposing forces were much obscured from view. At the first sight I was shocked by the line of dead, which lay so thickly along the breastworks, the men kneeling and crouching between them to fire over the logs. In some places they had become so numerous as to impede the freedom of the line, and had been lifted back and laid in groups several feet at the rear. But whatever the shock, I was at once reassured by the manner of the men. There was here none of the excitement which I had witnessed on the previous evening, but instead there was manifest the cool, matter-of-fact conduct of men who had a task to perform, and had settled down to the work in the systematic manner that is characteristic of the race. A little conversation even was carried on, for in all the roar of firearms the voice could readily be heard by one when very close to the speaker, and a friend smiled a little as he proffered me his loaded rifle, asking if I would like to "shoot a 'Reb.'" The occasional dropping of a man in the ranks was noted rather as an incident to be expected, and therefore not of unusual interest.

But there was apparent in all this seeming deliberateness an alert watching of the movements in front. Many of the enemy's most advanced men had built for themselves little shelters of rocks and stones, behind which they could lie and quietly wait for a head to show above the logs, and our men soon learned the trick and met it with one of their own. They would watch for a place among the rocks from which a spurt of smoke would occasionally come, and would quietly draw a bead on the spot. When next that spurt of smoke sent its deadly messenger a bullet would go to the place so quickly that the rock-sheltered soldier would have no time to even lower his face after firing. I noticed also in this game of death something of that

mental alertness with which the hunter watches and outwits his quarry. The men had become awakened to a keen "interest in the hunt;" an instinct never buried more than skin-deep with any man. But there was no disposition among them to fire rapidly. Though so new to the work, they had already learned to wait for the enemy's grand rushes, and whenever they were attempted, to sit quietly behind the logs and shoot them down.

In my several trips between the line of battle and the field hospital some forty rods in its rear, it gradually dawned upon my consciousness that I was witnessing a phase of mentality that was entirely new to me. In our every-day home life the tragic is the unusual, and because of that fact it excites our imagination and feelings to the highest degree. I had often wondered what my feelings would be if I were to witness a thousand tragedies; whether the feelings could possibly be increased in proportion. But with this scene enacted before me I began to realize that the tragic had become the commonplace, and as such it had been accepted by the men of the line as part and parcel of their duty, and they were devoting themselves to its completion, as they would to any ordinary occupation. The danger was fully known and not for a moment forgotten, but the men had become to a degree accustomed to it; for that also had become a part of the commonplace.

There are often emergencies and phases of battles in which very much depends upon the officers, but this was not the case in the situation which I am describing. Here every one in the line knew exactly what was expected, and had an instinctive appreciation of precisely what the task was which was to be accomplished, and of its vast importance to the army; it was to hold that position at all hazards and at whatever cost. All excitement had vanished, and in its place Duty, that great ruler who wins battles with or without the assistance of generals, and without which generals may not hope to win, held command. This deep and abiding sense of duty, which, more than any other quality, has to do with the success of a race or people, is greatly strengthened and developed by military discipline, and had now, in this second phase of battle experience, asserted itself in full force.

The peculiar, semi-circular shape of the line made this point to be the key of the whole position, for, as I have already intimated, if the enemy could have penetrated here it would have placed them at a single move in the rear of our whole army, and would have won the victory for them.

My own experience during this forenoon was, of course, somewhat different from that of the men in the line. On each of my several trips to the regiment I passed, generally alone, from a place of comparative safety into that area where bullets are heard to pass with their stealthy, whispering voices, all of them threatening in their tones, and never twice alike. They impart the peculiar sensation of feeling that one is soul-naked, as it were, in their presence, and that neither clothing nor body would for a moment check their flight. To say that I was afraid would only moderately describe my state of mind in the first experience. I afterward learned that the situation was the most trying one in which a young soldier can be placed, for it leaves him without the moral

support of numbers or authority. Yet each time, when I reached my regiment,—and in fact as soon as I came near it,—all feeling of timidity vanished and I became as steady of nerve and as much at ease as the others. This change of feeling was a real surprise to me at the time. What were the mysterious influences which sustained me when at the point of greatest danger, but which abandoned me when I was alone?

The episode of the evening before had been the incarnation of battle excitement, a brief panorama flashed on the stage of war, livid with all the sights and emotions which make for the spectacular; even the gathering darkness lending its aid in making impressive the lurid fire of the guns. This scene at Culp's Hill was the exact opposite in character. All excitement had vanished, and the contest had settled to the grim determination to fight to the finish. There had been no misunderstanding by either force of the true character of the situation. It was two branches of the same dominant race which had here closed in a death grapple, and without excitement, and almost without an order, it was being sturdily fought to its issue. Before noon it was ended.

Since morning of the day before, the regiment had described the cycle of battle experiences, from the first shock of the tragic and the excitement of the onset to the quiet and heroic devotion to duty and a defiance of danger. Timid youths, paling at the sight of blood, they had been changed by the magic wand of War to "Veterans," a title to be proved again on many fields.

Here, at the guns of this inexperienced brigade, "'Stonewall's' men had met their first defeat, and a veritable Waterloo it proved, for they never recovered the prestige which they lost on that day.

Nearly a year after these scenes were enacted I found myself, with my regiment, on the battlefield of Resaca, Georgia. At some time during the second day of the battle we were hurried to the extreme left of the line, where, on a little elevation of ground, we proceeded to throw up a slight protection in our front by gathering the rails from a fence near at hand. We had not been there long before the enemy came in sight, in battle array, and my heart sank in fear and apprehension while I watched their long line of battle, for they seemed to outnumber us, two to one, and their steady approach appeared like the resistless oncoming of Fate itself.

"Terrible as an army with banners," gathered to itself, all at once, a new forcefulness of meaning. As soon as they came within range they commenced firing, the bullets splintering the rails and passing us with that peculiar mingling of "zipping," purring, whispering and "sizzling" sounds which become so familiar to veterans. Along with these nerve-disturbing noises there floated to us again that sound so familiar of yore; the swaying, shifting falsetto "Rebel yell," at times running along the breeze like the voice of an uncanny spirit, and again rising in unison to a scream. Glancing to my left I saw a wounded man dragging himself back from the line. Looking for an instant in the other direction I saw one rise partly, then turn to one side and fall heavily to the ground. But for the most part my gaze was riveted on the steadily approaching adversary, now partially enfolded in smoke. Why was our fire withheld? My hand was steady now, and I felt that I could easily

have picked my man every time at that range, and even when a bullet fanned my cheek with its soft breath I did not wince. Suddenly there was a great crash close to my left—the first gun always sounds so loud—followed by others in quick succession until what had at first seemed like a clatter of explosions had thickened into the long roar of a regular engagement. The enemy were much concealed now by the thickening and shifting clouds of smoke, though I managed to get frequent glimpses of them here and there in my eager watching.

There now descended upon me that double consciousness which comes to all in times of intensity, in which the soul, that other self, stood apart as it were, and quietly took account of the phenomena of human emotions. It noted that the fear which had so overshadowed me at the first sight of the enemy had vanished; that the combativeness of a long Saxon ancestry, dormant at first, had sprung suddenly to a quickened life. I had entered on another phase of battle emotions, "The joy of the combat." A rift in the smoke disclosed the Confederate line to be in disorder, and—barbarian that I had become—my heart gave a great throb of joy as I discovered through the break in their lines the awful trail of helpless forms in their wake. The disorder which I had discovered soon spread along their ranks; their fire was noticed to lessen and then cease entirely, and the formidable advance was changed to a rout, for they were seen to be running in panic to the rear.

There was now a lull and a looking about to note the casualties, but we had no orders to begin our labor on the wounded. The reason soon transpired, for it was pointed out by a comrade that the enemy was making active preparations for another attack. We could see them forming the line again from the scattered and disordered forces, for another trial of contest, and presently saw them advancing as before. This second attack was much like the first, except that their forces held better to their alignment and advanced much nearer than in their first attempt. At the last it seemed that I was about to witness that rarest of all rare sights in modern warfare—the clashing and fencing of steel.

The temper of our men on that day was such that it was my opinion then, and it still is, that the enemy's attack was, from the first, without a chance of success. But if it was ever in doubt the doubt was dispelled, and the day was forever sealed by a waft of breeze, which lifted the veil of smoke from their front and disclosed to us, and to themselves at the same moment, the greatly demoralized condition of the body. With that instant's disclosure every rifle in our brigade which was loaded was discharged, and at such close range that nearly every shot must have been effective. They went down in scores, and the remnant fled in precipitate haste, some even dropping their guns as they ran. Their closest approach was easily marked by the line which went down before that last volley; their nearest dead lay within twenty feet of us.

John Burroughs, that careful and shrewd observer of animal traits, has noticed some manifestations in the life of the lower animals which he is led to think may be analogous to telepathy among human beings.

"It is like an interchange or blending of sub-conscious states."

"It would seem as if they all shared in a communal mind or spirit, and that what one felt they all felt at the same instant."

In this connection I have thought that possibly telepathy is a power belonging to the lower orders of animal life rather than to man; a faculty that we have been, in the processes of evolution, developing away from rather than toward. Some events which have come under my observation lead me to think that men, men in masses more especially, under the stress of unusual events and great emergencies sometimes revert to this elemental state. It is not with them a sub-conscious state, as Burroughs thinks it is among the lower animals, but they become moved by a common impulse, sharing their communal thought at the same instant, and, as man is the conscious animal, substituting for the "sub-conscious" the conscious thought.

In the segment of the battle of Resaca which I have described, the phenomenon was easily to be discerned. Once the line was in position where the contest was to be waged, the commands and even the presence of the officers were immaterial. The situation and the duty to be performed were clearly apprehended by every one, and whether the officers shouted, or whether they silently watched the course of events, made little difference. There had been the first unwelcome thought, the dread of danger which comes to every normally constituted man when about to enter battle, and which I—and doubtless the others also—had felt at the first sight of the approaching enemy, but save for this transient emotion there had been no fear, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, and no thought of defeat for us. In fact, in the many conversations I have since then had with the officers and men regarding this incident, I have heard the expression, "Victory was in the air," used more than once, and I am led to believe that the "victory" so widely felt was the telepathic thought and impulse which was "in the air,"—most literally,—and that it was shared by thousands at the same instant.

Another notable instance having to do with the same phenomena was said to have occurred at Missionary Ridge, Georgia, November 25, 1863, when our line of battle moved up the rocky slopes against the enemy's works, without command; and, in fact, the advance was made in defiance of strict orders to the contrary. The movement has never been explained satisfactorily, unless the phrase, "Victory was in the air," which was used so often and so vaguely, may be deemed an explanation. Confederate General Bragg, commanding the enemy's forces which were so disastrously defeated there, said, of the most unexpected behavior of his own army, "No satisfactory excuse can possibly be given for the shameful conduct of our troops," etc. They also seemed to have been swayed by some common thought and impulse, and acted in a manner quite as foreign to what had been expected of them as our own army had.

What were the occult mental forces which impelled veterans who were accustomed to discipline and obedience to orders, suddenly to disregard all orders and become swayed by a pervading influence which was "in the air?" Is not the explanation to be found in the thought which I have put forward?

Was it because of a sudden reversion to a primordial mentality that they were influenced by a telepathic thought and impulse, shared at the same moment by the men in two long lines of battle? The study of psychological forces which are developed by humanity *en messa* seem as yet not to have attracted the attention of which it is worthy.

A Helper of Cupid's

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

MISS POLLY was round of face and plump of body and her black hair kinked into rebellious curls wherever a lax comb allowed. Her mouth usually curved in a smile, but she was never quite so beatifically happy as when managing a love affair.

Summers, Miss Polly always had a house party at "The Maples." Her mother, a bit older, a bit rounder, and a bit merrier, made a delightful chaperon for those who did not consider Miss Polly—notwithstanding her thirty-five years—sufficient.

So successful had Miss Polly been in bringing various young people to the point of matrimony that she finally hit upon the plan of keeping a book with a list of the couples made happy by her exertions, allowing a page for each couple, and adding new names and new records to the old ones—in the shape of births, deaths and important events—as fast as time and occasion demanded.

Very jealously Miss Polly guarded this book from the vulgar gaze of the world, but many were the pleasant hours she allowed her own eyes to feast on its fascinating records. She was particularly happy over it this summer, for she had two new couples whose names she confidently expected would grace the book before the season closed. Indeed, so sure was she of the ultimate success of her cherished plans that she one day drew with her pencil, very faintly, the names "John—Margaret," and then just over the leaf these other two, "Tom—Molly."

"I can ink them in later," she murmured, lingering happily over the flourish of the "M" in "Molly."

At the very first picnic that summer Miss Polly said:

"You, Tom, will please drive Jerry in the phaeton. I'd planned for Molly to go with you."

"Delighted, I'm sure!" murmured the man; and Miss Polly was sure that the low sweep of his bow was meant to hide the telltale happiness in his eyes. She quivered with delight as she turned to Houghton.

"And you, John, can take Margaret Reynolds in the dog-cart."

Miss Polly was dissatisfied with John at once. He bowed—but as slightly as politeness allowed. He smiled—but with his lips, not his eyes.

"Unappreciative creature!" thought Miss Polly, turning away in vexation. "He doesn't half realize the pleasure in store for him—but he'll learn," she added, her brow clearing. "Dear old fellow, there's no one in

the world half good enough for him —unless it is Margaret!"

Professor John Houghton's mind was a labyrinth of isms and ologies. Of feminine charms he had little knowledge, and for feminine society he had less liking—judging by the way he had avoided it during his thirty-odd years of life; and yet, the invitation to Miss Polly's house party had been accepted with an alacrity that was surprising, even to himself.

After that first picnic Miss Polly craftily slipped into the way of making it appear as a matter of course that Tom Esmond should escort Molly McPhearson on all drives and excursions, and that Prof. Houghton should perform a like service for Margaret Reynolds.

For a month the wheels of her matrimonial scheming ran smoothly and quickly along the road of her own building; then unexpected obstacles presented themselves.

When she marshaled her family for the trip to Silver Lake, she encountered a hidden, but stubborn resistance to some of her cherished plans. She was puzzled to place her finger upon the difficulty until John Houghton stepped to her side and stammered:

"Er—ah—well, how are *you* going?"

"Me? Why, in the carryall as usual," replied Miss Polly, thinking how handsome the professor looked, and gloating over it—for Margaret. "You are to take Miss Reynolds in the phaeton, you know," she added.

The man frowned.

"Well, I was thinking — why couldn't *you* go in the phaeton?"

"Why, John, I'd planned—"

"Yes, I know," he interrupted, "but it's stupid for Miss Reynolds—I'm no sort of company for a girl like that," he went on hurriedly. "She enjoys the others much better."

"Oh, fie, fie, John!" laughed the lady. "'Faint heart—,' you know the rest! Run along—there she comes — quick! Margaret would rather go with you than with any one else in the world," she whispered, then aloud,—"Right here, Margaret, please. The Professor was waiting for you. You two might start a little ahead, if you liked."

The rich red surged into Margaret's face, and Miss Polly gave a satisfied smile.

"There, that's settled!" she said to herself, as she left the room. "Poor fellow—if it hadn't been for me, now! He hasn't a particle of confidence in himself—dear old stupid! When people are just made for each other, why can't they see it? It's all owing to that blundering Tom!"

A moment later she came upon the tall figure of a man whose very back expressed his disapproval of himself and of the world in general.

"Why, Tom!"

The man turned with a forced smile.

"Yes."

"Where's Molly?"

"I really don't know."

"Don't know! Why, we start right away. Can't you find her?"

A slow red crept into the man's cheeks.

"I think she's not going, Miss Polly."

"Not going? Why, what's the matter?"

"Why, really, I—er—I didn't ask."

"But my dear boy, you should have asked!"

"But my dear Miss Polly—why? I have no right to catechise Miss McPhearson. Her reasons are nothing to me," he replied, with some bitterness—and more rudeness.

The light of a sudden comprehension flashed from Polly's eyes. In a moment she had left the room and was hastening up the stairs.

"Oh, these lovers' quarrels! How thoroughly idiotic and silly they are!" she muttered, hurrying blindly forward. "Now I suppose I've got another aching heart on my hands, all owing to the same cause—Tom's stupid way of hanging around John and Margaret when he's not wanted. Molly's jealous—poor child!" Then she tapped softly at a chamber door. "Are you there, Molly?"

There was no answer.

Miss Polly repeated the tap, but with greater force. This time a husky voice called, "Who is it?"

"It is I. Let me in, Molly, dear—won't you please?"

The door opened slowly, and Miss McPhearson, red-eyed and shamefaced, beckoned her visitor in.

"There, dear, I'll give you just five minutes," began Miss Polly briskly. "Now bathe your eyes and powder your nose, then put on your hat and come with me."

"I've decided not to go."

"Nonsense—of course you're going! Come, dear, be good and sensible," she coaxed, much as though Molly were ten instead of twenty. "Come! Poor Tom is moping himself sick down in the dining-room."

"Why, Miss Polly, he doesn't care a bit!"

"Tut—tut—child! These lovers' quarrels are silly things—you are too sensible a girl to let them spoil your life!"

"Why — how did you know?" Molly was plainly surprised.

"Oh, a little bird told me, perhaps; at any rate, I know! Come, dear, the air will do you good."

Miss Polly's powers of persuasion were taxed to the utmost, but in the end she conquered. A subdued Molly drove off with a punctiliously polite Tom, and Miss Polly sighed with content as the last carriage—the carryall in which she herself sat—rumbled down the driveway and swung around the corner on to the main road.

As the days passed matters did not improve, and Miss Polly was frequently at her wit's end to keep the peace. John became more and more distressingly stilted and dignified, and Margaret more nervous and changeable. Molly was fairly pathetic in her listless acceptance of whatever came, and Tom—Tom nearly drove Miss Polly to desperation by being silent and morose just when she wanted him to charm Miss McPhearson with his wit, and by being volubility itself when she had arranged a tete-a-tete for John and Margaret. All this was very discouraging to Miss Polly.

It was during the third week in July that Tom found Miss Polly alone one day. She was reading in the hammock on the west piazza, and he threw himself into a chair by her side with a long-drawn sigh.

"Well, is it so bad as that?" she asked pleasantly.

He nodded.

"Poor boy! I'm sorry for you," she laughed.

"Really? Honor bright?"

"Indeed, yes," she assured him.

"I've a mind to tell you all about it," he mused aloud.

"Do!" she urged, her eyes sparkling happily.

"Well, I—I'm in love," he finally said, a bit awkwardly.

"Yes," she encouraged.

He looked down at his toes meditatively.

"That much I'm sure of, but—it's all that I am sure of."

"Do I know her?" she asked, not for information—she was confident of his answer—but because she must say something—or scream, she was so happy.

"Yes, you know her."

"Is she here?"

"Y-yes."

"Well, then you see her. Can't you tell by the way she acts whether she loves you or not?"

He shook his head.

"I'll be hanged if I can! She's too deep for me, Miss Polly."

The lady laughed reassuringly.

"Now, Tom, I have known this thing right along."

"What!"

"Oh, I have!"

"That I loved her?"

"Yes—and more than that. I know she loves you."

"Miss Polly!"

"I do."

"But how can you? I haven't seen a thing—and—I—I haven't dared to show my own feelings at all," he stammered.

"My dear boy," she began, with a patronizing touch of her hand on his arm, "just as though I hadn't eyes in my head—you've done nothing but show your feelings from the very first. Now just leave this thing to me, sir. I promise to bring you within a week conclusive evidence that the girl is yours for the asking, and then, why—then you can just ask, that's all!"

They were interrupted at this point, and Tom could only look his gratitude, and walk away with a doubt in his mind as to which he loved the more—sympathetic Miss Polly or the sweetheart he hoped to win.

Miss Polly's opportunity came sooner than she had expected. It was only the next night that Molly McPhearson ran into Miss Polly's room for a little chat before going to bed. The older woman was in a flutter of excitement at once, and it was not long before she broached the subject uppermost in her mind.

"You're looking better, Molly, dear. These lovers' quarrels are so disfiguring—tears, red blotches, and all that. Don't have another one."

Miss McPhearson laughed and shifted her eyes to the ceiling.

"It wasn't my fault that there was a quarrel," she pouted.

"No, of course not; it never is—is it, eh? But you've made it up now, so it'll be all right."

"Why, how did you know?"

"Oh, signs and symptoms. Come, confess—he's the dearest fellow in the world, and you couldn't possibly exist without him, now could you?"

"Well,—" began Miss McPhearson.

"Well,—" echoed Miss Polly.

"I—don't—know—as I could," admitted the girl with a vivid blush.

"Of course not!" affirmed Miss Polly, carefully hiding her exultation.

"You see—he's so good," explained Molly.

"Of course!"

"And so handsome!"

"Yes!"

"And—well—so idiotically forlorn when I quarrel with him, that—why, I shall just have to give in at the end," finished Miss McPhearson, rising to her feet and giving Miss Polly a spasmodic embrace. "You dear old soul! I wonder you aren't bored to death—we all run to you with every little thing, so! Good night, and—thank you."

That was one of the longest nights Miss Polly ever knew. She could scarcely wait to see the light in Tom's eyes when she should tell

him how more than successful had been her efforts. And when morning finally did come, she hurried through her toilet and ran down stairs and out into the garden, where she knew Tom always walked before breakfast. On her arm she carried a basket, and she was busily gathering her roses for the table, when Tom appeared—quite as she had hoped that he would.

"Ah, good morning, Miss Polly."

Miss Polly's patience had reached its limit, and Miss Polly's greeting was eager and without ceremony.

"It's all right, Tom!" she nodded.

The ecstatic expression of her face was not to be mistaken—certainly not by a love-sick youth who, for twenty-four hours, had so longed for this very assurance.

"You—you don't mean that—that,—" he stammered.

"Indeed I do—it's all clear sailing! You've nothing to do but to go in and win," she declared, with a beaming smile.

"What did she say?"

Miss Polly bridled.

"Indeed, sir, I shall not tell. Do you think me so poor a confidant as that?" she asked in assumed indignation. "You can just find out for yourself, sir. There ought to be *something* left for you to do!"

Esmond drew a long breath.

"I can hardly believe it," he murmured. "Margaret is always so reserved—"

"Margaret!" exclaimed Miss Polly.

"Oh, she may not be to you, but she always is to me. You say she loves me, but—"

"Tom!"

It was so agonized a cry that the man held his breath suspended.

"Tom—you didn't mean Margaret—oh, tell me that you didn't mean Margaret!"

"But I did! Who else could I have meant?"

Miss Polly dropped the basket and wrung her hands piteously.

"It was Molly, Tom, you—you've made a mistake, Tom! It was Molly all the time—I am sure it was!"

Tom laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"Not a bit of it, Miss Polly. It was never any one but Margaret—" then his face went suddenly white—"you don't mean that you've—"

The woman raised her hand as if to ward off a blow.

"I—I did, and—and she—couldn't possibly exist without you! She—oh, Tom, she said so!" sobbed Miss Polly miserably, sinking down among the rose bushes and covering her face with her hands.

"My God!—what have you done!"

For a moment Miss Polly's sobbing was the only sound that broke the silence; then Esmond stooped over the crouching figure and said hurriedly:

"I am going off by myself into the woods. Tell them I have gone fishing—hunting—anywhere. I'll come back when I've fought it out—I can't even think, yet!"

When Miss Polly raised her head, he was gone. Very slowly she rose to her feet, picked up her basket, and dragged her slow way back to the house. In her room the first thing that met her eyes was her beloved book of tender records—she had been gloating over it only the night before. With a smothered exclamation of chagrin she caught up the volume and pushed it out of sight behind Macaulay's History of England on the topmost shelf of her bookcase. Then she bathed her eyes and vainly tried to remove the traces of her tears; but her guests were openly disturbed at her appearance

that day, and her plea of a headache did not entirely satisfy them.

She started at every unusual sound, and fell to trembling whenever one addressed her. She refused to walk with Molly in the garden, and seemed content only when her guests were occupied with some game.

Tom Esmond did not return until evening; then he pleaded fatigue and went at once to his room. At half-past nine o'clock there came a gentle tap at Miss Polly's chamber door.

"Yes," called the woman faintly, dropping the book she was reading.

The door swung inward, and Molly—strangely flushed and shy—with her hands behind her back, appeared on the threshold.

"May I come in, please?"

Miss Polly bowed—her dry lips refused to speak.

"You've been so good and interested," the girl began, carefully shutting the door and advancing into the room, "that I'm going to let you see his very latest picture. It—it doesn't do him justice, but—" she finished by impulsively thrusting the photograph into the other's hands.

The room swam round and round to Miss Polly, and innumerable black specks danced before her eyes. Then the lines of the pictured face suddenly became distinct.

"Why—it isn't Tom!" she exclaimed.

"Tom?—Tom who? It isn't any Tom—it's a George! You don't know him, of course, but I thought you'd like to see his picture."

"Like to!—I'm delighted to see it!" said Miss Polly, fervently, drawing a long, relieved sigh. "I think he's perfectly lovely, too," she went on recklessly. "You're a lucky girl, Molly!"

"What did you mean about Tom? Tom who?" asked Molly, still mystified, and a little dazed at Miss Polly's extravagant approval.

"Tom? Why, Tom—anybody," retorted Miss Polly airily, half laughing, half crying. "But tell me about this George—I know he's nice, by his picture."

"Why, there isn't much to tell. I've known him all my life—he lives next door to me, you know. I acknowledge I have been hateful and dumpish lately, but he wrote something that made me very angry. That day we went to Silver Lake—when you came in and coaxed me into good temper, you know—I tore up my hateful letter that I had written, and sent him a better one. After that things were smoother, and—we've made it all up now. So you see, I owe it all to you," she finished with a happy smile, picking up the photograph, and kissing Miss Polly affectionately.

Again was it a long night to Miss Polly, and again did she hasten with her basket out into the rose garden in the morning.

She could not assure Tom of Margaret's love—that love belonged to Houghton, of course—but she could tell him that Molly was happy—very happy with her George, and needed no one else, least of all himself. That surely would be some comfort, and would take away the hunted look she had last seen in his eyes.

So she snipped the stems of the roses, and listened for the expected footsteps. At the first crunch on the gravel she looked up.

"Why, John!"

"Good morning, Miss Polly. May I help you?"

"Help? Why, no—yes—I—" She stopped, for he had possessed himself of the basket and was walking at her side.

"I saw you out here, Miss Polly, and I thought it might be a good opportunity for me to speak to you about something I wanted your—er—well, I don't seem to get much chance to see you by yourself, you know."

"No," murmured Miss Polly. John Houghton was a man who always came straight to the point, and she knew she would not have long to wait.

"I—er—I—well, I suppose I am in love," he blurted out.

"Oh, dear—I was beginning to hope it wouldn't happen," she said despairingly. "I thought maybe I could bring things around all right if only *you* didn't fall in love. I could perhaps manage Margaret—if things hadn't gone too far."

"Manage Margaret?"

"Yes; but as long as you love her, why—"

"But I don't love Margaret!"

"What!" exclaimed Miss Polly, clapping her hands; "and doesn't Margaret love you?" she added, with her hands suspended just where the second thought had found them.

"I hardly think so—it strikes me that Miss Reynolds has thoughts for but one being in the world," replied the man, stiffly.

"And that is—"

"Tom Esmond, of course," returned Houghton, growing visibly restless under her catechism.

"Then everything is perfectly lovely!" cried Miss Polly, her eyes alight.

"Indeed!" said Houghton, with a shrug of his shoulders; then a little awkwardly,—"I remarked that I was in love, Miss Polly."

"So you did!"—she stopped and looked at him with a feeling she could not quite understand. "Well, John, it's all right—I'm glad," she finally said, very slowly.

"But I'm not so sure it is all right," he insisted. "Maybe you won't be glad. You haven't asked me who it is."

"Haven't I? Why, how very unkind of me. I was thinking of Margaret and—Tom. Who is it, John?"

"Yourself—dear. I think I've loved you all my life, and never knew it."

Miss Polly's cheeks went from red to white, and from white to red.

"Why, John—me? Me!"

"Yes—'me'! Is it so strange to you?"

"I—I never thought of such a thing," she faltered, a sudden tenderness stealing into her heart for the wistful-eyed man at her side.

"Well, couldn't you please think of it?" he urged; "think of it—a great deal?"

And this much Miss Polly promised.

. . . . . .

It must have been a year later that Prof. Houghton, in looking over his wife's books, came across a dainty little volume of unusual appearance. He was listlessly turning the pages when he suddenly paused and scrutinized a line more closely. Then he called to his wife.

"Polly, my dear, don't you think this needs changing?"

Her eyes followed the tip of his finger as it pointed to faint pencil marks, reading:

"John—Margaret."

A New Era of Rapid Transit

By George Ethelbert Walsh

TRAVELING safely and comfortably at a speed approximating two and three miles a minute has been a glorious dream of scientists for the past few years; but within the present year achievements in a few notable instances have widened our horizon of rapid transit conceptions to include even greater bursts of speed than anything mentioned half a decade ago. The mile-a-minute train no longer excites our wonder and admiration; it is getting too slow for modern life, and the future generation will consider it suitable only for local traffic. Larger and more powerful steam engines have steadily made their appearance on our railroads, and they have raised the record for fast time to notches that seemed beyond the reach of human ingenuity five years ago; but there is now an impression that steam has reached its limit. The high records of the future must be made by the electrical trains, and these have already established bursts of speed that no steam engine has approached in its wildest flight across the country.

"The steam engine cannot be built that will travel much over ninety miles an hour, and prove of any value to the world," remarked an eminent engineer at one of the meetings of the Electrical Engineers' Club. "When we demand rapid transit above the hundred-miles-an-hour limit, we must look to the electrical motor car, supplied with its powerful current that can furnish, if necessary, four and five thousand horse power. Indeed, we may in the near future be able to utilize ten thousand horse power in a single car without burning out any part of the machinery."

Equally revolutionizing in its tendency is the claim that in the rapid transit of the future we will travel on one rail instead of two. There are many monorail systems in the course of experimental construction, but the leading feature of all seems to be that we will hang from the rails instead of running over them. The benefits of the monorail are summed up briefly thus: Less danger of derailment, greater possible speed in rounding curves, and less friction on the rails, which last claim is disputed by those favoring the ordinary tracks. The Behn monorail system, being constructed between Birmingham and Manchester, England, is in the interest of rapid transit which will not stop short of 150 miles an hour. The American monorail system, that will be in operation shortly between Baltimore and Washington, expects to reach a maximum speed of 200 miles an hour, and round curves from 80 to 120 miles, according to the sharpness of the curve.

Both these systems, and those in use in Germany, are really three-rail systems, although styled monorails, for, while the cars run suspended on the overhead rail, there are two side guard rails, which are intended to steady the train and prevent acci-

dents from derailment. The question of reducing the friction of the wheels against the rails is one that has required a vast expenditure of time and money to solve; but now that trains and cars have been operated at speeds considerably over a hundred miles a minute, this problem is lost sight of in the study of the more important one of wind resistance.

"The rail friction amounts to nothing compared with that of wind resistance when the train or car is running a hundred miles an hour," was the conclusion of an eminent railroad authority when the monorail enthusiasts first invaded the railroad field. "The friction of the wheels against the rails is almost a constant factor, which we can reckon with from the outset, but wind resistance climbs up so rapidly after we pass the 75-mile per hour limit that it proves a most formidable problem in higher rapid transit. Old railroad men realized this many years ago. Experiments were conducted on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to see if cigar-shaped engines and sheathed cars, could not be built to overcome this air resistance. We found out in those experiments that we could reduce the resistance a little, but hardly enough to make it worth while to revolutionize the general construction of cars and engines. Now, however, that the electrical engineers are confident that they can operate rapid transit cars at one and two hundred miles an hour they will find this old problem more formidable than ever."

Over in Germany they made the highest record for railway travel last October, with a ninety-ton electrical car, which fully demonstrated the tremendous wind pressure that the future one and two hundred a mile trains must buck against. The car ran on the Berlin-Zossen railway from Marienfelde to Zossen, a distance of fourteen miles, in eight minutes. It was the fastest and most memorable trip ever made by man on any rapid transit invention. The car leaped by great bounds from sixty miles an hour to ninety, to one hundred, to one hundred and fifteen, and finally to 130.4 miles. The air resistance at this last speed was so great that small iron frames used in front to support a flag were twisted and bent flat. No living thing could face the heavy current of air that swept around the car and live long. It was estimated that at this high burst of speed, far more than one-half the horse-power was expended in overcoming the tremendous air pressure.

So enormous was this speed that the car fairly leaped through the air, and completely puzzled all living creatures of the air by its sudden flight. Beetles, flies, bugs and other insects were unable to get away from it, and their bodies were flattened on the front of the speeding monster. When half through the trip a sudden crash of the thick plate glass in front alarmed the operators of the car; but the cause of it proved to be a bird that had been overtaken in its hasty flight in front of the cab. Not even the swiftest bird could calculate this wonderful speed of man's invention.

An eye witness in the cab of the car which made this memorable trip said; "The engineers have climbed into the car, and the military posts along the road have been informed that the car is soon to start. The motorman turns the controller, and fourteen thousand volts shoot from the lines to the motors. With a

whirr the car starts on its memorable voyage. The strength of the electrical current fed to the four motors is gradually increased to 350 amperes, and 2,300 kilo-watts, or 2,600 mechanical horse power, are being expended. The speed indicator shows a velocity of seventy-five miles an hour, and about a mile further on it is increased to ninety-four miles an hour. A curve of 6,560 feet radius looms up, and the car leaps around it at a speed of 109 miles an hour. The train flies on faster and faster until it is rushing on at 115 miles an hour. No vibration or shock is felt, and it seems as if the car itself were not moving—as if poles, trees and buildings were flickering past. Only the humming of the wheels assures us that it is we who are moving. The voltmeter shows that the current collectors are doing their work smoothly, and no fear of increasing the speed need be felt.

"The finger of the speed indicator slips along to a mark which shows that the car is making 121 miles an hour. Fragments of ballast as large as walnuts are sucked up into the air and fall back as the train rushes on. After this speed the excitement in the car becomes intense. Not a word is spoken. Only the click of the wheels over the rails is heard. Danger signals ahead are watched carefully. No power can stop this ninety-ton car within a mile. Suddenly a smashing blow is heard against the window of the cab, as if a man brought his fist heavily down upon a table. It was a bird overtaken in its flight and killed. The speed indicator continues to climb higher, and it is soon time to shut off the current. The last mile before cutting off the power is made at top speed, and a quarter of a mile before reaching the curve near Rangsdorf we shut off the current and apply the full power of the brakes. The speed of the car drops to 102 miles an hour, and the curve is rounded in a noble swing. In eight minutes we have leaped from Marienfelde to Zossen. We crowd around the telegraph instruments, which have recorded a speed never before attained in the annals of railroading. The telegrapher can hardly attend to his instruments, so many heads are pressing about him. Finally he succeeds in reading off the record—130.4 miles an hour."

This marvellous pioneer record in electrical railroading was made over an ordinary track, with guard rails laid along the inside to keep the wheels from jumping. The track was fairly straight, although the curves reached up to 2,000 metres radius at points, and with grades up to three per cent. The electrical equipment was of the high tension alternating current system, reaching up to 15,000 volts. In the last mile of high speed the tension on the transmission line was raised up to the full capacity of 15,000 volts. Each of the four motors of the car had a normal capacity of 250 horse power, but they were capable of handling a load of 500 horse power, or for a short while 750 horse power. This would give a total horse power for emergencies of 3,000. Little trouble was experienced in keeping the motors and transformers cool. This was due to the great air pressure on the car caused by the high speed. This outside air was conducted to the cores of the transformers by air pipes for cooling. An air blast was thus obtained that was invaluable.

The wind resistance which the car had to overcome could not be esti-

mated, as no attempt was made to do this; but an idea of the amount of horse power required simply to overcome the air can be gathered from experiments recently made in this country. In a series of trials made on the Buffalo & Lockport electric line it was found that when a car or train reached a speed above seventy-five miles an hour nearly all of the increased power consumed was expended in overcoming the bank of air in front. Single cars were operated at seventy-five miles per hour, and trains made up of several cars were then sent over the track at similar speeds. The results of these tests showed that a train of cars sustaining a speed of seventy-five miles per hour consumed 47 watt-hours per ton per mile; but to operate single cars the expenditure of energy rose quickly to 137 watt-hours per ton per mile. The single car thus required 2.9 times the amount of energy per ton.

This was due entirely to the air resistance. The first car of the train parted a way through the resisting bank of air, and pushed it in a great circular cloud before it. The succeeding cars of the train had merely to overcome sliding friction, or what would be called in naval circles, "skin friction." The faster the train moved, the less chance would the opposing bank of air have in closing in around the succeeding cars to lessen their speed. The single car would have to do as much work in overcoming air resistance as the head car of a train, and to operate three or four separate cars would cost far more than to run them in trains. A further test of the question was made when two cars coupled together were run on the track. They consumed 92 watt-hours per ton per mile, while the single car required 137 watt-hours. This tremendous head resistance of the atmosphere introduces the question of changing rapid transit of electrical railways from the present single-car system to that of trains. Operating single heavy cars at frequent intervals is far more convenient to the public than running long trains at two or three times longer intervals; but if there is such a difference in the economy of operation, it is more than likely that the train system will eventually prevail.

At ordinary speeds of thirty and forty miles an hour the air resistance is comparatively small, and ninety-five per cent. of the power consumed is expended in overcoming the inertia of the train and the friction of machinery and wheels on the tracks. At fifty miles an hour fully ten per cent. of the power is required in opening a path in the bank of air formed in front. At seventy-five miles per hour the power expended in overcoming the inertia of the air has mounted up to sixty and seventy per cent. of the total amount required for sustaining this high speed. Thereafter, the problem is chiefly one of wind resistance. At one hundred miles an hour, the bank of air has become so dense ahead, and it requires such a tremendous force to move it quickly, that nearly all of the extra energy communicated to the motors is expended in this way.

Train shields and peculiarly-shaped cars, which offer the least amount of surface resistance to the air, have been tried, and excellent results have been obtained in this direction; but there still remains the difficulty of eliminating an obstruction that increases in proportion to the speed acquired. At two hundred miles an hour, the air resist-

ance must be something hard to comprehend. There is a certain point beyond which the speed limit cannot advance. At this point the air becomes almost like a solid wall, and no human power can make it slide apart fast enough to permit any train to go through it at any higher rate of speed. Just at what speed the air-limit will stop further progress is not known to-day. But it is a mechanical certainty that it will be reached in time. It may be that the question of economy may stop rapid transit of a practical nature considerably short of this ultimate limit.

The high-speed electrical trains of the future must run on comparatively straight tracks; but curves cannot entirely be avoided. Rapid transit on our main steam railroads is limited to-day more by the curves than any other defect of the system, and millions of dollars are being annually expended by the large trunk lines to abolish grades and curves. The fast trains most make their bursts of speed on stretches of the line where no serious curves present danger signs ahead.

The question of super-elevation of the outside rail on a sharp curve is one that engineers are now trying to solve. How great a super-elevation can be carried without endangering life and property has in the last year been tested to a considerable extent. Express electrical trains have been run around sharp curves where the outside rail was elevated eight and nine inches above the inside rail. But a train to round a curve with a track of this extreme super-elevation of the outside rail would have to move at fifty or sixty miles an hour. A freight or slow passenger train running around such a curve might topple over.

To make the ordinary track suitable for extreme high speeds, it will be necessary to separate the local from the through traffic. If this is done it will be possible for a high-speed electrical train to round a ten-degree curve at a speed of sixty to one hundred miles per hour. The super-elevation of the outside rail must, however, be at such a point that the pull of gravity toward the inside rail will balance the centrifugal pull toward the outside rail. At a speed of a hundred miles and more per hour on a ten-degree curve the outside rail would have to be elevated more than eight or nine feet above the inside. A train could not round a curve on such a track if running much slower than fifty miles an hour, and special precautions would have to be taken to keep the track around the curves clear. It might prove fatal to the train to have to slow up on a sharp curve.

Curves may thus lose much of their terror and discomfort to engineers and passengers alike. A train rounding a sharp curve at a high speed gives a lurching motion to the passengers only when the super-elevation of the outside rail is not proportionate to the speed. Where the two forces are nicely balanced, the train swings around a curve at a high speed with a graceful, steady motion. The curves begin gradually, and run up from one degree, to five, ten, fifteen, and so on, to the extreme limit. The train takes the first part of the curve without communicating any jolt to the passengers, and it leaps around the rest with marvellous ease and steadiness. These spiral-curves are constructed with mathematical precision so that they can be suited to certain high-speed trains, and there is consequently no more danger in sweeping

around them at one hundred miles an hour than in running on a straight track.

High-speed traveling will thus quickly narrow the length and breadth of our country, and knit all parts of it into closer union than ever before. With special trains running at 150 miles or more per hour, the two coasts will become parts of a strip of land scarcely a thousand miles across. From San Francisco to New York a period of only two days may be required to cover the distance. Chicago will become a suburb of New York, with commuters going back and forth every day or two. Washington will be within a few hours' reach of most of the country. People will live in the country more than ever, extending the limits of their sojourn to five or six hundred miles. Quick trips to the South in winter, and to the North in summer, will enable thousands to accommodate themselves to more agreeable climates at all inclement seasons of the year.

We shall live less on the trains, and yet travel greater distances. Cities will become more and more places for business and special forms of amusement, while the country will be the home of the people. The whole land will undergo transformations that will make present methods of living antiquated and unsatisfactory.

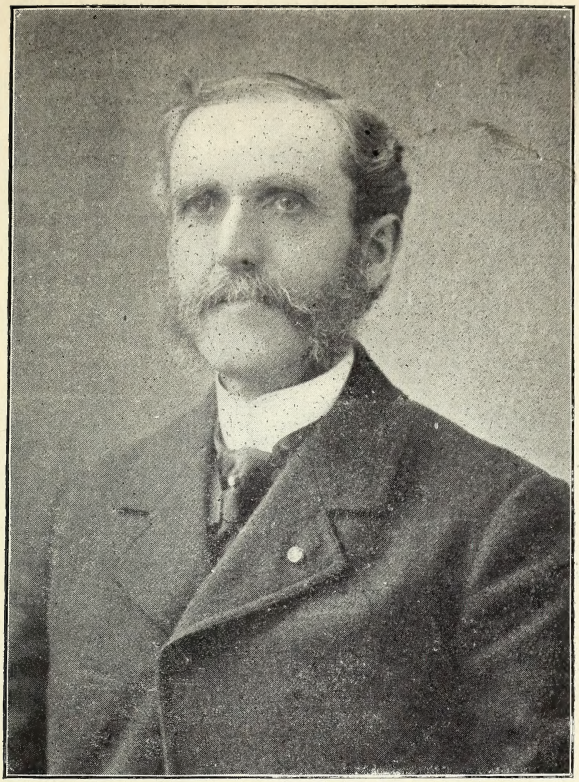
The Passing Pomp

By Richard Burton

ABOVE, a wildering world of gray,—
Mist and rain, wreath and shroud,—
Till the splendid sun shall have his way,
Breaking the barrier cloud.

Beneath, walks Autumn, the regal one,
Robed in russet and red;
Where be the glories of Solomon,
The pomps of the stately dead?

And through it all sounds a spirit-call
Mingled of woe and mirth:
"I am the ghost of a festival
In the ancient days of the Earth."



REV. RUFUS B. TOBEY, FOUNDER OF THE FLOATING HOSPITAL.

The Boston Floating Hospital

By Amy Woods

PLUTARCH in his Consolation to Apollonius says: "Socrates thought that if all our misfortunes were laid in one common heap, whence every one must take an equal portion, most persons would be contented to take their own and depart." If one need confirmation of this theory he may find it any day, during July and August on Boston City Wharf, under the little awning of the "Floating Hospital" landing, which shelters so much of human misery and sickness. Here the poor mothers gather early in the morning with their sick babies in their arms, and in most cases a little one scarcely more than a baby clinging to the maternal skirts. Sometimes it is an older sister who brings the little sick one, sometimes the "big brother," who himself is little enough—a thing of shreds and patches.

Usually under the awning all is quiet, for a very sick baby does not cry, and the mothers for the most part have the stoicism of poverty. In and out among the settees pass the doctors and the nurses detailed for shore work, questioning the mothers, examining the patients,

and tying tags on the little wrists that entitle the bearer to a bed in the permanent wards of the Floating Hospital or a day of care on the upper deck.

Presently a little stir on the wharf signals the coming of the business managers of the hospital—Mr. Farwell and Mr. Anderson. Orders are given here and there; reporters hover about, jotting down notes for

By ten o'clock the hospital is well on the way to its anchorage in Pleasant Bay, off Pemberton, and the babies are receiving the best and tenderest of care, and a fighting chance for life. Go to the wharf and the human misery represented there will wring your heart with helpless pity. Go on board the boat and take the trip down the harbor with the misery, and your compassion,



WAITING FOR THE BOAT.

daily copy; milk carts and laundry wagons appear. The steamer, which has been docked for the night, backs out and the Floating Hospital takes its place at the draw and is filled quickly and quietly with its load of passengers, while near by one of the city's boats is landing discharged prisoners from Deer Island. It is the prevailing quickness, quietness and order which are most noticeable. Not a moment is wasted where every moment is precious in saving life.

though none the less strong, will give way to confident admiration for those who, seeing, put forth a helping hand and have built up so systematically a charity to fill the need.

The Reverend Rufus B. Tobey is the founder of the Boston Floating Hospital. Some twelve years ago his attention was called to the need of such an institution by the sight of the multitude of women and girls carrying babies, who throng the piers at night. Here they come from the most crowded districts to

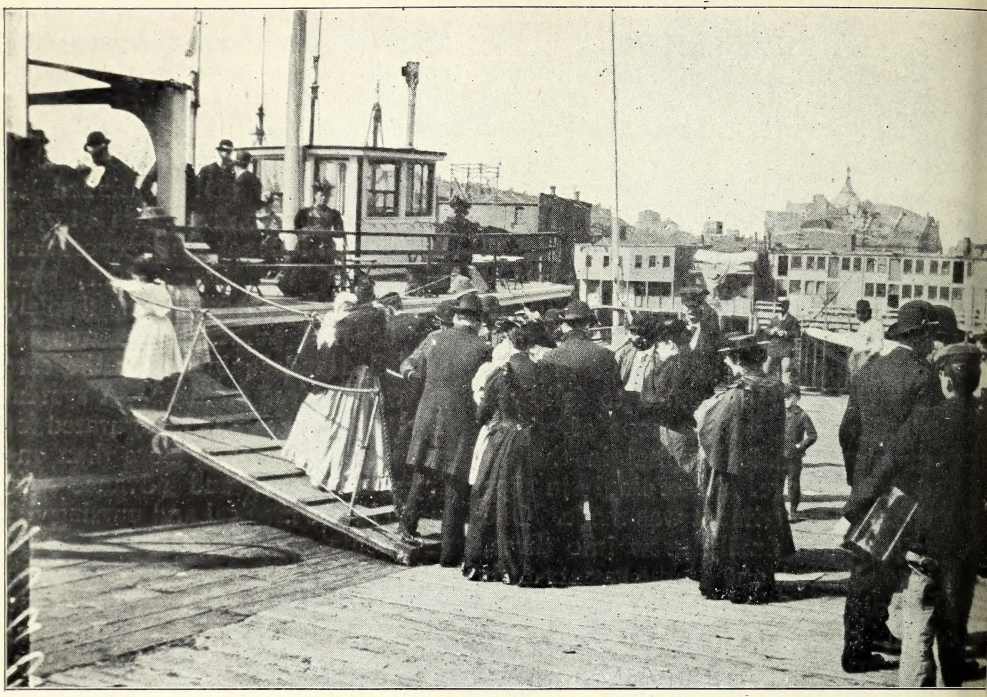
find relief from the fetid air of the tenements. Until midnight the endless procession moves on; then the piers are deserted for the squalid homes, and the effect of the cool air from the harbor is counteracted by the foul air breathed during the rest of the night.

While looking about for a relief for this, Mr. Tobey visited the Floating Hospital of New York, which cares for sick children during the day only. He decided to follow a similar plan, with a hope of a permanent seaside hospital in the indefinite future. Accordingly in 1893 the first experiment was made. One trip, which finally grew into three, was planned, and on the twenty-fifth of July the first blossom bloomed on this charitable vine, which had sprung from the tiny seed planted one year before in Mr. Tobey's heart. That it has become an everlasting annual with indefinite capacity for growth cannot be doubted when its advancement in eleven years is considered.

On that first trip, an excursion barge was hired, which had to be stripped of its furnishings in the morning and equipped with hospital appliances, and again dismantled in the evening and put in order for the usual pleasure trips. Tickets were distributed by physicians of the city to mothers with sick babies, entitling them to one trip. Volunteer aid was given by medical students under proper supervision, and one nurse and an assistant were employed. Eleven hundred children were given the benefit of a day's outing during the first season, and so marked was their improvement that during the following fall and winter the management received much sympathetic encouragement and financial aid, so that thirteen trips were made possible the second summer, and the success of the enterprise was assured.

In 1896 the Floating Hospital came under the care of the Lend-a-Hand Society, and continued so until it was able, five years later, to become an independent corporation. Meantime the barge had been bought and could now be used solely for hospital purposes. It was remodelled and equipped for the care of two hundred children. A system of return checks was inaugurated for patients who needed more than one day's attention, and advance was made in the medical and nursing departments.

In 1898 a step was taken which made the Floating Hospital a unique charity, and placed it on an equal footing with other free hospitals. Up to this time all patients had been discharged at five o'clock when the boat reached the wharf, and many of the very ill who had had temporary relief through the day lost what they had gained during the sweltering nights on land. Once or twice, the question of life or death being the issue, babies were kept aboard all night, and in this way came the idea of establishing a permanent ward, which has since grown to be the most important feature of the work. The boat returns to City Wharf at five o'clock; the day patients are landed, and vacancies, if there are any in the permanent wards, are filled with babies who have been waiting in the anxious mothers' arms for the afternoon boat. Thence it goes to Pickert's wharf, East Boston, where it ties up for the night. Here the boat is accessible, and parents are welcome at any hour of the night or day to see their little ones. This has been of much help in establishing the confidence of the

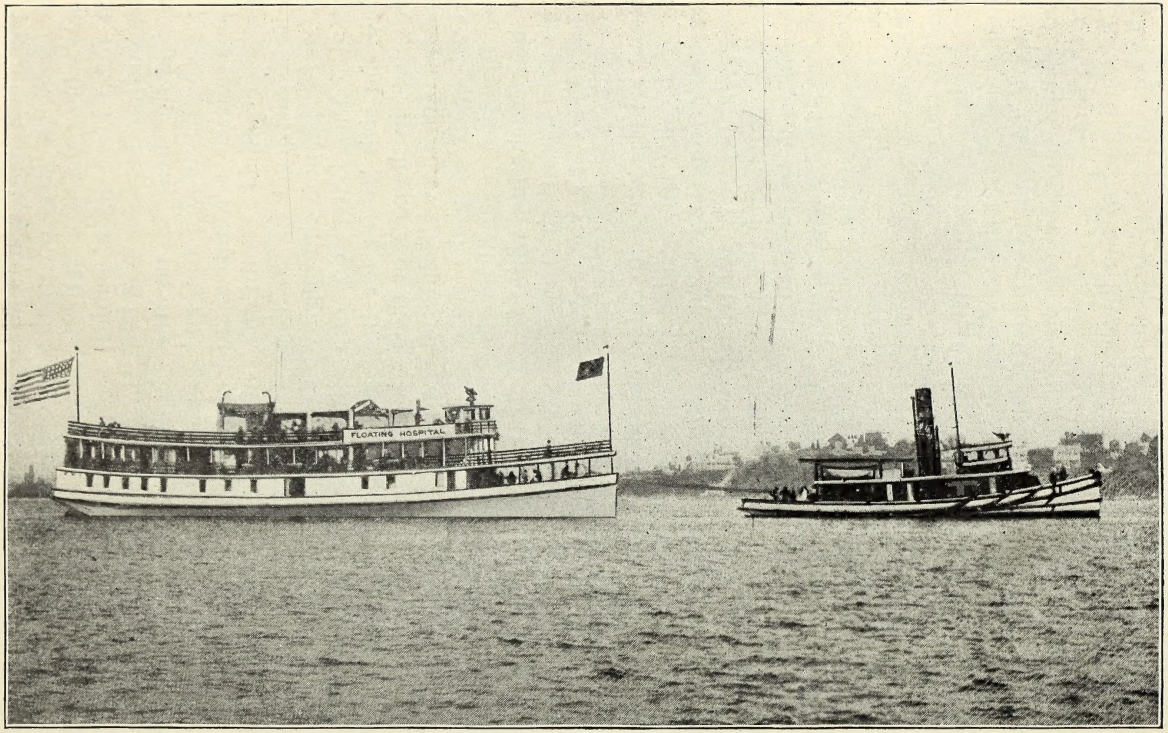


THE GANG-PLANK.

parents in the hospital, and no abuses have been made of the privilege.

In 1900 a second step was taken in the advancement of the hospital, which was only equalled by the buying of the boat and the establishment of the permanent wards. With the all-night work came a great need for modifying the high temperature and humidity which were so oppressive to the little sufferers, especially during the hours when the boat was tied up at the wharf. To fill this need an atmospheric plant was installed in the forward part of the boat, which has proved most efficacious.

As soon as the boat is well under way down the harbor, and the babies have been assigned to their proper places, Assistant Manager John Anderson comes to the bow of the first deck, where the guests of the hospital—and there are always a num ber—have been placed until the im mediate business of getting starte has been attended to. The boat i now ready for inspection, and M Anderson, who is the prince of stor tellers, and sways his hearers t tears or smiles at will, marshals h forces and leads the way, fir through the permanent wards whe beds are occupied, sometimes by tw at a time, of those poor little bits humanity struggling against diseas Some of them look worse than th pictures of the Fresh Air Fund ch dren depicted in "Life," some lit little unfledged birds, blue, a pinched and scrawny. The litt white beds so clean and sweet, t fresh light and air coming in throu the glass sides of the wards and t quiet nurses and doctors bent up their work give the room an air wholesomeness and adequacy



THE BOAT.

meet the exigency of the sick. Each bed in the permanent wards has been endowed by friends of the hospital in memory of some dear one.

From the permanent wards Mr. Anderson leads his party on to the upper deck where the day patients are cared for. Here beds, babies, mattresses and mothers are huddled together, for the boat is far too small to give extra elbow room, and doctors and nurses are forced to work under cramped conditions. Besides, it is early yet in the day and the ward is not thoroughly straightened out. Later on one would find the sick babies for the most part asleep in the cots, or their mothers' arms, and the well children playing contentedly on the floor. Here is an Assyrian perched on the side of a bed crocheting while her twin babies gain back their strength in a long cool sleep. Nearby may be an Irish woman, a negro or a Jew, for no distinction is made as to color or creed or locality of residence. They may come from any town or state, though the majority are from within the city limits, and the nearby towns. Some of the women are sewing or reading. Little groups are gossiping over their children, and many are sitting in silence, yielding their weary bodies to the restful quiet of the ocean.

Having caught a glimpse of what the hospital stands for in the way of charitable work, the visitor is taken below and shown the working machinery of the ship.

In the forward part of the lower deck is the atmospheric plant, the object of which is to take the air in its varying conditions of temperature and percentage of moisture and reduce its relative humidity to about fifty and to raise or lower its temperature, to about seventy-four degrees Fahrenheit. This has been successfully accomplished in two of the wards and but for lack of space to install a more powerful engine which is already in the hospital's possession, might be extended to the other wards. The result is obtained through an ingenious use of brine chilled by ammonia, which condenses the moisture from the air upon the pipes through which it circulates. The dry air is then warmed by means of steam coils and forced by fans into the wards. So far as is known there is no plant of this kind in any other hospital in America and the management is justly proud of it and the results which its installation has effected.

The twelve-horse power Corliss engine which runs the atmospheric plant is in the hold. Mr. Robinson, the genial engineer, cordially welcomes visitors to his domain, and it is well worth while to go down to see how modern science has been able to condense space as well as gaseous substances. Every inch is utilized, and with bent back, one treads a narrow plank to examine the engine which supplies power for forcing three thousand gallons of city water through charcoal filters each day, for circulating chilled brine through the ice room and for the emergency pumps in case of leaks or fire, besides running the atmospheric plant and other incidentals. The hospital has no motive power of its own, being towed up and down the harbor, and thus avoiding the disturbing jar of machinery. The engineer's room in the bow is the largest private room on board, measuring not more than four by six feet.

Coming up to the lower deck again, one sees the galley, a tiny box of a room, where a mid-day meal of

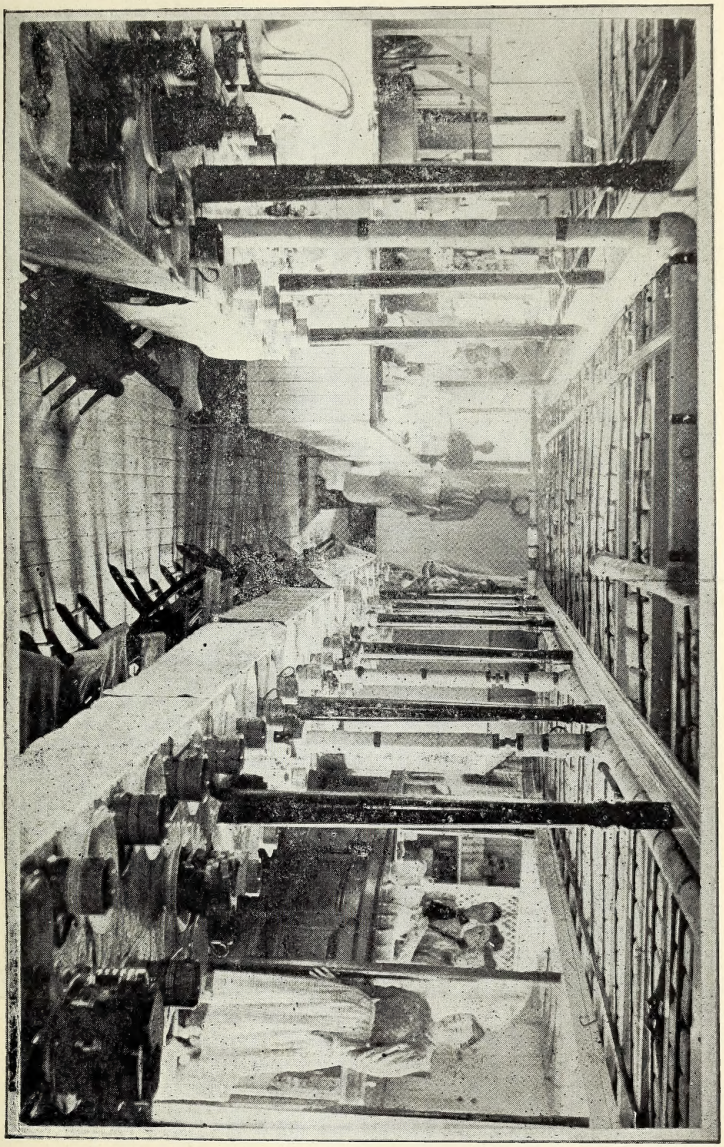
PERMANENT WARD.



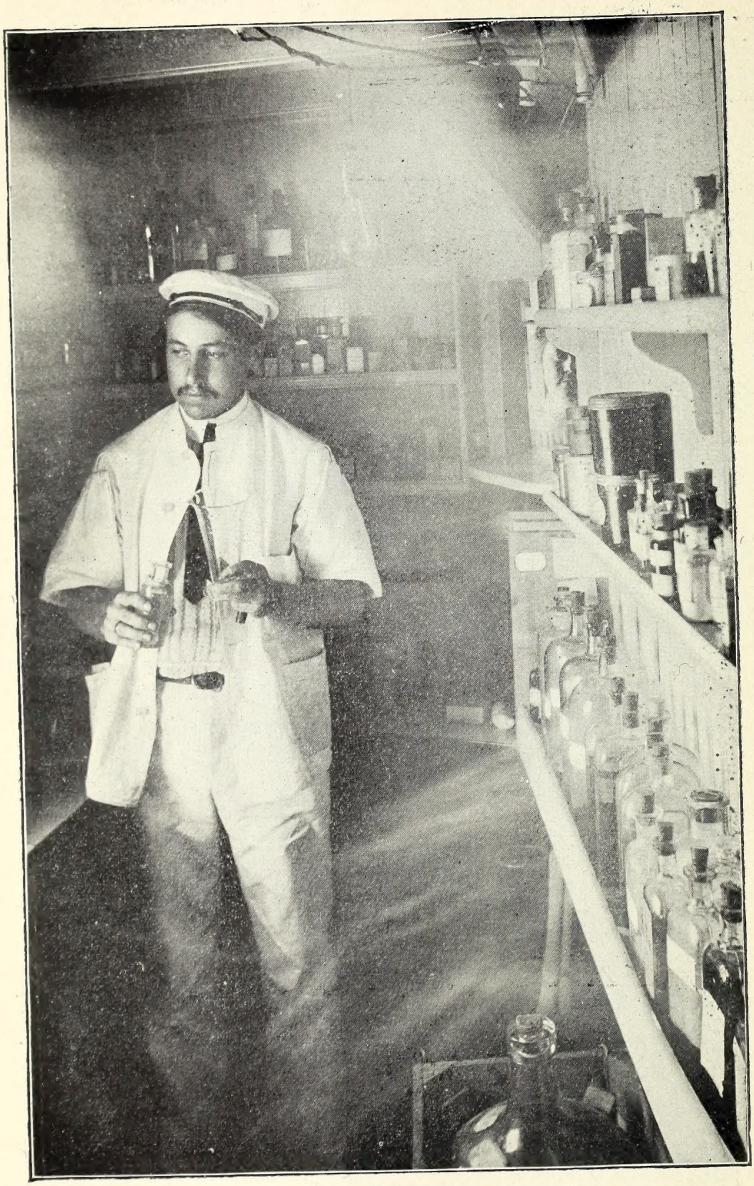
A TYPICAL GROUP.

soup and bread and coffee is provided for the mothers, and three regular meals for the attendants on the boat. The mothers sit at a long table running lengthwise of the boat and are quickly waited on by student helpers. Care is taken not to conflict with religious views in the matter of food, and for the most part there is no trouble, though occasionally an orthodox Jew refuses to drink water in glasses washed with soap. On this deck also, besides the culinary department, is a well-equipped though tiny operating room, a corner where necessary clothing is made for hospital use. The fact that fourteen hundred yards of gauze and a hundred pounds of absorbent cotton are used daily for this purpose gives some little idea of the magnitude of the general work being done. And most important of all on this deck is the food department, which, under the supervision of Dr. C. E. Buck, has been made a model laboratory. Each day twenty different kinds of foods prescribed by the doctors are prepared for the patients and sent to the wards in bottles tagged with the cot number. The milk comes from the Gordon Walker farm, and repeated tests prove it to be practically free from germs on its arrival, five hours after milking. As it is kept below a temperature at which germination is possible, it is positively aseptic. Use is also made of the Babcock cream tester, which the inventor gave to the world. Not only has this scientific preparation of the food been of value to the medical staff, but to the medical world at large.

Half-way up the stairs from the lower deck is a room just large enough for two men and two microscopes. It is the dispensary, and among its rows of bottles much fine pathological work has been done. It was in this room that, during the summer of 1903, Mr. A. I. Kendall,



MOTHERS' DINING TABLE AND GALLEY.



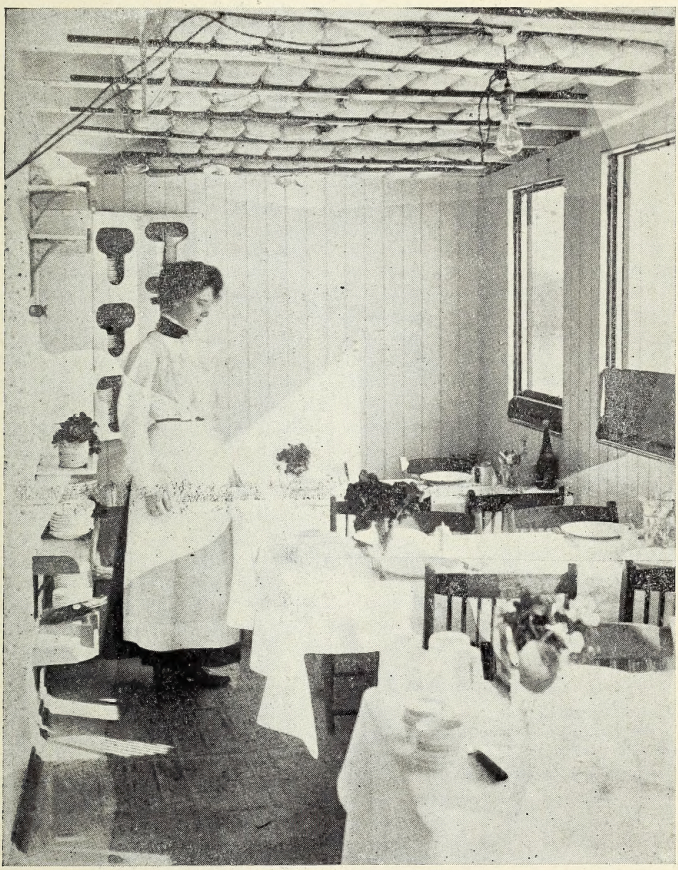
IN THE DISPENSARY.

under the auspices of the Rockefeller Institute, carried on a bacterial research in regard to the newly discovered bacillus of dysentery and the corresponding serum.

At half-past eleven luncheon is served to the guests of the hospital in the ship's dining room, off the main deck, after which they are put ashore by the tug at Pemberton in time to catch the twelve o'clock boat to the city. Occasionally a visitor stays on board until the return of the hospital in the afternoon, but there is little more for the casual observer to see, and one feels depressed to

see so much active duty going on without being able to lend a hand.

There is far more to the Boston Floating Hospital than has been described in the foregoing pages. A kindergarten is carried on in the afternoon for the older children, under the direction of an experienced teacher, thus relieving the mothers and giving them an opportunity for greater care of their babies. Practical lessons are also provided for the women. As a mother has always free access to her child, she may learn much as to its proper care, and is often allowed to help when possible. When she leaves the boat, she is given a card of rules for the preparation of food and told when and how often to feed her baby, the method of preparation being demonstrated during the afternoon. Sterilizers and bottles are sold at a very moderate price or given away when necessary to her, and she may bring the baby as a day patient after it has been discharged from the permanent ward. Nor does interest in the patient end at the gangplank, a system of home visitation keeping the hospital in touch with the mothers.



SHIP'S DINING ROOM.



FLOATING HOSPITAL KINDERGARTEN.

The Floating Hospital is an educational institution not only for mothers but for doctors and nurses as well, and furnishes a practical working knowledge of children's diseases which is of inestimable value.

The medical staff consists of an advisory board of eminent Boston physicians, who give their services, and a corps of graduate students, assisted by undergraduates and supervised by the resident physician, Dr. Robert W. Hastings. A diploma is given at the end of two years' service.

As for the nurses, a system of work has been perfected under the supervision of Miss L. A. Wilber, who has been with the hospital eight years. There has been a gradual change from voluntary aid to a well-established practice school for graduate nurses. The head nurses and night matron are graduates of previous years. Besides these there were about thirty student nurses during the summer of 1904, who led very much the same life they would have at other hospitals. During the ten weeks a course of twelve lectures is given by members of the visiting staff. Notes are taken and written up by the nurses and corrected by the lecturers. In the fall, diplomas are given for satisfactory work done in wards and notes and a final examination. This training has proved of so much value that Miss Wilber receives applications for admission from far beyond the State line.

The general work of the boat is done by students who are helping to pay their way through college or abroad. Some of the waitresses are teachers. One of the aids is an Amherst man, and a Harvard undergraduate runs the tugboat. It is this atmosphere of student work aboard the boat which is so delightful. All are vitally interested in the progress of the hospital, and in working for a higher educational development are gaining what is of as great importance, an intimate and comprehensive knowledge of the humanities of life.

"What can be done to help?" is the question uppermost in the thoughts of every one who visits the hospital, to which there is an infinite number of answers. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, says to his congregation, "Not to know about the charities of your city is criminal." Then first become acquainted with the Floating Hospital and its needs, which may be summed up under the one word, "Money." Many things might be sent, but generally the management has the advantage of wholesale prices and discounts, and can buy just the quality and quantity wanted better than an outsider. A night and day costs on the average of three hundred and fifty dollars, and the expenses must be defrayed by voluntary contributions, as the hospital is not endowed.

Then there is the new boat, which is most badly needed. Efficient as the present hospital is, it cannot begin to meet the demand made upon it, and every day babies are turned away at the wharf, in some cases to certain death, because of cramped quarters, which defy the old adage of "always room for one more." Plans for the new boat have been made, and are only waiting to be made use of until the subscription raised shall warrant commencement. Of the $50,000 needed for this purpose, one-half has already been collected.

This charity for sick babies appeals especially to children, and



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through them has come an incredible amount of help. This summer six hundred dollars was received as the result of a year's work of seven little girls in Dorchester, Massachusetts, who, under the name of the "Girls' Rainbow Circle," gave teas and fairs through the winter months. Boston firms have been most kind in furnishing supplies, and the Elevated Road issues each year a thousand free tickets for the use of mothers to and from the wharf.

The Floating Hospital has proved itself a practical charity so closely allied with educational and scientific advancement as to be assured of permanent success. Just now the goal set is the possession of a new boat, but when that is reached the members of the board of managers will hitch their wagon to another star and go on with the same confident energy which has signalized them from the first. Unconsciously they have chosen from Stevenson their motto, "To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor."

Aunt Foster's Cranberries

By JOHN ALBERT MACY

AUNT FOSTER toiled up the slope from the bog, and entered the kitchen. With a conclusive "There!" she opened her fists and laid on the table two handfuls of cranberries. One lot was small and pale. The other lot was composed of a half dozen large berries, red on one end and half ripe.

Jerome, Aunt Foster's nephew, opened his eyes in mock surprise. "Quite a difference between the sheep and the goats," he said.

"Should think they was," rejoined Aunt Foster. "That handful I picked up just as they come from Cap'n Ben's half, an' the others just as they come from my half. An' look at the difference. Yet he dares tell me I don't know more'n he does about lookin' after a cranberry bog."

"Did Cap'n Ben ever tell you that?" asked Jerome.

"Well, I can't say that he ever said so, but it's what he means, else he'd take my advice about the bog. If he doesn't do what I say, that means he thinks he knows more'n I do, don't it?"

Jerome grinned gleefully. He was a travelling salesman. Every fortnight he spent a day or two at a time with his aunt, resting from the arduous labor of selling iron fences three hours a day, and his frequent recesses were enlivened by Aunt Foster's self-deception and other humorous angles of character. Aunt Foster was the heart of honesty, but when she picked sample berries, her rivalry led her to select deliberately a good handful from her part of the bog and a poor handful from the captain's.

"My! Auntie, if all your berries are as good as those, you can quit the business and go to live on the swellest street in Boston."

"Well, I look for seventy barrels, and I don't expect Cap'n Ben'll get more'n fifty. When they're picked

over, mine'll stand bulkier than his. Stoopid old man!"

Aunt Foster and Captain Ben were equal owners in a bog, the possession of which had descended from remote common kinsmen. The bog yielded from a hundred to a hundred and thirty barrels a year, and that gave a net profit of six hundred dollars, when prices were good.

Cap'n Ben's share in the bog was almost his only means of support. He had sailed his last ship thirty years before, and was like an old dory pulled up on land and put to unseamanlike uses. Of all the brave shipping that once made the sandy drifts of Cape Cod a rich corner of the world, not a wrack remains.

Aunt Foster had a little property beside her bog, including some trifling investments and a good sweep of grassy marsh that produced twenty tons or more of salt hay. But the cranberries were the pride of all her possessions. The amiable Jerome regarded her house as his second home and gave Aunt Foster as much money as she would consent to take. The comfort of her life was assured.

Yet for all her comfort and in spite of her genuine kindness, Aunt Foster made Captain Ben's life a little uneasy by nagging him about the cranberries and any other affairs of life that seemed to her in need of improvement. A kind of asperity, of which she was not aware, caused her to put briers on the shelf upon which the old seaman had been laid by; whereas a little gentleness on her part would have made Captain Ben's land-berth warm and peaceful. Aunt Foster failed in the finer generosity and tact through the same want of imagination which allowed her to deceive herself about the size and abundance of her cranberry crop.

The bog was divided by an arbitrary line surveyed through the centre, but in a geographical sense the bog was one, and had to be flooded and drained as a whole.

A cranberry bog is flooded after harvest in the fall, and is kept all winter under a thin layer of water, which nourishes and protects the plants. The water must be maintained at the right height; too much water on a day of thaw is likely to lift the coating of ice and pull the plants up by the roots. The water is drained off in the spring, usually in May. A too early draining will leave the plants without protection against the chills of a tardy spring. If the water is left on too long, the plants are late in maturing.

On all these matters Aunt Foster and Cap'n Ben disagreed; or rather, he pursued steadily the course of his own beliefs and she did the disagreeing.

"Look at that now, Cap'n Ben," she said. "The Briggses and the Rogerses are drainin' their cranberries. It's time we did, an' if you don't go down an' pull up them boards, I'll do it myself, rheumatism and all, if I can't find Tom Porter to do it."

And again, "Cap'n Ben, I have had more sand put on all that new place we reset two years ago. If you don't choose to do it to your part, it's your look-out, and I wash my hands of it."

"Well, Mis' Foster," replied the Captain, "I don't see as you ever had it on your hands at all. Don't seem to me it makes any difference to you what I do except for the matter of floodin' an' drainin', where we seem to be on the same ship."

As there was no evident reply to

this, Aunt Foster went home and made her protests to an innocent third person, to a neighbor, or to Jerome when he was there. Meanwhile the old Captain pulled his beard, opened his mouth in pantomime of worried argument, then smiled, shook his head and went back to his newspaper.

The cranberries always brought him enough to carry him through the year, and so long as the crop did not fail, he saw in Aunt Foster's anxious care only a woman's talkative fussiness. He was old and visibly growing older, and the indifference of old age fell quietly about his concern in all worldly matters. The increase of Aunt Foster's years brought no such abatement of daily care and fretting. As time went on she grew more aggressive and vexatious in her harangues to the old man.

"What in the world do you want to fuss the old fellow all up for?" asked Jerome. "You ain't hard pressed for money, and he is. If he don't worry, you needn't. I think you must be a sincere sport, auntie; you want to teach him the fine points of the game and then you like to beat him. I s'pose beating him by five or six barrels gives you more pleasure than a good crop for both of you."

"Beat him? Of course I don't care about beatin' him. I only want the old obstinate to get the most possible out o' his cranberries. Sakes alive, it's all he's got, an' I hate to see him lose by his own foolishness. As soon as I've kned up this bread, I'm goin' straight over to him an' tell him that if he ain't able to clean out those ditches himself, that is, his part—I'm sure I don't want him to do anything for *me*,—he'll have to pay for a man to do it, same as I pay. The ditches are all blocked up, an' it's easier to clean 'em now than wait till next spring when you need 'em, an' the stuff is all froze in. Now, that's the way with him. He thinks that just because this crop is mos' ready to pick this year, that the ditches an' everything for next year's crop can wait. Sech a short-sighted man! It's the way with lots o' men that followed the sea. My father, your gran'father, wasn't that way. He laid by a snug bit, an' was allus forehanded an' foreheaded. But it does seem as if ramstrammin' 'round to Peru an' China had made those that are left jest as shiftless as grasshoppers."

"And not so spry," said Jerome.

"I dunno as I ought to lay it all to bein' a sailor," retorted Aunt Foster, turning her guns away from the absent Captain and training them nearer home; "you'd be jest as bad. I suppose now if you lived here and depended on those cranberries, you wouldn't have any more gumption than Cap'n Ben."

"Well, auntie, I don't see where I come in for a rowing. I ain't running a cranberry race with you, or rather I ain't being dragged along in a run I don't want to take, like the poor old Captain. And I don't know as I'm so shiftless. I'm making three thousand a year, and you're welcome to some of it yourself."

"You're a good boy, Jerome," said Aunt Foster in a kinder tone.

"Yes, and the Captain is a good old boy. This cranberry business is just a hobby with you, and you ride it all over other folks' back yards. Let him alone."

"Let him alone!" Aunt Foster fired again. "And have my cranberries spoiled?"

"Well, his would be, too; so he wouldn't beat you."

"Jerome, for a young man that's

been in the city and is a travelling man, you talk a pile o' nonsense."

Jerome sniggered and went out the kitchen door, across the field to the brown shingled house where the captain lived alone. Captain Ben was a solitary sailor keeping ship on land, and he needed no woman in the cook's galley.

"Afternoon, Captain."

"Afternoon, Mr. Harbour. How's Mis' Foster? Hope she's well?"

There was no animosity in the Captain. His broad face was a brown and gray tangle, but serene and good to look at as an old hedge. The coarse streaks of his whiskers and the network of furrows in his face made one solid rough mat.

"She's well, as usual," said Jerome. "When do you begin picking?"

"Oh, in about two weeks. I suppose we'll get the pickers together, Mis' Foster an' me, though we didn't jibe very well last year."

"Have you made any arrangements with my aunt yet?" asked Jerome with mischievous interest.

"Arrangements? Well, no, not exactly arrangements. It's just a question of will I or won't I. And if that's arrangements, we ain't made 'em yet. I suppose them Portuguees and Dagoes come along in a week or so, 'bout the middle o' the month."

"My aunt doesn't like 'em, you know. She wants what she calls white folks."

"They be white folks. Least they ain't so far from white. I've seen blacker ones in the south seas. Ye see, it's like this: there's all color o' white folks; I be as dark as an old sail, but I ain't a nigger nor yet a Chinee. 'Cause I am originally white. Now some o' them here Spaniards an' Dago-Eyetalians get dark livin' near the waist o' the earth where the equator is, an' their skins get tanned, but they are born white as the under part of a fish."

"But my aunt thinks that American girls pick the crop cleaner."

"Maybe, maybe, but they gets half a cent more a measure, an' that makes up. Now last year Mis' Foster got two barrels more'n I did, but it cost even ten dollars more for pickin'. So she really lost, 'cause there weren't two barrels difference in the haul o' the gals from 'round here and the haul o' those dark-eyed folks. The trouble is, for all her grit and git-up, Mis' Foster is a little mite scared o' them outlandish. She wouldn't be if she'd et, slep' an' swapped yarns with Fijis same as I have. Mis' Foster is plumb scared, that's all they is to it."

It was true. The narrowly-bred New England woman, frightened by their unfamiliar speech, was in foolish terror of these soft-eyed peaceful Portuguese who had settled in Cape Cod. They molested no one, and asked only work and a place to live, but in Aunt Foster's mind they were mysteriously related to predaceous gypsies.

This foolishness gave the Captain at least one point of triumph over Aunt Foster, and he screwed up his eyes in mild enjoyment. Emboldened by her absence, he announced that he intended to have Portuguese pickers this year, too, in spite of her ideas.

"Not that I'll force 'em on her, if she don't want 'em. The survey line is plain, an' she can have Yankees on one side an' I'll have Dagoes on t'other, an' that'll make a happy family."

"I suppose," said Jerome, "that she'll kick."

"Prob'ly, prob'ly. I don't know why it is, Mr. Harbour, but a feller can go on his own straight course,

sailin' along before the wind as nice's you please, an' then your aunt comes along like a squall an' hits him broadside."

"Well, you know, Captain, she doesn't mean anything by it."

"I know, I know. A man has to trim himself to take just so much o' a woman's talk, same as you trim to get jest the right measure o' wind. What hits the sails is meanin', an' what eases by is jest talk. An' I ain't sech a fool as to carry too much sail in the teeth of a squall."

"Well, I'll ask her about the Portuguese."

"All right, if you want to, but don't ask her on *my* account. She'll ask me soon enough—too soon. She reminds me of a feller that shipped with me on the *Jennie Chipman*. Good seaman, clever with his hands. But with his eyes allus peeled fer trouble. Why, with that feller, we didn't need no look-out. Smelled a squall before she'd got started t' other side o' the h'rizon. Trouble was, he smelled things 'at never got started at all. I like Mis' Foster, an' I respeck her judgment, but somehow she's allus too far ahead o' things, a little too keen. It's a wonder she don't have all the ma'sh grass to her place mowed down before it's grew."

The question of pickers came up in a day or two, but Captain Ben took no part in the discussion. Illness laid him low, and for long he was not seen out of his door. When the neighbors, including Aunt Foster, missed him and went in to help, they found him in bed. The fire was out and there was nothing to eat in the icebox.

Then for several days Aunt Foster was running back and forth between her house and the Captain's. To take care of him and bear him things to eat was only the kind of neighborly office in which other women of the village shared as a matter of course. But Aunt Foster knew what the others did not, that Captain Ben needed a more delicate kind of assistance, a kind harder to render because he would not be willing to receive it. There were doctors' bills and prescriptions to be filled out at the druggist's in the neighboring town. He had lost the latter end of the few odd jobs from summer people which added to his pennies from July to October. The Captain needed money.

The cranberries would be picked and paid for in three weeks, but not even a good crop on the Captain's share, better than Aunt Foster predicted, would provide comforts for him all winter. His illness might continue. He might be helpless the rest of his life. A sick man needs more money than a well man, and in time of health Captain Ben had not been over well-to-do.

"I s'pose," said Aunt Foster, "that he hasn't put by much. Just thought he'd go on the same way all his life, and never counted on being sick and feeble. That's sailor shif-lessness."

"Why, auntie, you're scolding at the old fellow even when he's laid up in bed." Jerome had come down for a "rest" at the end of another toilsome two weeks, and Aunt Foster had told him of the Captain's misfortune.

"Scoldin' him! I'm not. I sh'd think I was rather helpin' him, and what I'm tryin' to get through my head now is how to help him more. I was over to Will's this mornin', talkin' to him about it." Will was William Gregerson, General Dealer and Postmaster. It was he that played agent with Boston dealers for

the cranberries of this part of the Cape.

"Will says that the Cap'n can have as much credit to his store as he needs, but it's later I'm thinkin' about, when the bills have got to be paid."

"Why couldn't we give him fifty dollars or so?" asked genial Jerome. Jerome had a secret affection for this village and its people that was deeper even than the amiable young gentleman's liking for a "rest."

"Give him money? He'd never take it. He's proud as Jupiter's rooster."

"Who was he, Aunt Foster? Any relation to Juno's geese?"

"No, but you be. And I wish you'd not distract my mind by jokin' when I'm thinkin' out a matter o' life an' death."

"And money," added Jerome flippantly, "which is worse than either."

The distractions that beset Aunt Foster's mind did not draw it from its clear course. She presently had a plan for relieving the Captain.

When the pickers came, Aunt Foster took charge of the bog, Captain Ben's part as well as her own. Being scrupulous in her sense of duty, she hired for Captain Ben a group of Portuguese. For herself she engaged American girls and boys.

Then she did a thing both ingenious and generous.

When a cranberry field is picked, it is laid off in lanes separated by cords three or four feet apart. Each picker must stick to his own strip, and thus fares equally well with his fellows, for the strips are likely to average the same, and no one can monopolize the best parts of the bog.

The survey line across the bog which divided Aunt Foster's part from Captain Ben's was first marked by a line of string; this became the equator, and the other strings lay parallel to it on each side. When Will Gregerson's boy and Aunt Foster had cut the field into its sections, Aunt Foster gave orders. She indicated to one of the Americans the strip he was to take and then she pointed out to one of Captain Ben's Portuguese his section. These two were the vanguard of America against Portugal, of Aunt Foster against Captain Ben. The other pickers strung out on both sides of the equator, each in a zone, and the picking began.

But Aunt Foster had yielded the battle at the start. For she had carefully placed the first picker of Captain Ben's dark people three whole strips inside her own line. So that year the equator lay on the tropic of Capricorn, and of the bog, which had been so equally divided before, the part which yielded fruit to Captain Ben's barrels was much larger than the part which was left for Aunt Foster.

The crop for the whole bog was a hundred and twenty barrels. Of this, Captain Ben was credited on Gregerson's books with seventy-five barrels and Aunt Foster with forty-five. The net profit that year with cranberries at seven dollars and a half a barrel was about six hundred dollars. It was evident to Gregerson that the Captain had three hundred and seventy-odd dollars and Mrs. Foster less than two hundred and fifty.

It was also evident to Gregerson that Mrs. Foster must have done some foolish thing to her bog, though it looked all right to him the last time he passed it. Probably she had put in too much sand.

Of course, being a man, he jumped at conclusions and did not ask Aunt Foster for an explanation. That was fortunate, because she would probably have told him to mind his own business. But, no. She was too happy to say a sharp word to anyone—even to Captain Ben.

An Immigrant Farming Community

By Emelyn Foster Peck

WITH the ominous drift of American population, other than dilettante from countryside and village to crowded city, and with the appalling flood of European immigration sweeping into the eastern long-shore towns, it is heartening to find a colony of newcomers possessed of a genuine instinct for land culture and an unsentimental love of cottage life. Such is the small but richly characteristic community on the island of Martha's Vineyard known familiarly—a reminiscence of the Old-World island home of many of its people—as Fayal.

From the blue harbor of Cottage City (the swarming summer town on the northern shore of the island) you can see, far back among the squat oaks of the place, the conical-shaped belfry of the little Catholic church, about which the community loosely clusters. White, deep-furrowed, sandy roads and occasional asphalt driveways lead in among groves of the dwarf oaks and out upon small cottages trim in fresh paint and aglow with Crimson Ramblers. Seldom do you find the poorest, tiniest shanty without its dooryard plot of warm nasturtiums and fragrant sweet-peas. Well-kept vegetable gardens surround the cottages—sometimes completely surround them, so that you must tread warily on the narrow foot-path, between rows of earliest potatoes and sprawling tomato vines as you approach the doorstep—for these Portuguese-American people are the most thrifty of market gardeners. Often a buxom family is supported from two or three acres, although now and again the proud possessor can look out over his quarter-section of meadow, pasture and garden, his windmill reeling merrily in the ocean breeze, and a cluster of many sheds behind his decent little farmhouse.

About each garden plot and cottage a brood of black-eyed, olive-cheeked youngsters, all busy and all jabbering in the tongue of their forbears, though themselves mostly native born, work steadily in the wake of a swarthy, rather undersized father and a crimson-kerchiefed, ear-beringed mother; while an occasional grandfather, seamed and twisted and red-browned by long years on land and sea, or a stout, soft-eyed, old grandmother totters about industriously along with the latest toddling accession to the working force of the family.

It was a quarter of a century ago that the founder of the settlement came to Martha's Vineyard, and, purchasing a tiny plot of land, suc-

ceeded in turning the barely disguised sand-hill into a blossoming bit of garden. Then his friends and relatives followed, each buying his own strip of sandy ground, each working early and late until it was paid for, until it was improved, until the cottage and the sheds were built, until the large family was reared; the while incessant work forming the prime instinct and the almost exclusive interest in life.

Out of what conditions and why did these people come to America? The explaining background seems necessary to account for them. Out of poorer material conditions, that they all agree. The Western Islands, the Azores, were their original homes—the original homes of most of the Portuguese who have come into New England—where small farming with the most rudimentary tools, fishing and cruising were the occupations, and where, ignorant of the working of government and out of sympathy with it, they felt the military requirements as tyrannously oppressive. To better their condition and to escape military service they came.

In the old Fayal, army duties fell upon the very poor; for the more affluent were able to bribe the officials at the ballot-shuffling that each year designated those whom the King called. This the poor held a bitter injustice. Active service of two years, with a long and elastic period on the reserve, his peasant parents dreaded as a time when the lad, in the high tide of his life, should be swept into a slough of deadening idleness and worse. They looked upon him, these frugal, hard-working people, and perhaps often with reason, as dead to any future usefulness. One old mother affirmed passionately that they considered him worse than dead.

Thus it was that lads of fourteen were put aboard whaling vessels or smuggled into steamers bound for America, their passage money and the much bulkier fee to the agent paid by the parents. The agent's fee was of course heavy; for did he not have to assume the responsibility of getting the boy off without his passport and in such manner as to evade the military eye always drowsily on the lookout? And did he not have to go shares with the captain on account of that gentleman's little risk on the other side? Exciting enough these first adventures must have been to the youngsters when a group of them, hardly old enough yet to be beyond farewell tears, were set out stealthily upon some sea-jutting rock, far from the village and out of the ken of the military, there to await the small boat to be sent out according to previous agreement from the passing vessel.

Once in America, naturalized, and established, little difficulty presented itself in sending over for mother, and sister, and father too old for the wars. And then the small community was formed, speaking its own language within itself—too often, even in the case of the American-born, quickly forgetting the English reading and writing learned during a forced sojourn at the gray schoolhouse—having its own religion, its own political leaders, its own social customs.

Faithfully the religion remains that of the mother country. The priest does the ethical thinking and shares, fatherlywise and far beyond Protestant limitations, the burdened consciences of his people, who repair with pious regularity to the little hill-top church and to confessional.

The political life of the colony is illuminating, offering as it does in its miniature way a burnished example of a well-oiled machine. The voters among them belong to what is known as the Naturalization Club, the first object being to see that each foreigner becomes as soon as possible an American citizen. At the meetings of the organization, politics, mostly of local significance, are warmly discussed and the policy of the body as a whole determined upon. Here the matter of taxes, of improvements, and of district candidates are often decided; for the Portuguese, while not yet quite a majority, hold the balance of power whenever there arises a difference of opinion. On every question the club takes a ballot; and as a majority here decides all votes on election day. And the power of the Portuguese is great and greatly to be considered in the island.

Unfortunately, while shrewdly cognizant of island affairs, the hard-working market-gardeners seldom grope their way down a newspaper, almost never through a book, and opinions in matters of larger import they take on faith from their leaders. These, happily enough, seem men of intelligence and rather high civic ideals, men who have been first Portuguese settlers and through successful industry have won the admiring confidence, very pliant on that score, of their more phlegmatic countrymen.

But should unscrupulous leaders grasp the handle of the machine, nothing but thorough education could save them from the condition of helpless dupes. Unlike other brainier types of newcomers—the Russian Jew, for instance—these Portuguese-Americans have yet to realize the value of the public schools.

Within the family, life is simple, frugal, industrious. Early marriages result in large families, quite commonly of nine or ten, and in women prematurely old. Moderately, almost never to the point of intoxication, wine and even whiskey are used by all, from grandfather down to the owner of the tiniest beer-mug. Though there are few trained musicians among them, all love music, and out of the starlit warmth of an August evening the rhythmic throb from a guitar harks back pleasantly to Spain and Portugal of old.

Social life is seldom allowed to interfere with the serious work-a-day world of these people. Yet on rare occasions the young folk have a bit of "idle" jollity, and then the night goes merrily round to the whirl of the American dance or the better loved Old-World "Shamorita," where the figures are tripped off to a weird reiterative minor of voices in unison, with guitar and banjo in foot-stirring accompaniment. Or, if it be Shrove Tuesday (the French *Mardi Gras*), the merriment consists of pleasant fooleries, of flour-throwing and all practical jokes, like those of our Hallow E'en or our All Fools' Day; and at sunset a jolly, roistering crowd starts out with the musicians to go from house to house for one continuous night-long "Shamorita" —before the shadow of Lent shall fall.

But this is only the rare holiday spirit of those who are ordinarily serious and hard-working. For our last impression of the clustering little community of Fayal (typical, it is said, of Portuguese-American character throughout New England) is of a thrifty, sober, unidealizing people, a basic people living close to

the wholesome, rigorous soil, an immigrant class dangerous only if perverted by bad Americanism, but, on its own score, vigorous and steady.

Rondeau

By Cecil A. Loizeaux

WHEN twilight comes and lengthening shadows creep,
When cooling breezes o'er the waters sweep,
I watch the shore-line fade into the sky,
The distant sails that waver slowly by,
And catch the mellow plaint of far-off sheep.

Dark stately pines upon the hillside steep
Melt slowly into shadows dim and deep;
The night-bird softly tunes his solemn cry,
When twilight comes.

Then nature sinks into a restful sleep;
The bird, the breeze, and I, a long watch keep;
Far, far I send my thoughts to you who lie
Where summer sunlit wheat-fields are, and try
To still regrets that into memory leap,
When twilight comes.



Babetta's Environments

By Gulielma Zollinger

BABETTA had been Mrs. Zindel for four years and had reached the age of twenty-two when she discovered that she had an environment. She might never have known it if she had not left her sleeping baby at a neighbor's and dragged her little son Nicholas off with her to a mothers' meeting. The subject of the meeting before had been "Cooking in the Home," and the neighbor, Mrs. Jones, had gone, leaving her baby with Babetta. Now it was Babetta's turn, and, hoping to learn some new recipe, she went, for Babetta was a poor cook, and she thought she would like to try something new.

"All the time I make sour bread, and burnt steak, and too soft potatoes. It is not for me to cook bread and steak and potatoes. I will something new learn," said Babetta,—"something that my man can eat and say it is good."

When, however, she reached the little room set apart for such meetings she found that there was to be no demonstration of cooking that day. Instead, a moon-eyed lady, with a plaintive tone, began very soon after Babetta's arrival to talk to the small audience about environments.

Eagerly Babetta listened. What did the big word mean? It must be something for mothers to know. "And I got to know it," said Babetta to herself. "When I don't, my Nicholas or my Bettina die some day, maybe. It must be a very dangerous word, it is so big."

All unconscious of the eager listener before her, the moon-eyed lady maundered on, telling her auditors in ambiguous and badly formed sentences of their low estate in the matter of environment.

From stating their condition she went on to sympathize with them, and finally closed her remarks by saying that they were not in the least to blame for their condition since nobody could do anything or be anybody so environed. "Take the richest woman in the world to-day and put her in your environment, and what would she be?" demanded the moon-eyed lady solemnly. "That is the question I invariably propound in defending the extremely poor. And it has never been answered yet. It never will be answered either, because it cannot be answered. I have always found a solace in my own misfortunes in thinking that they were all the fault of somebody else. I never could have borne them so meekly if I had thought myself in the least to blame for them. So you, my sisters, may put all the blame of your wretchedness on your environment. The word environment will cover it all."

"And no wonder," thought Babetta. "It is a big word. Big enough to cover much."

The moon-eyed lady paused a moment and then remarked, "I believe that is all I have to say this afternoon." And then she sat down.

At once Babetta, who occupied a front seat, rose and stood before her. "That word, how you call it, environ-

ments—it mean what?" she asked respectfully.

The moon-eyed lady appeared embarrassed. Definition was not her strong point. Then she smiled and spread her hands in a sweeping gesture that took in all the four walls of the little room.

"Ah!" exclaimed Babetta. "I think I see. It is all the outside of you round about."

"You have grasped the idea precisely, my good creature," responded the moon-eyed lady. And then with a smile she made good her retreat. For who knew how many more questions this stalwart young woman might wish to ask?

Soberly Babetta walked home. "It is the environments," she said, "that make the bread sour, the steak burnt, and the potatoes too soft cooked. It is good that I did go this afternoon and find out."

Babetta's home was in the outskirts of the town. Her husband had bought it, and at this time had it nearly paid for. As Babetta drew near it she observed it critically. "Do but see the environments of the house," she said, as she gazed at the yard, where their own and their neighbors' pigs rooted at pleasure. "And the environments of the yard," she added, as she regarded the swinging gate and the dilapidated fence. "It is not a wonder that the bread should be sour. I will tell my man when next he says it, it is best we move to some other place where the bread bake all right."

She entered the door of the small house to which she had gone so gladly as a bride four years before. "I did not know then about the environments," she said, shaking her head. "I was young those days. Now look at the environments of me, and my man, and Nicholas, and the little Bettina! There is the cook stove ashy and rust; and the floor dirty; and the clothes with holes in hanging on the walls. There is no good having such a environments. Maybe, we all die of it. And now I go get Bettina and tell my neighbor."

The neighbor, Mrs. Jones, was an older woman and of another nationality, and she scouted the idea of dying. "If you don't like the looks of things around you, clean 'em up," she said. "I'd about as soon be dirty as slave myself to death."

But Babetta shook her head. "I think it better we move," she said. "I speak to my man to-night. So much sour bread make the childrens sick."

Mrs. Jones stared. Then she said, "You think this place makes your bread sour? Why, it's you."

"No, no," responded Babetta earnestly as she turned to go with the baby Bettina cooing on her shoulder. "It is the environments that are ever to be blame. The lady said so. And we have the bad environments, and so have the house, and so have the yard. It is best we move. I like not to have the children sick and maybe die."

The young husband listened patiently that evening. He was only twenty-four, and he loved his wife and babies. But he said very decidedly that moving was out of the question. "It is best to live in your own house with a bit of ground," he said, "and not in a crowd in the town. America is good because here poor man can have a piece of ground and see his own pig root in the yard and the chickens scratch, and maybe, if all goes well, hear the cow bawl and the horse whinny. And when you say environments, look at the environments of the fence where the ground is wide around and not a

little narrow street. And look at the environments of the top of the house where the blue sky is over all so big and wide that you cannot see the end of it. Not a narrow strip like in the town."

"But it is the bad environments make the bread sour and the steak burnt and the potatoes too soft cooked, and such a foods is not healthy," insisted Babetta. "They says so at the mothers' meeting, and I know not how to cook anything else."

Then she said no more. She had a good husband, and she knew it. But she would not yield herself vanquished. "I will fix the environments of the yard," she said. "It maybe that will sweeten the bread." And being much more efficient out of doors than in, she successfully patched up the fence.

It was now spring of the year, and a daily occurrence to see the toddling baby Bettina sit down in the muddy, uprooted soil of the dooryard, while Nicholas stuck fast frequently and had to be pulled out by main force.

"I like not such a looking childrens," declared Babetta. "I think I fix the environments of the house. What you say, Hans?"

The young husband gave his consent, and Babetta at once mended the pen and put the pig in it. Then she smoothed the rough yard, and going off a quarter of a mile cut out some of the prairie sod and sodded the yard. But still the bread was sour, for Babetta had never been taught to cook.

"You're getting fixed up pretty slick, ain't you?" commented Mrs. Jones.

"Yes," replied Babetta soberly. "It is the environments that are ever to be blame, and when Hans say we may not move, then I see I must fix the environments. I mend the fence, and then the yard have a good environment. Then I put the pig in the pen and sod the yard, and the house have a good environment. But I and my man and Nicholas and Bettina, we have the same environments inside the house."

The neighbor laughed. "You come over to-morrow and I'll show you how to bake bread," she said.

Politely the next day Babetta went. But she had no faith that she should learn anything. "It is no good when the environments are bad," she said. But she listened and looked intently. "Come again the next time I bake," said the neighbor.

"I thank you," responded Babetta. "It shall be a pleasure for me that I do so."

Then she went home and scrubbed the dirty floor. The next day she baked and her bread was a slight improvement on any that she had baked before. "It is the environments," said Babetta with conviction. "The mothers' meeting lady was right. It is the environments that are ever to be blame." And she set to work and blacked the stove. The next baking of bread was a little better, but the steak continued unchanged, as did also the potatoes. "It must be that I have not yet change the environments that have a spite at the steak to burn it and the potatoes to make them too soft. I will wash the windows, and then I will watch the potatoes in the kettle like the hawk watch over the young chickens in the yard. I will snatch them from the fire before they are too soft." And that day the potatoes were just right. Hans said so. "Watch them ever just so, Babetta."

"Yes, I will do that, but I think it was the clean windows that helped," she said.

If the clean windows helped, the whole interior soon had a chance at assisting, and with sweet bread and good cooking the little family seemed transformed.

But the moon-eyed lady's lecture bore other and far different fruits in other lives. There were hearers who went out from her presence feeling a grudge at everybody who had more than they. And the feeling grew till all the working people in the town were affected. They began to hold meetings of their own, in which no moon-eyed lady occupied the floor. And one of these meetings Babetta attended.

"I tell you what we do," she said to Hans on her return. "These peoples make troubles in the town pretty soon, and it is because they understand not the mothers' meeting lady as I did. We have now the good environments everywhere, and that they also may have we invite them to come and see, and eat cake and drink coffee. What you say, Hans?"

Hans reflected. He was an excellent workman, and he had an efficient wife who wasted not a penny of what he earned. He was proud of her, but that he never put into words. It appeared only in the attention he paid to her wishes.

"Very well, then," he said. "The peoples may come, and it is the good coffee and the good cake they will get."

"And they will see the good environments and learn," added Babetta.

"They may see them, but it is a mighty few of them that will learn," returned Hans. "It is not everybody learns. It is many who have the head like a pig. I have heard our boss say so."

"And that means they will root up everything if they get the chance. Is it not so?" said Babetta with a wise air.

Hans laughed. "I think not the boss mean that way," he said. "He mean what he call obstinate."

"I know not that big word," remarked Babetta with dignity, "but this I know, that pigs they root up everything. Have in mind the environment of our house before I put the pig in the pen. And I will bid the women in the afternoon," she continued, "so they can see all. It makes not so much difference with the men, for it is the women that must make the bad environments good."

The next day the women were bid, the coffee was bought, and the cake was baked; and the day after the function which was to go far toward quieting the restless and discontented element took place. None of the women were very tidy, but all had more or less pretension to style. As for Babetta, she received them in a simple cotton gown and a white apron, while her pretty young face beamed with hospitality. She said nothing on the subject nearest her heart, however, until all had been her guests two hours and had partaken liberally of coffee and cake.

"And now this is not all of it," said Babetta, as she took her stand before them all. "I wish to say that two months ago I have very bad environments right here—so bad I ask my man to move somewhere else. Environments of the yard was a broken down fence. Environments of the house was a yard all muddy like the big road, and a pig a-rooting, and chickens a-scratching, and the childrens sticking fast. Environments of me, and my man, and Nicholas, and Bettina, a dirty floor and rusty, ashy stove, and dirty win-

dows. And I make ever sour bread, and burnt steak, and potatoes too soft boiled. It is a queer thing, but when you boil potatoes too long they will be too soft, but eggs, they will be hard."

And now all the women were staring.

"It is a true thing," continued Babetta, "what the mothers' meeting lady say about the environments, only she did not say all. She should say when the environments are very bad, and you cannot go away from them, then you must make the environments different. And it is the women must do it because the men work all day long already. I ask you here to see a place where two months ago there was only two good environments already, and that was the ground outside the fence, and the environments of the top of the house, which is the blue sky. And I say now there is nobody with two hands and two feet that need to—what you call it? waste your breath, a-talking about environments. The environments are outside of you, but the inside of you can make them different. And so you can see for yourselves. I do not like to make a speech, and I ask you that you excuse me that I have done so. Only this I will say, when you see the very good environments you do not see how the peoples work to make them good environments. And now, my dear friends, I will pass again the cake and the coffee."

There was no offence, but only looks of respect for the tall young hostess on every face.

"And by that I know," said Babetta when the company had gone and Hans had come home to supper, "that there were not the pig heads among them since they could all learn. I think you hear no more about the environments. It is a bad thing to do nothing yourself and have bad environments and then want also that nobody have the good environments. What you think, Hans?"

Hans laughed. "It is bad I know," he said, "that all the fellows have not the wife like mine."

"But I was not this wife till I learn," responded Babetta. "And they will learn."

"Yes, they will learn," agreed Hans, "when they forget to think more about style than all else."

"Have I not then the style?" pouted Babetta.

"Sure," was the reply. "You have it right, and not too much."

Babetta smiled. "I like not too much myself," she said.

Then, supper being over, she and Hans went out into the environment of the house. They strolled about over the green prairie grass which had been transplanted successfully there: they inspected the garden and a little plum tree Hans had that year planted. Last of all they looked up into the blue of the evening sky, and then they went in content.

To Adelaide Reading Chaucer

By Lewis Worthington Smith

Dear girl, I saw you yesterday
Trying to laugh a grief away.
"Not so! Not so!" Ah, wherefore then
Seek Chaucer to grow young again,
As if the tale his lips had sung
Might bring new music to your tongue?
What are your years? "Not yet a score?
And Chaucer counted thirty more?"
The figures lie, as figures can
When something dims the eyes that scan.
Since yesterday you cannot be
Ever again as young as he.
His are the thousand joys of spring
When daisies bloom and swallows wing,
While you can only wonder how
Your eyes can try feigned smiling now.

I speak too rudely, as I know;
I am too old to fend a blow
With light-hearted laughter. Yes, indeed;
Chaucer is best for every need.
He and his fellows only keep
Young hearts forever while they sleep.
You do no other thing than I
When I must meet the frets that try
The spirit, when I dare not ask
Help from myself for any task.
I give you my sympathy, but they
Better than I can steal away
The sting and make you know again
Some pleasure in the haunts of men.
Forgive me that I spoke, and turn
The page again where you may learn
Of Palamon's too tender pain,
Arcite's love and longing vain,
Of that gay, laughing, human rout
The Tabard host led, round and stout,
To Canterbury. Yes, indeed;
Go back to Chaucer for your need.

The Exhibit of the Boston Public Schools at St. Louis

By Clara Stanwood

PHOTOGRAPHY has done a great deal for art, and also for business, but now in another field it has shown itself of excellent service at the World's Fair in St. Louis. Here education, dignified with a building to itself, has a better showing than it has ever had before, and yet nothing could have brought the work of education more vividly before the people than the pictures with which these exhibits are illustrated. They have given a human interest where it is much needed. The average layman or woman is undeniably bored by the usual school exhibits; but where "samples" of work in geography and arithmetic are tiresome, a view of the pupils hard at work is like the drone of children's voices when the schoolroom door is open. One is tempted to look in.

Thus, with photography's aid as a quickener of interest, the least initiated is attracted to examine what is without doubt one of the finest displays of an educational system that have ever been made. Not that the Boston schools are perfection; they do not claim to be. But this exhibit is none the less a success in illustrating, by a thoroughly well-balanced arrangement of high-grade work, the entire system. "It is simply magnificent," said a Western supervisor, in appraising it as a whole. Yet the details are quite as complete, as is evident from the comment of instructors in distinct courses; even a teacher of sewing confessed that she had obtained help in her particular line.

The instructive value of this exhibit, a quality alike helpful to visitors whether initiated or not, is its arrangement; not by grades, as is usually the case, but by courses, so that for reference a visitor has only to go to the cabinet for English and the entire course for all the grades is displayed; or geography, and the development of that course from one class to another might be readily observed; while the steps in arithmetic and the other branches demonstrate an evolution which the grade teacher often realizes to her grief is not strictly evident in general school work. The example is a splendid one; magnificent, as the Western supervisor called it, and yet the word "magnificent" has an educational significance rather than any other.

In the matter of expenditure, the Boston exhibit was far surpassed by several cities. That of New York cost five times as much, while a yet greater outlay was made by St. Louis. The latter has an elaborate booth, while Boston, with characteristic simplicity, has made its exhibit with the rest of the State, and the whole of Massachusetts does not occupy as much space as that of the city of St. Louis. The Boston exhibit has the merit of compactness, and it is this arrangement which allows

for a great deal being shown in small space at least cost.

The order of the exhibit is itself worth mention from the fact that it is beautifully planned to show the work of the schools as a system. The growth of the system may be traced about the four sides of a rectangle beginning with the elementary schools according to their courses, followed by the high schools, and the normal schools, the special schools, educational centres, and so on, occupying a place in the centre of the area. All together there are thirty cabinets, which contain 175 square feet of space each, besides wall space above hung with models. Above these are photographs of the most important or recently constructed school buildings, including both exterior and interior views, while below are shelves and drawers, all of which are now so full that there was scarce space enough for the recent addition from the summer vacation schools.

Besides this excellence of classification, there is shown in several branches superior quality. In the elementary work, a striking example is the exhibit of language, the same branch which is sometimes styled composition, sometimes English. What children of the seventh, eighth and ninth grades of certain schools have done is remarkable. It shows that with the multiplication of "subjects" there has yet remained time to read a little of Shakespeare and some others. If only it were at present available, some of this work should be quoted; however, on the authority of Boston's best teachers, it is something of which to be proud, and that the exhibit is representative must be seen from the fact that the committee received so much lan-

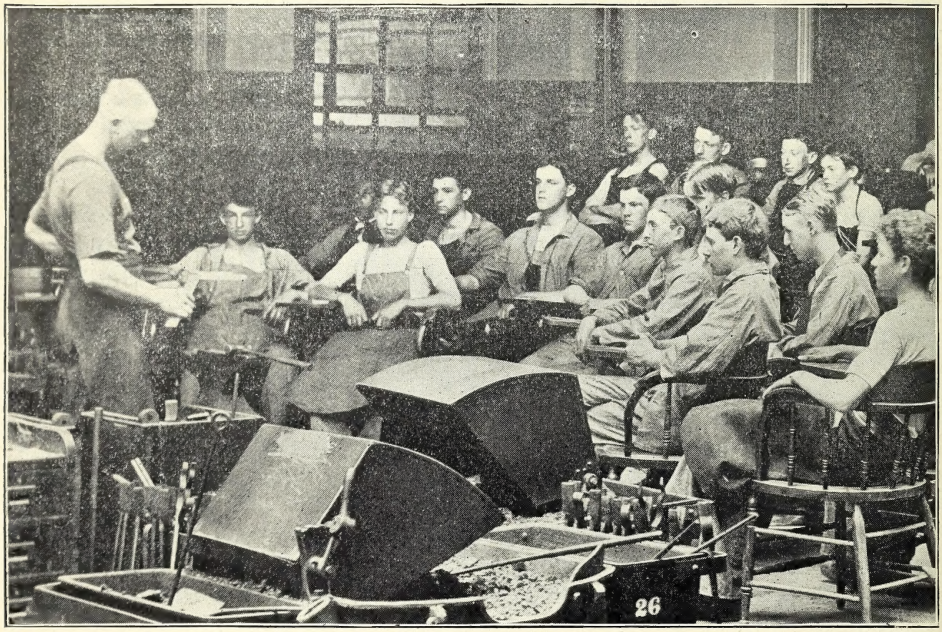


Photo by A. H. Folsom.

CLASS IN SMITHY WORK, AMPHITHEATRE, MECHANIC ARTS HIGH SCHOOL

guage work which was good that it was difficult to make any choice.

Of the Boston schools as a system there is always one department which holds a high place, and that is the kindergarten. As the first American city into which the ideas of Froebel were transplanted, it has maintained from the start the purest form of the kindergarten, while the newer elements, as they developed from year to year, have been well assimilated. Its work is thoroughly organized, and by the weekly conferences at which many kindergarteners gather for the interchange of details, of points of view and method, there has been systematic growth; where other cities have made great advances in kindergarten work, the success has been accidental and incidental, while Boston has retained perfect unity. Unity with variety, that is, for when 200 kindergarteners talk about what they are doing and why, discussion builds a foundation.

The result tells greatly in an exhibit of the system and gives it special interest. That at present in St. Louis has been described by a kindergarten authority as "beautiful." It surpasses previous exhibits simply because it introduces the newest developments. Of these, the most important are the home work, which the children have done at home with the parents; the nature work, which consists of things made by the children, whether at home or at school, out of seeds and shells, and so on; while the third, the infantile endeavor at art, is the free-hand brush-work. Brush-work and drawing form a departure in kindergarten work which is certainly fascinating, and the "illustrations" which this display affords could not but interest the psychologist, for they are the four-year-olds' own free designs. This and the home work might be of interest in any household.

Another feature of Boston's exhibit in which the city may well take pride is its display of manual training, while its more recent develop-

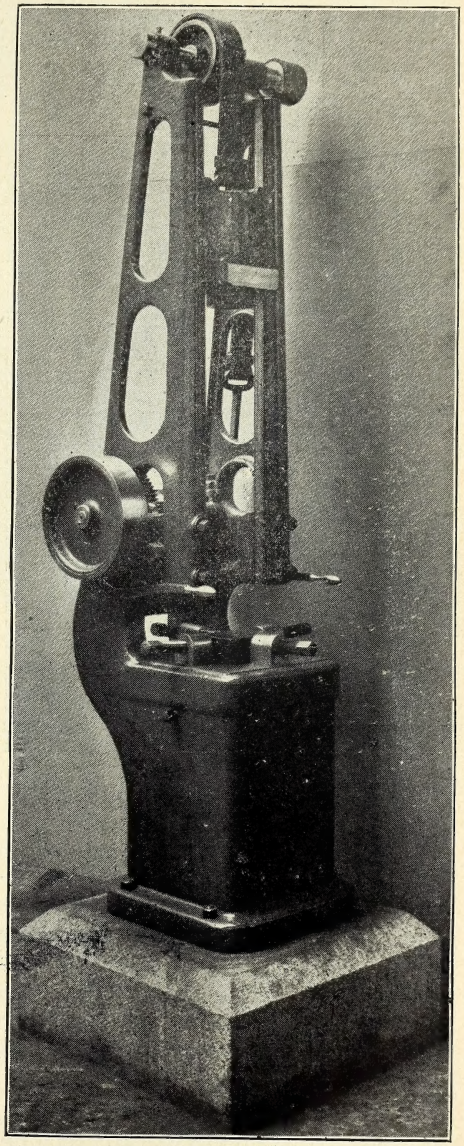
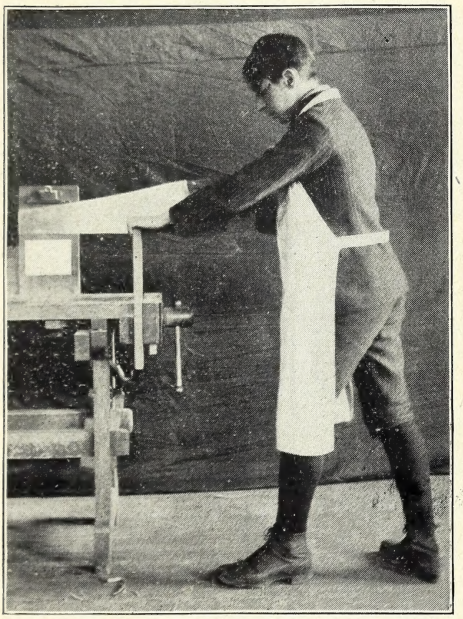


Photo by A. H. Folsom.

A MACHINE EVERY PART OF WHICH WAS MADE AND PUT TOGETHER BY PUPILS OF THE MECHANIC ARTS HIGH SCHOOL

ment as a part of the school system brings this department into special prominence everywhere. Boston's high schools are famous for their size the world over and that devoted to Mechanic Arts ranks high, as do the others. This school's share in the present exhibit is certainly interesting, even to the casual observer, for however familiar we may have become with the idea of the boy at



A PUPIL IN SLOYD

the bench, the youth at the forge is still a novelty; and a completed machine, all parts of which are made and put together by members of the class in smithy work, is rather awe-inspiring. The details of bolts and screws, and so on, which no doubt mean quite as much from the point of view of the craftsman, are displayed on panels at the exposition, and numerous photographs, mechanical drawings, and specimen examination papers otherwise make up this display, which is most significant. Other schools have work which is far more showy; with this one, elaborate workmanship was not considered desirable. The teachers selected from the material at hand what would be of the most service as illustrating its course, for this school has always stood at the top for close analysis of mechanical principles. Besides this, it has introduced what none of the smaller schools of manual training have yet organized, namely, a machine shop, and yet it maintains its course purely on the educational, and not the industrial principle.

It is of special interest in this connection to recall that the beginnings of manual training in this country may be traced to the Centennial, where certain exhibits made by the Russian government pointed to the superior workmanship which was the result of such training. America was not slow to take the idea, but the call for such schools came from the industries, and the schools established were trade schools. It is only a few years that manual training has been recognized as in itself an educating force, independent of its practical use. Psychologists and surgeons, too, have proved its value in developing the motor faculties, while a German investigator has lately found that large areas of the brain centres are developed between the ages of seven and fourteen by manual training exclusively. All of which testimony places this department yet more to the front as an ingredient of the liberal education.

Few cities can boast among its public schools one of such quality as the Horace Mann School for the Deaf. As such an institution it is at the head, for while its standard of scholarship is the highest of its kind, it is also unique as the only school



Photo by A. H. Folsom

NO COLOR LINE IS DRAWN IN THIS EXERCISE OF THE CLASS IN COOKERY

for the deaf which teaches exclusively by the oral method. The speech organs of the deaf are the same as with hearing people, therefore it uses the same method, merely adapting them to the more elementary needs, for most of the pupils have never talked at all on entering; but on leaving this school many of its graduates attend high school with hearing children and make progress without being conspicuous for their deafness. That is because at the Horace Mann School they are not encouraged to use signs or the manual alphabet. The latter is elsewhere combined with the oral method, but the Horace Mann stands for the language only, either spoken or written.

The exhibits of Boston's Evening High Schools and educational centres form an interesting feature, largely from the prominence which is now being given to these growing departments of public school work; but the latter, even as such, hold a unique place, for unlike New York, where the centres have been established purely for social purposes, Boston, with its characteristic utilitarian motives, has always planned, or at least developed them along industrial lines. Such was the popular demand, and it has been met with classes in dressmaking, millinery, nursing and cookery for women, and for men, carpentry, engineering and so on. No such movement has ever

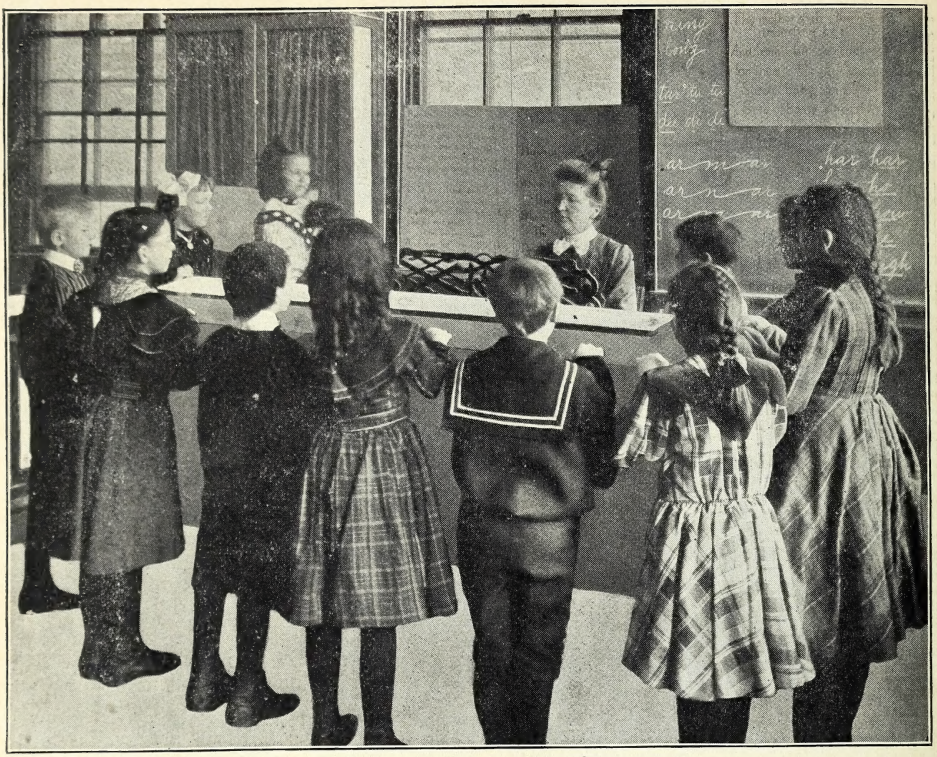


Photo by A. H. Folsom.

DEAF CHILDREN AT THE HORACE MANN SCHOOL GETTING VIBRATIONS FROM THE PIANO

been instituted before under municipal auspices, and in the three seasons since its initiation the growth has been remarkable.

And then there are the vacation schools—Boston's own original idea. New York claims seven years of consecutive development, but the very beginnings were here many years ago, and to-day the Boston system, less wieldy, because conducted at less proportionate cost, is an object lesson every season to hundreds of visitors in New England, who study it with a view to following suit in their Southern and Western towns and cities. The schools are largely of the industrial sort, as are the educational centres, only it is little girls instead of big ones who learn to make and to mend their own clothes and to retrim the family hats. An important figure in the exhibit lately forwarded to St. Louis was a large-sized doll, of whose complete equipment each detail illustrated some phase of vacation industry, even to her neatly darned stockings. The boys, without pursuing any regular course, acquire such rudiments of carpentry as will enable them to make articles which they want to use — bird houses, boats and sleds. It is a pity that the lateness of this installment should have hindered the addition of photographs, for some picturesque material was certainly available with the swimming classes and the military drill.

What photography has done in all these departments is important. The different phases of the educational centres were as completely shown

as any other part of the school system, while such views as one of an audience to show the popularity of these evening lectures, and a roomful of girls doing millinery, exposed at a glance and with vividness many vital points of interest that few persons might have had the imagination to infer from cold statistics. Two sets of pictures illustrated, with a dozen views in each series, how reading is taught in the first grade; the two methods are quite different, but both belong to Boston, and prove an interesting feature among the elementary work. A boys' class in declamation was photographed in more than a dozen poses, which showed changes of facial expression. So throughout the courses the assistance of an intelligent and expert professional photographer has done excellent service in illuminating the work of public schools. Its illustrative features have been so strong in the exhibit of the Boston public schools, that the city has received many congratulations, for the pictures are interesting, and they have at the same time carried out exactly the idea which the educational system desired to furnish. The same photographer has made these photographs by order of the city for every exposition since the Centennial; for Vienna in '85, Paris in '90, Chicago in '93, and now at St. Louis, while the exhibit of the school system has at each stage shown some interesting evolution. With the successive expositions there has been shown more and more attention to the children as the centre of education. This must have been realized with some consternation last spring, when the camera faced some of those lively schoolrooms, which seemed to be, as the photographer says, "all of a wiggle," and again and again he had to labor for the exposure of only three or four seconds. But the effort

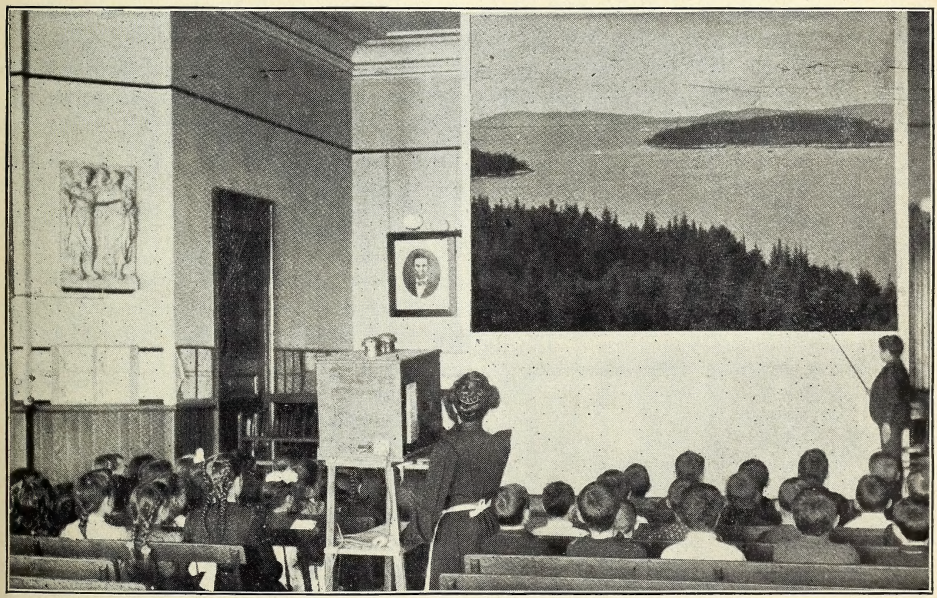


Photo by A. H. Folsom

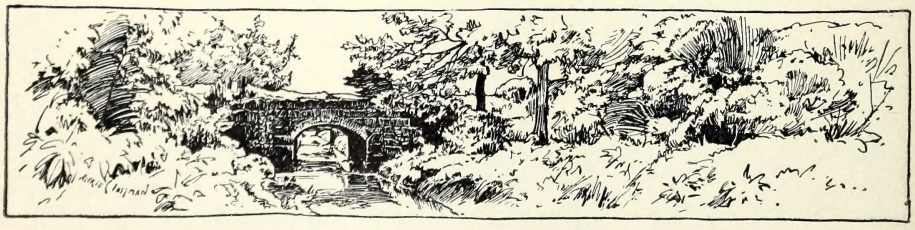
GEOGRAPHY LESSON WITH LANTERN SLIDE AT THE LYMAN SCHOOL



THIS OAK SETTLE SHOWN IN CONNECTION WITH THE SCHOOL EXHIBIT WAS MADE AT THE SOUTH BOSTON EDUCATIONAL CENTRE

was successful; he caught the vital spark of school life.

It is not without significance that the school exhibit of 1876 was illustrated, if by no other pictures, with views of schoolhouses. Then and now Boston has had reason to be proud of these buildings; she has spent much on them, but she has the satisfaction each September of offering a desk to every child. The results are worth while, as anyone will agree who visited the Temple of Education at St. Louis.



The Balsam Fir

By Annie Oakes Huntington

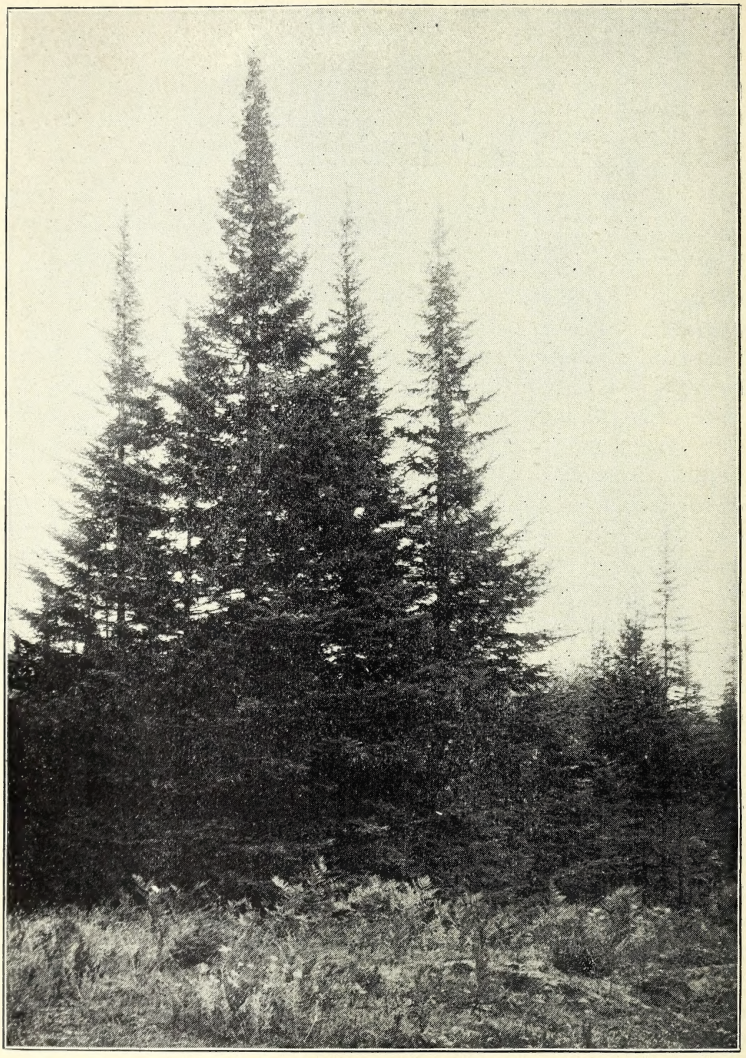
DEAR to the heart of the true lover of the country is the fragrance of the balsam fir, in open upland pastures, where its spire-like tops rise above the spruce trees. The crushed leaves give out a resinous sweetness that suggests tropical spices from over the seas,—the most delicious and pungent of perfumes.

The balsam fir (*Abies balsamea*) is regular in form, with compact, rigid branches, and vigorous, rich green foliage. It has a smooth, thin bark, with small blister-like swellings at intervals, filled with balsam; and its leaves are flat, blunt, and arranged in two ranks along the stems. The cones measure about four or five inches in length, and grow erect on the tips of the branches,—a distinctive characteristic of the tree. There is only one species of fir in our Northern woods, and the confusion which arises when there are many varying species in a family is thus eliminated.

It is not surprising that this fragrant and sturdy little evergreen should become the chosen "Christmas tree" of the holiday season, and over a million of them are sold in New York and New England every year for this purpose. The farmers in Maine find that they are the most paying crop which can be raised from uncultivated land. The trees are ready for market about five years from the time the seed is sown, and they sell for from five to forty cents to a dealer, who in turn gets from twenty cents to five dollars for each tree. The trade in Maine has grown steadily for the last thirty years, and now brings in over one hundred thousand dollars each year, to the farmers.

The leaves of the balsam fir are in great demand for pillows, and exhale an aromatic fragrance for many months after they have been gathered. The collecting should be done when the foliage is dry, from the young growth on the tips of the branches, and the leaves should be removed from the stems, before they are sewed into bags.

The tree yields still another source of profit, in the balsam from the blisters on the bark. Canada balsam is a straw-colored resin, of the consistency of honey, with a pleasant spicy odor, and a bitter flavor. It was once much esteemed as a medicine for lung disease, but it is more rarely used for that purpose now than it used to be. It is most valuable, however, in mounting lenses and objects to be used under the microscope, for it remains permanently transparent and uncrystallized —two necessary properties in this particular work. The gathering of the balsam is chiefly a Canadian industry. It is done by the poorest white people and Indians, who camp in the woods from June until August with their families. The balsam is collected in small iron cans, by means of an iron tube, sharp-pointed at the end. The tube is pressed into the resin blister, which is punctured by the point, and the gum flows down the tube into the can. The



ITS SPIRE-LIKE TOPS RISE ABOVE THE SPRUCE TREES

average yield from a single tree is half a pound of balsam, but as much as a pound is obtained from a large tree. It can be taken on pleasant days only, when the leaves are dry, for if any water runs into the cans it makes the balsam milky and unsalable.

Interesting and curious diseased growths are sometimes found on the balsam fir, which are known as "witches' brooms." The disease is caused by a fungus, which produces a swelling on the branch, and if this takes place near a bud, it is stimulated into growth, and sends up a shoot, which has the appearance of an independent little fir tree, growing erect, among the branches. A canker-knob is formed on the stem, where the witches' broom is attached, and beyond this point the branch, in time, ceases its normal growth. Witches' brooms have been



LIFE SIZE STUDY OF BALSAM FIR

known to live for over twenty years, and they frequently attain a large size.

In the front door-yards of many a farmhouse in the country a fir tree may be seen, casting its somewhat dismal shade across the path, and cherished long after it has ceased to be an object of beauty, for the sake of old associations. It used to be a favorite ornamental tree with our ancestors, and when its cheerful green foliage, comely habit of growth, and pleasant balsam odor, attracted their attention on the hillsides, they promptly transplanted it to their own door-yards, and hoped for success. But the trees did not thrive with the same vigorous health of the woods, and now they usually

present a most dejected appearance. When the lower branches die, the beauty of the balsam fir has gone forever. It must be clothed in green from the uppermost tip to the very base of the tree, to meet the required standard in arboriculture.

* * * * * * * * *

Captain Alden Partridge, A.M.

Founder of Technical Education in America.

By N. L. Sheldon

IT is now somewhat over a century since the United States Military Academy at West Point was established, and it is just about a century since a humble son of Vermont entered and graduated from this institution, was transferred to the United States Corps of Engineers, and commissioned as a first lieutenant in the United States Army.

His name was Alden Partridge. He was born in Norwich, Vermont, the son of a farmer. His father and uncles had served in the Revolutionary War, and his father had taken part in the capture of Burgoyne and his army at Saratoga, and thus it is not surprising the boy should become thoroughly imbued with the martial spirit of the early days of the Republic.

The National Academy at this time was in its infancy. It was opened in April, 1802, and was under the control of "officers of engineers as professors, who taught mathematics, natural philosophy, fortification and surveying and artillery."

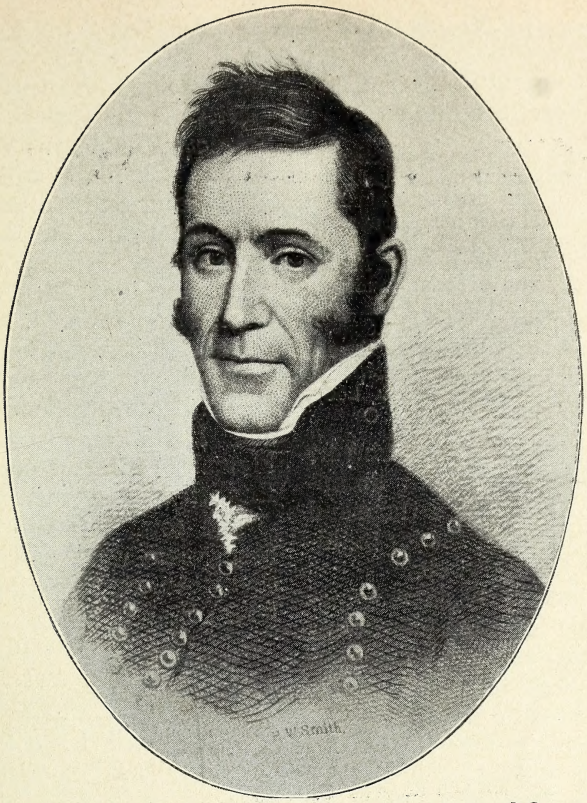
In the language of the present superintendent of the Academy, General Albert L. Mills, U. S. A.:

"The Academy of those days was a small affair, neglected and left forgotten by the authorities and the country. The number of cadets was small, the course of study irregular; the Academy building was about as large as an ordinary schoolhouse, and the seats were neatly (?) painted in green. The school was broken up during the winter term. . . . In March, 1812, there was not a single cadet or instructor at West Point."

Such was the beginning of the National Academy at West Point, and such were the surroundings of this young man, who was destined to shape the future policy of this institution, and who has done more than any other man in America to promote the true military spirit, and to foster scientific education.

In November, 1806, Lieutenant Partridge became assistant to the eminent professor, Fernando R. Hasseler, who had charge of the department of mathematics of the Academy at that time. In 1808 he was called on to act in place of the superintendent in the absence of Colonel Williams, and continued to act in this capacity, from time to time, until January, 1815, when he was appointed superintendent and professor of mathematics, and in July, 1810, he was promoted to Captain of Engineers.

He was full professor of mathematics in 1813, full professor of engineering from 1813 to 1818, and officially superintendent from January, 1815, to August 18, 1817, although he



CAPTAIN ALDEN PARTRIDGE, FROM PAINTING BY VANDESLYN ABOUT 1818, IN UNIFORM WORN BY HIM WHILE SUPERINTENDENT AT WEST POINT

had performed all of the duties of the office from 1810.

These were the days of small things, and the West Point system had not been created. In the language of General Mills:

"With the creation of that system Captain Partridge had much to do. He was an admirable drill-master, and under his direction the corps of cadets began to take shape. Discipline was introduced; a code of honor was strictly observed; military delinquencies were recorded and written explanations for certain offences (absence) were required as early as 1808; each cadet performed the duties of the officer of the day in rotation (1809); practice with field pieces began in the Academy's earliest years, and with heavy guns and mortars in 1813; experiments were made by Captain Partridge on the effect of fire of artillery and of infantry (1810-14) for the benefit of cadets; target practice was carried on; forty-eight ball cartridges were issued to each cadet monthly; a regular course of studies was laid down, though regular examinations were not held; a cadet mess was established and the present mess customs adopted (marching to and from meals, carvers appointed, etc.); regulations for parade, drills and the daily routine were laid down; a board of visitors was present in 1815; a regular scheme of physical exercise for cadets was adopted."

All these matters were introduced or systematized by the untiring energy of Captain Partridge, who came to be, as superintendent, professor and drill-master, a veritable *Johannes Factotum*, doing everything assiduously, thoroughly and well. Out of compliment to the cadets he wore a uniform like their own while on duty at West Point, and his uniform coat is now (April, 1904,) on exhibition there. He was much respected and beloved by cadets; and unrivalled in their management, says one of his colleagues (1815). One

of his pupils, General Ramsey, Chief of Ordnance, describes him as

"well versed in the science and practice of artillery, passionately fond of the field exercises of infantry, and even the smallest minutiæ of the manual of arms. In appearance he was naturally austere, and in his manner discovered little of the *suaviter in modo*. He was shy and diffident, evidently the result of his ascetic mode of life. He was unostentatious, frugal, strictly temperate and moral, just, strict, yet kindly. There is no doubt that the 'gentlemen cadets,' as he used to call them, were, as a body, greatly attached to him."

During his stay at West Point he was instrumental in securing an appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars by Act of Congress for buildings, equipment, library, etc.

It was, in those early days, sometimes necessary for the superintendent to assume responsibility and authority in cases not then, apparently, provided for by General Regulation, and with the true instinct of the soldier, he shirked no duty, but in acting he sometimes, in the estimation of his associates, did so without license or authority. This, it has been claimed, occasioned internal dissensions and caused Captain Partridge in 1818 to resign the superintendency of the Academy and retire from the Army. But in the light of recent research, it would appear to the unbiased mind that his resignation was rather for the purpose of carrying forward a system of technical education, which he then had under consideration.

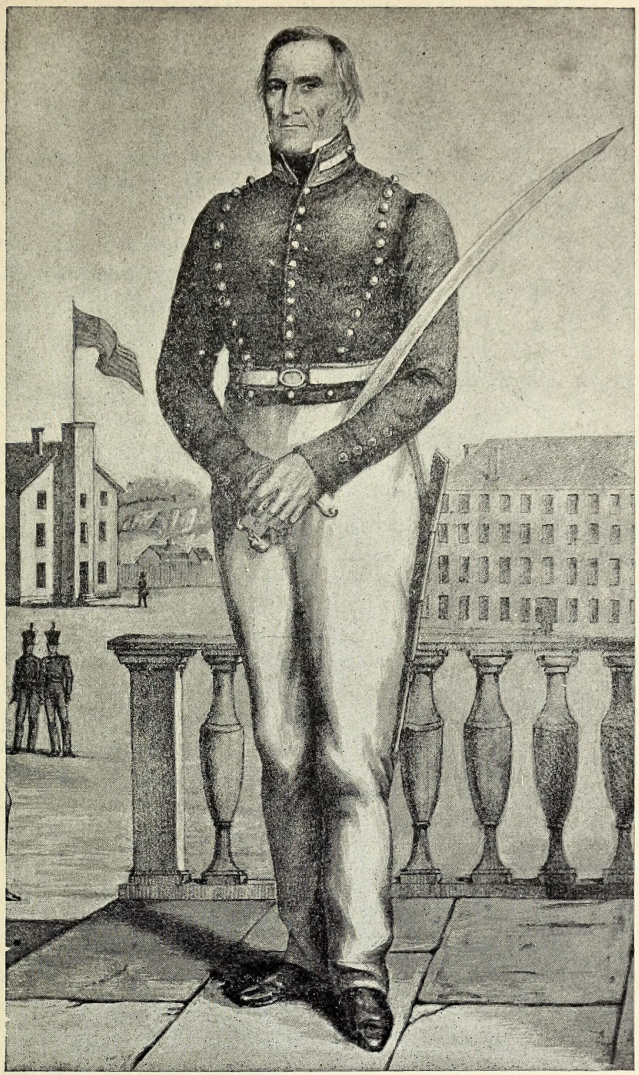
He returned to Vermont, and in 1819 established in his native town, Norwich, an educational institution somewhat similar to the West Point school, known as the "American Literary, Scientific and Military Academy," of which he became superintendent.

The "officers" of the institution, as named in its first catalogue, were: "Alden Partridge, A. M., Superintendent and Professor of Mathematics, Philosophy and Military Science; Rev. Rufus William Bailey, A. M., Chaplain and Professor of Ethics and Belleslettres; Rev. James W. Woodward, A. M., Professor of Geography, History, etc.; James Freeman Dana, M. D., Professor of Chemistry; John M. Partridge, Professor of Practical Geometry, Topography and acting Sword Master; E. B. Williston, Professor of the Greek and Latin languages; and Ralph Metcalf, Professor of the Latin and English languages."

The total number of cadets the first year was one hundred and seventeen, representing thirteen different States.

The prospectus said in part:

"Captain Partridge begs leave respectfully to inform the American public that the above-mentioned Institution was opened, under his immediate direction and superintendence, at Norwich, in the State of Vermont, on the first Monday of September last. The course of education at this seminary will embrace the following branches of literature, science and practical instruction, viz.: The Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French and English languages, Arithmetic, the construction and use of Logarithms, Algebra, Geometry, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Planometry, Sterometry, Mensuration of heights and distances by Trigonometry and also Geometrically, Practical Geometry generally, including particularly Surveying and Levelling, Conic Sections, the use of the Barometer, with its application to measuring the altitudes of mountains and other eminences, Mechanics, Hydrostatics, the elements of Chemistry and Electricity, Optics, Astronomy, Navigation, Geography, including the use of maps and the Globes; Composition, Logic, History, Ethics, the elements of Natural and Political Law, the Law of Nations, Military Law, the Constitution of the United States, and of the States severally, Metaphysics, Agriculture, Permanent and Field Fortification, Field Engineering, generally, the construction of Marine Batteries, Artillery duty, the principles of Gunnery, a complete course of Military Tactics, the attack and defence of fortified places, Castrametation, ancient Fortification, the ancient modes of attacking and defending fortified places, the ancient Tactics, particularly those of the Greeks and



CAPTAIN ALDEN PARTRIDGE. NORWICH UNIVERSITY IN THE BACKGROUND. TAKEN ABOUT 1840.

Romans, with a description of the organization and discipline of the phalanx and legion; Bookkeeping, Music, Fencing, Military Drawing, Topography, Civil Engineering, including the construction of Roads, Channels, Locks and Bridges; Architecture. In addition to the foregoing, the students will be regularly and correctly instructed in the elementary school of the soldier, and also in those of the company and battalion; they will likewise be taught the regular formation of military parades; the turning off, mounting, and relieving guards and sentinels; the duties of officers of the guard, officers of the day, and adjutants; the making out correctly the different descriptions of military reports; in fine, all the duties incident to the field or garrison. The military exercises and duties will be so arranged as not to occupy any of the time that would otherwise be devoted to study; they will be attended to at those hours of the day which are generally passed by students in idleness, or devoted to useless amusements, for which they will be made a pleasing and healthful substitute. Practical scientific operations will be frequently attended to, which will conduce equally to health and improvement."

This academy flourished at Norwich for several years, and in June,

1824, the Corps of Cadets, under the command of Captain Partridge, made a tour through the State of Vermont to Fort Ticonderoga and Plattsburgh, New York, by way of Burlington, and return, making most of the distance on foot.

An interesting account of this excursion was published at that time under the title of a "Journal of the Excursion made by the Corps of Cadets of the A. L. S. & M. Academy, Norwich, Vermont, under command of Captain A. Partridge."

The Appendix contains a report addressed to Captain A. Partridge, on "Observations by E. Dunbar, Topographical Engineer," which states among other things, that the corps travelled the distance of 290 miles; that the Military Academy is 430 feet above tide water; that the Woodstock Court-house is 593 feet; Sherburn 1075 feet; Killington Peak 3924 feet; Rutland Court-house 637 feet; Fair Haven Village 370 feet, and Lake Champlain 96 feet.

"The above results" [the engineer says] "have been obtained with as much precision as possible, and I believe them to express the altitude of the several stations with a considerable degree of accuracy, whereby may be represented a correct profile of the country to which they apply. With the confidence that inexperience will be considered an apology for imperfections, this is respectfully submitted for your examination."

One of the distinctive features of Captain Partridge's system of education and discipline, was the military marches and pedestrian excursions for scientific and recreative purposes usually conducted under his personal command. A prospectus issued in 1825 says:

"Many of my pupils, and those the closest applicants to study, walk with facility forty miles a day. In the summer of 1823, several of them left Norwich at daybreak, walked to the summit of Ascutney Mountain and returned to Norwich before nine o'clock in the evening of the same day—the whole distance of 46 miles, which considering the fatigue and difficulty of ascending and descending the mountain (upwards of 3,000 feet high), may reasonably be estimated to be equivalent to 60 miles on the usual roads of the country. They continued their regular studies and other duties the following day."

In December 1826, Captain Partridge and his cadets made an excursion to Washington, D. C.

In 1825, believing that his Academy might enter a larger field of usefulness, Captain Partridge removed his school to Middletown, Connecticut, where it flourished until 1829, when owing to his failure to get it incorporated as a college, he marched his corps back to Norwich. Here he continued until 1834 when the institution was incorporated as "Norwich University," and flourished at Norwich until 1866 when its main building, "The Old South Barracks," was destroyed by fire and the institution was removed to Northfield, Vermont.

Norwich University was "the first Scientific and Classical as well as the first Military Collegiate Institution in the United States." It was the first institution to confer the now common degree of Bachelor of Science. A distinctive feature of its charter is that "the Board of Trustees shall be required to furnish at said institution, constantly, a course of military instruction, both theoretical and practical, and also of civil engineering, and the practical sciences generally."

The late General William T. Sherman once said of Norwich University: "This military school at one time almost rivalled the National Academy at West Point, and there many a man, who afterwards became famous in the Mexican and Civil Wars, first drank in the inspirations of patriotism and learned the lessons of the art of war."

Captain Partridge's ideas on education, which were fifty years in advance of the times, were definitely set forth in a lecture which he delivered in different parts of the country, from about 1820 till the time of his death in 1854. He said, among other things:

"I shall define education, in its most perfect state, to be the preparing of a youth in the best possible manner for the correct discharge of the duties of any station in which he may be placed, and consequently, shall consider as most perfect that system which shall be found best calculated to accomplish the object in view. The system of education adopted in the United States, appears to me to be defective in many respects:

"First. It is not sufficiently practical, nor properly adapted to the various duties which an American citizen may be called upon to discharge. Those of our youth who are destined for a liberal education, as it is called, are usually put, at an early age, to the study of Latin and Greek languages, combining therewith a very slight attention to their own language, the elements of arithmetic, etc., and after having devoted several years in this way, they are prepared to become members of a college or university. Here they spend four years for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the higher branches of learning, after which they receive their diplomas, and are supposed to be prepared to enter on the duties of active life. But, I would ask, is this actually the case? Are they prepared in the best possible manner to discharge correctly the duties of any station in which fortune or inclination may place them? Have they been instructed in the science of government generally, and more especially in the principles of our excellent Constitution, and thereby prepared to sit in the legislative councils of the nation? Has their attention been sufficiently directed to those great and important branches of national industry and sources of national wealth, Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures? Have they been taught to examine the policy of other nations, and the effect of that policy on the prosperity of their own country? Are they prepared to discharge the duties of civil or military engineers, or to endure fatigue, or to become the defenders of their country's rights, and the avengers of her wrongs, either in the ranks or at the head of her armies? It appears to me not; and if not, then agreeably to the standard established, their education is so far defective.

"Secondly. Another defect in the present system is the entire neglect, in all our principal seminaries, of physical education. That the health of the closest applicant may be preserved, when he is subjected to a systematic course of exercise, I know, from practical experience; and I have no hesitation in asserting that, in nine cases out of ten, it is just as easy for a youth, however hard he may study, to attain the age of manhood, with a firm and vigorous constitution, capable of enduring exposure, hunger and fatigue, as it is to grow up puny and debilitated, incapable of either bodily or mental exertion.

"Thirdly. A third defect in our system is the amount of idle time allowed the students. . . . Upon a military system, subordination and discipline are much more easily preserved than under any other. Whenever a youth can be impressed with the true principles and feelings of a soldier, he becomes, as a matter of course, subordinate, honorable and manly. . . . Military science and instruction should constitute a part of the course of education. The Constitution of the United States has invested the military defence of the country in the great body of the people. By the wise provisions of this instrument, and of the laws made in pursuance thereof, every American citizen from eighteen to forty-five years of age, unless specially exempted by law, is liable to be called upon for the discharge of military duty—he is emphatically a citizen soldier, and it appears to me perfectly proper that he should be equally prepared by education to discharge, correctly, his duties in either capacity. . . . But, my fellow-citizens, be not deceived by the syren song of peace, peace, when in reality there is no peace, except in a due and constant preparation for war. . . . The military defence of our country is doubtless one of the most important trusts, which is vested by the constitution in the general government, and it is a well-known fact, that more money is drawn from the people and disbursed in the militia, than in any other department of the government. . . . In a country like ours, which is emphatically agricultural, I presume it will not be doubted that a practical scientific knowledge of agriculture would constitute an important appendage to the education of every American citizen. Indeed, the most certain mode of improving the agriculture of this country will be to make it a branch of elementary education. By this means, it will not only be improved, but also a knowledge of the improvements, generally disseminated amongst the great mass of the people. A further portion of time should be devoted to attending familiar explanatory lectures on the various branches of military science, on the principles and practice of agriculture, commerce and manufactures; on political economy, on the Constitution of the United States, and those of the individual States, in which should be pointed out particularly the powers and duties of the general government, and the existing relations between

that and the State government, on the science of governments generally. . . .

"To the institution should be attached a range of mechanics' shops, where those who possess an aptitude and inclination might occasionally employ a leisure hour in learning the use of tools, and acquiring a knowledge of some useful mechanic arts. . . . Eight hours to be devoted to study and recitation; eight hours allowed for sleep; three hours for the regular meals, and such other necessary personal duties as the student may require. Two hours for the military and other exercises, fencing, etc., the remaining three hours to be devoted, in due proportion, to practical agricultural and scientific pursuits and duties, and in attending lectures on the various subjects before mentioned. . . . With this training he would go into the world an accomplished soldier, a scientific and practical agriculturist, an expert mechanician, an intelligent merchant, a political economist, legislator and statesman. In fine, he could hardly be placed in any situation the duties of which he would not be prepared to discharge with honor to himself and advantage to his fellow-citizens and his country. He would grow up with habits of industry, economy and morality, and, what is of little less importance, a firm and vigorous constitution, with a head to conceive and an arm to execute—he would emphatically possess a sound mind in a sound body."

In addition to the regular work of his Academy, Captain Partridge delivered each year a course of Military Lectures, "for the accommodation of gentlemen (particularly of those holding commissions in the volunteer corps of militia) who may not wish to go through with a regular course of military studies and instruction, and also for the purpose of diffusing military science more generally."

In 1838, and on several other occasions, he was instrumental in calling together a convention of military officers and persons interested in giving greater efficiency to the organization of the militia, of the several States. This convention met at Norwich, Vermont, July 4th of that year, and continued to meet there annually, for several years, to discuss plans for the organization and discipline of the militia, and for the dissemination of the knowledge of military science. Many reports of the proceedings of this body were drawn up by Captain Partridge and were forwarded to Washington and printed by act of Congress. In 1842 he was Camp Instructor to a large body of officers and men of the Pennsylvania Militia.

From the foregoing, one may see that technical education—so-called—now so popular, originated with Captain Partridge, and that he spent the better part of his life in its development. The idea of the Agricultural College, now deemed so essential, seems to have originated with him. It appears on good authority that the late United States Senator, Justin S. Morrell, of Vermont, through whose efforts the United States Government established these colleges throughout the several States, some years ago, gave credit to Captain Partridge for this idea.

The "higher education of women" was developed at Norwich, under the direction of Captain Partridge. In a prospectus issued in 1835 it is stated that

"A young ladies' seminary will be opened in the village of Norwich, the first Monday of May, under the patronage of the University.

"All the branches of a useful and ornamental education will be taught by able and experienced teachers, and the young ladies will have the advantage of attending the lectures given at the University."

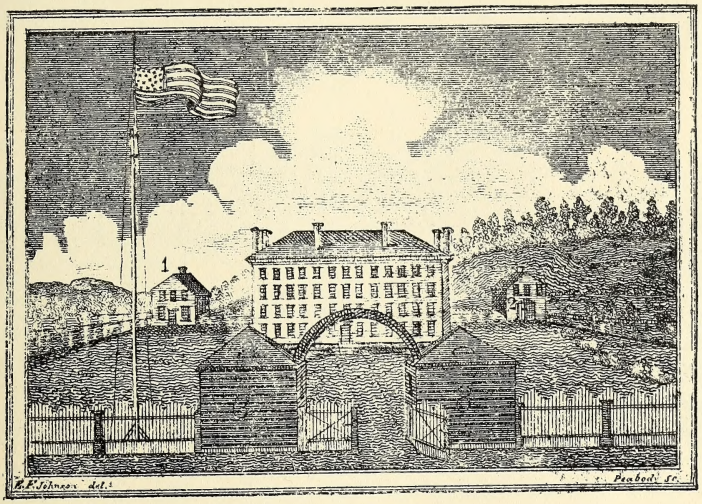
He conceived the West Point system of military education, and of making the National School the fountain-head of military science, and it has in our day, become such. According to his theory, the graduates of this institution should not only officer the regular army, but should give lectures and practical instruction in military matters to the militia, and have general charge of

all military matters. He believed that in this way a uniform system could be established, whereby, in the event of war, State and regular troops could be combined with ease and advantage.

After the experience of three wars, in all of which we found ourselves unequipped for war, the United States Government has recognized this idea by recent legislation in "An act to promote the efficiency of the militia," which provides, among other things, that each State, upon application of its Governor, to the Secretary of War, may have a detail of one or more officers of the army, whose duty it shall be to supervise the militia and report annually to the Secretary of War.

Captain Partridge was first to suggest that military training might be added to the usual course of school instruction, and to the physical and intellectual advantage of the pupil. He proposed that each State should establish a school wherein military and scientific education should be pursued; and where military discipline should be a distinctive feature.

In 1839, he organized at Portsmouth, Virginia, an Academy similar to the one at Norwich, known as the "Virginia Literary, Scientific and Military Institute," which was afterwards incorporated by the State Legislature. He also organized a similar school at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1847, and one at Reading, Pennsylvania, in 1849. He established Pembroke (N. H.) Academy in 1851, and was, at the time of his death, arranging for the organization of a similar institution at Bristol, Pennsylvania, to be opened in 1854.



A. L. S. & M. ACADEMY AT NORWICH, VT.
FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

During his very active career, he fully appreciated his civic duty, and always found time for the exercise of it. He was a candidate for Congress in his native State in 1834, 1836 and 1838. In 1833, 1834, 1837 and 1839, he represented his native town in the State Legislature, and he was Surveyor-General of the

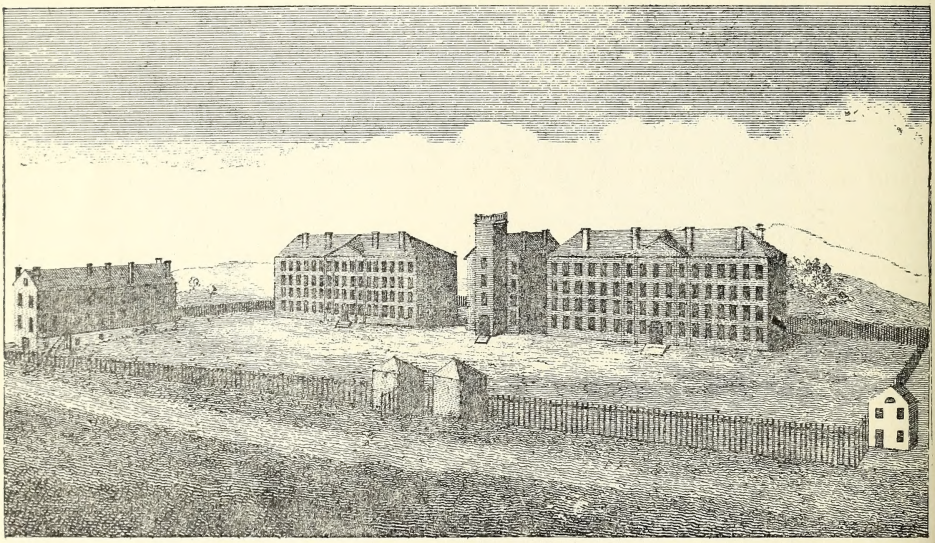
State of Vermont for several years.

The University of Vermont conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon him in 1821, and the trustees, the same year, elected him president of that institution, which office he did not accept. Dartmouth College (at which he had been a student for two years before entering the Academy at West Point) conferred a like degree upon him in 1813. He was president of Jefferson College, Washington, Mississippi, in 1833.

In 1819 he was chief of the American party engaged in the survey of the disputed boundary between Canada and the New England States, under the treaty of Ghent, which survey extended from Point Levi, Canada, to Hallowell, Maine.

No attempt has been made in this article other than to present the principal facts pertaining to the life and works of Captain Partridge. He needs no encomium. The practical educational system of to-day, and the part it has played in the development of our great country, and of its resources—this is his monument.

The fact that such men as Captain Partridge are occasionally in the midst of their fellows, as the centuries go by, is the hope and safety of humanity.



VIEW OF THE A. L. S. & M. ACADEMY, MIDDLETOWN, CONN. (FROM THE ORIGINAL PLAN.) FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

The Old Soldier's Disloyalty

By Joseph W. Piercy

THE telegraph editor had opened the long blades of his shears to divide a sheet of copy, when he let them clatter from his hand. With a half-smothered exclamation he smoothed out the bit of paper on his desk, and read, with feverish haste, the startling intelligence it bore. "The Maine's blown up!" he cried, as he hurriedly arose and started for the room of the managing editor.

"What is it, father?" called his young assistant after him.

"The Spaniards have sunk the Maine in Havana harbor!" he exclaimed, his feelings thrilling his utterance.

The whole office heard. The reporters looked up from their work and the click of the typewriters ceased. There was a momentary hush, a buzz of conversation, and the din of bells and keys was resumed—reporters are not long surprised at anything.

Pritchard made a display head whose magnitude was an innovation in the journalistic customs of the town. It ran clear across the page, and embodied in vigorous phrase many of the author's personal views. "Fiendish Act of the Dons!" "War With Spain Certain!" "The Murder of Three Hundred Brave Soldiers Cries for Vengeance!" were some of his captions, which properly belonged among the expressions of the editorial columns.

It was, indeed, an unusual day for Pritchard. The event appealed to a side of his nature that never knew repose. He was an old soldier. He had responded to Lincoln's first call and had gone through the war. The scenes of carnage through which he had passed remained fresh in his memory, and he could never recount them without moist eyes and a tremulous voice. Although proud of the rank of colonel, which he had earned, he never sought listeners, and it was only as some chance comrade strayed in or as we led him up to his recitals after the paper had gone to press, that we gained a knowledge of his long and valiant record. He had few ambitions now—to care for his wife, whom he loved with singular devotion; to see his son well started in life, to discharge competently his newspaper duties, to keep all national holidays reverently, and to attend all Grand Army reunions.

The unwritten rule that would fill all departments of a newspaper with young men had no terrors for Pritchard. For one thing, he owned stock in the prosperous daily on which he was employed, and a second security for his position lay in the fact that he was as active as the youngest reporter. He was tall and lithe, although his shoulders drooped slightly under the weight of years at his desk. Small gray eyes, which had the look of greater keenness through spectacles; a singularly expressive face, which lengthened or broke into smiles under the spell of a single thought; hair thinned, but slightly, and a mustache less amenable to discipline than wire,—these

were the physical characteristics by which we knew him, but there were depths to his generous and impulsive nature that we could never sound.

The telegraphic reports of the Maine disaster came so thick and fast, and the work was of such a "rush" character—the *Morning Democrat* also issuing a night edition—that the Pritchards scarcely had time for "lunch." This was quite a hardship for them both. And what midnight collations! They were of home preparation, and included things in season and out of season—strawberries in March and new vegetables from the South with the first shipments. "What have the Pritchards got to-night?" was a common query with the reporters. Sometimes they filed by to find out; then, with the glorious vision before them, they dropped into some restaurant down street, where, sickened by contrast, they exclaimed: "Oh, bring us anything!"

The colonel "set the table" this night with more expedition than usual, using his son's desk instead of his own, but, although the cloth was not spread with the customary grace and the viands were less elaborately placed, he did not wholly permit the press of work to disturb the enjoyment of this important function. It was on this and similar occasions that the soul of Pritchard came to the surface. To his son, who sat opposite him, he poured out his feelings as freely and generously as he poured coffee.

"Your mother's been pretty good to us to-night, lad," he said, as he beamed upon the prospect. "She's pretty good to us." Then, moved to reminiscence, he talked of his own soldier days and particularly of days in a hospital, of the sweet presence of a mere girl in a band of noble women there, how her half-startled face had appealed to him, and how her devotion to her duties had won his heart. Finally, Pritchard leaned back and looked at his son. As he took in the color of his eyes and hair and the noble expression of his sensitive mouth, he was suffused by a rush of tender recollections, and he exclaimed: "And you remind me of her, lad; you remind me of her!"

The excitement over the Maine did not abate. The war fever was rising. Pritchard made such drafts on the fonts of big type that the display heads were finally set by hand in the advertising department, where the variety of lettering, both as to size and style, could meet the exactions of his most patriotic moods. It was all intensely real to him. He did not count himself a mere spectator. He was at the front again, with the colors above him. When hostilities were finally declared, he employed the largest cut of the American bird at his command, and, for the accompanying text, appropriated stirring phrases from "Marching Through Georgia." A few old comrades came in to get the news fresh from the wires. Pritchard shook hands all around and called for three cheers for the old flag. Then they laughed and cried together.

The colonel's confidence in the might of our arms led him into contemptuous estimate of Spain's power as a foe. "Send a few regulars down to Cuba to join Gomez, and it's all over!" he exclaimed. "My old regiment could do the trick alone!" It caused him surprise when the President determined upon supporting the regulars with volunteers. But a feeling of responsibility displaced criticism. He called his regiment together in his lodge hall, drew up

a set of resolutions and wired the President that the surviving members of the old ——— Indiana stood ready to answer their country's call and shed their blood, if need be, in her defense. He had a feeling that the defeat of the Spaniards was already accomplished when he handed the message across the counter at the telegraph office, but the operator read it without change of countenance and named the toll.

When it became known that the President was to employ the State militia, a sense of injury crossed Pritchard's breast. "They're mere boys!" he said. "Just mere boys!" a sentiment in which his comrades joined.

Up to this time it had not occurred to Pritchard that the situation had any serious aspects, but one day his son paused in his work and said in as indifferent a tone as he could command, "I guess the *company's* going, father!"

Pritchard looked at his son as if not comprehending; then, stirred to answer, he said half in protest: "But they won't need it! Besides, the boys can't go in a body. They'll have to be mustered in singly." The colonel had evaded the issue. His son belonged to a "crack" company, an organization of young men whose many victories in drill contests throughout the country had made it famous. It could not hesitate now; it had pride to sustain.

"Yes, I know," said young Pritchard, no longer concealing his intentions, "but the boys are going to be mustered in to a man, and we'd like to preserve the company's organization, if not its name."

Pritchard idly clipped the edges of his large blotter. The gleam of his spectacles seemed to change with the swiftly varying emotions of his mind—now pensive, now martial, now proud. At length he threw the scissors on the table, turned to his son and the gleam of the glasses spoke pride. "Go, my lad!" he said. "I know how you feel. If you think your country needs you, it's not for me to stand in your way. She comes first—always remember that, boy! She comes first!"

It was a memorable day in the history of the town when the regiment started for the front. It was no holiday parade this time; it was grim business. How brave and formidable the young fellows looked as they swept down the broad streets in intrepid and majestic lines—the rise and fall of the columns, how rhythmic their advance, how resistless! We recognized young Pritchard as his company came by. He glanced up and smiled, and we sent down our cheers in reply. The company had hardly passed, when, as I sought the street, somebody jostled by me. It was the colonel. He was following the company to the station. His face was aglow with the memories of all his old conflicts, and yet his lips quivered and his eyes were moist. He was by the side of his son when the company broke ranks for a few moments at the station, rallying him upon the holiday he was to have.

"You won't get as far as Atlanta!" he said. "Just a little trip out of town at the Government's expense! Spaniards'll haul down their colors before you ever get a sight of 'em. Well, I hope your vacation'll do you good."

He joined in the cheers that arose as the soldiers took the train. "God bless you, boys!" he said in almost a breathless cry. He drew apart from the crowd as the train departed, and went home by an unfrequented way.

Pritchard may have felt no fear as to the safety of his son, but he did feel the loss of his presence. Although his manner had appreciably changed, his absorption in the war was deep and strong. The proposition that the conflict was unnecessary and inexcusable was once advanced in his hearing, and he read the offender a lecture on patriotism, interspersing it with pertinent suggestions as to what ought to be done with traitors. But Pritchard's feelings were to be further outraged. Reports of mismanagement began to come in. Pritchard's newspaper instinct forbade him to excise such matter, but he exercised his privilege as telegraph editor and stockholder to soften the asperities in the headlines he wrote. "Just a little confusion arising from the suddenness of preparation," he explained. "I marvel that the management has been so good."

When the first dispatches about food fell on Pritchard's desk he thought it was "a good one on the boys." "Complain of the food!" he chuckled. "Well!" Detecting a communicative mood, I drew him out and got the story of Andersonville. For the rest of the night the colonel was silently amused, resolving the comparison in his mind while he edited copy.

The telegraphic reports about the food supplies and camp conditions were supplemented by letters which the boys began to write home. Pritchard received one from his son. In the main it was manly in tone, but it did not wholly conceal a mood of complaint. Pritchard was silent about this letter for almost a week. He waved aside the criticisms it contained as those natural to a boy used to home comforts. "You know his mother's kind a spoiled him," he said. Yes, we knew.

But the colonel became more grave as the weeks went by. One day a letter came addressed to him in an unfamiliar hand. Young Pritchard was "a little weak," the writer said, "but he isn't in the hospital yet, and he'll pull around all right. That is," added the writer, "if we can get anything fit for him to eat!"

The complaints became general. Hardly able at first to restrain his indignation, Pritchard began to wonder what had "got into things." "It's possible," he conceded one day, "that there has been some blundering." He received the attacks on the commissary with less and less disposition to challenge them, until finally an issue of the paper appeared containing the simple but hard caption, "Rotten Beef!"

"How is he getting along?" I ventured one day, seeing that Pritchard's manner was unusually sad.

"Well, we're considerably worried about him!" he said. "He's got fever or something. I think it's the Southern climate and malaria."

Pritchard's spirits revived when Admiral Sampson cabled the news of Cervera's defeat. He was glad for the glory of the victory, and, too, it was plain that the war was at an end.

If only the loss of lives in war was confined to that caused by the enemy's bullets! But young men, fresh from home, had not the art of taking care of themselves as had the regulars, it was said. The elder Pritchard's prophecy had come true —the boys had not been permitted a sight of the enemy—but camp life proved more serious than actual conflict might have been. Many of the inexperienced soldiers on their re-

turn, were not able to keep their places in the ranks. Young Pritchard was driven home in an ambulance and there was a substitute at the telegraph editor's desk the next day. "He is in great danger," the physician told us.

Later reports were more encouraging and at last we were rejoiced to see the colonel come down and hang up his coat. He had visibly aged. "I gusss he'll pull *through*," he said.

A full month went by. "The boy will be out pretty soon, I think," said Pritchard to me, becoming communicative once more. "He's had a pretty hard time. Soldiering was no play!" A semblance of the old smile came back to his face. "He's been pretty ill, but ah," he continued, with a groan, "that isn't the worst! He was like one starved, having passed the stage of pain and feeling no desire for food. Through the doctor's careful attention he was brought back to the hunger point again. His mother was by his side constantly. One day, almost in a moment, it seemed, his returning hunger became savage. He jumped at his food and began to bolt it like a wolf. His mother tried to restrain him, coaxing and petting him. Suddenly he turned upon her, his eyes flaming with the madness of delirium"—Pritchard could hardly proceed—"and—and—oh, my God! he struck her!"

I waited for the paroxysm of pain at the recollection to pass.

"The fact is," he continued, rising to his feet and pacing the floor, "the boys were starved! The food was unfit and they couldn't eat it. There was no excuse for that!"

Suddely he was stricken by a second access of grief. He turned and advanced upon me, shaking his clenched hands in my face. "I tell you the conduct of the war toward the boys in the field was criminal! I say, sir, it was criminal!"

Pritchard had denounced his government!

Scarce a week had passed before the colonel came to my desk to ask for a certain "exchange." I looked over the pile of papers before me without finding it and had started to kick through those on the floor when he interrupted me. "Oh, never mind! This will do," he said, and he picked up a paper that had no relation in either character or geography to the one he had asked for. He began to turn its pages indifferently, I thought, and once when I glanced up his eyes were quickly averted from my own.

"How is your boy?" I asked.

"He's not so well; he's had a kind of relapse."

My inquiry gave him the opening he had been seeking. He leaned down, resting one arm on my desk, and in low, confidential tones, but with apparent shame-facedness, said:

"I—I hope you'll forget what I said the other day!"

"If I understand what you mean," I replied.

His look searched my face. He could not believe that I did not understand perfectly—that I had not been condemning him hourly ever since. In his morbid brooding it had seemed to him that everybody knew his disgrace and was shouting it, one to another.

"You know—my talk about the army—and all that."

"You're making too much of it," I answered, "and I'm sure you had cause."

"No, no! Don't say that! There's no excuse for disloyalty!" Disloyalty! It seemed to me that he visibly aged in the moment he spoke the word.

"You're talking nonsense!" I replied.

He shook his head sadly. I was shocked at the hopelessness of his expression. Remorse was written in every line of his face. "I have been disloyal!" he insisted. "I thought I was a patriot, but when the test came—" He was sunk in utter despondency.

"Do be reasonable!" I said. "The utterance of a passing mood can't stand for a moment before your splendid service in the past!"

He could not see it so, but my attitude, I felt, somewhat cheered him, although as he left the room his stoop was pronounced and the sprightliness of his step was gone.

Shortly after this I received a letter from Pritchard's Grand Army post which filled me with indignation. It was somewhat formal in tone, earnestly requesting me to be present and testify "in the case of the Oliver P. Morton Grand Army Post versus Thompson Pritchard." My first impulse was to go straightway to the commander and remonstrate. Why make such ado about nothing? Why make the matter public and place a stigma on the name of a brave soldier? But I went to Pritchard instead.

"See here, colonel, what's up?" I asked.

"Isn't it plain enough?" he asked, somewhat peevishly.

"But how did they find it out?"

"He turned his glasses full upon me. "I told them, of course. How else?"

"But why?"

"Because otherwise I could not look my comrades in the face!"

A strange spectacle for times of peace greeted me when I presented myself as a witness at the trial. Few formalities of the court-martial had been omitted. Pritchard had appeared in full uniform, the epaulettes of the colonel on his shoulders, his sword by his side. His judges, three, wearing the insignia of their respective offices, were ranged behind a table. Certain members of the post were present as spectators.

The commander, as president of the court, arose and read the indictment. In formal terms, it charged that Thompson Pritchard, on a certain date and in a certain place, "did then and there" give expression to disloyal sentiments against the government of the United States.

"Is the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

Pritchard arose. "If the Court will allow him," he said most deferentially, "the defendant will say that certain utterances he does not deny. It is for his judges, knowing all the facts, to determine whether they are disloyal, and whether he is fit longer to be a member of the post. So much he allows himself. He pleads not guilty."

As he started to take his seat his sword clanked against his chair. He stood a moment irresolute. His lips twitched and there was a cloud on his spectacles as if the light behind them had been suddenly dimmed. With hands that visibly trembled, he unhooked the scabbard from his belt, and extended the hilt of the sheathed sword to the judges. One formality of the trial had been neglected! The president received the blade that had flashed in Pritchard's hand on many a hard fought field and gently laid it on the table before him. "That's scarcely necessary, comrade," he protested, but Pritchard dismissed the objection with a wave of the hand.

I was called to the stand. I was formally asked my name, age, place

of residence and occupation, and other preliminary interrogatories. Then came the vital part of the inquiry: "State as well as you can, what conversation took place between you and the defendant on the —th of last month."

I began my reply by relating the circumstances under which the conversation took place, resolving them in Pritchard's favor. "The defendant," I said, "had been under a nervous strain for some time—"

Pritchard whispered to his counsel, who then interrupted me. "We object to the witness giving his personal opinions. Let him confine himself to the facts."

Something like a smile lit up the countenance of the president and I saw it reflected from the defendant's counsel. The truth flashed upon me. The trial had been ordered at the instigation of Pritchard himself.

Prompted by the court to tell only what had actually occurred, I had resumed my testimony when there was a knock at the door. The proceedings were interrupted, while one of the judges, seated near, arose and opened it just enough for the presentment of his head and shoulders. Soon I heard him utter an exclamation in which surprise and a more plangent note were mingled. He drew back, closed the door very silently and as silently tiptoed to the side of the president and whispered. The latter's face was horror-stricken and soon the three judges had bent their heads together in earnest conference. Only a moment. The judge nearest Pritchard made his way to where he sat and said something in low tones. I saw Pritchard's head go down on his breast and his form shake with repressed emotion. A sense of calamity pervaded the room, hushing the lightest sound. Noises far down the street came up to my ears and in a distant part of the city a clock began, like a knell, to toll the hours. The commander got to his feet, his hands grasped the edges of the table and for a moment he did not lift his eyes. At length he began in a voice hardly controlled, and with halts between his words:

"Comrades, I need not tell you how much the de—our comrade, I mean—is held in our respect and affection. For certain words he one day uttered, when he was scarcely responsible, he has been sorely tormented in heart and mind. His love for his country, amounting to a consuming passion, has made his offence appear heinous to his sensitive spirit. To our earnest protests he paid no heed—he must be tried and judged. To no member of this post, to no one of his comrades who marched with him to the sea need I speak of his courage or his patriotism. For four long years he was in the front of the fight, offering his life anew each day as a sacrifice." The commander gripped the table harder and the tears coursed down his cheeks. "His—his country did not accept the sacrifice—then! It was reserved—for a later time! He now is wounded unto death—his heart is torn and bleeding! I give him back the sword he has so highly honored! Comrades, Thompson Pritchard has given his very life for his country—his boy is dead!"

The Road to Gooch's Landing

By Charles Francis Saunders

I know a road, a weary road,
That winds through sands and boulders gray,
Beside the thickets of wild thorn,
Out to the waters of the bay.

Out to the waters of the bay,
With flitting sails and sun a-light—
I wonder if my path of life
Leads surely to a goal as bright!

Mora, in checked working apron up to her chin and with a dab of charcoal under one unconscious eye, tacked the manuscript of her verses to an upper corner of a temporary mat that framed her picture, at last finished and ready to be launched upon a world jaded and craving surprises. Publishers with commissions for illustrations and decorative designs did not come pulling the door bell at Mrs. Perkins's so frequently that they jostled one another on the stairs, on their way up to the fourth floor back; so betweenwhiles there was time for the conception and execution of master-and-other-pieces, which, after being industriously circulated, were, eventually, almost always taken by some periodical and even paid for without resort to the law. So "The Road to Gooch's Landing" came into being—a reminiscence in charcoal of the sleepy old New England seaside village where a summer vacation had been spent.

Philena, housekeeper of the fourth floor back, critic-in-chief and keeper of the privy purse, viewed the finished picture with approbation and checked off the statements in verse with the rigid exactness of one accustomed to balancing accounts to the uttermost cent.

"'That winds through sands and boulders gray'—yes, there's the sand, and the boulders rise and hit you with their realism. 'Thickets of wild thorn'—I suppose some of the vegetation will pass at a pinch for that. 'The bay with flitting sails and sun a-light'—one sail flits, and there's a streak of sunshine, sure enough. 'Path of life leads surely to a goal as bright'—natural to wonder that, I suppose; especially if you are fond of the shore. Dear, I think the picture the best you ever did! There's the very smell of salt about it, and the way you have got the feeling of wind in those grasses is wonderful. Don't send it to any of those horrid ten-cent monthlies—the best isn't too good for it. It's ever so much nicer than that snip of a thing that *Kris Kringle* took and paid you eight dollars for on acceptance. Any of the New England magazines would jump at it if they had the chance, because of the local color, Is'nt it too bad the *Atlantic* doesn't print pictures?"

"And you really think it better to try selling the picture with the lines with it, instead of sending it off alone to tell its own story?" asked Mora, reflectively.

"Yes, indeed; the lines make everything so clear, just like 'The Man With the Hoe,' you know; and then if the stupid man should make a botch of reproduction and that sail got lost, you know people might not notice the sea."

"You're the practicalest young person I ever did know, Phil, dear," remarked Mora, as she began to fish

for brown paper and pasteboard under the bureau; "I don't know what I should do without you."

Thereupon, "The Road to Gooch's" was sent, as straight as the express company would carry it, to the editor of the first illustrated magazine in the land.

The next day, over their tea, the friends discussed with all the irreverent imagination of artistic temperaments upon which the dew of the morning still rests, the probable reception of "The Road to Gooch's" in that Turkey-carpeted sanctum whither it had been dispatched. The next day but one Philena became susceptibly nervous whenever she saw an express wagon in their street and continued so until it was safe past Mrs. Perkins's door. The mail, after the morning delivery, which brought nothing, was without interest. The day following that she openly intimated to Mrs. Perkins that somebody about the house must have a letter addressed to Miss Mora.

So for several suspenseful days, until life began to have moments again when the picture was not the centre of the little universe in Mrs. Perkins's fourth floor back; in fact, for one whole day Mora forgot all about it while engaged in the throes of composing an utterly impracticable design for an advertisement which a very practical furniture dealer had commissioned her to draw for him. That evening, when she came in from down town, Philena met her at the door with an air of suppressed excitement.

"'The Road to Gooch's' is back," she announced, "but I think there must be something favorable inside the wrapper, for the expressman said it was prepaid. You remember Mr. Stockton's story about the picture of the Bull Calf."

"Maybe Mrs. Perkins paid the expressage at the door and forgot to ask us for it," said Mora, incredulously.

"Mrs. Perkins might do a great many queer things, but she would never make a mistake like that. No, I think they are willing to take the picture, if you change the name or something. The name is not so very pretty, do you think?"

"It's beautifully packed," was Mora's irrelevant reply, as she cut the strings.

In a few minutes the familiar features of the old road were again beaming upon the two young women; but, in spite of the most thorough search amid the wrappings of the picture, no fragment of a letter was to be found—not even the conventional printed declination with thanks.

"This is just declination without comment," said Mora; "well, comment is unnecessary, I suppose."

"But I don't understand what made them pay the return expressage," wailed the perplexed Philena. "Men are such queer creatures; why can't they say what they mean?"

Hours later, as Philena turned out her gas on retiring for the night, a thought struck her.

"Mora," she said, with convincement, "I do believe the editor liked your picture and prepaid that expressage as a delicate way of encouraging you to try again."

But Mora was sound asleep.

The winter sun shone full on the picture next day when Mora entered her studio.

"This will never do," she said with early morning enthusiasm; "you mustn't gather moss this way."

So it was energetically started off

to the second best illustrated in the land—whence, as on a greased track, it came back, the next day but one, at 9 a. m., accompanied by an unambiguous printed expression of unavailability.

"The mean things!" said Philena. But she had the soothing recollection of having paid the expressman his forty cents principally in pennies and smooth nickels.

Had there been a general editorial boycott declared against "The Road to Gooch's" there could not have been greater unanimity of rejection than was now expended upon the unfortunate composition. So regular were its passages to and from New York that thrifty Philena once tried to wheedle the receiving clerk at the express office into granting her reduced rates for round trips. As though rejection were not enough, injury was one day added to insult by the picture's coming back with a hole punched through the middle, due apparently to insufficient packing. Thereupon, Mora, instead of considering the battle over, showed the grit of the real artist and proved herself heiress to a place on the line. She tacked a fresh sheet of paper on her drawing board and did the picture all over again. But the new "Gooch's" fared no better than the old. Even New England would have none of it, and it came back so persistently that the expressman's visits finally set the tongues of all the neighborhood gossips a-wagging and the rumor spread, first that one and then that both Mrs. Perkins's fourth floor backs were to be married in the spring and their things were coming already.

All this Mora took philosophically enough as part of the business, but Philena scolded and stormed at the inexorable expressman as unreasonably as a little mother bird might berate the rising waters of a flood that threatens her nest full of fledglings. One evening Mora came in late from a day down town, to find the little rooms resounding to the triumphant strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," the studio ablaze with light from the two lamps of the establishment and simmering in heat from the excessive efforts of the little gas stove which in cold weather assisted the one small register in keeping green the memory of heat in the fourth floor back.

"Why this sound of revelry by night?" asked Mora, aghast. "It can't be that 'Gooch' has been accepted?"

"It can be and it will be," said Philena, gaily, wheeling about on her piano stool, "but it isn't yet. Only another checker in his career—but such a good omen, I thought. He came back to-day without a bit of pasteboard around him and only a skimpy piece of brown paper, and that falling off; and he isn't hurt a bit. It seems like a miracle, and I am sure he must have been preserved for great things. So I am celebrating his acceptance that is to be."

Mora marched over to the easel, where the returned prodigal glowered on the scene in tones of blackest charcoal, and examined the paper anxiously. It did seem to be intact.

"Why, that's right encouraging, Phil," she said. "We'll start him again to-morrow. We haven't been the rounds of all the periodicals yet; and if we had, you know some of them might have new editors now, and that would be the same as a new magazine. Men may come and men may go, but Gooch goes on forever."

"Besides," said Philena, shrewdly, "maybe some of the old ones have

already lived to regret not accepting him and would snap him up if they had another chance. How we shall miss him when he is accepted! I declare it won't seem like the same place without Gooch in it."

"Or expected back any moment, said Mora, "at our expense."

She sat down in front of the picture and read over the manuscript that was fastened to the mat.

"Phil," she said, after a while, "I think what's the matter with this thing is that there is no particular point to it. It tells no story. There would be more sense in it, somehow, if it taught a lesson—if it had a moral writ large at the end of it, like an Æsop's fable."

"And you an artist!" protested Philena. "It's a thing of beauty; itself is its own excuse for being. It's a perfectly lovely old road, and we'll reach some old editor with it yet, who will be carried straight back to his boyhood by that road, and will say to himself, the art of this thing is it doesn't say too much; it starts the wheels of memory to moving and then keeps away from the machinery. Then to you he'll say, very businesslike, 'Dear Madame' (with an 'e'—Oh, I'm sure he'll spell madame with an 'e,' like a gentleman of the old school, as he is)—'your picture and accompanying lines are accepted. Enclosed is check for fifty dollars. Would pay more but times are hard. Shall be pleased to see more of your work.'"

Just then there was a knock at the door, and, without waiting for permission, in walked Master Perkins, bearing a tray, on which lay a card.

"Goodness!" cried Mora, as she picked it up. "Listen to this:

XERXES A. SMITH,

Representing Jones, Brown & Jackson,

Advertising Agents.

Our Motto:

"Keep shouting, and you are bound to be heard by-and-by."

"What in the world can an advertisement man want here at six o'clock, or in the middle of the day, for that matter! He ought to know a struggling devotee of art has no money to pay for advertising her wares."

"Maybe you could get him to advertise Gooch on the basis of half proceeds—no sale, no pay," observed the practical Philena, with interest. "Show the gentleman right up, Bobby."

Mr. Smith said as he entered:

"Madame, your pardon for intruding at this time of night, but I was in a bit of a hurry, and so I thought I'd just drop in—or rather, drop up, as it turns out—on my way home, and save a day. I take it you are the lady that drew that folding-bed design a few weeks ago, for the Procrustes Furniture Company, aren't you?"

"I did do one," said Mora. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks," said Mr. Smith; "now you mention it I believe I will," and he suited the action to the word; then, standing his hat carefully on the floor, between his feet, he thrust first one arm, then the other, into mid-air, so as to free his wrists of his overcoat sleeves, and proceeded to talk.

"Well, I was in at their place the other day and saw that, and the style

of work rather took my fancy—it's the kind of thing that makes a man feel in a good humor and like spending some money on the family. So I said to Procrustes—I know him well, schoolboys together — 'Pro,' says I, 'that's not half bad. Give me the address of your artist friend. I'd like to have some of that sort of thing myself some time, maybe.' So that's how I happened to get wind of you—and now to business. What I'm after is this. An old customer of mine, a soap manufacturer, came in to-day and wanted a picture to advertise a new brand he is getting out, and, of course, like all these fellows, he must have it right off. It's a sand soap, and he wants some sort of a landscape, with a regular old-time sandy road and two or three extra-white geese, don't you know, on the roadside—got so white washing themselves with Tompkins's Sand Soap—see? Then, some sort of a rhyme or gag to go with it. Now, he wants a poster of the picture, and then the same thing reduced for his circular and wrapper, and the whole business must be ready for him by the first of the month. That means the picture must be in my hands by 4 p. m. to-morrow. Can you do it?"

To Mora the proposal was sublime in its preposterousness. She was a slow worker at best after the thought of her picture was clear in her mind, and here was an unformed idea presented which she was expected to develop and put in black and white in less than a day. Her reluctant lips were opening to frame a declination when she suddenly caught sight of Philena's excited eyes. They were wide open and round, and her lips—she was standing a little in the rear of Mr. Smith, so he did not see her—were round, too, as who should say "Goo-oo-oo."

Like a flash Mora caught the idea.

"What would the work be worth to you?" she asked, with outward composure, but her heart was going pit-a-pat so loudly she could hardly hear herself speak.

"If the picture fills the bill and you put as much ginger in it as you did in that furniture drawing, I am quite willing to pay you what you are in the habit of getting for such work," said Mr. Smith, with the magnanimity of a man whose profit is a sure thing.

"Well," said Mora, "I'll bring something to your office at four to-morrow afternoon."

When the door closed on the retreating Mr. Smith, Philena caught the unresisting Mora round the waist and the two waltzed a solemn waltz about the imperturbable Gooch on the easel.

"Isn't Mr. Smith a dear?" cried Philena. "He's just cut out for a fairy godmother. I do hope he doesn't have apoplexy from his climb, poor man. How stupid of us not to have seen that Gooch was just mapped out for a sand soap advertisement! Sand, sand, everywhere in it, nor any drop to drink. All you have to do, Mora, is to change a couple of boulders to three very, very white geese, waddling over the hill, and print under the picture,

"Goosie, goosie gander,
Where do you wander?"
"Along the path to take my bath
With TOMPKINS'S SAND SOAP,"

and there you are!"

* * * * * * *

"The Road to Gooch's," wrote Mora in her next letter to the home folks, the crisp check of Jones, Brown & Jackson lying on the desk before her, "does not, after all, lead to the Temple of Fame, but, as you will find if you insist on getting Tompkins's Sand Soap, it does lead to cleanliness, which, being next to godliness, is by no means an unworthy end of art."



GOATS AND CACTUS PATCHES, ISLAND OF SANTA CATALINA.

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Shipwrecks Along the New England Coasts

By AMY WOODS

IT has been estimated that in the United States there is an average of thirty thousand accidental deaths each year. These are divided into the three following classes: Unavoidable, preventable and doubtful. Out of the thirty thousand, twenty thousand are unavoidable, but of the other ten thousand, statisticians are unable to determine the proportionate parts to be labeled "preventable" and "doubtful." There are so many "ifs" and "might have beens" after an accident that the gathering of exact data with respect to determining results which proper precautions might have brought is well-nigh impossible.

Among these thirty thousand casualties, by far the greatest number occur in railroading. Fire is the cause of the second greatest number of deaths, and in this class come most of the accidents that might have been avoided, while the doubtful cases come under the head of maritime disasters.

It is a surprising fact that so few deaths, comparatively speaking — though the number is woefully large — are due to accidents on the water. Perhaps it is because the power of the sea commands respect and greater precautions are taken against a time of danger. Neptune is an exacting master. He requires self-reliance of his subjects, a mental poise and a ready wit, and the supremacy of his rule is attested by the thousand acts of heroism of men who know no fear and stand unchallenged in the front ranks of bravery for generous deeds and self-forgetfulness.

There is no more dangerous coast line in the world than that of New England, bristling with jagged rocks and hidden shoals, and many a gallant ship has weathered a storm at sea only to founder on this treacherous shore.

No official record of the wrecks along the Atlantic coast had been kept until the United States Life Saving Service was established in 1872, but in the old town books of the New England seaports are set down the names and dates of the most important. The best-known in history is the "Somerset," British man-of-war which lay at anchor in Boston harbor, threatening the re-

doubt on Bunker Hill when Paul Revere "silently rowed to the Charlestown shore." Three years later the frigate ran aground in a fierce storm at Peaked Hill Bars, while bound for Provincetown from Boston, where she had been in pursuit of a French fleet. The gale threw her with tremendous force on to the beach, and the waves beat her to pieces; then the never-ceasing shifting of the sands buried her, and she lay hidden for a century. Again the sands moved on and revealed the shattered hulk for a little while, then buried for a second time what was left from the hands of relic hunters. Nearly all her crew of five hundred men were drowned. Those who came to shore alive, including the captain, were at once taken prisoners of war by Captain Hallet of Yarmouth and Colonel Doane of Wellfleet and marched under guard of militia-men to Boston amid great rejoicing over the capture.

The first shipwreck recorded was that of the "Sparrowhawk," in 1626, near the heel of Cape Cod. She was loaded with English colonists going to Virginia, and was a total loss. Like the "Somerset," she was buried until the tides drew back the sands in 1863, and disclosed her sunk in a mud bank.

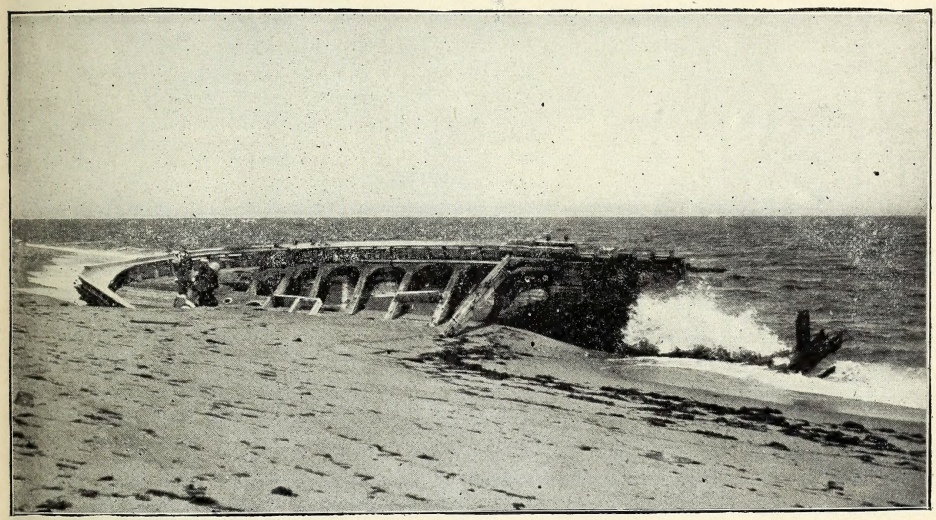
On the shores of Wellfleet in the first quarter of the eighteenth century occurred a thrilling wreck which might have furnished Clark Russell a worthy plot. The pirate ship "Widdah" had been plying a profitable trade in Massachusetts waters. Already seven ships had been forced to submit to the piratical demands. On one of these a crew of seven had been placed, leaving the rightful captain in charge of the wheel. He cleverly steered close in shore and his seven captors were taken prisoners, and later all but one were hanged in Boston for piracy. Soon afterward the sword of justice again descended in the form of a northeast gale, and the "Widdah" herself, with a hundred and twenty men, was driven on shore and lost.

Another notable wreck in the eighteenth century was that of the British powder ship "Morning Star," which was struck by lightning in New York harbor, and blown up on August 9th, 1778. This disaster was considered by the Continentals an especial act of Providence in their behalf, and when three months afterward the much-dreaded frigate "Somerset" was disabled, they must have felt their confidence in Providence to be fully justified.

With the coming of the new century and the added stimulus to foreign trade which the establishment of the United States on a firm financial basis brought about, wrecks along the coast became more numerous and the loss of life became so appalling that Congress in 1847 appropriated five thousand dollars for rendering assistance to the shipwrecked. This was used under the direction of the Collector of Customs at Boston for the erection and equipment of life-saving stations along the Massachusetts coast. But long before the government felt the need of such expenditure, the Massachusetts Humane Society had been incorporated for the purpose of bringing organized relief to wrecked mariners on Cape Cod and in other parts of the United States. It built huts near by dangerous shoals and in lonely places for shelter in case of emergency, the first being put up in 1807 on Lovell's Island in Boston harbor. A little later it established the first life-saving station at Cohasset, relying on volunteer crews i

times of need. And when Congress made the first appropriation, the Humane Society had already eighteen furnished stations on the coast of Massachusetts, besides the rude shelters. This volunteer work did so much toward saving life and property that public sentiment was aroused, and a second appropriation of ten thousand dollars was made, followed by many more.

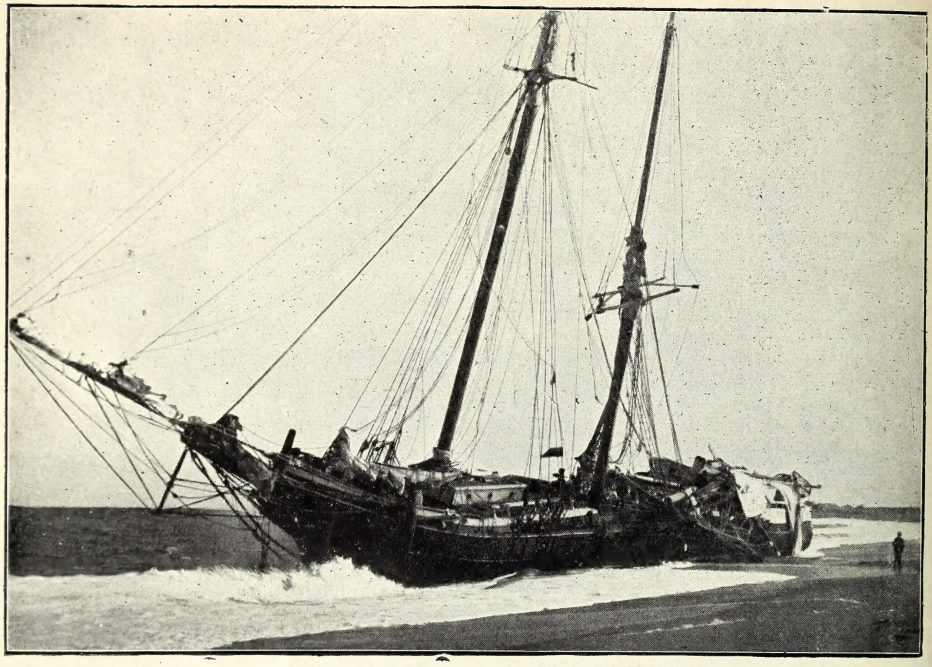
In 1805 the transport "Æneas" was lost off Newfoundland and three hundred and forty immigrants perished. Eleven years later the transport "Harpooner" went down off the same coast, carrying two hundred more immigrants to death.



BOSTON SCHOONER, "ETHEL MAUD," WRECKED ON BACK OF CAPE COD.

In 1842 the "Josephus," a British merchantman, went to pieces on Peaked Hill Bars, and the onlookers were powerless to render assistance. Then in 1849 the "Franklin," loaded with immigrants, was purposely run aground, and many innocent people were made the victims of the greed of captain and officers, who lost their own lives by their cupidity. Afterward a box was found in the cabin containing positive proof of their guilt.

The year 1853 stands foremost in the annals of the New England coast for severity of weather resulting in terrible disaster. Frightful storms swept the coast, rendering aid to the shipwrecked impossible, and many who reached the shore perished from exposure before succor could be had. Volunteer crews, though willing and courageous, were unskilled, and found themselves unable to cope with the difficulties which confronted them. This unprecedented series of disasters impressed upon Congress the need of a regularly paid coast guard, and a bill was put through one house, but was too late to pass the other before adjournment. The following winter a terrible disaster on the New Jersey coast caused the bill to be passed without opposition. The ship "Powhatan," coming from Havre to New York, with three hundred and eleven passengers, stranded on Long Beach, seven miles from Egg Harbor Light, on the 16th of April, 1854, and



SCHOONER "ALBERT BUTLER," WRECKED ON CAPE COD.

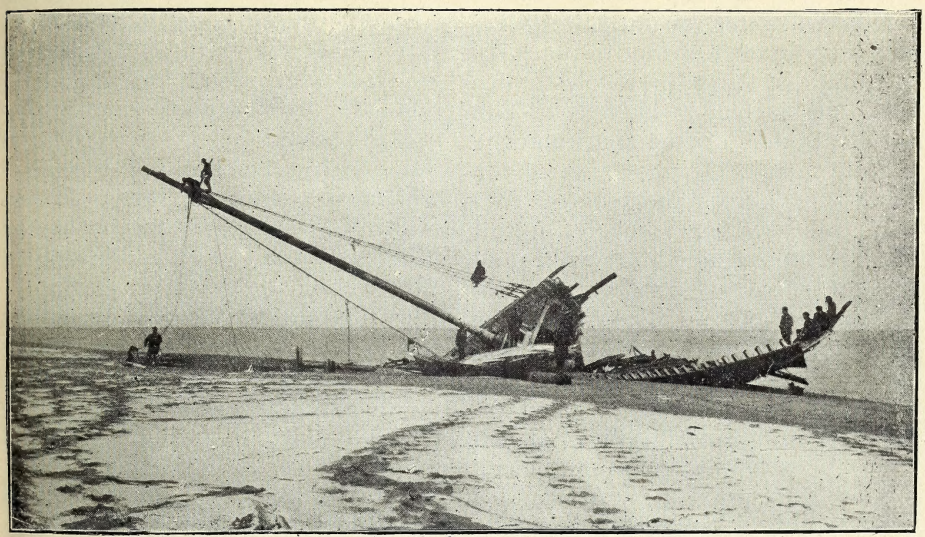
again a band of immigrants gave up their lives to feed the ocean's hungry maw.

This resulted in some improvement in the service, but dreadful disasters occurred each year, proving that yet more efficient service was needed. It was not until about thirty years ago, however, that a thorough investigation of the Life-Saving Service was made, which resulted in an entire overhauling of the system. To-day there is no better guarded seacoast in the world than that of New England. Every stretch is patrolled from the first of August to the first of June by trained seamen. Every station is adequately equipped, and under the charge of a competent superintendent, who is directly responsible to the department authorities at Washington. On every dangerous point, lighthouses flash out their warnings, and bell-buoys and whistles reveal the hidden rocks and shoals. The result of the reorganization of the service was quickly seen. According to the official report, not a life was lost during the following year in the disasters along the Atlantic coast or the Great Lakes.

Not until March 4th, 1875, was there a wreck that could be called an awful disaster; then the bark "Giovanni" of Italy was beached too far from shore for the appliances of that day to reach her, and the rollers were too high to allow the launching of a lifeboat. So in view of those gathered on shore the poor sailors dropped from the rigging one by one.

Until the "Portland" went down in the fearful storm of '98, the wreck of the "City of Columbus" was the most appalling that had ever occurred on the North Atlantic coast. She was a propeller steamer running between Boston and Savannah. On the night of Jan. 17, 1884, she left her Boston dock with a list of seventy-

two cabin passengers, fifteen steerage and a crew of forty-five, making a total of a hundred and thirty-two. Before sunrise the next morning she was lying sunk on the Devil's Bridge, a dangerous reef off Gay's Head, Martha's Vineyard. It was a clear, cold, beautiful moonlight night, with a gentle wind blowing from the southwest when the "City of Columbus" struck miles out of her course. How the captain so grossly missed his reckoning has never been satisfactorily explained. He had been on watch until Nobska Light was passed, when he went to his cabin near the pilot-house and turned in. All went well till he heard the mate call "Port." He rushed on deck and saw a buoy dead ahead at only three hundred yards distance. The steamer struck bow on, and began to fill at once. A few of the passengers rushed on deck in their night clothes, but the water poured in in such volume that it tore away the cabin stairs, cutting off all means of egress, and a hundred were drowned like rats in a hole. Those on deck took to the rigging. Soon the wind increased to a gale, and the sea, like an enraged monster, beat upon the shattered hulk, dashing the icy spray over the refugees. At last the revenue cutter "Dexter" came to their assistance. By this time the sea was running too high to get near, and a smaller cutter was launched. The men were ordered to jump from the rigging, and those who did were picked up one by one, but some were afraid, and Lieutenant Rhoades, finding his commands ineffectual, jumped overboard, swam to the ship and helped the people from wreck to boat. For this great heroism Lieutenant Rhoades was given a vote of thanks by Congress. The Indians also at Gay Head rendered valuable assistance. As for the captain, he was highly censured and his license revoked "for inattention to his duties as pilot."



GLOUCESTER FISHING SCHOONER "FORTUNA," WRECKED ON CAPE COD.

A bad year for shipping was 1886, although no terrible disaster occurred. There was almost constant

stormy weather through the winter months. Two fierce northeast gales traversed the coast in January, doing much damage to small craft, especially the Gloucester fishing schooners. In February four heavy storms are recorded, with the usual amount of destruction on the sea. Then on March 14th, what might have been a horror was averted by the prompt action of a pilot-boat. The steamer "Oregon" of the Cunard line was sunk off Fire Island, about twenty-five miles from Watch Hill, near Long Island. A heavily laden three-masted schooner ran into the "Oregon" at a quarter of four in the early morning and stove three holes in her side, one six feet in diameter. The two boats then drifted apart and the schooner sank. A pilot sighted the signals of distress and took off passengers, crew and officers, in all eight hundred and forty-six, and part of the mail service. Perfect order was kept on board, and the well-drilled crew worked in unison until half-past eleven, when the wreck became too dangerous to approach. At half past one, what less than twelve hours before had been a mighty ship worth a million and a quarter dollars was gone forever.

August had its quota of storms, and then in October of this ill-fated year for the Cunard line, the "Pavonia" in a dense fog, struck on High Pine Ledge, and had to be beached in Boston harbor. The same day two other Atlantic liners were stranded —the "Persian Monarch" on the Portland breakwater and the "Lake Huron" on Madame Island, seven miles below Quebec.

Of 1887, the authoritative report says: "The year's record is notable for the variety of disasters due to more rapid transit by land and sea, and in part to telegraphic facilities over the world." It might have added that 1887, with 1886, is noted for the number of lives saved at sea, despite the severity of storms and number of accidents. The principal disaster came in August when the English steamer "City of Montreal" caught fire and was burnt at sea, all hands being saved by the steamer "York City."

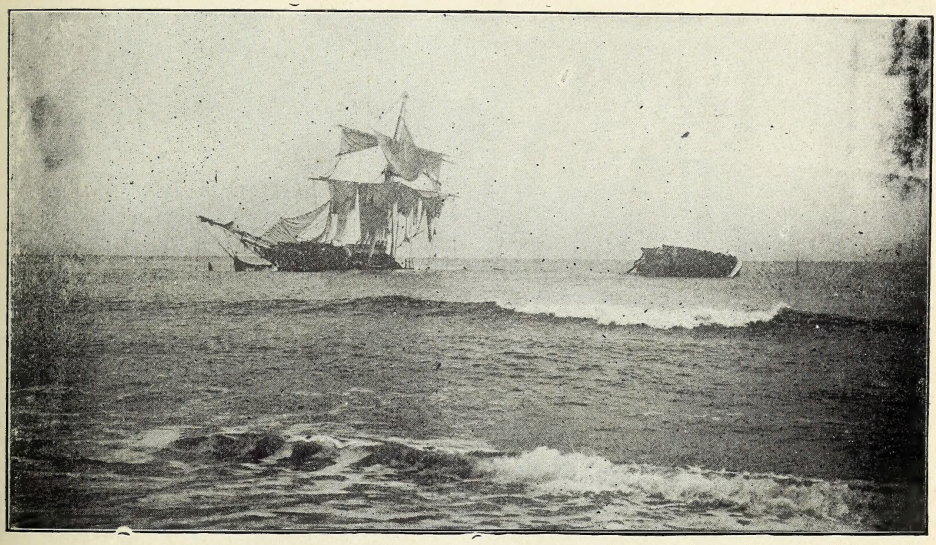
Skipping the intervening years, from '87, we come to '93, an unprecedented year along the coast. The first six months were filled with terrible accidents in foreign waters. The "Naconie," a British steamer, was lost at sea, with all hands, and no trace was found but a floating lifeboat. Conspicuous among preventable shipwrecks was the loss of the British battleship "Victoria," which was sunk by the "Camperdown," while maneuvering in the Mediterranean, and four hundred lives were lost.

In the fall, one hurricane followed another on the Atlantic. Starting among the Southern Islands, they swept up the shore from Florida to Newfoundland, carrying death and destruction with them. Round about Savannah and Charleston, a tidal wave practically destroyed the shipping. At the same time the high seas wrenched vessels from their moorings along the Northern coast.

The loss of property for that year is inestimable; the lives lost were between three and four thousand.

In October the dynamite cruiser "Vesuvius" was ordered to destroy the derelicts along the Atlantic coast, as the number had increased so vastly as to be a constant menace to shipping. Most of the derelicts of today are lumber or coal vessels, which have carried on a domestic trade, though some have drifted from foreign waters. The coal barges are

usually overcome by the force of gravity and turn over. Thus lightened of their burden of coal, they float bottom up, sometimes for years. The lumber boats float right side up, but are equally dangerous to navigation. One coal barge, the "Annie Johnson," of San Francisco, caught fire from spontaneous combustion and was abandoned as derelict; eight months later she was towed into port, where her cargo continued to burn for over a year, then someone conceived the idea of extinguishing the flames, and successfully repaired her. The longest known trip of a derelict was that of the "Fannie E. Wolstan," a schooner which, abandoned in 1891, steered a lonely cruise for two years and seven months around the Atlantic Ocean, and was last sighted at her original starting place in May, 1894.



ENGLISH SHIP "JASON," WRECKED ON CAPE COD.

Paradoxically, then, to sink a vessel at sea is as difficult as it is easy. Battered hulks jammed in and filled with water will apparently defy all natural laws and float for months, while stalwart vessels, with only a small hole in their hulls, will sink before the lifeboats can be manned.

The storms of '93 continued to increase in fury until on December 5th an awful accident occurred which surpassed all previous wrecks of the New England coast except the "City of Columbus." The "Jason," a sixteen-hundred-ton British ship, bound from Calcutta, was caught off Cape Cod in a tremendous gale. The Nauset Life-Saving Station first sighted a vessel dangerously near land, and sent warnings to other stations to be on the lookout and in readiness for a sudden call. The crew of the "Jason" shaped her course northeast and tried to work down shore to harbor, but failed, and with Highland Light two points off the port bow, put the helm hard down and rushed for the lifeboats. Before they could free the lashings, the vessel broke in two athwartships, and the men took to the mizzen rigging, from which shelter they were swept away almost immediately. Had they taken to the foremast, they would have been

saved, for the next morning the forward part of the "Jason" was a hundred yards away from the stern, with foremast standing and foreyard and topsail still fast to it.

The life-savers were on the beach before she struck, and aimed the lyle gun into the rigging, but there was no sign of life on the ship, and the signals from the shore remained unanswered. While the men were still watching the wreck, a sailor was

Another five years passed, and comments were made about the change in New England climate. Hotter summers and winters of less severity aroused some speculation as to whether the earth were not changing the angle of its orbit. January settled the question. February brought a storm that had not been equalled in thirty years. March followed with storms in which nearly one hundred seal hunters around the



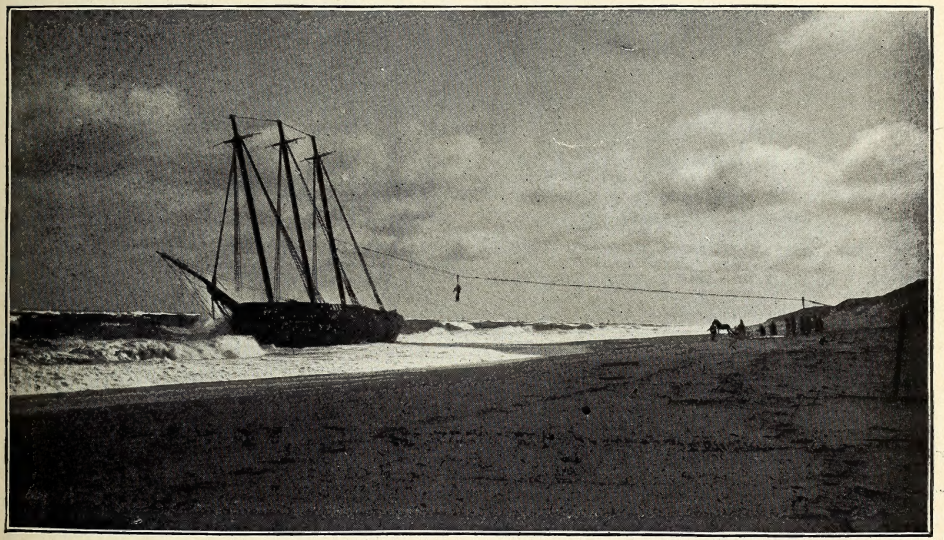
BRIG "MATILDA BUCK," WRECKED OFF PROVINCETOWN, CAPE COD.

washed ashore, clinging to a bale of jute. He was resuscitated and lived to tell the horrible details of the wreck. His twenty-four companions perished almost as soon as the boat struck. They all had on life preservers, but were carried out to sea by the tide and undertow. How he escaped a similar fate is a mystery. The "Jason" was on her way to Boston with a consignment of jute butts, valued at a hundred thousand dollars.

Newfoundland shores were killed or badly frozen. Then in July occurred a disaster which will be handed down in maritime annals as a result of the most despicable cowardice. The French steamer "La Burgoyne" collided with an English ship near Sable Island. The sailors in a mad panic thrust women and children aside and abandoned the sinking ship in the lifeboats. Five hundred and sixty lives were lost, including

the men who so brutally fought for their own safety.

The November storm of '98 will long be remembered. It did not place as severe an "embargo" upon overland commerce as the storm of February, but the disasters upon the water were appalling. Not since '51, when the lighthouse on Minot's Ledge was swept away, was there any storm in comparison with it. Over thirty fishing smacks in Gloucester harbor were beaten to pieces by the tidal wave, which bat-



WRECK OF SCHOONER "HANNAH E. SHEUBRET," SHOWING USE OF BREECHES BUOY, CAPE COD.

tered down houses and carried vessels to destruction.

On Nantasket Beach the Ocean View House and one other building were all that were left standing. Innumerable tales of horror and struggle with death could be told of those forty-eight hours when the Storm King was absolute monarch of land and sea. Strange tricks were played with the helpless boats. The "Foster," laden with salt herring, from Newfoundland, attempted to ride out the storm in Portsmouth harbor. She was torn from her moorings and hurled on to shoals at Brant Rock, where thirty or forty feet of her keel were ripped off; then the waves lifted her up, and hurled her on to the rocks under a bluff, where she lodged so near to shore that two sailors with ropes around their waists crawled out on the bowsprit, and made a mighty leap to the cliffs, where they were able to fasten their ropes and rescue eight fellow-sailors.

The pilot-boat "Columbia" landed on top of a summer cottage at Scituate and became a total wreck. The following summer she was fitted up as a house-boat museum, and became a profitable investment to the enterprising purchasers.

It was during this storm that the loss of the "Portland" added to the list of preventable deaths a hundred and fifty names or thereabouts. No absolute certainty can be had of the passengers, as the only list was in the purser's hands on board. This accident was a terrible example of disobedience of orders.

The "Portland" was booked to leave the Boston dock at seven o'clock Saturday night, and in the face of positive orders from the general manager not to start, the captain took matters in his own hands and left on schedule time. Details of the wreck are not known. The breaking up of the boat is judged to have been between nine and ten, as the watches of many of the passengers who were washed ashore had stopped then. The captain must have lost control of the boat shortly after leaving Massachusetts Bay, as she was carried down the outer shore of Cape Cod as far as Race Point. Fragments of the wreck were scattered thirty miles along the coast. The life preservers that came ashore were found to be filled with granulated cork or straw like that which comes around champagne bottles.

A terrible accident seems necessary at times to bring about reform and as now the death caused by the "Iroquois" fire has brought added safety to theatre-goers all over the world, so by the wreck of the "Portland," the public has benefited by a more thorough enforcement of the steamship laws.

Perhaps there is no better way of closing this article than by quoting the statistics collected under an Act of Congress in 1874:—In the ten years commencing June 1st, 1879, and ending June 1st, 1889, the record shows a yearly average of 1919 wrecks, and 3,535 lives lost on or near the coasts and on the rivers of the United States, including American vessels in foreign waters. During the same years among British shipping exclusive of the Royal Navy, there were 6,641 total wrecks and 19,130 lives lost. Germany suffered a loss of 2,640 vessels and 3,460 lives. France between 1877 and 1881 had 1,346 wrecks and 949 casualties and Italy between 1886 and 1890, 483 wrecks and 116 lives lost at sea.



Merwin's Last Chance

By George Ethelbert Walsh

MERWIN had been four years in the Michigan forests before Dan Withers emerged from the tractless wilderness of the northern peninsula and filed claims to the richest section of white pine ever known in that region. Dan was an excellent pioneer and forest explorer; but he aspired to higher things, and longed to control the business end of the lumber operations, while others did the hard work in the woods.

"I want a trustworthy man who can go up there and cut that timber," he explained to Merwin. "You're the sort of chap I'm after—young, ambitious and steady. I'll attend to selling it, if you'll take charge of the other end."

Merwin saw in this proposition the opportunity to prove his own worth in a new line. In the past his labors had been mostly of a subordinate nature — wood-chopping, driving and skidding—everything except organizing and directing. Yet his experience had been so varied and extraordinary that he did not hesitate long to accept the stupendous job so suddenly thrust upon him.

"It will require a good deal of preparation, Dan," he mused slowly. "I must cut loose from all bases of supplies, and form an independent camp on the upper peninsula."

"I know it, but go ahead. I'm not rich, but I can get enough money advanced on that timber to carry you through. Then when we get the logs to market, I'll make it easier for you the next year."

"It's rather late in the season," replied Merwin, a little dubiously. "Fifty million feet, with spring so near, is not an easy job."

Dan turned severely upon him.

"Who said it was easy?" he blurted out. "I'm not hiring you for an easy berth. If so, I wouldn't be paying you double wages, and a bonus in the bargain for every day ahead of time."

Merwin flushed a trifle, but, instinctively knowing that Dan had the right of the argument, he accepted the bluff without replying.

"I'm going to Chicago on the 10th," Dan added in a gentler voice, "and I want you to start before I leave."

"All right. I'll go!"

When Merwin turned abruptly on his heels, Dan Withers stood a moment in quiet reflection. He understood the dangers and difficulties of the undertaking, and for a moment his mind faltered. The square shoulders of Merwin, slowly disappearing around the corner of the street of the small lumber town, impressed him with a sense of reassurance, which made him finally blurt out to himself:

"He'll do it if anybody can! His first commission, and he knows how much there is at stake—more for him than for me."

Merwin with incredible activity organized his little band of woodsmen, bought his supplies, and within

a fortnight was journeying northward to the site of the new lumber camp. With twenty picked men he was undertaking a job that an older and more experienced woodsman might have balked at; but on the upper Manistique there were stray lumber camps from which he hoped to recruit new workmen. At the last moment Dan had come to him with news that now troubled him.

"The Au Sable people have been trying to buy me out," he explained. "It seems they own half the timber around my section, and they had their eyes on this choice selection. But I turned them down; I didn't want to sell."

"But suppose they should make trouble?" ventured Merwin. "They have a reputation in the woods of doing some crooked work. You know that, Dan?"

"Yes," with a troubled expression on his face, "but what can they do? I own the timber, and that's all there is to it."

Merwin did not answer; he was a man of few words. But of the tricks of lumber firms in ousting young aspirants from their fields he knew a little; and Dan Withers, he knew, could tell a good deal more.

"All right, Dan; I'll work it if possible," Merwin replied lightly, in an effort to hide his own doubts.

They journeyed a fortnight through almost impassable stretches of forests of white pine, forded the lower Manistique, and carried their supplies over a virgin country that had then been crossed only by forest runners and a few daring hunters. Here and there, scattered in the woods, they found the deserted camps of early pioneers, or straggling woodsmen living on the outskirts of civilization. Merwin had little difficulty in picking up new men, and before he reached the site of his future lumbering operations his ranks were full.

The forest of white pine was all that Dan had described it, and the heart of the expert logger and lumberman leaped within Merwin. Fifty million feet before spring! Yes, he could do it in such a wood. Winding through the dense forest was the limpid stream of the upper Manistique, which flowed down to Lake Michigan as if to invite anyone to trust the hewn logs to its tender mercies.

It took two weeks and more to construct the camp and prepare the first roadway through the woods. Into this work Merwin threw his whole body and soul, and when actual lumbering operations were ready to begin he sighed with relief.

Within a month the first news from Dan reached Camp Merwin, which the new lumbering site had been named. The letter had been delayed on the route, but the substance of it made Merwin frown.

"You must get fifty million out before the end of the season," the letter said. "I've sold them in advance, and at an extravagant price. I'll make a big thing out of the job, and you, too. I'll double the bonus I offered you. But you must not fail me! If you do, I lose all. I've tied myself to this contract—the logs must be delivered before summer, or they will be refused. So you see, they must be got out, and floated to the lake."

Merwin muttered softly: "Dan's a better logger than a business man. He's taking big chances."

But after that Merwin redoubled his efforts to make the biggest cut of timber on record. By personal example he urged the men to almost superhuman work. Billy Bowlegs, whom he had hired as his right-hand man, was as trustworthy and willing as he was strong and powerful in build. When "Billy" wanted to

drive his men, he made slaves of them; but in the end they loved him for it, and forgot his bullying words at critical moments.

But after the receipt of Dan's first message, matters did not progress rapidly or favorably.

"It's all the fault of these new men we picked up in the woods here," Billy explained. "They're kickin' up a rumpus half the time, an' they're mighty poor workers. If they don't do better I'll discharge 'em."

But it was not safe to discharge men in that out-of-the-way region without good cause, for there were few to replace them. Merwin cautioned persuasive methods; but "Billy" was a poor hand at such tactics. Finally, matters reached a crisis, and "Billy" exploded in wrath.

"It's no good," he said. "It's me or them new men. They've got to go, or I'll leave. They know too much about this country, and they're raisin' trouble in the camp."

"Wait another week, Billy," Merwin persuaded. "We'll have the new roadway then finished to that back belt of pines, and we can do better without them."

"One week, then—just one week!"

Before the week was up, Merwin got another letter from Chicago. The writer showed his agitation in the scrawling characters and the disjointed sentences.

"I've just found out," Dan wrote bluntly, "that we're in for it. The man I contracted to deliver the logs to is a representative of the Au Sable people. It was by accident that I discovered it. What do you suppose is up? They surely wouldn't help me by offering more than the market rate for the logs, and yet—what does it mean?"

Merwin's lip curled. Poor, honest, stupid Dan! Could he not see that it was a trap to ruin him? And he had fallen into it so easily, grasping at the bait without examining it! Unless the logs were delivered in time they were to be refused, and with fifty million feet of lumber on his hands late in the season he would be bankrupt.

The Au Sable people were jealous of any new rivals in the field, and they had skilfully planned to ruin Dan Withers to secure control of his rich pine section at a nominal price. It all seemed clear to Merwin. Even Dan had a vague, hazy inkling of the truth, but he had not dared to confess it on paper.

Merwin sent back this sententious reply:

"They mean to ruin you. But it all depends on me. We're short-handed now, and you must send more good lumbermen."

Merwin took Billy into his confidence. Trouble had not yet developed, but it was better to be prepared for it. It was necessary to rule things with a firm hand.

"Billy," he said, when the giant foreman stood before him, "we must not discharge the men this week, as we agreed upon. We need—"

"Don't have to, sir," was the grinning reply. "They're left—gone on strike, I suppose you'd call it."

"What for? More wages or shorter hours?" stammered Merwin in surprise.

"Neither, sir. They want an easier foreman. They want to get rid of me. If, sir, you want me to—"

"Nonsense, Billy, that's out of the question," interrupted Merwin. "I'll see the men."

"No use, sir, for they've made it up between 'em. Seems they've discovered they used to work together in camps before."

Merwin turned sharply upon the burly foreman, and asked quickly, "Where did they work before?—with the Au Sable people?"

Billy nodded affirmatively, and said: "Down on the Saginaw ten years ago."

There was a dead silence for a few moments. The clock ticked away softly in the rude office. Both men were accustomed to moments of silence between them, and each thought little of it.

"Billy," Merwin began again slowly, "I think I know why the men have struck. They are employed by the Au Sable people to keep us from getting these logs out this season. Here, read Dan's letters."

Between each letter, Merwin explained matters, which helped Billy to grasp the situation. "Well, what do you think of it?" he asked, when the foreman put the letters down and scratched his forehead.

"That you're right, sir," was the reply. "They're working against us. I found out yesterday that another camp above us was opened a week ago, and they're cutting timber just north of our section."

"Are they Au Sable men?"

"They don't confess it, but I know they are."

"Then we must look for trouble in that direction. How many men have they?"

"Perhaps nigh forty, and with these deserters they'll have twenty more."

"And you have twenty you can depend upon?"

"Yes, they'll stand by us. I've known every one of 'em for years."

"Well, keep them hard at the logs, and I'll get Dan to ship half a hundred more up. We must outnumber the Au Sable camp."

"Numbers don't always count," replied Billy, with a grin.

The roadway from the back belt of pines to the river was finished, and the twenty men under Billy started in to cut trees in that portion of the woods. The deserters took their departure from the camp within a day; but not with good grace. Billy's force threatened to eject them summarily if they did not leave of their own accord, and this tended to expedite matters. Without telling them the secret of the sudden change of front, Billy succeeded in making every man under him understand that there were big stakes depending upon getting the logs down the river before the streams dried up.

Merwin watched proceedings carefully and jealously, trying hard to anticipate any sudden move that might block work in cutting the timber. One day there was a mysterious explosion on the roadway that had been built with such care by the men, and it took two days to repair the damage. There was no question about the cause; but there was no incriminating evidence.

"Let me go up there and wipe out their camp," said Billy, in wrath.

"Not with twenty men, Billy. They'd wipe you out. No, but arm the men and patrol the roadway."

But patrolling the roadway took just so many more men from the woods, and Merwin knew that he could not spare a single one. The season was advancing rapidly, and signs of an early spring were apparent in the woods. Dan had not sent re-enforcements, and Merwin forwarded an urgent message. In reply Withers wrote that he had sent the men to him under a competent foreman, but they had been turned aside, and had entered the employ of the Au Sable people in one of their lower camps.

"I see it all now," the writer continued. "They've started in to ruin me. I was a fool not to sell out to

them when they wanted to buy. Now it's too late! I'm ruined—ruined!"

But Merwin's square jaws closed tighter, and his hands clenched. Had Dan Withers seen his dogged expression at that moment, he would not have confessed so readily to failure.

On close figuring, without interruption of any sort, and with an ordinary season ahead, Merwin felt that he could make the job in time. Billy and he sat up late nights to plan out their campaign. It was a struggle in which both felt that their interests and reputation were at stake.

"We can do it in time, Billy, if the weather holds good," Merwin finally decided with enthusiasm.

"Yes, if the weather holds," grumbled Billy. "But it's a poor gamble on the weather up here."

This prophecy proved true. Within a week mild, open, almost spring-like weather prevailed. The snow disappeared rapidly, making it difficult to skid the logs down to the river's bank. The men toiled and labored like beavers. Merwin offered extra pay for over-time, and promised a share of the profits in the deal if the logs went through on time.

After another fortnight of almost superhuman effort the full number of logs were on the river's bank, ready for a favorable day for launching in the stream. Merwin walked along the river's bank, and smiled grimly at the work they had accomplished. Short-handed, he had made a record for his camp that would seldom be equalled.

"We'll drive them into the river to-morrow, Billy," he said quietly, when the foreman appeared.

"Yes, and it's time. The river's gettin' low, an' there won't be any time to lose. If we were a week later we might get left."

"Then we must hurry up! We can't fail now."

Up to this time no further antagonistic developments had appeared from the Au Sable men. The camp above them had also been working hard, and they had millions of feet of logs piled upon the river's bank.

That night Merwin retired early, confident that on the morrow he would start the first of his logs into the river; but in the midst of his slumbers he was disturbed by strange dreams and forebodings. He was awakened by a rough hand jerking him out of his bunk.

"For God's sake, sir, get up! The logs are comin' down the river, an' they're gettin' jammed here!"

It was Billy's voice, and Billy's clutching hand. Merwin was up and dressed in less than two minutes. With Billy he raced to the edge of the river. They saw their own logs piled high on the banks, undisturbed and ready for skidding into the river.

But the stream itself was full and choking with logs, floating down from the Au Sable camp above them. The men had taken advantage of their opportunities to block the river. Either accidentally or with the connivance of expert loggers, a jam had been formed just below Merwin Camp, and the waters were hissing and boiling over and through the pile of obstructing timber.

"Are the Au Sable men trying to break the jam, Billy?" Merwin asked.

"Break it? They're nowhere to be seen. They've just tumbled the logs into the river and left 'em. Jammed it full!"

"Then, Billy, we'll break it for them."

Half an hour later the men from Merwin Camp were in the middle of the stream doing the work of breaking the jam for their enemies. But it was no ordinary jam. The avalanche of logs had been planned scientifically to catch at the bend of the river. Piled mountain-high, they offered a front against which the loggers struggled in vain for three days.

"This is the worst outrage I ever saw!" Merwin exclaimed indignantly. "They've blocked the river for us, and left it for us to open."

"We'll blow her up with dynamite," Billy replied. "I've been investigating down below, an' I think they've got a chain stretched across the stream. Dynamite is our only hope."

"Blow the jam up, then, Billy!"

Working night and day, the men of Camp Merwin were nearly exhausted, but they responded with a will, and when the dynamite shattered the jam they were ready to follow it up with quick work. So fearfully jammed were the logs at the bend, with others constantly piling down upon them, that even the dynamite explosion only temporarily released the obstruction. Another day of tireless effort on the river only succeeded in forcing a part of the logs down the stream.

Meanwhile, the river had been subsiding rapidly. Time was more precious than money or men. A few more days of bright sun would make the work of floating the fifty million feet of timber around the bend an impossibility.

"Pray for rain, Billy," Merwin said, with an effort at a smile. "If we don't get it soon, we'll never get out of this with our logs."

"Pray for the devil to take those men!" answered Billy profanely.

So silently and quietly had the members of the Au Sable camp worked out their designs that open opposition between the men had not occurred. Their work had been the result of careful planning by a master mind. Merwin realized this forcibly that night. All of his work seemed to count for nothing, and Dan Withers would be ruined, while his own reputation,—no, he could not afford to fail.

"Billy, we must do it! We can't fail!"

It was almost a groan, but it found an echo in the breast of the foreman. Two tired, but determined men retired that night, bent upon achieving the almost impossible on the morrow.

The forest had been so long without rain or snow that the foliage of the preceding season lay in rustling heaps all over the ground, forming a soft carpet as aromatic as it was springy and comfortable to the tread. Never before had the lumbermen known such an early and dry season. The ordinary freshets, which filled the banks of the streams to overflowing, failed to appear, and the woods had almost the dry and parched appearance of mid-summer. Even the weather had worked against Merwin, and his mind occasionally rebelled at the thought.

The woods were beautiful in their premature dress of green and brown foliage, and as Merwin walked forth from the camp the following morning he breathed in the clear, pungent air with a sense of appreciation. The air seemed hazy with the indescribable mists of late autumn. The weather was so out of date that even Billy sniffed at the air like an old war horse.

"Seems as if you could almost smell smoke in this haze," he said.

"Maybe, it's our minds that are a little hazy," Merwin replied, with a smile. "We're overworked and dead tired; but when we get these logs down we'll take a big, long rest."

He stretched his limbs in anticipation of this future period of idleness, and gave vent to a yawn. Billy walked along silently by his side until the river, filled with the logs, caught his view. Then he frowned, the whole battle with the jam for the past few days returning to his mind to vex him. The jam was broken, and with skillful work the logs from the Au Sable camp could be cleared away within a few days.

"But the river is mighty low," he grumbled. "Mighty low!"

"Yes, Billy, too low for our purpose if we don't hurry."

There were doubts in the minds of both whether the logs could be floated past the shallow rapids around the bend in the river, but neither expressed his fears.

"It seems to me," Billy said finally, lifting his head, "that this haze is uncommonly thick, an'—smells mighty like smoke."

"Yes, it does have a smoky odor," Merwin answered slowly, "and there's a strong breeze blowing. I should think it would blow it away."

The two woodsmen stood silent and thoughtful, listening and sniffing at the haze. Somehow they understood each other without expressing their thoughts. The glow of a dawning fear gradually lighted up their features. They looked at each other furtively, neither wishing to break the silence, or to voice a danger that might not exist.

Merwin drew a deep breath, and the words trembled on his lips:

"It is smoke, Billy! The forest is on fire!"

Billy nodded his head, and replied:

"Up there, too! It's the work of the Au Sable men!"

They stood a few moments longer to satisfy themselves beyond doubt that their suspicions were well-founded. Then the need for action dawned upon both.

"We must get our logs in the river, Billy," Merwin said, with a drawn, white face. "We may save some of them. The fire is coming this way."

"We can't do it," Billy answered, shaking his head. "The river is pretty full of logs now, an' there ain't room for many more."

"Save what we can, Billy! Call out the men! It's no use trying to fight the fire. Maybe, the wind will shift and drive it back upon the camp of those who started it."

The loggers of Camp Merwin tumbled out in double quick time when the news of the forest fire was dinned into their ears by Billy's stentorian voice. A fire in such a dense growth of pines carried a danger with it that the men were not slow to appreciate. Some were so startled at the announcement that they were determined to pick up their few traps, and seek safety in flight. Billy held them down to their job with a long driver's whip in one hand, and a loaded revolver in the other.

"I'll give you this first," he threatened, waving the whip over his head, "an' then this"—flourishing the weapon—"if the first don't answer. It's the logs first, boys! We must get them into the river before the fire reaches them."

Piled nearly twenty feet high along the river's bank, the logs, representing a season's work, offered fine fuel for the raging forest fire, and if the flames once reached them

no human power could save them from total destruction.

"So this was their last desperate card," Merwin muttered bitterly, as he alternately watched the smoke rising in the distance and then the men working like beavers to get the logs into the river.

The wind, instead of changing, increased in power, and within an hour a pall of dense, suffocating smoke spread over the loggers' camp. The strange, wierd light of the flames against this background of murky haze unnerved the men. Their efforts grew feebler and less effective. Even Billy found himself watching the approaching fire more than the work under his charge.

It was like a terrible, invisible monster creeping down upon them to carry them to destruction. Finally Billy dropped his long whip, and strode toward Merwin.

"It's no use," he said. "We can't save 'em, an' the men are gettin' sullen and ugly. Better let 'em go!"

"But can't we stop the fire in some way, Billy?" asked Merwin desperately, still clinging to a last hope.

"Nothing short of a flood can do it," was the curt reply.

"Then let us make the flood!"

Merwin spoke with sudden fervor and animation. Billy looked askance at him to see if the fire and smoke had affected his brain.

"No, I'm not crazy, Billy," he added, with a forced laugh. "But we're in desperate straits, and desperate remedies must be adopted. We may be burnt up here if we don't stop that fire."

"Not if we get across the river. That will stop it."

Merwin stood silent, watching the clouds of smoke obscuring the sky. His mind was feverishly active. Suddenly turning to his foreman again, he said:

"Are the men so demoralized that they won't obey orders any more?"

"It depends upon what the orders may be," was the laconic reply.

"Then tell them to follow me! I'm going to stop this fire, if possible. Will they come?"

Billy looked sheepish. "Nobody can fight this fire," he grumbled. "It's past human power. We've done all we can—"

"Then, Billy, if you refuse, I'll appeal to the men direct."

But the foreman was ahead of him. He ordered, cursed, pleaded, and prodded the men to their duty until, one after another, they straggled along through the woods in the wake of Merwin.

"Bring your axes and cant-hooks," the latter said, "and some dynamite, too."

"What can axes, cant-hooks an' dynamite do to a fire?" grumbled more than one of the loggers.

Nevertheless, they followed the trail through the woods, which led through a deep swamp, and then to a broad chasm that cut straight through the forest to the mountains beyond. The fire was still several miles away, raging and roaring like a mammoth furnace fanned by forced draught.

"Hurry, Billy, or we may be too late!" panted Merwin, struggling forward into the thick brush, and beating his way through virgin woods that only the wild animals had ever before trod.

Then suddenly they emerged into an opening, which irregularly straggled up the steep sides of a hill. From the summit of this they viewed one of the large, unnamed lakes of that virgin region. Penned in by the hills and mountains, the lake lay

like a sea of silver, stretching for miles away among the green hills, with their heavily-crested summits.

"Here is our last hope, Billy, to extinguish that fire, and float down the logs," Merwin explained, sweeping a hand toward the latter. "I intended to let the waters loose as a last resource to save our logs if they got jammed in the river. I've surveyed it carefully, and walked over every foot of the valley below, and if we break down the embankment at this point the waters will run down to the river. There are tens of millions of gallons of water penned up here—enough to form a wide river for several days."

Billy stood speechless. He, too, had visited the lake before, but the thought had never occurred to him that it could be made of use.

"We should be able to put out the fire before it reaches our section," Merwin continued. "Now set your men to work in breaking down the embankment. They must hurry!"

With axes, cant-hooks and dynamite the men first cleared away the heavy timber, and then the earth and rocks were torn up, making a wide breach in the hillside. The work was necessarily slow and difficult; but twenty more willing men never labored in a good cause. Merwin, with the skill of an engineer and practical woodsman, directed the undertaking, appearing everywhere to encourage the men, and to see that the work was properly done.

Meanwhile, the fire was eating rapidly toward Camp Merwin, sweeping everything before it, and destroying the lumber and trees to the very edge of the river. In two hours the breach in the embankment was still too small to accomplish much, and the pall of smoke was so dense that the men could not see a dozen rods away.

Unexpected rocks and boulders appeared in the way, and the men toiled desperately to remove them or blast them away. It seemed as if fate were against the men, and that the fire would pass the line down which Merwin knew the waters from the lake would rush. If the sparks once leaped beyond this line nothing he could do would save the lumber piled on the river's bank.

"Here, Billy! Put in all the dynamite left," he commanded at last. "We'll be too late if we can't do it now. This is our last chance!"

Everything depended upon this explosion. It was too late to return for more dynamite, and it was questionable whether they could save the day even then.

Billy and his men put in the dynamite, connected it with an electric battery, and touched it off. There was an explosion and concussion that shook the earth. Rocks, trees and earth flew into the air, mingled with water and foam. Then when the missiles settled down to the earth a faint cheer rang above the roaring and crackling of the fire. The lake had broken through the breach, and the water was rushing in a huge, wide stream down the side of the hill, spreading out in the valley below to form a river nearly a quarter of a mile in width.

"Billy, we've done it!" Merwin shouted, suddenly forgetting his dignity, and throwing his hat into the air. "Now we must hurry back to the camp on this side of the flood."

Long before they reached Camp Merwin the flood had found its way to the river, and was rushing into it with turbulent energy.

So violent was the wall of water that the logs in the river had been

swept away as though they were so many straws. The banks of the river had been overflowed, and many of the logs the men had piled on the left side were swept along with the irresistible stream.

"We're safe!" shouted Billy hoarsely, as he looked at the wide stream of water in the woods. "The fire can never cross this!"

"No, Billy, but we have work ahead. The logs must be tumbled into the stream before the waters subside. This is our last chance!"

The men appreciated the situation and they worked with daring disregard of life and limb. The swirling waters of the river threatened them on every side; but like squirrels they leaped from log to log to break jams and masses of tangled trees. Their labor of sliding the piled logs into the water had been greatly simplified for them. Only here and there a sturdy pile had refused to be budged by the flood. A few skillful jerks of the cant-hooks, a loosening of the obstructing under logs, and the piles crumbled away like houses made of cards.

Down the stream they rushed, passing the bend and the rapids below. Onward came the flood, the waters pouring in a steady stream from the great inland lake.

It was well toward night when Merwin finally dropped on a tree-stump and said to Billy:

"Next season, I'm going to dam up that lake again, and if we ever run short of water in this river, I'll know what to do."

"It's a pretty good idea," replied Bill, slowly, "but as a patent fire extinguisher it beats all."

He was looking across the expanse of flood where on the opposite side the dying embers of the forest fire were smoldering among a few water-soaked logs. Merwin followed his gaze, and smiled.

A week later, when the men reached the first lumber town that boasted a telegraph office, Merwin sent this message to Dan Withers:

"Logs delivered on time. Ready for further orders."

But further orders appeared in the person of Dan himself, who journeyed up the country to embrace the man who had saved him from ruin.

"In the future we'll work the section on shares," he said, in conclusion. "I need a partner that knows how to do things—especially the impossible."

Merwin sighed a little wearily, for somehow the thought of how many times he came near failing took a little of the sweetness of the victory out of his mind.

English Snap-Shots of the American Woman

By Sara Graham Morrison

WHEN Sir Philip Burne-Jones was contemplating a trip to America and meditating upon its untold possibilities, he thought that one might even discover the Ideal Woman. He had a vision of a vast continent full of the most bewitching girls, clad in the daintiest costumes, delighted to see him, and ready to extend their pretty hands in a natural and unaffected *camaraderie*, only possible in America. Their husbands and brothers—strong, manly, simple folk—he pictured to himself as constantly at work somewhere out of sight, chiefly in "Wall Street," wherever that was, leaving their wives and sisters free to entertain him, and glad to think that they were doing so—he had heard so much of the unselfishness of the American men.

At the end of his book he assures us that he failed to find the Ideal Woman, but no one can read "Dollars and Democracy," even casually, without noting that the author was, however, very much impressed with the American woman. And at last, in London again, he wrote:

"How quiet the streets seem, and how slowly the people move, and how small and low the houses are; and oh, I grieve to say it, but how untidy and badly dressed nearly all the women look, and how they stoop!"

Sir Philip Burne-Jones is the latest English traveler to issue a book on his impressions of America. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century there have been nearly one hundred Englishmen who have done the same thing, and so far as the writer has been able to examine these records, the American woman has not been omitted in any of the accounts. The picture has changed from time to time until we scarcely recognize the portraits given us by Kipling and Burne-Jones as being from the same model that Mrs. Trollope and Captain Marryat tried to paint in the early thirties.

But even Mrs. Trollope, who found fault with almost everything in America, found a few things to admire about the American woman, albeit that she found more to criticise unfavorably. In 1832 she wrote:

"They walk in the middle of winter with their poor little toes pinched into a miniature slipper, incapable of excluding as much moisture as might bedew a primrose. I must say in their excuse, however, that they have, almost universally, extremely pretty feet. They do not walk well, nor, in fact, do they ever appear to advantage when in movement. I fancied I could often trace a mixture of affectation and of shyness in their little mincing, unsteady step and the ever-changing position of the hands. . . . In stature and in physiognomy, a great majority of the population, both male and female, are strikingly handsome, but they know not how to do their own honors; half as much comeliness elsewhere would produce ten times as much effect."

In 1833, Thomas Hamilton visited this country. While still in New York he noted that many of the countenances were remarkable for beauty, especially among the more

youthful. He tells us somewhere that

"at seventeen, nothing can be prettier than a smiling damsel of New York. But, unfortunately, beauty in this climate is not durable. Like 'the ghosts of Banquo's fated line,' it comes like a shadow, and so departs. At one or two-and-twenty, the bloom of an American lady is gone, and the more substantial materials of beauty follow soon after. At thirty, the whole fabric is in decay, and nothing remains but the tradition of former conquests, and anticipations of the period when her reign of triumph will be vicariously restored in the person of her daughter.

"The fashions of Paris reach even to New York, and the fame of Madame Maradan Carson has already transcended the limits of the Old World, and is diffused over the New. I pretend to be something of a judge in such matters, and therefore pronounce *ex cathedra,* that the ladies of New York are well dressed, and far from inelegant. The average height is certainly lower than among my fair countrywomen; the cheek is without color, and the figure sadly deficient in *embonpoint.* But with all these disadvantages, I do not remember to have seen more beauty than I have met in New York. The features are generally finely moulded, and not unfrequently display a certain delightful harmony, which reminds one of the *Belle Donne* of St. Peter's and the Pincian Mount. The mouth alone is not beautiful; it rarely possesses the charm of fine teeth, and the lips want color and fullness. The carriage of these fair Americans is neither French nor English, for they have the good sense to adopt the peculiarities of neither. They certainly do not paddle along, with the short steps and affected carriage of a Parisian belle, nor do they consider it becoming to walk the streets with the stride of a grenadier."

Of the women of Boston he saw little, but the impression he received was very favorable.

"These fair New Englanders partake of the endemic gravity of expression, which sits well on them, because it is natural. In amount of acquirement I believe they are very superior to any other ladies of the Union. They talk well and gracefully of novels and poetry, are accomplished in music and the living languages, and though the New York ladies charge them with being *dowdyish* in dress, I am not sure that their taste in this respect is not purer, as it certainly is more simple, than that of their accusers."

In proportion to the numbers assembled, he did not think he had ever seen so much beauty as in the parties of Baltimore.

"The figure is, perhaps, deficient in height, but sylph-like and graceful, the features are generally regular and delicately modelled, and the fair Baltimoreans are less remarkable than the American ladies usually are, for the absence of a certain fullness and grace of proportion, to which, from its rarity, one is led perhaps to attach some what too much value as an ingredient of beauty.

"The figure of an American lady, when past the first bloom of youth, presents an aggregate of straight lines and corners altogether ungraceful and inharmonious. There is an over-weening proportion of bone, which occasionally protrudes in quarters where it certainly adds nothing to the general charms of the person. The result is, perhaps, a certain tendency to 'scraggi-ness.'"

When he reached New Orleans his comments changed.

"I had heard a great deal of the beauty of these persons (Quadroons), but cannot profess having been at all smitten with their charms. One often meets a fine figure among them, but rarely a fine countenance. The skin is dingy, and the features are coarse. Something of the negro always remains—the long heel—the woolly hair—the flat nose—the thick lips—or the peculiar form of the head.

"The Creole ladies, on the other hand, certainly struck me as handsome. They, too, are dark, but their complexion is clear, not clouded, like that of the Quadroons. Their figure is light and graceful, and with fine teeth, and an eye, large, dark and bright, they must be admitted to possess quite as much attraction as the New Orleans gentlemen deserve. The effects of this enervating climate, however, are visible enough. The Creole ladies speak with a sort of languid drawl, their motions want energy and briskness, and the efficacy of their charms might perhaps be increased by a little more animation."

James Silk Buckingham, M. P., a noted lecturer and journalist, came to America in 1837, and spent four years in traveling about the United States. As regards the appearance of the women of New York, he says:

"The women far exceed the men in the costliness of their dresses and in the gayety

of their walking apparel. There is perhaps no city in the world in which so many expensively-dressed ladies may be seen walking or shopping as on a fine morning may be met with in Broadway. Rich and bright-colored silks, satins, and other similarly costly materials, with ermine-lined cloaks and the most expensive furs; white, pink, and blue satin bonnets, with ostrich feathers and flowers of the first quality, are worn by all who assume to be genteel or rank in the class of ladies, and the whole force of the wardrobe seems to be exhausted in the walking costume. The women, moreover, are much handsomer than the men. They are almost uniformly good looking. The great number are what would be called in England 'pretty women,' which is something between good looking and handsome, in the nice distinctions of beauty."

When at Saratoga he wrote:

"The women are incomparably more beautiful (than at Brighton, Cheltenham, or Bath); and we saw here some from Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, especially from Charleston, Norfolk, and Baltimore, that would grace any court in Europe; while from Philadelphia and New York there were also some lovely countenances, especially among the young. My opinion, indeed, was here strongly confirmed that there is no country in Europe in which there are so many beautiful faces among the women as in this; the symmetry of their features, the contrast between the marbly whiteness of their complexion, and their dark eyes and hair, small mouths, and beautiful white and regular teeth, are the chief traits of their beauty. But, on the other hand, they want the full development of figure and bust, as well as the rosy complexion and coral lips, of the healthy English beauty; and are still more deficient in that gayety and animation which a brilliant female countenance so often expresses in the look of intelligence, and glow of feeling and sentiment, which accompany the utterance of a well-educated and well-bred woman at home.

"The American ladies did not appear to me to evince the same passionate admiration which is constantly witnessed among English females for the pursuit or object in which they were engaged. Neither painting, sculpture, poetry, nor music, neither the higher topics of intellectual conversation, nor the lighter beauties of the *belle-lettres,* seem to move them from the general apathy and indifference, or coldness of temperament, which is their most remarkable defect. In England, Ireland, and Scotland, in Germany, France, and Italy, and even in Spain and Portugal, well-educated women evince an enthusiasm, and express, because they feel, a passionate delight in speaking of works of art which they have seen, of literary productions which they have read, or of poetry or music which they may have heard; and the sympathy which they thus kindle in the minds of others only seems to increase the fervor and intensity of their own.

"Among the American ladies of the best education, I have never yet witnessed anything approaching to this; and as it is not deficiency of information—for most of them possess a wider circle of knowledge, in whatever is taught at school, than ladies do with us—it must be a deficiency of taste and feeling.

"Whether this is the result of climate or physical temperament, as some suppose, or the mere influence of cold manners, as others imagine, I cannot determine; though I am inclined to adopt the former supposition, because the same phlegmatic temperament is evinced in the progress of that which, if women have any passion at all, however deep-seated it may be, will assuredly bring it out: I mean the progress of their attachments or loves; for I have neither heard nor seen any evidence of that all-absorbing and romantic feeling, by which this passion is accompanied in its development, in all the countries I have named; and, although probably the American women make the most faithful wives and most correct members of society that any nation or community can furnish, I do not think they love with the same intensity as the women of Europe, or would be ready to make such sacrifices of personal consideration, in rank, fortune, or conveniences of life, for the sake of obtaining the object of their affections, as women readily and perpetually do with us.

"Whether this is an advantage or a disadvantage I will not undertake to say, but of the fact I have no doubt, and to the same cause—the coldness of temperament—I attribute the absence of all enthusiasm among them in regard to literature and the arts which they cultivate as a matter of duty, and not from ardent admiration or love of the pursuit; and in which, for this very reason, they rarely or never arise above mediocrity in their knowledge or practice of them."

Captain Marryat (1839) acknowledged the American women the prettiest in the world, but pointed out as being most unfeminine their insufficiently modulated voices, their love of change from one portion of the Union to another, their apathy to the sufferings of others, an indifference to loss of life, and a fondness for politics; and lastly, a passion for

dress carried to too great an extent; but this "is inseparable from a society where all would be equal."

After visiting a workhouse one time, Dickens said in reference to the women:

"And you'd hardly realize what handsome faces there were among 'em."

The women of Boston he thought unquestionably very beautiful—in face, but there he was compelled to stop. He thought their education neither better nor worse than that of English women. Blue stockings he found to be like philosophers of that color and sex in most other latitudes, with a desire to be thought superior rather than to be so. He found evangelical ladies there, whose attachment to the forms of religion, and horror of the theatrical entertainments were most exemplary. And among all classes and conditions, he found ladies who had a passion for attending lectures.

"But heaven save the ladies! How they dress! What various parasols! What rainbow silks and satins! What pinking of thin stockings, and pinching of thin shoes, and fluttering of ribbons and silk tassels, and display of rich cloaks with gaudy hoods and linings!"

Thus do the foreign travelers of the first half of the nineteenth century picture the American woman in regard to her outward appearance. They were as equally outspoken in their opinions of the place she held in the life of the country. Lieutenant Francis Hall writes in 1816 that women bear a high rate in America because they are scarce in proportion to the demand, in a country where all men marry, and marry young; consequently they are not called upon to make great exertions to captivate. "Female accomplishments are therefore in the same predicament with male politeness — cultivated upon a principle of vanity."

Harriet Martineau writes:

"If a test of civilization be sought, none can be so sure as the condition of that half of society over which the other half has power—from the exercise of the right of the strongest. Tried by this test, the American civilization appears to be of a lower order than might have been expected from some other symptoms of its social fate. The Americans have, in the treatment of women, fallen below not only their own democratic principles, but the practice of some parts of the Old World. . . . While woman's intellect is confined, her morals crushed, her health ruined, her weakness encouraged, and her strength punished, she is told that her lot is cast in the paradise of women; and there is no country in the world where there is so much boasting of the 'chivalrous' treatment she enjoys. That is to say, she has the best places in stage-coaches; when there are not chairs enough for everybody, the gentlemen stand; she hears oratorical flourishes on public occasions about wives and home, and apostrophes to woman; her husband's hair stands on end at the idea of her working, and he toils to indulge her with money; she has liberty to get her brain turned by religious excitements, that her attention may be diverted from morals, politics, and philosophy; and especially, her morals are guarded by the strictest observance of propriety in her presence. In short, indulgence is given her as a substitute for justice.

"Marriage is the only object left open to women. [This was in 1837.] Philosophy she may pursue only fancifully, and under pain of ridicule; science only as a pastime, and under a similar penalty. Art is declared to be left open; but the necessary learning, and yet more, the indispensable experience of reality, are denied to her. Literature is also said to be permitted, but under what penalties and restrictions? . . .

"Persecution for opinion, punishment for all manifestations of intellectual and moral strength, are still as common as women who have opinions and who manifest strength; but some things are easy, and many are possible of achievement, to women of ordinary powers, which it would have required genius to accomplish but a few years ago."

"As wives and mothers, the American women appear to be exemplary in the extreme," [writes Buckingham] "and while the interior of their dwellings exhibits the greatest attention to everything that can give domestic comfort, an air of propriety and decorum reigns over all their establishments. In the private and social visits which we were permitted to pay to some of

the families with whom we were on the most intimate footing, nothing could surpass the general good sense, amiability, intelligence, and benevolence which marked the conversation. The women were always equal to the men, and often superior to them, in the extent of their reading, and the shrewdness of their observations."

Marryat adds:

"The women of America are unquestionably physically, as far as beauty is concerned, and morally, of a higher standard than the men,"

but he, too, notes that "they have not that influence which they ought to possess."

"The leading features of the female character in the best circles" [according to Buckingham] "are domestic fidelity, social cheerfulness, unostentatious hospitality, and moral and religious benevolence. There are, perhaps, ten times the number of women in good society in New York who interest themselves in the support and direction of moral objects and benevolent institutions than could be found in any city of the same population in Europe."

This certainly shows a "remarkable apathy as to the sufferings of others"—and yet Buckingham and Marryat were here at the same time.

But with the advent of the second half of the last century we find a few changes creeping in. Miss Bird, in "The Englishwoman in America," says:

"In bygone times, the 'good old times' of America, perhaps, large patterns, brilliant colors, exaggerated fashions, and redundant ornament, were all adopted by the American ladies; and without just regard to the severity of their climate they patronized thin dresses, and yet thinner shoes; both being, as has been since discovered, very prolific sources of ill health. Frequent intercourse with Europe and the gradual progress of good taste, have altered this absurd style, and America, like England, is now content to submit to the dictation of Paris in all matters of fashions. But though Paris might dictate, it was found that American milliners had stubborn wills of their own, so Parisian modistes were imported along with Parisian silks, ribands, and gloves. No dressmaker is now (1856) considered orthodox who cannot show a prefix of Madame, and the rage for foreign materials and workmanship of every kind is as ludicrous as in England."

New York "ladies" she found unaffected, lively, and agreeable. The English repose she found to be out of favor in America, consequently American manners were naïve, having the vivacity minus the frivolity of the French. Twenty years had elapsed since the comments of Marryat and Buckingham upon the deplorable "lack of animation." Perhaps it did the American women good to see themselves as others saw them.

Some thirty years elapsed before Kipling circulated his "American Notes." Crabbed and ill-natured as they are in the main, let us see what kind of a creature he found the American woman to be.

"I am hopelessly in love with about eight American maidens—all perfectly delightful till the next one comes into the room.

"O-Toyo was a darling, but she shall remain unmarried at Nagasaki, while I roast a battered heart before the shrine of a big Kentucky blonde, who had for a nurse when she was little a negro 'mammy.'

"By consequence she has welded on California beauty, Paris dresses, Eastern culture, Europe trips, and wild Western originality, the queer, dreamy superstitions of the quarters, and the result is soul-shattering. And she is but one of many stars.

"Item, a maiden who believes in education and possesses it, with a few hundred thousand dollars to boot, and a taste for slumming.

"Item, the leader of a sort of informal salon, where girls congregate, read papers, and daringly discuss metaphysical problems and candy—a sloe-eyed, black-browed, imperious maiden she.

"Item, a very small maiden, absolutely without reverence, who can in one swift sentence trample upon and leave gasping half a dozen young men.

"Item, a millionairess, burdened with her money, lonely, caustic, with a tongue keen as a sword, yearning for a sphere, but chained up to the rock of her vast possessions.

"Item, a typewriter maiden, earning her own bread in this big city, because she doesn't think a girl ought to be a burden on

her parents; who quotes Théophile Gautier, and moves through the world manfully, much respected for all her twenty inexperienced summers.

"Item, a woman from cloud-land who has no history in the past or future, but is discreetly of the present, and strives for the confidences of male humanity on the grounds of 'sympathy,' (methinks this is not altogether a new type).

"Item, a girl in a 'dive' blessed with a Greek head and eyes, that seem to speak all that is best and sweetest in the world. But woe is me! She has no ideas in this world or the next beyond the consumption of beer (a commission on each bottle), and protests that she sings the songs allotted to her nightly without more than the vaguest notion of their meaning.

"Sweet and comely are the maids of Devonshire, delicate and of gracious seeming those who live in the pleasant places of London; fascinating for all their demureness the damsels of France, clinging closely to their mothers and with large eyes wondering at the wicked world; excellent in her own place and to those who understand her is the Anglo-Indian 'spin' in her second season; but the girls of America are above and beyond them all. They are clever, they can talk—yea, it is said that they think. Certainly they have an appearance of so doing which is delightfully deceptive.

"They are original, and regard you between the brows with unabashed eyes as a sister might look at her brother. They are instructed, too, in the folly and vanity of the male mind, for they have associated with 'the boys' from babyhood, and can discerningly minister to both vices, or pleasantly snub the possessor. They possess, moreover, a life among themselves, independent of any masculine associations. They have societies and clubs and unlimited tea-fights, where all the guests are girls. They are self-possessed without parting with any tenderness that is their sex-right. They understand; they can take care of themselves; they are superbly independent. When you ask them what makes them so charming, they say:

"'It is because we are better educated than your girls, and—and we are more sensible in regard to men. We have good times all round, but we aren't taught to regard every man as a possible husband. Nor is he expected to marry the first girl he calls on regularly.'

"Yes, they have good times, their freedom is large, and they do not abuse it. They can go driving with young men and receive visits from young men to an extent that would make an English mother wink with horror, and neither driver nor drivee has a thought beyond the enjoyment of a good time."

And Kipling did not fail to recognize that, although an American's daughter took every gift as a matter of course, yet if a catastrophe came and the millionaire father became penniless, that same daughter was able and willing to earn her daily bread.

More than a decade passed when Steevens, one of the most keen-sighted English journalists that ever visited this country, discovered that the "age of chivalry is not gone;" and that "until America it never came."

"In one virtue these men furnish a shining example to all the world—in their devoted chivalry towards their women. They toil and slave, they kill themselves at forty, that their women may live in luxury and become socially and intellectually superior to themselves. They do it without even an idea that there is any self-sacrifice in it."

And the next year (1897) William Archer, calmly and deliberately considering the American woman wrote:

"We all know that there is a distinctly American physical type recognizable especially in the sex which aims at self-development, instead of self-suppression, in its attire. When one meets her in Bloomsbury . . . one readily distinguishes the American lady; but here specific distinctions are absorbed in generic identity, and the only difference between American and English ladies of which I am habitually conscious lies in the added touch of Parisian elegance which one notes in the costumes on Fifth avenue. The average of beauty is certainly very high in New York. I will not say higher than in London, for there, too, it is remarkable; but this I will say, that night after night I have looked around the audience in New York theatres and found a clear majority of notably good-looking women. There are few European cities where one could hope to make the same observations. It is especially to be noted . . . that the American lady has the art of growing old with comely dignity. She loses her complexion, indeed, but only to put on a new beauty in the contrast between her olive skin and her silvering or silver hair. This contrast may almost be called the characteristic feature of the specially

American type, which is much more clearly discernible in middle-aged and old than in young women."

And what does the Englishwoman of to-day say in regard to her transatlantic sisters? When Madame Sarah Grand was lecturing in this country a few years ago, she was asked what she considered the distinctive difference between English and American society — especially the difference between English and American women.

After hesitating for some time, she replied that it was difficult to answer in a phrase. "I think, however, that the American society women have more cultivation, while the English women have more culture. The American women are, perhaps, better read and better educated; greater conversationalists; more animated; brighter—but, at the same time, in England, we have more culture."

Marie Corelli writes:

"The American woman is, above all women in the world, clever—or let us say 'brainy,' to an almost incredible height of 'brainyness.' . . . Perhaps the chief note in the ever-ascending scale of her innumerable attractions is her intense vitality. The mixed blood of many intelligent races courses through her delicate veins and gives a joyous lightness to the bounding of her heart and a swift grace to her step. She is full of energy as well as charm. If she sets out to enjoy herself, she enjoys herself thoroughly. She talks and laughs freely. She is not a mere well-dressed automaton, like the great majority of upper-class British dames.

"She is under the impression (a perfectly correct one) that tongues were given to converse with, and that lips, especially pretty ones, were made to smile with. She is good-natured, and refreshingly free from the jaundiced spite against others of her own sex, which savors the afternoon chitter-chatter of nine out of every ten English spinsters and matrons taken together in conclave. She would, on the whole, rather say a kind thing than a cruel one. . . . When she knows things, she lets people know that she knows things. She cannot sit with her hands before her in stodgy silence, letting other folks talk. That is an English habit. No doubt the English girl or woman knows just as much as her American sister; but she has an unhappy knack of assuming to be a fool.

"Marriage is by no means the only, or even the chief resource in life of the American woman. She evidently looks with a certain favor on the holy estate of matrimony, and is willing to become an excellent wife and mother if the lines of her destiny run that way, but if they should branch out in another direction she wastes no time in useless pining. She is too vital, too capable, too intelligent and energetic altogether to play the role of an interesting martyr to male neglect. She will teach, or she will lecture; she will sing, or she will act; she will take her degrees in medicine and surgery; she will practice for the bar; she will write books; and the days are fast approaching when she will become a high priestess of the church, and will preach to the lost sheep of Israel, as well as to the equally lost ones of New York or Chicago; she will be a 'beauty doctor,' a 'physical culture' woman, a 'medium,' a stock broker, a palmist, a florist, a house decorator, a dealer in lace and old curiosities; aye! she even will become a tram-car conductor, if necessity compels and the situation is open to her; and she will manage a cattle ranch as easily as a household, should opportunity arise. Marriage is only one link in the long chain of her general efficiency, and, like Cleopatra, 'age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.'"

These are but snap-shots of the American woman taken at intervals throughout the century by our English visitors. At one time there seemed to be nothing to admire about her but her feet—and we were told that she did not use them well. Then we were told that she was pretty at twenty, but at thirty the whole fabric was in decay. To-day she grows old with "comely dignity." There was dispute about her mouth. The 1833 photograph pictured her mouth as her poorest feature—"rarely possessing the charm of fine teeth"—but the picture of 1837 showed that her small mouth, and beautiful white and regular teeth was one of her chief traits of beauty.

The early paintings all showed a want of coral lips, and a complexion of marble whiteness, a slenderness, a scragginess of form, and a gayety of

apparel. The later likenesses portray her a "scarlet-lipped vision in white lace;" "deep-chested, delicate-handed;" "clouds of hair" about her face. She is no longer delineated as "dependent," rather as "superbly independent." "You simply cannot put an American girl in a tight place."

In conversation—does she still lack vivacity?

Madame Grand says "greater conversationalists; more animated; brighter." Mrs. Cotes says of an American woman:

"She was charmingly versatile. She flew like a bird or a butterfly from topic to topic. . . . I think in the course of a meal we talk more about one thing in England, or perhaps two things. I had to be very quick to follow her, and I began to understand what men at home mean when they say that American women keep them awake."

The latest sketch of her is by Sir Philip Burne-Jones.

"One of the first things that strikes the stranger in New York is the extreme smartness of the women—all of them, rich and poor, in their varying degrees—they are so well 'set up,' so excellently 'turned out,' so admirably 'groomed.' They hold themselves, too, beautifully, and, in what we should call the lower-middle classes—shop-girls, telephone girls, etc.—there is none of the slouching and stooping to which we are accustomed among the similar orders at home, nor any flaunting colors or cheap imitation jewelry. In New York they all dress neatly and walk splendidly. The high average of neatness is very noticeable at once. One rarely comes across a really badly-dressed woman in any rank of life. To dress well and to make the very best of her resources, seems a gift peculiar to the American woman. Her Parisian sister, to whom I suppose she would herself admit that she was occasionally indebted for ideas, is not her superior in this respect. I imagine a well-dressed American woman is the best-dressed woman in the world."

And are American men still as gallant and protective as they were fifty years ago? Burne-Jones replies:

"There is something very remarkable, something a bit pathetic, about the attitude of American men to their women-folk. They are so anxious for them to have a 'good time'—the good time that they cannot and will not arrange for themselves. Their chivalry and courtesy to women is very pretty, too. Women, as a rule, are tremendously safe, with American men, and they know it. When all's said and done, America is the land for women—they are queens of the situation all round. The fact that they have an equal share with their brothers in the division of their parents' property, gives women in America a sense of independence, a right, as it were, to hold up their heads in the land, which may to some extent unconsciously account for their individuality, possibly even for that splendid carriage to which I have already alluded."

But what of the influence of the twentieth century American woman? Mrs. Cotes answers:

"They have the same acceptance of the facts of life (as the men), with a subtle hint of consciousness of power to mould them."

The Expurgated Prayer

By J. W. Strout

THE St. George River is one of those lesser streams, in the State of Maine, which slowly wind their way from some mountain lake, here and there turning the wheel of an old mill, then lazily drifting, sometimes by the banks of marshy land, more often through woody hedges and pine forests, at times growing narrow and deep, sweeping past rocky shores they cannot wear away, to finally reach the ocean.

On this river, some five miles above the old home of General Knox, is an ancient cemetery, now overgrown with shrubbery and concealing its graves and old tablets with the long mosses. Near the burial ground stood the meeting-house, built by the first settlers early in the settlement of the Maine provinces.

These early settlers were bold men, but extremely superstitious and easily frightened by an unknown foe. They were not sufficiently acquainted with woodcraft to be sure what might lurk in these gloomy forests besides the wolves and bears, and an occasional panther. Indeed, they believed thoroughly in the were-wolf, and saw in these wilds an ideal place for it to thrive. These less tangible and more dangerous enemies were guarded against, not by the gun and spear, but by ritual and prayer. Their minister, a man of the old Puritan stock, seems to have taught them the ways of defense from the weird and uncanny that flourished in this new country, their special reliance in such defense being the following prayer, repeated morning and evening in unison:

"Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred, and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us miserable sinners. And lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord; and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers; preserve our homes in this dark land, and save us from that which *crieth 'boo!'* in the marshes; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

The old minister after a few years died, and became the first occupant of their graveyard by the river. A young man came to fill his place, and the first time he led the service it was noticed that he winced, and when he repeated the last sentence of their prayer, actually blushed,—yet nothing was said by either party for a long time. The minister desired to get acquainted with his people before criticising their liturgy too much. But one morning, after the service, the young minister came down from his lofty perch in the pulpit, and stepping to the door, where the people were gathered in knots, discussing the sermon, beckoned to the senior deacon, who came up inquiringly.

"Deacon Jones, what is it that 'crieth "boo" in the marshes'?"

"Well, sir," the old man gravely began, "it must be a goblin; for I have lived here twenty years, and haven't seen the thing yet. Our old minister said it was a were-wolf,

and that we must protect ourselves by this prayer."

"When does it cry 'boo,' deacon?"

"Sometimes in the morning and sometimes in the night; but most often and loudest on cloudy days, when you see the mists on the mountain yonder."

The minister said no more, but secretly resolved to investigate for himself, and then show his people how crude and childish was their superstition. A few days later his opportunity came. The people were assembled in the graveyard to bury one of their number, when in the midst of the committal service, a great cry came up from the river, and so startled the people that some of them repeated the prayer against the demon audibly. The minister took no notice of the interruption then, but later, on his way home, again interviewed the deacon.

"Deacon, was that noise we heard to-day, in the churchyard, the cry you pray against?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was the call of a parcel of loons, deacon!"

The deacon shook his head and looked grave, but kept silent.

"I am going to get my gun and investigate," the minister continued.

"Better not, Elder; nothing good will come of it. Our old minister, he sometimes tried to investigate, and not only found nothing, but every time met with some accident, and got terribly scared before he got home."

However, the minister got his gun and sauntered leisurely down to the shore. The autumn was just tinting the foliage with vermilion and scarlet, and shading these down into the thousand and one varieties which so light up the Maine woods in early October. As he expected, getting near the shore on the edge of a dark pool, he saw a dozen or more loons in it, diving and playing, with great activity, and every now and then hallooing as only a loon can. This cove was under the overhanging boughs of a heavy spruce growth, and nearly shut in on three sides by jutting ledges and points, and forever shut in from the sunlight. It was a pool which, by its darkness and quiet, suggested the eerie and weird and unearthly, and probably no one had ever ventured into its shadows.

To shoot one of them and return home was an easy task; so, with his loon, the minister strode triumphantly up to the old deacon's house. The deacon was in the yard. He had heard the report of a gun, and guessing it was the minister's, waited in a state of great anxiety, to see the outcome. At length the minister came in sight with a great black and white bird in his hand.

"There, deacon! That's the goblin that crieth 'boo!' in the marshes. I have left a dozen or so of them still in the pool."

"Well, maybe you are right, Elder, but I'm afraid you've been deceived."

But the deacon was silenced for the time at least, although an expression of doubt lingered on his face. Thinking he could dissipate that in the prayer meeting in the evening, the minister turned homeward. At the meeting he gave a talk on superstitions, and related his experience in shooting the goblin that "crieth 'boo!' in the marshes." Supposing, as a matter of course, that he had dissipated their illusion and fears touching the cry of a harmless water-fowl, he went home congratulating himself for routing one crudity from among his new flock.

The rout, however, was not so much of a rout as he imagined. Wise and stern looks passed among the men, while the women were greatly scandalized at this open attack on their pet superstition, unconsciously nourished these long years. So as they left the meeting-house, it was to gather in little knots, and vent their wrath against the times, and these boys who learn so much in colleges.

"Sacrilege," some said; "actually flying in the face of Providence."

"Defying the devil with a shotgun," others added.

"Who knows that it was that bird which made the noise we hear? Why couldn't the devil himself speak through that bird? Can't birds be possessed?" put in the junior deacon.

"Killing the bird don't prove anything," another continued.

Sunday morning the minister took his prayerbook, drew his pencil through that particular sentence, and, in a few words, asked the congregation to do the same. The prayer was said in unison, with bowed heads, and this morning if anything it was repeated by the people with more than usual feeling, so that the minister began to be somewhat elated. And when he reached the closing sentences, with deep feeling he read: "Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord; and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers; and preserve our homes in this dark land; through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen." But to his astonishment, the people, as one voice, almost with a roar of defiance, in the right place, said: "And save us from that which crieth 'boo!' in the marshes," ending with a veritable shout.

The minister stood for a long time as if utterly dumfounded. There was no mistaking the defiant tone in which the sentence had been repeated. And this in the face of the fact that he had so clearly shown them that they were praying against a loon. With great effort he finally recovered himself enough to go on with the service, and after service aonther talk was had with the deacons and leading men. This time they called him.

"Elder," said the senior deacon, "this will never do! We can't leave that out of our prayer. Who knows what might happen if we should stop praying against that marsh goblin? We can't fight a spirit with clubs and guns. We must resort to prayer."

"I never heard of anyone being much hurt by a loon yet," the minister quietly added, "and my experience has been that, with this particular fowl, a shotgun is more effective than a prayer."

"Can you prove that the bird you shot made the noise we hear? And if you can show that, can you show that the bird wasn't possessed?" queried one of the young men.

"I can prove that it is a loon which makes the noise you pray against, and I can also prove that no loon ever yet hurt a man, woman or child."

It was clearly evident that he would have trouble in eradicating this absurd superstition, so deeply was it rooted in their minds, besides, it now dawned upon him that they had grown fond of it. It had become a source of uncanny relish. A thousand stories had sprung from it during their stay in this wilderness. Some remembered that, long ago, so the legend ran, an Indian girl strayed down to this pool, and when her lover searched for her, nothing but her clothes, neatly folded and

lying on the bank, could be found. And on lonely nights, now, they said, mingled with the cry of that demon, might sometimes be heard a human call—the wail of a lost soul. So girls never ventured near it, but on All-Hallowe'en used this with other superstitions and projects as a charm which never failed to bring the face of the coming lover.

The next Sunday the same thing occurred again. The minister left the objectionable sentence out, the congregation put it in, with more defiance than piety or reverence. Trouble was brewing. And the minister thought it wiser, on the whole, to say no more; for it was a superstition after all; and there was work for him to do that would count for more than the tearing down of a harmless idol. His decision, however, was too late; for the following Sunday he was requested to read a call for a meeting of the church and society, which was duly held and this resolution unanimously voted.

"Whereas, our minister, Josiah Robinson, proving unacceptable to us as a church and society in that he does not follow ye good old doctrines and prayers, but makes light of them, changing without authority, ye reading of the morning prayer by leaving out that petition which readeth, 'Preserve us from that which crieth "boo!" in the marshes;' therefore it is unanimously voted that said Josiah Robinson, our minister, be requested to tender his resignation at once."

The Two Raptures

By RICHARD BURTON

TWO raptures are there; one is of the spring;
Life leaps down all her sources and is glad
With gladness that enfolds each humblest thing.
Furrows teem fragrant, trees with buds go mad;
Music and color and a sunbright glee
Turn sullen earth into sweet Arcady.

The autumn's rapture is a soberer wight,
But deep in tender dreams and rich in rare
Designs and mellow harmonies of light:
The hills lie steeped in memories most fair,
The forests blaze with visions, and the year,
Two-minded, mingle elegies of dearth
With hopeful hymns of yet triumphant birth
When May returns, when Spring again is here.

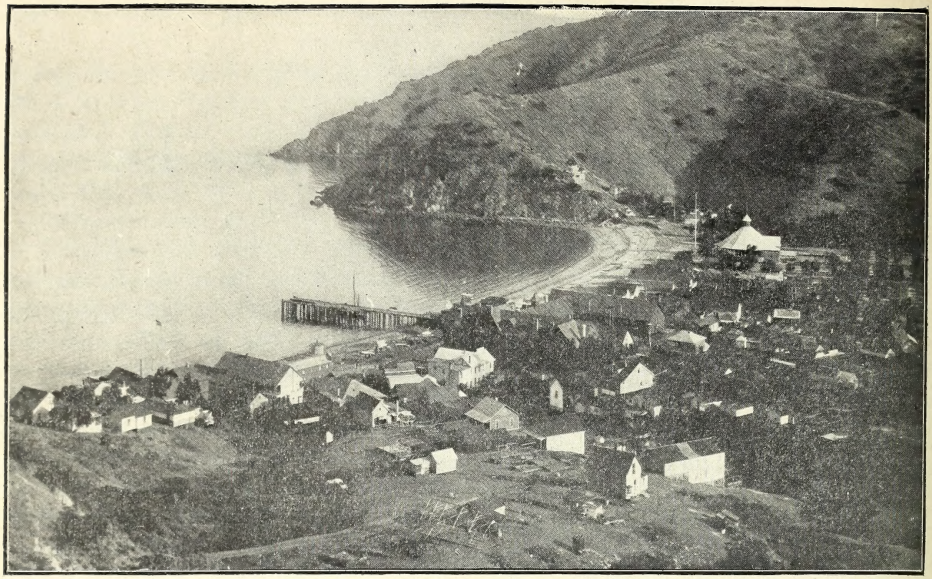
Catalina—The Wondrous Isle

By E. S. Quincy

THE Island of Santa Catalina, often called the magical island of the sea, is about twenty miles from San Pedro, out in the Pacific Ocean. One may take the train at nine in the morning from Los Angeles to San Pedro or Terminal Island, and meet at either point the steamer that runs to Avalon. And such a sail of three hours! Sometimes the water is as placid as a summer sea, but if it chances to be windy and the sea choppy as the harbor is left behind, then old Neptune demands tribute with persistence.

It was still winter when a party of us steamed out of this harbor, watching the shore recede through all the delightful transitions of aerial perspective—from vivid green, to gray, to purple, then to blue—like the distant mountain ranges. Every moment the hazy line of blue representing the island appeared more distinct. Higher and higher rose the hills as we sailed toward them; mountains and cliffs stood out clearer and bolder. The vivid green of the hillsides showed deep shadows here and there, suggesting beautiful canyons. Half-way across, the purser began to throw out crumbs for the gulls. In a moment I saw just one pair of wings skimming the water—then more followed—until there seemed to be a small battalion of wings, white in the sunlight but inky black in the shadow, flocking from all directions—splashing and dashing thro' the foaming water in their fight for food. A big whale was sporting in the distance, while a big, black, shiny back rolled out of the water quite near us. Then the flying fish attracted our attention, their transparent wings shimmering in the sunlight, as they unfolded them to soar aloft or sheathed them close to dive beneath the waves.

Rodriguez Cabrillo, a noted Portuguese navigator, when he discovered Alta California in the sixteenth century, landed on this island, naming it San Salvador after one of his ships. Cabrillo died on one of the islands in Santa Barbara Channel and little was known of the island until sixty years later, when Philip III. of Spain ordered the equipment of an expedition which sailed in 1602 under the command of one Sebastian Vizcanio, who upon landing bestowed the name Santa Catalina. The historian of the party, Padre Torquemada, makes mention of large towns and numerous rancherias. The truth of his statements is evidenced at the present day, by the mute testimony of town-sites, kitchen middens, and graveyards, which are found from one end of the island to the other. He also tells of a temple — a large circular place, decorated with feathers—an immense idol in the centre, and on either side a rude suggestion of sun and moon, where the natives sacrificed many birds, holding only the raven in great veneration. These birds were so tame that they would snatch the fish from the hands of the women, who considered it a great



AVALON HARBOR, LOOKING NORTH.

honor, and the Spaniards were not allowed to shoot them. The ravens are still a prominent feature of the island. They caw at you from the roofs—eye you curiously from the rocks and fences—range themselves by twos all along the shore and hop over each other as if playing a game. The temple has been the objective point for many exploring parties, but thus far has never been found. There is yet quite a region on the island unexplored. Possibly it is guarded by a forest of cacti, which has proved a great obstacle to all searching parties. I remember going once in search of holly in the fall, and saw rich clusters hanging in tempting profusion far above my reach, and surrounded by a cactus patch. Round and round it I walked, but found not a single opening. The tree was as well guarded from human vandals, as if surrounded by a regiment of soldiers with fixed bayonets.

Who these primitive islanders were or whence they came is only a matter of conjecture. Their implements were of stone, wood or shell. They exhibited much skill in modelling, in rude mosaic or abalone, in the manufacturing of pipes, tubes, flutes, ollas, mortars, etc. These are often found at the present day. Flint knives, scrapers of quartz, and many singular objects of beautifully polished stone have been discovered in the graves. Arrow-heads of all sizes, spear-heads and articles used by fishermen tell their story of the past. Travellers have recently found a wonderful quarry, from which the Indians cut their ollas. Their chisels of quartz, and bits of unfinished work remain as the workmen left them. This prehistoric race was known to have lived on Catalina at least a hundred years after the visit of Cabrillo.

It has been suggested that, on the arrival of the Franciscan monks about the middle of the eighteenth century, they may have persuaded the islanders to come to the mainland in order to have protection from the ravages of the Russians, who were then beginning to cast covetous eyes on this fair land and were sending expeditions from their

Alaska possessions all along the coast.

These monks certainly carried on a vigorous work among the natives on the mainland. The first mission was established in 1769 in San Diego, and in a trifle over a half-century, thirty thousand Indians were baptized; were taught to till the soil and utilize the products; to manufacture clothes and wear them; to build houses and inhabit them; to acquire the arts of peace and the practices of the civilized world. But the blow came at last that paralyzed the efforts of the good padres. Spain, in her greed for gain, secularized the missions and sent a governor to rule over them, thus depriving the monks of their power and making them little more than village priests. Disheartened and discouraged, many of them returned to Spain—the missions were deserted and the neophytes scattered. Fremont would not have gained his bloodless victory had the monks remained with thirty thousand Indians to defend their possessions.

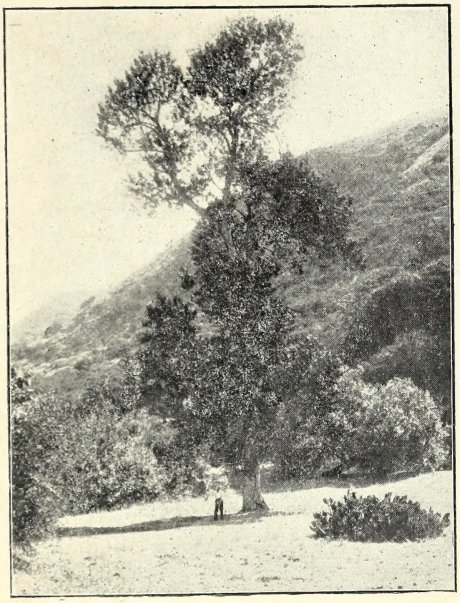
After the United States obtained possession of California, Santa Catalina was used as a Government Station for many years, and the rude barracks still remain at the isthmus.

The island was granted to Governor Pio Pico of California by Mexico, and after passing through several hands has become the property of Banning Brothers of Los Angeles. A truly wonderful possession. An island principality, twenty-five miles from one end to the other and eight miles across at the widest point, acres of mountain ranges, well-watered canyons, natural parks, fertile valleys, and lofty plateaus.

The only town on the island is beautiful Avalon at the mouth of one of the largest canyons on the east side. It has a crescent beach three-quarters of a mile in length. The land is level for nearly a mile back of the beach, and avenues lined with pepper trees, palms, and eucalyptus lead to the mesa back of the town, behind which stretch grand mountain ranges, the nearer ones running out into the sea on either



BATHERS IN SUMMER, AVALON.

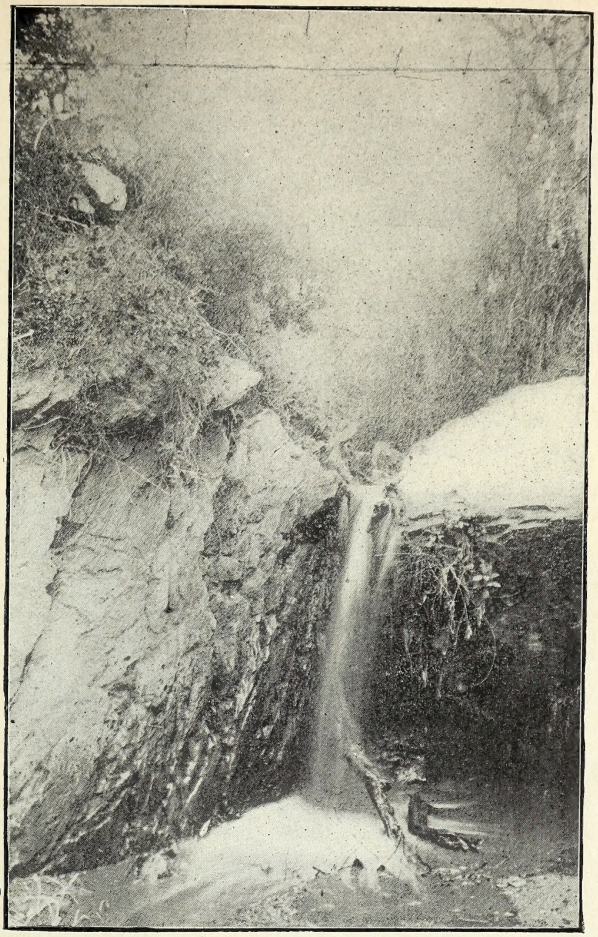


EAGLE'S NEST AT EAGLE CAMP.

side, thus making a natural land-locked harbor. The slope on one side is a gentle one — on the other irregular and precipitous — with the famous sugar-loaf at the extreme end. A half-hour's walk in any direction from the town will take one deep into the mountains where tall brakes and ferns wave welcome, beautiful wild flowers grow in abundance, stunted trees and trailing vines make pleasant shade, little brooks trickle through the moss, and waterfalls come dashing down the rocky by-ways. The town boasts of one large hotel, and several lesser ones, a postoffice, schoolhouse, and a wee church, stores in plenty, and fine residences — one fashioned like a castle is perched on the hillside, and is very picturesque.

All through June visitors continue to arrive at the island, but the season really opens the first of July and ends the middle of September. During these months it is a white-winged city, for there are two or three thousand people living in tents during the summer. These tents spring up like mushrooms in a single night and as suddenly disappear when the season is over. As there is never a drop of rain from April until November, living out of doors is very delightful. Two steamers arrive every day heavily loaded with pleasure and health seekers, who enter at once into the round of activities.

The general time for bathing is from ten to twelve in the forenoon, when the whole town turns out. A few there are who prefer the early morning, and moonlight bathing obtains with some who claim that the water is warmer at night. After lunch is the time for rest, when an atmosphere of sleep settles over the community. By four o'clock all is once more gay and exhilarating. Sailing parties appear in the harbor, rowers start forth, donkey parties of a dozen or more can be seen returning single file over the mountain trails, those who have been exploring come in laden with ferns and vines, tennis players are scurrying from the courts to dress for dinner, while fishermen compare their day's catch on wooden benches along the bench. Every evening there is fine music and dancing at the Pavillion, but Saturday nights are the real gala times. Long lines of Chinese lanterns are strung along Ocean Avenue, red, blue and green lights are burned at intervals along the shore, bonfires are built on the mountain sides, bombs and rockets go whizzing through the air, steamers glide by, whose colored lights repeat themselves in the water, and on old Sugar Loaf, where usually a steady white light burns, there is sent up such an array of fireworks that it assumes



FALLS AT CATALINA ISLAND.

the likeness of a volcano with fiery serpents gliding down its sides.

The harbor of Avalon is like a natural aquarium. To go out in a glass-bottomed boat is one of the delights of all visitors. Every little rock and pebble on the ocean-bed is clear and distinct a hundred feet below the surface of the water. In rounding the point just outside the harbor, one seems to be sailing over a forest of marine growth, the rocks are covered with such a variety of sea mosses. Red and gold fish dart among the wonderful sea plants, which look bejewelled in the sunlight, great jellyfish, with exquisite designs in deep crimson lines, float past, and it seems like a peep into fairyland—this view of the mermaid home through a glass-bottomed boat.

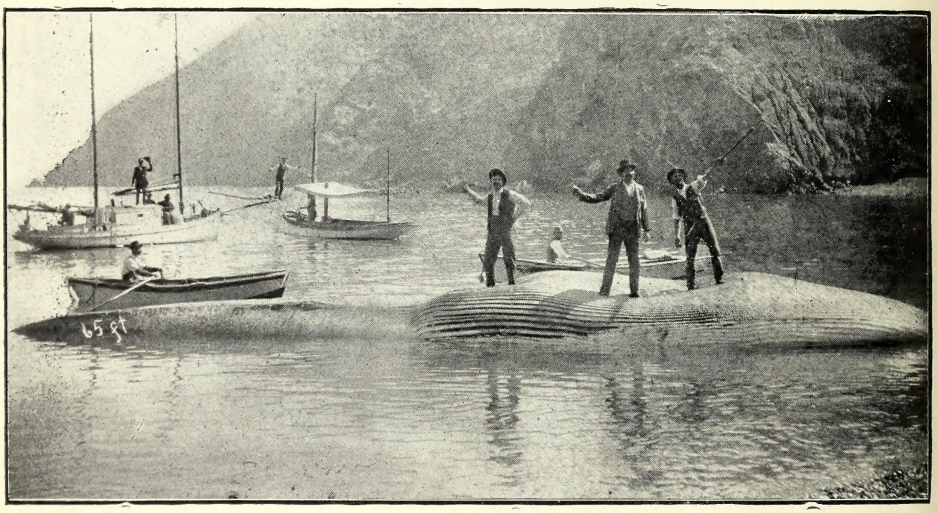
The ride over the coach road to Eagle Camp is not easily forgotten. We start from the Postoffice, a crowd gathering to see us off. The postillion's horn starts the echoes from the mountain sides. It is an easy grade, and we are soon many hundred feet above the ocean, with a changing panorama spread out before us. The steamer looks like a toy boat on the ocean. We see San Pedro in the distance, and the Sierra

Madre range cuts the sky beyond. Skirting various bluffs and crags, we reach a projecting rock overhanging a canyon, round which we ride, feeling as if we were careering in mid-air, for if the horses should make the slightest turn aside, we would go tumbling headlong for hundreds of feet below. Ah, that was a grand but thrilling experience! We went safely around, and began the descent, finally reaching a lovely sheltered nook, where we roamed among the dwarf oaks and willows, while the driver watered the horses, after which we continued our climb heavenward.

Sometimes we bowled along, to the merry music of the horn, for miles on the ridge of some mountain, with deep canyons stretching away on either side, starting up quail, squirrels and wild goats on the way. Someone must have sown a great many wild oats on the island, for we saw them everywhere. Our destination, Eagle Camp, a delightful sleepy hollow, is so entirely surrounded by mountains that it is difficult to believe oneself on an island. Three miles away there is a fine ocean beach.

The finest game fishing in the world is at Catalina, while in winter sportsmen from all points arrive in search of quail, goat shooting and fox hunting. Pheasant and tame deer have been brought to the island, and it is intended to make there the finest hunting preserve in the country.

For the past ten years, frost has been seen but once in Avalon, for the great Japanese current sweeps along this coast, giving it a wonderful climate. Fancy, oh, New Englanders, taking a dip at Avalon before breakfast; a sail of three hours on the Pacific, lunch at noon at Los Angeles, wandering through orange groves and olive orchards at Pasadena half an hour afterward; then on to Alta Dena—where one may gather loads of golden poppies from the poppy fields—finally taking a mountain railway above the snow line, and indulging in a snow fight before the sun goes down on a February day!



ON THE WAY TO THE ISTHMUS.

There is infinite variety on this beautiful isle—its gold mines, its marble quarries, its extinct volcanoes, its historic past, and its grand possibilities afford interesting subjects for study, and botanists exult over the five hundred specimens of plants found there. I took my keenest delight in Avalon when, the gay season being over, the human tide ebbed back to town, and the gulls returned to the harbor, and the pelicans took up their pose on the beach. On Christmas Day I sought the fragrant wild lilac, adding to my armful the beautiful Malva Rosa and the Mariposa lily,—a happy ending to my year in Catalina.

New England Woods

By Amos R. Wells

New England woods are fair of face,
And warm with tender, homely grace,
Not vast with tropic mystery,
Nor scant with Arctic poverty,
But fragrant with familiar balm,
And happy in a household calm.

And such, O land of shining star
Hitched to a cart! thy poets are,
So wonted to the common ways
Of level nights and busy days,
Yet painting hackneyed toil and ease
With glories of the Pleiades.

For Bryant is an aged oak,
Beloved of Time, and sober folk;
And Whittier, a hickory,
The workman's and the children's tree;
And Lowell is a maple, decked
With autumn splendor circumspect.

Clear Longfellow's an elm benign,
With fluent grace in every line;
And Holmes, the cheerful birch, intent
On frankest, whitest merriment;
While Emerson's high councils rise,
A pine, communing with the skies.

A Voyage on a Barangayan

By Minna Irving

IT was decided to abandon the military post of Tumanini in Isabella Province early in July, 1903. Most of the command left on the 9th, and the remainder, consisting chiefly of the Hospital Corps and baggage men, embarked on two barangayans on the 18th.

A barangayan is a cross between a bamboo raft and a cascoe, is very clumsy, and is propelled by poles. Its speed would put the famous tortoise to shame, but it takes a great deal of skill to navigate it at all. Also one is in danger of rolling off it any minute if he don't watch out. It is only intended for the transportation of freight, but on the occasion of the evacuation of Tumanini the two unwieldy and dangerous-looking craft were obliged to carry two white officers, twenty-five native soldiers, about thirty native women, and countless children, dogs and chickens, all tumbling, sprawling, fluttering, crying, barking and squawking between the boxes, barrels, bedding, pots, pans, kettles and other household furniture piled about. To say the barangayans were crowded would but faintly express their condition. Only the natural buoyancy of the bamboo, of which they were constructed, kept them afloat.

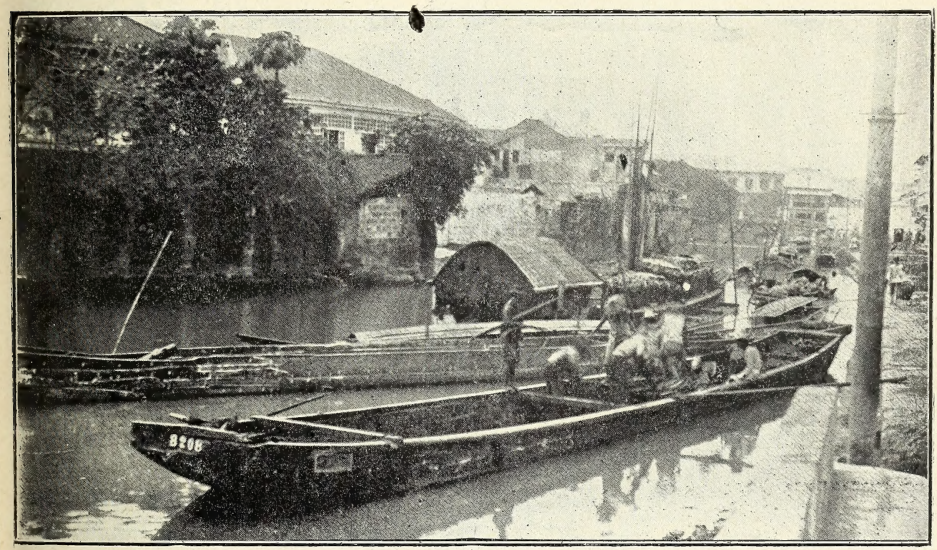
After being poled out in the current, they were allowed to drift down the river, with but little attention from the men at the poles, whose business it was merely to keep them in the middle of the stream and clear of sand-bars or floating logs. But in spite of constant watchfulness sometimes one of the heavily-laden vessels ran aground in the shallows, and the natives tranquilly laid down their poles and went to sleep until the tide floated it off again.

Nine days were consumed in the journey to Aparri, though two stops were made on the way. There was no shelter of any kind from the sun, rain, or heavy night dews, and no privacy for the fifty-seven grown-up passengers. Men and women slept wherever they happened to be sitting or lying when slumber overtook them, and the numerous gamecocks aboard made the "wee sma' hours" hideous with their crowing. The dogs added to the general pandemonium by frequent violent disagreements, and the brown babies cried in chorus.

Yet the voyage was not without its charm. Very wild and lovely were some views along the river banks revealed at early morning, when the white mist rolled up like a curtain at the coming of the sun, showing bamboo thickets of feathery green, tall palms shooting up from masses of tangled creepers, starred over with enormous white or yellow blossoms, the fragrance of which floated out to the voyagers in whiffs of revivifying sweetness, and rice fields to which distance truly lent enchantment, since we could not see the ankle deep, steaming, "smelly" mud beneath.

It was past the season for the glorious *arbol de fuego*, or fire-tree, which may justly be called the national flower of the Philippines, and which blooms in May and June, but there were many other blossoms, purple, yellow, white, and red, weaving wondrous webs of glowing color on the dark green verdure, and perfuming the air for miles with rich odors. At night, too, under the soft brilliance of the tropic moon, the scenes slowly unfolding as the barangayan lazily drifted on, were of fairy-like beauty, the ink-black, sharply-defined shadows under the trees and bushes being silhouetted against the open moonlit spaces like jet on silver, and the wreaths of pale mist hovering in the hollows assuming fantastic shapes like girls in airy white robes, or gigantic riders on monstrous dragons. Strange harsh cries echoed from the forests where the river wound between them, and once the moon was darkened for an instant by the leathery wings of a vampire bat, that curious inhabitant of the tropics to which nature has given the exquisitely fine fur of a quadruped and the broad wings of a bird.

The first stop was made at Cabayan Nuevo, to permit the officer in charge to say good-bye to some Spanish friends of his there, and incidentally to allow him to replenish his private larder, which had been plentifully stocked with cold fried chicken and claret when he left Tumanini, but was now very low.

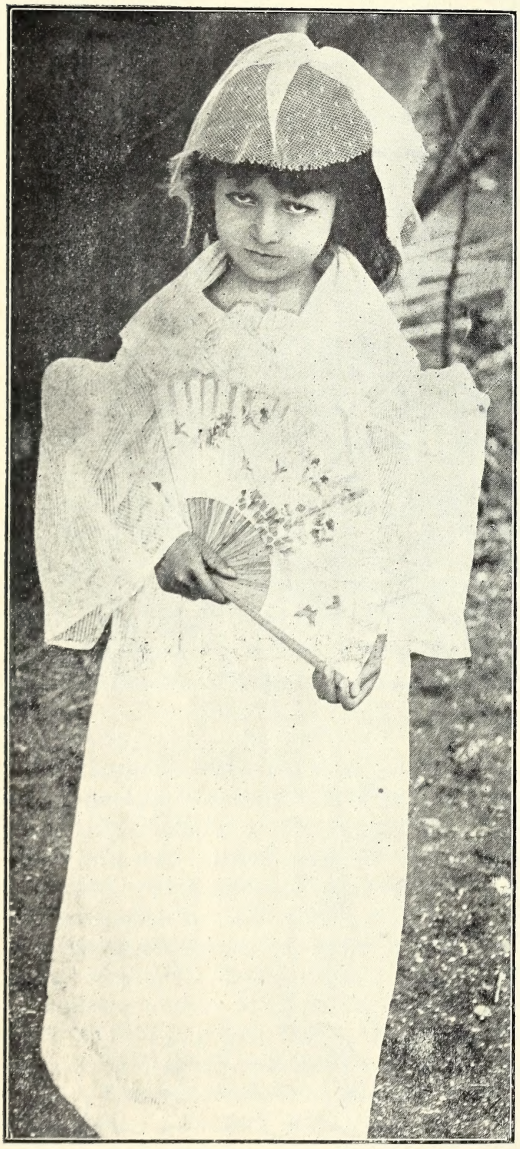


CASCOE AND BARANGAYAN.

The first person encountered in the street or rather lane leading to the village was a slender girl of perhaps sixteen, with beautiful soft liquid eyes, pathetic as the eyes of a wounded doe, and a well-featured but terribly pock-marked face. She wore a scant gown of the gay native cloth, which is of coarse mesh, like a kind of stiffened net, and is dyed in bright-colored horizontal stripes, hers being vivid orange and purple. She carried a rosary of silver, with ivory beads, and was puffing a strong black cigar, in startling con-

trast to her childish and innocent face.

One does not need an introduction to these hospitable people. To be an Americano and a traveller is open sesame to the best the Filipino's dwelling affords, whether it be a pretentious *casa* in Tanay or the poorest *nipa* hut in a mountain village. No native, however poor, but will joyfully do his utmost to refresh and entertain the wayfarer whom chance has sent his way, as visitor or guest, and this whether he is welcome or unwelcome. It is considered a sacred duty, and hospitality is a national virtue in the Philippines, as viewed from the American standpoint. Perhaps this kindness may have its root in a wholesome fear of what our soldiers may do if angered, or a desire to stand well with their new rulers, but I prefer to think it arises from the graceful courtesy inherent in Spanish blood, since one meets with little half-naked boys of eight or ten, whose manners would put the best-bred American child to shame.



PACIENCIA.

Be that as it may, the little party from the barangayans soon found themselves following the fair Filipino to her home, a fairly comfortable native-built house, standing in a little garden. It was too hot to eat indoors with comfort, and the very substantial luncheon was served picnic fashion out of doors, the commanding officer and the girl sitting together on a bench about a yard long and not over eight inches wide, with the meal spread between them. Tables are rare in the Philippines, except among the wealthy —most of the natives squatting *a la Turk* around the mat spread on the floor, on which the edibles and dishes are arranged.

The lunch at Cabayan Nuevo was a very generous one, having been prepared with the valuable assistance of Yim, the

officer's muchacho, who traveled with him and was a gem of a cook. It included ham and eggs, an excellent onion omelet and boiled fish, with the ever present jar of jam, in which everybody was expected to dip his or her spoon with a truly Arcadian lack of conventionality. It was somewhat embarrassing, though, to have to submit to being fed from the fingers of your hostess, even when those fingers are slender and small, but as this is a mark of great honor to the guest, one has to receive with a good grace the morsels popped in one's mouth. Paciencia—that was her name—would select the choicest bits of the boiled fish between them on the bench, and carefully freeing them from bones and skin, daintily present them to the officer's lips, though to do her justice on each occasion before she handled a fresh tid-bit she carefully washed and cleansed her hands, a little knife-boy standing always ready at her side with a bowl of water and a clean towel. I think our gallant soldier would have enjoyed these flattering attentions more if there had been no spectators.

After lunch Paciencia brought out her harp, which she played very well, and sang in a soft and pleasing voice that most popular of tunes in the Philippines, "*Bu lac lac nang San Pagita*," "The Flowers of Saint Pagita," which, as everybody knows who has ever visited the islands, are the blossoms of the jessamine, which give out an overpowering perfume at night, and are the special favorites of lovers.

The barangayans departed from Cabayan Nuevo at moon-up, with the commander's larder enriched by a dozen bottles of beer, several boxes of cigars, and many fresh sweet cocoanuts. Paciencia stood on the shore and waved a farewell,



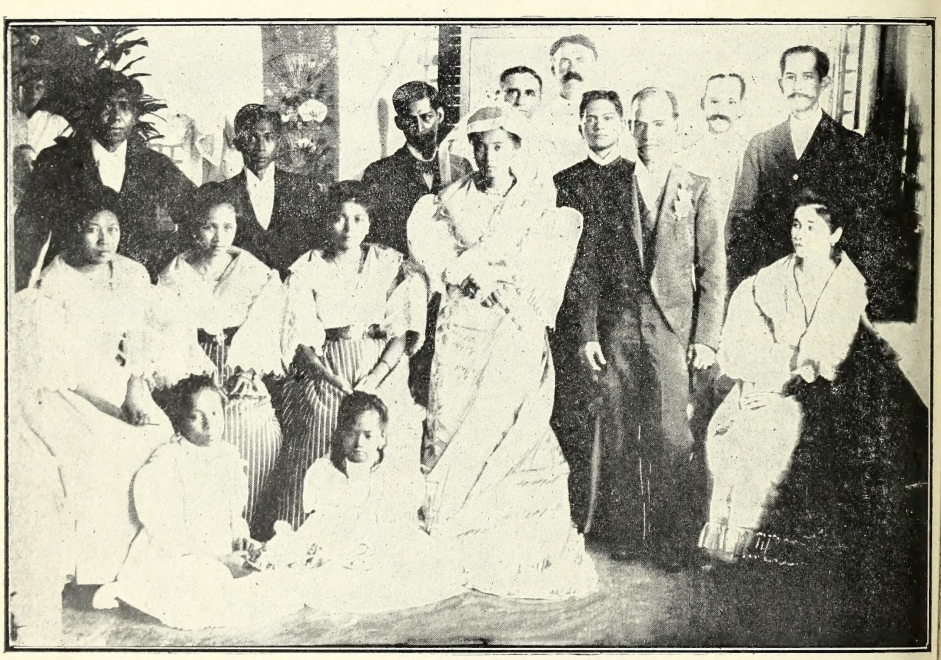
HOUSE WHERE THE VOYAGERS WERE ENTERTAINED AT CABAYAN NUEVO.

calling out "*Magandang gabi po*" ("Good evening, sir,") as long as the vessels were distinguishable.

The next and last stop was made at Tueguegarao, where a wedding was in progress, which the voyagers attended *en masse*, leaving the barangayans to be guarded by a couple of very old women and the dogs. The bride's costume would have passed muster anywhere in the United States, being of white muslin with the regulation long veil. Antonio, the bridegroom's brother, wore bicycle clips about his trousers, having evidently come a-wheel, and carried a guitar under his arm. The music was furnished by a harp and piano, and much amusement was caused by a man and woman, who had been given a list of the guests and who sang impromptu verses about them, introducing each one's name, and made up to suit the occasion. This entertainment was followed by a splendid supper, at which all the native and a good many European delicacies were represented, and canned beef was dished up side by side with locusts, which are

stripped of their legs and wings and fried brown in cocoanut oil, and which were offered to each guest with the polite query, "*Maco oon ca a-pan, e dili mehimo ca a-pan?*" ("Do you eat locusts, or do you not care for them?") After this, Filipino fandangoes were danced, followed by the spirited *yotas*, which were in full swing when the weary voyagers said *adios* at daylight.

Two days in all were consumed at Tueguegarao before the slow journey down the Cagayan River was resumed. The start was made at night; a full moon hung overhead, attended by numerous large bright stars, and the fish leaping out of the water created constant ripples and flashes of silver. What might have been an idyllic nocturnal progress was rendered unendurable by the swarms of mosquitoes, sweeping about the rafts in clouds and the cramped quarters on board. Life in the Philippines is either a feast or a famine, and toward the end of the voyage, which lasted four days after leaving Tueguegarao, even the meek stomachs of the Filipinos rebelled at the daily rations of cold sticky rice, especially after the glorious plenty of the wedding feast. A stew was cooked and eaten on board, and such a stew! Surely a stew like that was never heard of outside the Philippines, and the recipe, not to mention the taste, was something to remember. It was made in an iron pot over a fire very ingeniously built in another and larger vessel, also of iron, and which was elevated above the inflammable bamboo by means of various other cooking utensils, and it was a very witches' brew, inasmuch as a little of everything went in it. Rice, dried caribou steak, onions, potatoes—only two—several



THE WEDDING AT TUEGUEGARAO.

fried locusts (loot from the wedding feast), and five little dried fish, which smelled to heaven, and would have permeated the whole mess with their unsavory presence but for the cayenne with which it was liberally seasoned, and which made it so hot it was impossible for the blistered palate to distinguish one flavor from another. The table furniture was limited to three plates — one a wooden one—three spoons and two forks, everything else being packed in the boxes and barrels, and these were eked out with three pocket knives, two corkscrews and a pair of scissors. The plates were filled, eaten clean, and passed on to the next hungry one without washing, while three favored passengers ate out of the pot.

This was the last meal on the barangayans. Aparri was sighted a few hours afterward, and the voyage was at an end.

An Error of udgment

By Mabel Warren MacLaren

MISS SARAH STILLWELL might well have been called one of the institutions of the publishing house of Paige, Warren and Company. For thirty-five years at least, so ran the story, Miss Stillwell had held uncontested sway over the blank books, paste pots and shears of the clipping department.

Her presence there, moreover, was unique in that she was the only woman ever admitted to the staff of this aristocratic and venerable firm. Other women had been employed, it is true, in the humble capacity of stenographers, but to Sarah Stillwell alone remained the rare privilege of sitting behind an imposing roll-top desk of polished oak and of consulting at times with members of the firm. Despite the enviable eminence she had attained, however, Sarah Stillwell had never been known to make prodigal display of her power. Instead, like the diplomat she was, she held it prudently in reserve.

Only John Meade, chief of the manuscript department, had been with the house longer, so it was said, than Sarah Stillwell. Naturally, they were tried friends. Then, again, John Meade was older than Sarah Stillwell by at least five years, a matter of statistics upon which the latter reflected with much maidenly satisfaction, as it inevitably gained her the advantage in conversations reminiscent of the early days of Paige, Warren and Company.

"Now, when Mr. Warren came into the firm," Mr. Meade would begin, "you may remember that"—Miss Stillwell would abstractedly shake her head.

"Oh, of course not," Mr. Meade would hastily correct himself with an air of the finest chivalry. "That was before your time." Whereupon a flush of gratified virginal delight would quite transfigure Miss Stillwell.

Sarah Stillwell was a New England gentlewoman, born and bred to the most that generations of culture and wealth can furnish. When reverses overtook the family of Stillwell, in Sarah's nineteenth year,

Thomas Paige, one of their staunchest friends, came forward with substantial offers of immediate relief. All that the Stillwell pride allowed itself to accept, however, was a position for Sarah in the publishing house of Mr. Paige, where the girl adapted herself so admirably to the situation that the place seemed to have been created for her special convenience. Mr. Paige, at first doubtful as to the wisdom of this new step, finally began to dread the day when she should marry. However, he need not have feared. Sarah Stillwell was pre-eminently a business woman, and despite certain stray temptations to become otherwise, a business woman she had remained.

Never, though, had she lost the least particle of her femininity. It manifested itself in a thousand unobtrusive ways, until it might almost have been termed the essence of the atmosphere in which she moved. For instance, it was Sarah Stillwell who had cajoled the carpenter into building an extra ledge upon her desk for the special accommodation of Machiavelli, the office cat, so that he might not interfere with the order of business and yet doze undisturbed.

At the noon hour, however, Machiavelli was dispossessed of the ledge, and in his sleek place a tiny brass tea-kettle hung suspended over an alcohol lamp. For Miss Stillwell had never been able to endure the vulgarities of the feeding machines known by courtesy as restaurants with which the business part of the town was filled. Occasionally, when feeling unusually opulent and luxurious, she deigned to enter Parker's and partake in solitary elegance of an epicurean luncheon, served with the utmost deference by a waiter formerly a butler in the family of Stillwell. For to Hodges Sarah Stillwell remained a superlatively imposing and important personage.

To return to the brass kettle, Sarah Stillwell had never formally invited John Meade to share her bird-like noon repast. Nevertheless, it had somehow become an understood thing that they should pool their interests at this time. For John Meade was no pensioner upon another's bounty. Somewhat of an epicure in a well-groomed way, he always produced some dainty such as turkey wings, sliced chicken, plump broiled squabs, and tempting salads. To this Miss Stillwell invariably added thin slices of bread and butter, some famous orange marmalade and the freshest of fragrant tea. This refection received the final stamp of elegance from the Stillwell damask and china, famous in its day, upon which it was served.

Thus time passed comfortably by in the leisurely atmosphere surrounding Paige, Warren and Company. With a bank account increasing with assured regularity, good health, and well-seasoned friends, Sarah Stillwell begun to feel that at last she had arrived at the Delectable Mountains of a well-contested career.

One morning, however, as she walked briskly through the space leading to her roll-top fortress, precisely on the stroke of nine, she was suddenly startled in no small degree by the sight of a woman's gold-brown head bent over the desk of Mr. Meade. The dim hope that it might prove a new stenographer, sent to take dictation, was dispelled by the fact that the newcomer was taking no notes at all; instead, she was peering intelligently into the big

books of reference spread before her. Mr. Meade, too, so Miss Stillwell observed, was talking quite as to an equal.

Sarah Stillwell snatched the pins from her modest black straw and thrust it savagely into the hat-box on the further side of her desk. She unlocked and threw up the roll-top with unnecessary force, and assumed a black satin apron with an expression that might have been envied by the early Puritans. She was determined to know the worst at once. Better that than to sit three hours or more in suspense. Resolutely, therefore, she picked up at random some recent clipping regarding a publication of the firm of Paige, Warren and Company, and proceeded stiffly in the direction of John Meade's desk. Both occupants seemed oblivious of her approach, which gave Sarah Stillwell an opportunity to examine her rival at close range.

This much Sarah Stillwell saw at once. It was a young and unusually attractive woman who was receiving presumable instructions at the chivalrous hands of John Meade. And she was gowned as for hard work. She wore a dark tailored skirt, and the sleeves of her simple but immaculate shirt waist were protected from dust and dirt by black half-sleeves. There were no rings on her hands, no tawdry pins in her hair, no dangling abortive chains about her neck. In short, Elisabeth Dunning looked what she really was—a well-bred, intelligent girl, with a fine family inheritance, a healthful flush in her clear cheeks, and the magic light of youth in her hazel eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Meade." Sarah Stillwell's tones suddenly cut the air with curt incisiveness. "I beg your pardon for the interruption, but I have here something—"

John Meade rose nervously and faced Sarah Stillwell's implacable countenance.

"Certainly, Miss Stillwell," he stammered, "but before we discuss it," he added, turning with what seemed almost a protecting air to the girl at his side, "pray permit me to present Miss Dunning, who has—er—er—to-day been created one of my assistants."

"I am happy to meet Miss Dunning," returned Sarah Stillwell with a glacial glance and a stiffly uncompromising inclination of the head in the direction of the Young Person. The latter, however, smiled radiantly back into the unresponsive face.

"I thank you, Miss Stillwell," she replied with straightforward simplicity. "It is good of you to—to welcome me."

That was all; Miss Dunning resumed her chair and work. And Sarah Stillwell, for some reason she could not name, felt baffled. She turned to John Meade.

"This is the article in question," she said, with a curious quaver in her voice that she could not suppress.

Five minutes later, she was sitting before her own desk. Never in all her well-ordered life, perhaps, had she suffered from a like conflict of feelings. This fresh-faced girl, then, was to become, presumably, a fixture in the manuscript department. But why had not Mr. Meade made some mention of the proposed innovation, if, indeed, he had known of it? Or, if he had not known of it, why did he not come to her now with some expression of amazement? Why was he avoiding her in this furtive way? Was it possible that he could regard it as otherwise than a most unwar-

rantable imposition? Involuntarily, she glanced over at him. He was seemingly well pleased with his task. For as she looked, he leaned back in his revolving chair, laughing heartily, while Miss Dunning's eyes were fixed fearlessly upon him as she joined whole-heartedly in the mirth.

With the sensations of mental shipwreck, Sarah Stillwell attacked a mountainous pile of English periodicals. In vain Machiavelli rubbed arm, hand, and purred his prettiest into an ear that was never before deaf to his blandishments. She clipped blindly on through columns that seemed but meaningless blurs of type. The click of her scissors, meanwhile, suggested the clash of weapons; the rattle of the paper the marching of men. Round and round, but slowly, went the hands of the big clock. It seemed to Sarah Stillwell as if the luncheon hour would never come. For then, although he knew it not, John Meade was to be given a supreme test. Should he meet it as she hoped he would, she had resolved magnanimously to exempt him then and there from any complicity in the matter of the new assistant.

One o'clock! With the regularity of the habit of years, Sarah Stillwell began to clear her desk of all impediments, Machiavelli included. Meanwhile, she fixed her eyes penetratingly upon the suspect who, in his pedagogical zeal, seemed to have forgotten the lapse of time. Suddenly she saw him pull out his watch and address a remark to the girl, which she answered by a bright nod of the head and disappeared. John Meade closed his desk, locked it, put on his hat and coat, and sat down again, as if waiting. Sarah Stillwell could hardly believe her eyes. Suddenly he appeared to remember something. Unlocking his desk, he took from it a package wrapped daintily in white tissue paper, and with it in his hand swiftly approached Sarah Stillwell. The latter, bent over her tea service, feigned complete oblivion of his existence. Falteringly John Meade extended the package.

"I—I'm going out to luncheon this noon," he ventured hesitatingly, "and I thought perhaps this—er—home-made cream cheese and sliced chicken my sister sent me might tempt you. I'm very sorry I have to forego it myself."

Miss Stillwell essayed to speak, but could not. Instead, she waved her hand helplessly toward the peace offering, while her eyes sought waveringly the further side of the room. And as she stared fixedly into space, it filled suddenly with the apparition of Miss Dunning arrayed in a smart covert coat and walking hat, drawing on her gloves and looking expectantly toward Mr. Meade. While Sarah Stillwell continued to gaze at the girl in speechless horror at the thought slowly dawning in her mind, John Meade spoke again.

"Miss Dunning, you see, she—er—she comes in from Hingham, and she doesn't know much about Boston luncheon places down town here. So I—er—have volunteered to be her pilot to-day." He paused again uncertainly, then added: "If your tea is not too far advanced, I'd like very much to have you join us."

It was then that Miss Stillwell found her voice. "Thank you," she returned in a tone that made John Meade wince cruelly, "but I fear my tea is indeed too far advanced to admit of my spoiling any *tete-a-tete* And I shall not need the chicken or cheese, thank you."

For a second John Meade stood as

if stunned. Then, hastily snatching up his rejected offering, he walked in his most dignified manner down the room. Sarah Stillwell, left to herself, bent more closely over the steaming tea. Slowly she removed her glasses. A mist had gathered upon them. Five minutes later, two tears trickled timidly down her cheeks and splashed upon the desk. At this juncture, Machiavelli looked curiously up and placed a pleading paw on her knee. Quite unconscious of what she was doing, she grasped the Sèvres cream pitcher, and poured the whole of its rich contents into a saucer, once the possession of a Colonial Governor's lady. As Machiavelli lapped luxuriously over the rare meal, Sarah Stillwell sat leaning regardlessly on her elbows, her eyes staring straight ahead.

She felt, like Henny-Penny, that the skies were falling. Unfortunately, however, she could not go "to see the King." Instead, she brooded in sheer wonderment over the totally inexplicable conduct of the hitherto irreproachable John Meade. It was for this type of man, then,—the man who kicked over all traces at the proximity of a fresh young face—that she had for years been cherishing the finest, most delicate of companionships and friendships. She had been merely the plaything—she phrased it melodramatically thus—of this light trifler with sacred things. How brazenly he had declared to her, moreover, his preference for the newer fancy! A dull red flamed in her cheeks at this thought.

Somehow, she knew not how, Sarah Stillwell managed to endure the sight of John Meade and Miss Dunning bent together over a common desk throughout the afternoon. And when she finally shut her desk for the night, and walked sedately forth to her genteel lodgings on Pinckney street, she had fully decided what tactics she would pursue. Having once set her face to the plough of renunciation, however, Sarah Stillwell resigned herself to the full luxury of unrestrained melancholy, and spent the evening in reading Emerson on "Friendship." Thus fortified, she managed to get through the next day.

When one o'clock came, however, she noted with malicious pleasure that, while Miss Dunning rose at once and tripped swiftly from the room, John Meade remained rooted to his desk. Finally he turned in his chair and looked longingly, tentatively in Sarah Stillwell's direction. Then came her moment of triumph. Swiftly shutting the desk with one dexterous movement, she stooped for her hat, and pinning it on, sailed regally from the room. Descending to the bustle of the street, she made one of the hungry horde that daily invaded second-rate eating-places in a mad scramble for pie, sandwiches and coffee. One journey into this dyspeptic Philistia, however, was enough for Sarah Stillwell. Never again, no matter how great the provocation, would she make one of this camp.

John Meade, moreover, had been quick to learn his lesson. Thereafter, with rigorous and constant courtesy, he approached her merely for the purpose of acquainting her with some necessary detail of work. On her part, Sarah Stillwell was completely tactful in all these encounters. The casual observer would have noticed no change whatever in their relations. But to the principals there existed no such illusion. Each knew that the "light that never was on land or sea" had vanished alto-

gether. Mr. Meade, meanwhile coached Elisabeth Dunning steadily, patiently; and the girl's fresh, vigorous intelligence responded superbly to his efforts. Even Sarah Stillwell could find nothing to criticise in her dress, manner, or work. It was noticeable, moreover, that after the first lamentable occasion John Meade seldom if ever accompanied the young woman to luncheon. Instead, he remained at his desk, eating moodily from a plebeian tin box. It was patent that for him the glamor had fled from food. Sarah Stillwell, on her side the big room, drank her tea and ate her sandwiches—alone. It was a toss-up as to which was the drearier repast.

Miss Dunning, meanwhile, innocent bone of contention, Sarah Stillwell treated with the most scrupulous courtesy. For she would have despised herself had she withheld from the girl one jot of that to which she was entitled by virtue of her position on the staff. Sometimes, however, Elisabeth Dunning glanced wistfully at Sarah Stillwell as if mutely asking her for forgiveness for something which she herself felt powerless to remedy, but of which she knew herself to be the cause. On catching this look, the older woman always turned hastily away. In some sort, it convinced her that the girl was not to blame for what had come to pass. She was simply the means by which John Meade had demonstrated himself a weak fool.

Not that Sarah Stillwell could reasonably have been styled sentimental over this man. But who shall marvel if during this quarter of a century of close companionship, she had come to consider him a firm anchor to windward in that bleak spinster sea which had wrecked the spirits—and digestion—of so many of her sisterhood.

One noon hour, some six weeks after John Meade's first trespass, Sarah Stillwell sat miserably by herself contemplating the calendar on her desk. It was only the third week in May, but she had made up her mind that what she needed was a short vacation. Shivering New England had but just begun to feel the "spring o' the year," nevertheless her racked nerves felt the necessity of change and rest. It seemed to her that she could not for another week, even, endure the sight of John Meade and the deep gloom that wrapped him about. For, unlike herself, he no longer pretended to any cheerfulness of manner, but sulked, Achilles-like, in the shadow of his desk.

Sarah Stillwell wearily closed her eyes. She opened them to see Elisabeth Dunning standing beside her, with her name upon her lips. Miss Stillwell started violently.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dunning," she began in drowsy surprise, "but I think I must have fallen asleep. I'm—I'm rather tired today."

Elisabeth Dunning's eyes expressed exactly the right shade of sincere sympathy, and Sarah Stillwell began to experience a curious sensation of comfort in her quiet presence. They chatted in a desultory fashion for a few minutes, when the girl became suddenly embarrassed.

"I want to say something to you, Miss Stillwell," she began with marked diffidence, "and after you hear it, I'm sure you'll understand why I wanted you to know it. I found out only yesterday that Mr. Meade, for reasons he considered advantageous to me in a business way,

had not mentioned to you, or anyone else upon the staff, the fact that I am his niece. My mother I'm sure you will remember as Elisabeth Meade. She speaks so often and so affectionately of you that I—I wanted you to know about her, and to ask you if—if you still remember her."

Sarah Stillwell sat like one stunned. The girl, looking down at her with great troubled eyes, misinterpreted the silence.

"It is a rule of the house, you know," she began pleadingly, "that no one of the staff shall try to secure a position upon it for any of his relatives. But Uncle John asked for me because I simply could get nothing of the sort anywhere else in Boston, and I—well, there's just my mother and myself now, you know."

But Sarah Stillwell rose suddenly, a mist in her eyes, and tremblingly extended both her hands to the shrinking girl.

"Oh, child, child!" she cried. "What was the matter with me that I didn't see it; that I didn't know it? Elisabeth's girl! John's niece! I must have been blind. For you have your mother's mouth and eyes. And Dunning—of course, I remember."

"I knew you would as soon as I recalled it to you," replied the girl gratefully. "And please, please don't blame Uncle John for not telling you in the first place. He thought he was doing the best thing for me not to let anyone know."

"Sit down, child," commanded Sarah Stillwell imperiously. "I want to look at you and talk to you. I blame neither you nor John. I blame myself—and bitterly, too. And now, will you share a cup of an old woman's tea, and tell me all about your mother and yourself."

When John Meade returned from a luncheon at the St. Botolph Club, whither he had repaired as a balm to wounded feelings, he was astounded beyond measure to behold his niece and Sarah Stillwell drinking tea, and seemingly oblivious to any consideration of time and the hour. The latter saw him at once, however, and rose from her chair.

"There is your uncle, my dear," she said to the girl. "Will you excuse me just for a minute? I want to speak to him at once."

Sarah Stillwell was not the one to temporize when something had to be done. She therefore approached John Meade with no uncertain step.

"John," she began, resolutely looking into his astonished eyes, "Elisabeth has just been telling me all about it. I—I have been very stupid, I know. Worse than stupid, too. And I—I ask your forgiveness. If only I had been able to see it as it is, I should have treated her—and you—so differently. But I'm going to begin now, if you will let me. Will you?"

John Meade blinked his eyes in a happy daze. And finally he found his voice.

"It has been a horrible error in judgment," he asserted, in tones heavily freighted with remorse, "with the fault altogether my own. But I have been punished for it. I assure you, Sarah, I have been punished."

Into Sarah Stillwell's cheeks flamed suddenly the flush of seventeen.

"And I, too, John," she faltered, with all the shyness of a girl. "But come! Let us go back to Elisabeth."

And as they walked together through the long, workmanlike room, they felt dawning within themselves the peace of a new felicity.

Thanksgiving Day

By May Lowe

THE spirit of thankfulness for favors received has, without doubt, always been implanted in the human heart; for history teaches us that various nations of antiquity set aside special days at the ingathering of the harvest, on which to give thanks for the fruits of the earth. Thus the Greeks and Romans had festival days in honor of the goddess of agriculture, when they indulged in rustic sports, and processions through the fields, and finished the day with crowning the household gods with fruits and flowers. The early Egyptians, too, observed a day of feasting after gathering in their harvest, and laid offerings upon the altars of Isis, goddess of agriculture. The Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, which the historian Josephus calls "A most holy and most eminent feast," was a harvest festival, and was celebrated in the seventh month, which corresponds to our month of November. It does not seem that the length of time during which the feast lasted was always the same, for at some times it lasted for seven days, at other times for eight days; and the first celebration, held after the completion of Solomon's Temple, lasted fourteen days. But there is proof that this celebration was similar to that of our Thanksgiving Day, for the people, all of whom gathered at Jerusalem, where they lived in booths which were made of branches, decorated with fruits and flowers, employed the time by both religious services and feasting. When they gathered in the temple, to take part in the ritual, each person carried branches of palm and citron trees.

It is recorded, that upon one occasion, after the law of Moses had been read, as was done at the beginning of the feast, the people felt very sad at having so often disobeyed it; but their gloom was changed into merriment by Esdras, who exhorted them to go immediately to feasting as better suited to the day, which was one of joy.

The English Harvest Home, as the name implies, is very much like our Thanksgiving Day. It is a rural holiday, and is the one day in the whole year when the squire and gentry throw open their grounds to the peasants, whom they join in the barn dance, which winds up the day's festivity. Beside the dance, sports on the village green, feats of archery, wrestling matches and a bounteous dinner are indulged in.

Throughout Europe, before the Reformation, special days were set apart as days of religious thanksgiving; and after that period, Protestants of Europe, especially those of the church of England, continued the custom of the old mother church.

But we like to think of Thanksgiving Day as an American institution; and we can justly do this, tracing it back, as we now observe it, to the Pilgrims. Some few writers claim, that, as the Popham colonists of Monhegan were the first persons,

in the new world, to publicly give thanks to God, for their safe arrival and the blessings which he had bestowed upon them, the day originated with them. But as these colonists, who were Episcopalians, recited, every Sunday, the ritual of their church, of which a thanksgiving was a part, we may believe that not to this observance, which was merely religious, nor to the three days' feast of the Pilgrims (which we shall describe later), which was merely a revelry, should we trace the beginning of our own Thanksgiving Day, but to another celebration of the Pilgrims, in July, 1623, which combined prayer and thanksgiving, and feasting, much after the manner which we now observe.

Thanksgiving Day, as instituted in New England, may have gained an impetus in the fact that while the Pilgrims lived at Leyden (they having quitted England for Holland, where they lived ten years), they were wont to observe the manner in which their Dutch friends celebrated, on October 3d, their deliverance from the Spaniards. This was the most popular festival of the Dutch, except the Kirmess, and was kept as both a religious and a social holiday, though it soon degenerated into merely a day of merriment. The chief dish at dinner upon that day was a Spanish hodge-podge, a stew of meat and vegetables.

After observing for ten years this Thanksgiving Day in Holland, it is small wonder that after the Pilgrims had come to America, they should establish a time of thanksgiving and rejoicing for their first harvest, which had yielded well.

After leaving Holland, they had a perilous voyage, but at last, after many dangers and hardships, they landed, on December 21st, 1620, on Plymouth Rock. Until such time as they might build houses and establish themselves upon the land, they retained the Mayflower, the vessel in which they had sailed, as their home. The men went ashore every morning, to work, returning to the little ship at night. They built a "common house," to which the sick and dying were transferred; placed their four little cannon in a fort, which they built on a hill, close by: built two rows of houses, with a wide street between; and lastly landed their stores and provisions. Then the whole company landed, toward the last of March, and in April the Mayflower sailed away.

The winter had been a hard and bitter one. At one time all but six or seven of the Pilgrims were sick; and when spring came, more than half their number had died.

Shortly after the landing of the Pilgrims, while searching for a suitable place in which to build their houses, they one day came upon some deserted Indian huts, in which they found some baskets, filled with corn. From this supply they saved enough to plant their first year's crop.

Samoset, who had seen Englishmen along the coast of Maine, and Squanto, who had himself been in England, and the great chief Massasoit, all visited the newcomers and extended a welcome to them. Friendly relations were thus established with the Indians, and a treaty of peace was contracted. The Pilgrims owed much, both at that time, and for years after, to the red men for instruction as to climate, planting of grain and procuring of game.

In the spring of 1621, their seed was sown, and throughout its growing was watched most anxiously.

For well they realized that upon this first harvest depended the prosperity of the little colony, and even their lives. To their great joy, the harvest gathered in, in October, was bountiful; and carrying out, no doubt, the idea of the English harvest home, which lasted a week, Governor Bradford ordered a three days' feast and celebration, to which were bidden Chief Massasoit and their other Indian friends.

Wild turkeys, geese, ducks and water fowl, fish, especially cod and shell fish; barley loaves, corn bread and vegetables, no doubt formed the chief viands at their feast, not to speak of the five deer, brought in as an offering by the Indians.

By a great many persons, this celebration is believed to be the first Thanksgiving, from which we date our celebration of the day, but well-known writers deny this, one saying: "There is no record of any special religious service, during this week of feasting."

But little did the colonists, while feasting and making merry, think of the hard times ahead of them. The year 1622 was filled with misfortune. A short time after the harvest festival, the ship "Fortune" arrived, but the only fortune she brought to the Pilgrims was a number of colonists, for she left with them no provisions or supplies.

But the first colonists did not mind this, for they thought their bountiful crop was enough for all. So Governor Winslow sent back, when the "Fortune" returned to England, a glorious account of their prosperity. He was rewarded by having the "Charity" and the "Swan" arrive in the summer, crowded with some very undesirable people, who formed the Weymouth colony. They brought no supplies, and soon not only ate up the supplies of their hosts, but caused such an unfriendly feeling among the Indians that the Pilgrims were afraid to try to add more cultivated land. So they had to content themselves with obtaining supplies from the few fishing vessels which passed and by an occasional trade with the Indians, but this was not sufficient to feed the increased colony. The harvest, that fall, did not yield so well as that of the year before, and the poor Pilgrims had neither the heart nor the food for a second week of feasting.

Food became scarcer every day, and the gloomy winter passed, and each one was glad to see the spring come. But, although hope sprang up in their hearts, as the time for planting approached, they were again doomed to bitter disappointment. They finished their planting in April, and hoped that with the harvesting of this crop their hardships would be over.

But the third week in May a drought set in, and the growing crop was withered and almost destroyed. This drought lasted until July, and for relief in their great need, a day was appointed for special fasting and prayer, and after nine hours' prayer, with great joy the Pilgrims saw clouds spread over the sky, from which descended, the next morning, a gentle rain, which revived the corn and brought hope again into the hearts of the colonists.

Captain Miles Standish returned, a few days after this feast, from a little voyage which he had taken, in the hope of procuring provisions. He brought not only food, but the glad news that a ship had been seen bearing in that direction.

The colonists thought it only right, in acknowledgment of all these blessings, to hold a public service of

prayer and thanksgiving. On the 30th of July this thanksgiving was held, and the day afterward the "Anne" anchored, containing many of those friends, that for lack of room, the Mayflower had been obliged to leave behind at Leyden.

We may justly claim this feast as the origin of our Thanksgiving Day, not only because, as stated before, it was both a religious and a social celebration, but also because it was the first time in the history of America that the Governor appointed a day for thanksgiving. All former observances of special days had been appointed by the church.

But, like the three days' feast of 1621, this celebration in 1623, although without doubt the origin of our national Thanksgiving Day, may be looked upon as merely a local observance, being held by only the Plymouth colony. They, however, were the forerunners of other more or less local celebrations in Massachusetts, and gradually, in other colonies, for in 1630 a public Thanksgiving Day was observed in Boston, by the Bay colony, and again in 1631.

In that year the colonists, who had been comparatively prosperous, met with reverses. Their crop failed, and they were soon reduced to the same want which had befallen Plymouth colony, nearly ten years before. The women, brave as the men, learned (probably from the Indians, who taught the Pilgrims a great many useful things) how to make a kind of flour from acorns. The children dug clams and mussels; but the ground was hard and frozen, and the few shell-fish they could obtain did not go far toward increasing their supplies; for their stock of corn was now almost used up.

The "Lyon," which lay at the Isle of Shoals, was hired by Governor Winthrop, to go back to England and bring a supply of food; but winter came and the vessel had not yet returned. The increasing cold weather caused a scarcity of game, while the snow hid the acorns and ground-nuts, which had become their bread-stuff. The small supply of corn dwindled each day, and it was at this point, as the story goes, that on the verge of starvation, five kernels of corn were apportioned to each colonist, as a daily ration.

A fast day was appointed; that is, not a day merely for the abstinence of food, for, in the condition of affairs, that were unnecessary, but a special day of prayer. To the great joy of the colonists, just at this time, when they were in the greatest need, the "Lyon," filled with provisions, sailed into the harbor. The appointed fast day was turned into one of thanksgiving and rejoicing, and so on February 22d, 1631, occurred in Boston the first Thanksgiving Day of which any written record remains in the Colonial Records of Massachusetts.

The first record of a joint observance was when, in 1632, Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts Bay appointed a day of thanksgiving, and asked the Governor of Plymouth colony to unite in its celebration.

Though in the next fifty years there were as many as twenty-two public thanksgiving days appointed in Massachusetts, usually in October or November, after the gathering in of the harvest, or to celebrate some public benefit, it did not become a regular holiday for a long time afterward. In 1677, the first regular Thanksgiving Proclamation was printed in Massachusetts.

As people of other creeds began to

settle in Plymouth colony, over whom the Puritan church had no authority, it was thought necessary to have a law to govern public fasts and thanksgivings, and which should render the day a more general one. Therefore, on November 15th, 1636, this law was framed:

"That it be in the power of the Governor and assistants to comand solemn daies of humiliacon by fasting, etc., and also thanksgiving as occasion shall be offered."

So you see, that even this law called only for an occasional celebration, and not a regular annual observance. After the passage of this law, judging from the data furnished by the church records, which, beside the wording of the law itself, is the only evidence remaining, we find that the civil authority did not take the matter entirely out of the hands of the church, especially in Plymouth colony. They rather combined with the church, for instead of "ordering" the appointment of a certain day, they "proposed" or "desired" the appointment to the churches.

We find that there was no *civil* appointment of a harvest festival in Plymouth colony before 1668, although such a festival had, beyond doubt, become customary in the several communities. But in the Plymouth Records of that year we find the first Thanksgiving proclamation which makes mention of the harvest in these words:

"It hath pleased God in some comfortable measure to blesse vs in the fruites of the earth."

November 25th was the day appointed.

The form of recommendation in Plymouth colony in 1689 goes to show that it had become an annual custom, and even in 1678 there is good evidence that Plymouth church was observing an annual Thanksgiving Day, usually in the autumn. That year the day appointed was November 6th. The next year, February 25th was the day, and the appointment was made by the church, while that of the following year, October 20th, was made by the court.

We find that this system of appointment, one year by the court and another year by the church, prevailed from 1668, and was observed annually, with the exception of some few years, when for a special cause, as for instance, during King Philip's War, it was interrupted for the one year.

Before 1668, when the church alone exercised the power of appointment, there is no doubt that in a good many cases, where records of a Thanksgiving celebration cannot be found, their absence is due to the fact that, on account of some public misfortune, the day was kept as a fast day, and one of mourning, instead of one of rejoicing. And after combining with the civil authorities in the appointment, the church had so much influence that this peculiar view was still carried out.

The other New England colonies soon followed the lead of Massachusetts in the matter of keeping Thanksgiving Day. In Connecticut, especially, the church did not care to exercise so much authority, and the appointing power was early given over entirely to the government. In this colony, also, the observance of the day was more regular than in Massachusetts Bay or Plymouth colonies, for, with one exception, records are extant for every year since 1647. This was in 1675, when on account of Indian massacres, no celebration was held in Connecticut. Two proclamations have been found

before that date, the earlier, and no doubt the first proclamation ever issued, in Connecticut, being dated September 18th, 1639.

The cause of this difference between the colonies is, perhaps, owing to the fact that the people of Connecticut were more cheerful than those of their sister colonies, and found many causes for gratitude, even in years of general misfortune.

Thus, though to the Pilgrims of Plymouth or to the Puritans of Boston, may be traced the origin of Thanksgiving Day, the civil authority and constancy of the people of Connecticut have brought it down to us, not as kept in Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth colony, as an occasional day for a special cause, but as an annual celebration.

In 1644, the first record of a public Dutch Thanksgiving Day is noted, the day being set apart in gratitude for the safe return of the Dutch soldiers, after a battle with the Connecticut Indians. The next year, a treaty of peace with the Indians was celebrated by a public Thanksgiving Day, and again in 1654 the same method was taken to express the gratitude of the residents of the New Netherlands, for a peace established between themselves and England.

Twenty years later, a regular day was set aside, the council sending out the proclamation to the clergymen, whom they asked to announce it, the previous Sunday, to their congregations, that all might be prepared fittingly to celebrate the occasion. There is reason to believe that this celebration was more of a harvest festival than the first ones had been.

In 1664, Dominie Brown of Wyltwyck asked for an established annual Thanksgiving, but there are no records to show that the desire was carried out, though from 1690 to 1710 celebrations were held almost every year, being called thank-days, instead of Thanksgiving days. When New York came under the sway of England, the English governors followed the example of their Dutch predecessors.

The earliest mention of Thanksgiving in the records of Rhode Island Plantation is in 1687. But attempts to celebrate Thanksgiving Day in Rhode Island did not prove very successful. Whether the people were ungrateful or only stubborn, is not known, but it is said that when Governor Andros ordered them to appear, to celebrate certain days, which he set apart as days of thanksgiving, the order was so contemptuously carried out that several persons were arrested for disobedience of the King's ordinances.

During the Revolutionary War, the people and the Continental army observed an annual Thanksgiving Day, by proclamation of the Continental Congress. After the peace it was discontinued until 1789, when our first President issued a proclamation recommending and assigning

"Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be. That we may then all unite in rendering unto him our sincere and humble thanks for his kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation; for the signal and manifold mercies, and the favorable interpositions of his providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquility, union, and plenty which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted; for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge, and in general for all the great and various favors which he hath

been pleased to confer upon us.

"And also, that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and ruler of nations, and beseech him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually; to render our national government a blessing to all the people by constantly being a government of wise, just, and constitutional laws, directly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations (especially such as have shown kindness to us), and to bless them with good government, peace, and concord; to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among them and us; and generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as he alone knows to be best.

"Given under my hand, at the city of New York, the third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. G. WASHINGTON."

Washington's proclamation was occasionally followed by other Presidents.

About the year 1830 the Governor of New York appointed a day, and other Northern Governors quickly followed, and in these States the custom has, since then, been an annual one.

In the South, Thanksgiving Day was practically unknown until in 1855, when Governor Johns of Virginia urged in a letter to the State Legislature their recognition of the day, that he might issue a proclamation. He was advised not to issue it, as most of the citizens regarded this day as a relic of Puritanic bigotry. His action, however, aroused public notice, and a great dispute arose. In 1857, Governor Wise, successor of Johns, without asking advice, issued a proclamation, and the people, throwing aside their prejudice, celebrated the day with true Southern hospitality. The next year eight Southern States, through their Governors' proclamations, kept the day; but the coming on of the Civil War soon put an end to its celebration in the South.

The celebration of the day was thus, for several years, although regularly observed, merely a State affair, when the troubles connected with the Civil War suspended it for a time, as fast days were more in accord with the general feeling than feast days. But in 1864, President Lincoln issued a proclamation, appointing the fourth Thursday of November, with a view to having the day kept, thereafter, annually without interruption. The President's assassination, the next year, almost caused the suspension of his own rule, but after being prevailed upon, President Johnson appointed the last Thursday in November; and since that time each President has followed his example.

The Governors of the several States, upon receiving the President's proclamation, issue their own, naming the same day. Thus we may say that since 1865, Thansgiving Day has been an annual national holiday. It is the only religious festival celebrated in the United States by virtue of the authority of the civil government.

At the present day, Thanksgiving Day ranks first among holidays in New England. In the Middle States, perhaps the religious element of the day is as well observed, but in New England it is pre-eminently the family festival.

Teacups and Bargains

By Warwick James Price

THE geographical difference between the Orient and the Occident is no greater than the difference between their shopping customs. Here one is waited upon by supercilious young persons, of less than sophomore knowledge and of more than freshman assurance. There one finds manners so good and placidity so soul-satisfying, that the mere variants of commercial morals count as nothing. Here it is remnants and rush, excited crowds and high-priced bargains. There it is a leisurely feast of gossip, a holiday ceremony, whose ritual is compact of the arts of diplomacy and the romance of trade.

In the long, covered "chouks" of Delhi or Stamboul, where one buys old arms and new perfumeries; in the dark alleyways of Damascus, where turquoise jewelry and silver carvings are for sale; in the bazaars of Cairo or Syria, where the traveller is tempted by wondrous carpets, barbaric embroideries, and strangely beautiful pieces of leather work; in the Tokio or Yokohama quarters, where bargaining is best conducted over the teacups—in all of these, shopping, in its essentials, is quite the same. It means two parts fresh air, three parts Oriental color, and five parts at least of the most polished, most unblushing, of poker bluffs and raises. It is like the shopping of the Occident only in this, that something is paid for something that is bought. In nothing else can any common ground be found.

What, for instance, would the woman of New York or Philadelphia, well learned in the department store wiles of Sixth Avenue or Chestnut Street, think of shopping such as the memsahibs of the East India hill towns know it? It is a hot, blue afternoon. The veranda, shaded by moonflower vines and cooled by the tireless wavings of the punkahs overhead, holds the women folk, their conversation drifting lazily back and forth between memories of "home" and the station small talk. Enter then the Mussulman trader, garbed in snowy white, dissimulating craft in winning smiles and sparkling dark eyes. His coolie women squat at a respectful distance, while, with much to say of his own honorable record, the cheapness of his goods and the perfection of their quality, he unpacks the square tin boxes they have carried on their heads. Slowly the striped mattings are covered deep with bright silks and filmy crepes, brocaded satins and inviting muslins. Then the strange metal ornaments and heavily-set jewels of the East begin to sparkle from among their folds. The circle of wicker chairs draws nearer; the thermometer is forgotten in the interest of bargaining,—and what stuffs to wonder at and delight in are left behind, when that little caravan once more trails away in the dust of the heat-baked high-road.

Or what would the New England housewife think of such peripatetic tradesmen as would lay siege to her kitchen door, if she lived in Yoko-

hama instead of Hartford? Japan has no markets. In that topsy-turvy land, you don't go out to look for a dinner; a dinner comes around looking for you. First, there is the greengrocer, who, in spite of his little canvas-covered pushcart, might not appear so strange to one who has been brought up in a country of raucous-voiced berry vendors. But then comes the dealer in cakes and pastry, his flaky wares piled on two small shelves, so nicely balanced on the sides of his diminutive donkey that one looks momentarily for the downfall that never comes. After his departure appear, in turn, the fish merchant, the Celestial sportsman with game to sell, the yellow man who raises chickens of his own color, and the butcher. And every last one of them brings his wares "on the hoof," so to speak. Even the fish arrive still gasping and twitching. If you buy, your doorstep becomes a little *place d'execution* and you are very sure your meat is fresh.

All of these things are plentiful in Japan, and cheap. Translating the strange-sounding coppers of the Mikado's treasury into coin values that would seem more civilized to Americans, the housekeeper pays about ten cents a pound for game and poultry, twelve cents for lamb, fifteen for beef, and not more than three or four for the best of fish. Dairy products are correspondingly dear; cows are not often seen in that corner of the world. Milk and eggs and butter still are rarities, indicative out there of high living and plain thinking.

How hopelessly inartistic, how grossly utilitarian seem the monster granite and marble commercial homes of America's merchant princes, after one has spent a leisurely, tea-drinking, curio-buying day or two in those wholly delightful Jap shops! They are simply little houses with the fronts chopped off. There are no specific doors and windows; it is all one big door and window. There are no counters, for the goods, when displayed at all, are spread upon the floors. There are no chairs, either. If a customer be a native, she squats on her heels on the matting, and if she be a foreigner, she sits, side-saddle fashion, on the edge of the floor next the street, while she haggles over pennies with the charmingly polite little proprietor.

That customer has arrived in a 'rik'sha, and the 'rik'sha boy has lied amiably and volubly about her vast wealth and towering social position. Therefore has she been received with salaam after salaam, till it seemed nothing short of impertinent to her to announce what she wanted. But she did,—and there was no "floor-walker" there to "size her up" as she did so, no inattentive "lady-clerk" with an insolent "What?" Instead of that, there were more salaams, the mouse-like scurrying of three or four pairs of brown feet to fetch what was wanted, while another pair of feet brought forth a four-inch-high lacquer table, with fragrant tea steaming up invitingly from the tiniest of blue and white cups and saucers.

Shopping without tea in Japan is practically impossible. By the time you have exhausted the mere surface possibilities of a single short street, and in spite of the wee dimensions of the cups that have been set before you, you will think you have had enough tea to bathe in, but it is better to face even that ordeal than to have all the proprietors think you low-born and very ill-mannered. Nor is it merely a matter of their opinions, for she who says "No" to tea is in-

variably charged more. And then it is not always tea or only tea. While you are hearing pleasant things of the honor of your august visit, or of the supreme excellence of the weather, salted cherry blossoms will probably be produced on a silver salver, to be followed by beanflower sweets by the time the messengers have got back from the "godown."

There are some Jap shops where the goods for sale are displayed, but in the best and largest the proprietor and his "boys" comprise the only exhibit. Everything is stored in the "godown," a cellar-like affair built of heavy beams and a plaster, baked till it looks like nothing so much as a great cube of meerschaum with a door to it. The merchant has an idea that this overgrown cupboard is both fire and burglar proof, and there he keeps the silks and the satins, the crepes and the linens, which, one at a time, are spread out before the light of your honorable eyes. Each comes up wrapped in a faded green cloth, and by the time the fifth cup of tea has been served, you will have seen such bargains as will cause you to look with a grand contempt upon the Monday remnants of the West for the rest of your natural life. There are the daintiest of crepes at nine cents a yard; *café au lait* brocaded satins a yard wide, for seventy-five cents; and silk stockings so fine that one may be drawn through a finger-ring, at two dollars a pair.

If you buy silk in the piece, your purchase must be made by weight, not length, and, if you are wise, you will pay forty cents a pound for the raw material, and then pick out the color you wish it dyed from the artistic little striped screen the store gentleman shows you. The dying is "thrown in"—and the goods will be delivered within twenty-four hours at that.

Quick work is as characteristic of shopping in Japan as the never-failing courtesy which gives the leisurely ceremony so much of its charm. The actually miraculous Oriental skill in imitation is another detail sure to impress the Westerner. An English friend of mine, going out to a berth in the Consular service, tore a pair of trousers on shipboard. Arrived at Yokohama, he chose some cloth, gave the tailor the torn and mended trousers to follow in cut and measure, and ordered a new pair. That very evening they arrived at his hotel,—and the mended tear was reproduced in the garment to the last stitch! On our own steamer was a bride, *en route* to Osaka who had her trousseau ruined by some accident in the hold,—and Tokio dressmakers reproduced it in its entirety in forty-eight hours, even to the embroideries on the Paris gowns! It is farther to be said that they furnished all the materials, and the charge for everything was considerably less than a fifth of the original cost.

The woman of the Western world is met on her arrival at a Japanese port by the "runners" for the dressmakers. They call at her hotel to present, with infinite manner, the cards of their employers, and then, if so be the wish of the august lady in the question, with silent skill they take her orders,—and the next day comes the gown. One dainty plutocrat whom we met, who rules Chicago society when she is not running about the rest of the world, tried these dressmakers. One gown of pongee, embroidered in red and blue silks, cost eight dollars,—"and I never had a skirt fit me like this one." A white flannel, with sailor

collar and cuffs embroidered in pale blue, came to thirteen dollars. A white India linen, the skirt built of fine, vertical tucks, alternating with drawn work (it was four days in the making instead of one) was sixteen dollars, and the proprietor delivered the dress in person that he might apologize for the price.

If there seem little room for argument over the value of such bargains as these, what of the set of table linen, which, each winter season, spreads its snowy glories in the home of one of Washington's matrons? The cloth is of a size for twenty-four covers. There runs about it a hem of drawn work a foot wide, and the pattern in the linen itself is everywhere brought out with embroidery, stuffed to a half-inch height, save for the four circles where the candelabra stand. Those are left unworked. The two dozen napkins, a yard square, have heavily embroidered hems. The set cost $300. Its equal could not be reproduced in America for $2,000.

Japan is not, however, made up entirely of bargains. Americans and Englishmen, Belgians and Germans, run shops in Tokio; and these gentlemen are not in business for philanthropic reasons. There are bazaars, too, owned by natives of the lower castes, usually situated near the temples, where Cook's tourists buy Geisha girl hair-pins that those fascinating young persons never would look at, and cakes of soap made in Brussels and then wrapped up in Japanesy paper manufactured in a Holyoke, Massachusetts, mill. The silk handkerchiefs, the camphorwood boxes, the paper umbrellas, the basket chairs, and the modern, rubbishy lacquer work, which the average tourist buys, are Japanese only in that they were bought in Mutsuhito's empire instead of in the American department store where they could have been had for less money.

The more experienced traveller never goes into a shop where paper lanterns and signs in bastard English invite her. She has learned that, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, the house with nothing to say for itself is the one which holds the treasures. Perhaps, too, she seeks out those quaintest of all second-hand shops, tucked away around Shiba or in that labyrinth of little streets back of the Yokohama theatres. There she will find things made years before Japan became "progressive." The receding shelves are covered with tiny bits of beauty, born in the days when the Daimios computed their princely incomes in rice, and paid, in rice, good salaries to whole families of inborn artists to take their time making things properly. To-day the museums of the world are full of their handiwork, but now and then a wee bit of lacquer was chipped away, or a bronze dragon was dented a trifle—and so, instead of going into glass cabinets, such pieces found their way into these dark little bazaars, to be bought for coppers.

There are buttons, not meant for buttoning, oddly carved of metal, four inches long; there are screens a foot and a half high, meant only to be looked at,—but never to be forgotten; there are four-tray medicine chests, of a size to slip into the average cigar-case of to-day. Old silks are there, too; cast-away robes of Buddhist or Shinto priests, or the gay gowns in which the Geishas of a long-dead generation danced into men's hearts; such stuffs as are seldom met with in these days of hastier ways and work. Candlesticks

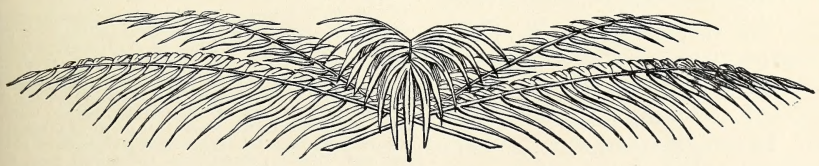
of iron, that telescope into their standards; cases for chopsticks, with quaint carvings standing out a full inch in the soft yellows of the ancient ivory; bizarre little purses for playing cards,—and a Baltimore youth in our party actually desecrated one with his pipe tobacco; solemn tea caddies and mysterious amulets and hand-mirrors fashioned out of thin sheets of bronze,—these are the rewards of the patient searcher.

And patient she must be. It is not merely a matter of long looking for what one wants; indeed, it is seldom that. The rub comes in the bargaining. Fixed prices are as little dreamed of in the Far East as "flats" furnished on installment payments. The merchant, though you are never conscious of his scrutiny, studies you from the first instant you cross his horizon. Your size, your bearing, the look and quality of what you wear, your eagerness or indifference, real or assumed; these are the factors in his mental equation which at last give him a price to set upon any article in which you are interested. Of course, it is invariably too high, and you say so, while making an offer, in your turn, of about half as much as you are willing to pay. That gives you room to approach him. He throws up his hands, shrugs his shoulders with an air of polite but pained surprise, looks with renewed and noticeably affectionate attention at the object over which this little commercial game of poker is being played, and comes back at you with another offer, still much too high to consider, but a step in the right direction.

More bluffs on his part, more raises on yours, and then, perhaps, you go on to look at other things, as though the argument were definitely closed,—when both East and West know it is not. You may even carry your bluff to the point of leaving, but in that case be sure and return to your hotel past that same shop. Most probably one of the "boys" will run out to you with sharp cries of "Good! Good!"—and you will know your last offer has won the pot.

> Oh, East is East, and West is West,
> And never the twain shall meet.

sings Mr. Kipling. But they are meeting to-day in the bazaars and shops of Stamboul and Alexandria and Tokio. Turban, fez and black silk cap are bowing good gold and silver into the baggy pockets of their polite owners, and white chiffon hat with pink roses is learning how the most profitable of shopping may also be made the pleasantest ceremony of a vacation day.



Easthampton, Mass.

By L. S. SMITH

THE town of Easthampton has a location for natural beauty scarcely equalled by any in the Connecticut Valley. An undulating fertile plain, it is guarded on the east by Mt. Tom, and on the west by Pomeroy Mountain, both standing like sentinels overlooking the fair scene, and each sublimely adding its full share to the general picturesqueness.

And in the sturdiness of this setting there is, as it were, reflected the industry, integrity and steadfastness of the early peoples who chose this spot for a home, and who from the first practised in their daily lives the stern virtues of duty, loyalty and religion.

The earliest records of the settlement of Easthampton are coincident with those of Northampton, since this town was included within the limits of Nonotuck, now Northampton, for more than a hundred years, and no record exists telling of the first appearance of white men in this locality. Settlements had begun down the river as early as 1635, and it was from these—Windsor, Wethersfield, and Hartford — that the settlers of Nonotuck came. Mr. Trumbull says the first substantiated record of the passage of Europeans through this region was in 1638. That, however, was neither an expedition of discovery nor for the purpose of opening traffic with natives. It was, instead, for the purpose of sustaining life, and on its results depended the existence of the settlers and the survival of the plantations.

The lower towns had become impoverished by the war for exterminating the Pequod Indians, and in danger of starvation, they saw no way of relief but to apply to other Indians for provisions. Finally, when absolutely destitute of food, according to Mason's history, Captain John Mason and two companions were dispatched up the river in search of food, in the spring of 1638.

At Pocumtuck, now Deerfield, they found friendly Indians, from whom they bought a supply of corn, which was delivered to them by the Indians with a fleet of fifty canoes, at Hartford and Windsor. Mr. Mason in his history says:

"Forever to the credit of the red man, be it recorded that he responded liberally and generously to the appeal of the strangers, who came to drive him not only from the home of his fathers, but eventually from the face of the earth."*

The plan for the settlement of Nonotuck began at Hartford. Possessed with the undaunted courage which had led these settlers to venture ocean perils, followed by the forbidding hardships of dense wilderness, for the sake of worshipping God as they thought best, they only naturally yielded to a predominating impulse to try something still fur-

* "The year ensuing, the colony being in extreme want of provisions, many giving 12 shillings (or about $3 00) for one bushel of Indian corn, the court of Connecticut employed Capt. Mason, Mr. William Wadsworth and Deacon Stebbins to try what Providence would afford them in their great straight, who, notwithstanding some discouragements they met from some English, went to a place called Pocumtuck, where they procured so much corn at reasonable rates that the Indians brought down to Hartford and Windsor, fifty canoes laden with corn, at one time."—*Mason's History of the Pequod War.*

* "There remained not a sannup nor a squaw, not a warrior or child of the Pequod race. A nation had disappeared from the family of man."—*Bancroft's History of the United States.*

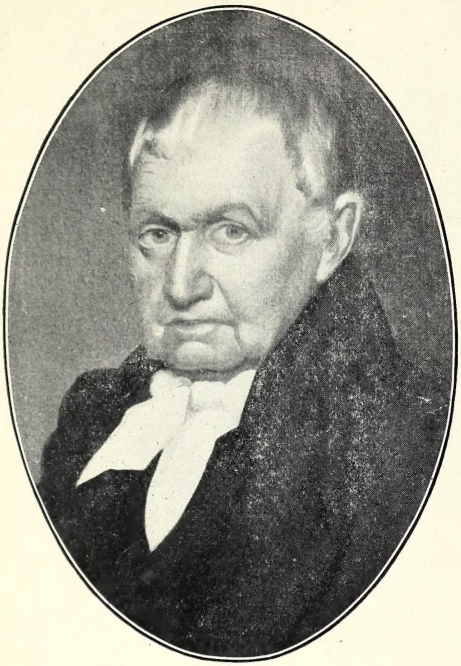


MAIN STREET. LAID OUT BY SERGEANT CORSE.

ther on, something yet untried which might result in permanent betterment to themselves; and yet, whatever worldly considerations determined their movements up the river, the founders of Northampton were Puritans in the choicest and strictest sense of the term. With a form of worship as simple as their creed, they wove their religion into their lives, and asked God's blessing on all their undertakings. In their original petition to the General Court of Massachusetts for leave "to plant, possess and inhabit Nonotuck," they represent that Nonotuck was "a place suitable to erect a town upon, for the public weal and for the propagation of the Gospel."

The petition was granted in 1654, and the Legislature instructed them to proceed to purchase the land from the Nonotuck Indians, who, in their way, owned the land from South Hadley Falls to Sugar Loaf Mountain and westward, nine miles into the country. The purchase was easily effected, the Indians were glad to sell, and set their own price, agreeing to accept in return for the land one hundred fathoms of wampum, ten coats, some small presents to the principal sachems, one of whom was a woman, the ploughing of sixteen acres of land in "Hadleigh," and a general concession to them to hunt over the land and to fish in the streams.

In view of the great value of the land now, this seems trivial, but to them it was considerable. The articles they received were really worth to them, or they conceived them to be so, all the land could be worth to them. The articles they wanted, and they did not want the land for any permanent occupation. The settlers themselves often transferred tracts of land to each other for a mere trifle, as for corn or wheat. The land on which the First Church and High School Building now stand, in this



REV. PAYSON WILLISTON.

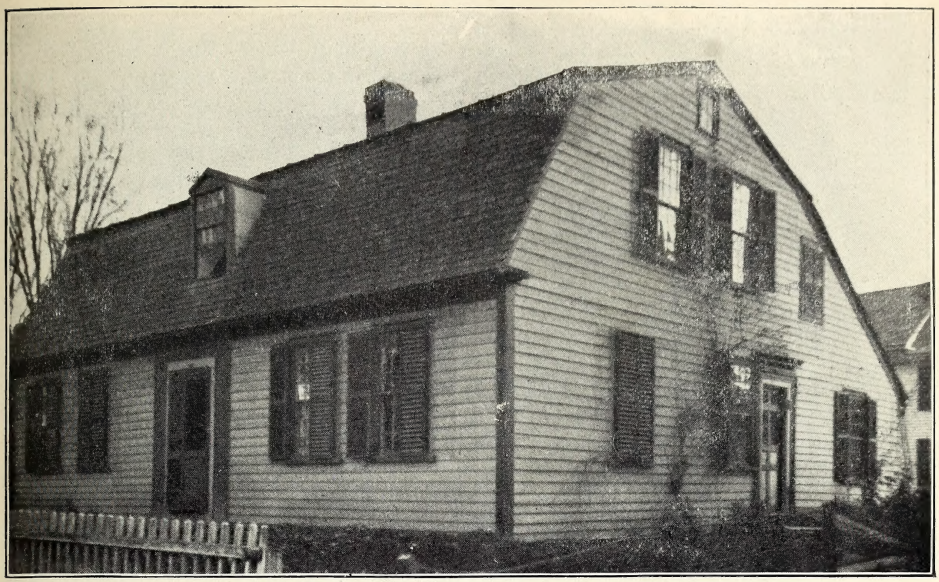
town, was sold as late as 1774, for $1.94 per acre.

The first known white settler within the limits of Easthampton was undoubtedly one John Webb, for Northampton's records show this item: "December 13, 1664, town granted John Webb a piece of land at Pascommuck to build a house upon." John Webb was one of the original petitioners to settle Nonotuck, and his name appears often upon the town records of Northampton, but when this pioneer cast about for a favorable spot to make a home, "to build a house upon," where he should clear away the forest, till the land, and so gradually become an independent settler, in this fair valley, he looked Easthamptonward, and somewhere in that fine stretch of meadow near the Connecticut, and Mt. Tom, now called East Street, he chose a spot for his house. But John Webb, as he looked about him from that humble doorway, could not foresee what the years should bring to pass.

After Pascommuck, the next spot built upon, was on the north side of Manhan River; the first building was a sawmill, for in 1674 permission was given to "set up a sawmill on the brooke on the right hand of the cartway going over Manhan River," and this was the first mill in Easthampton. It was at this mill that Easthampton came nearest to having a case of witchcraft, for the Judd Manuscript contains a tradition concerning Mr. John Stebbins, a prominent Northampton citizen, who later became an owner, that when working at the mill "the logs would roll over him, by which, he was at different times, severely bruised, the logs being set in motion by witches."

Mr. Stebbins died suddenly in March, 1678, and a very general belief prevailed that he was a victim of witchcraft. An inquest was held by a jury of twelve men, who returned a verdict which, it was said, "while it did not directly charge witchcraft, showed that they more than half believed it had something to do with his death." It was stated also, that Mr. Joseph Hawley, a leading magistrate of Northampton, called a large number of women, the purpose being to discover the witch, but not enough evidence was gained to warrant a charge, so "nothing was done about it"—and Easthampton's records were saved the reproach which a witchcraft experience might have put upon its pages.

Twelve years later, in 1688, Northampton gave Samuel Bartlett "liberty to set up a corn mill on the falls below the cartway on the Manhan River." This mill and the land were given by Samuel Bartlett, in 1705, to his son Joseph Bartlett, who set up thereon a public house—the first in



ONE OF THE OLDEST HOUSES (FERRY PLACE, CORNER OF PROSPECT AND PLEASANT STREETS.)

town—conducting it for more than twenty years, and then bequeathing it to the Clapp family, his relatives, who continued it a hundred years. It was a homelike, old-time tavern, and stood on the slope just south of Mr. William Gordon's present residence, until it was taken down about twenty-five years ago. Most of the travel from Hartford and New Haven passed northward through this locality, in consequence of which there came to it very liberal patronage.

Landlord Bartlett was evidently a man who looked ahead, and somewhat expectantly so, respecting what might come after him here, for, dying in 1755, he gave a certain tract of land to his three brothers, on condition that they give from it "£100 (old tenor), to the first church of Christ that should be erected and celebrate divine ordinances within a mile of his house," and payment of this sum was made to the first church society, upon its organization in 1786, the bequest anticipating the existence of the recipient by thirty years. It was expended for a communion service.

In 1699, Northampton granted "home lots" to five different families at Pascommuck, and that hamlet was begun. These families were those of Moses Hutchinson, John Searle, Benoni Jones, and Samuel and Benjamin Janes, and it is with these families that there is connected the saddest chapter in the town's annals. The Indians who had lived hereabouts, were friendly to the white man, and for twenty years after their sale of the lands had dwelt here in perfect peace with the settlers; but they had long since quitted this region, and fears of Indian troubles were much allayed and precautions concerning them somewhat lessened, when on the 24th of May 1704, there fell upon Pascommuck a terrible disaster, even its complete destruction.

A party of non-resident Indians roaming over this region, disappointed in a foraging tour they had



MISS S. E. CHAPIN.

just made to the Merrimack river, swooped down upon the sleeping settlers on that morning just before the light, so suddenly and so impetuously, that but feeble resistance could be made, and the whole settlement, nineteen in all, were either killed or driven out as captives. One of the houses, that of Benoni Jones, was somewhat fortified, but they rushed upon it, fired at the inmates, set fire to the dwelling, and all in so fierce a manner that they could do nothing but fall into their hands.

The two Janes families were almost annihilated, Samuel, his wife and three children, and four children of Benjamin Janes being killed. The latter and his wife were taken along as captives. Mr. Janes, loaded down with a bed-tick load of pork, contrived to fall behind and disappeared out of sight in the bushes, then dashed across a ravine there, ran to the water, and seizing a skiff, which he probably knew was there, rowed across the overflowed meadows to Northampton, where he told the dreadful story. A company of horsemen, led by Captain John Taylor, started at once to intercept the inhuman savages, and if possible rescue the captives. They came through Pomeroy Meadow near the present road leading from Easthampton to Westhampton, and passed on south to the present Westfield road. Here they encountered the Indians, who finding they were pursued, killed in a most atrocious manner all the boys they had taken, excepting Elisha Searle, son of John Searle. This youth, witnessing the fate of the others, seized up a pack, and ran on, as if to show that he would serve them if they would spare his life, and he was not killed.

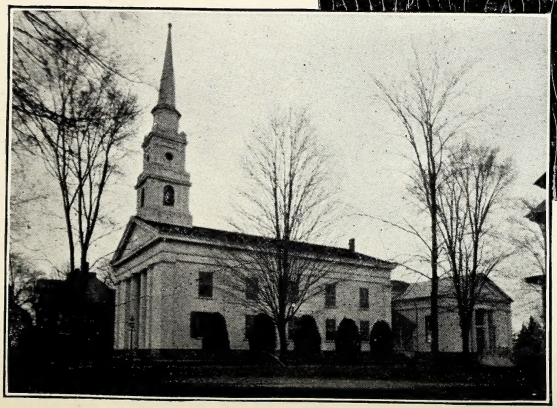
Captain Taylor, quite in advance of his men, and exposed to the onslaught of the Indians, probably in ambush, fell dead at their first firing, thus adding another to the list of dead that sad day. The wife of Benjamin Janes was carried to the top of Pomeroy Mountain, knocked in the head, scalped, and probably left for dead, but she was not killed. She was found by the rescuing party, and carried on a litter to Northampton, where she recovered and lived many years. The wife of John Searle, wounded in the head with a tomahawk, scalped and left for dead, also recovered, married again and lived to be ninety-three years old.

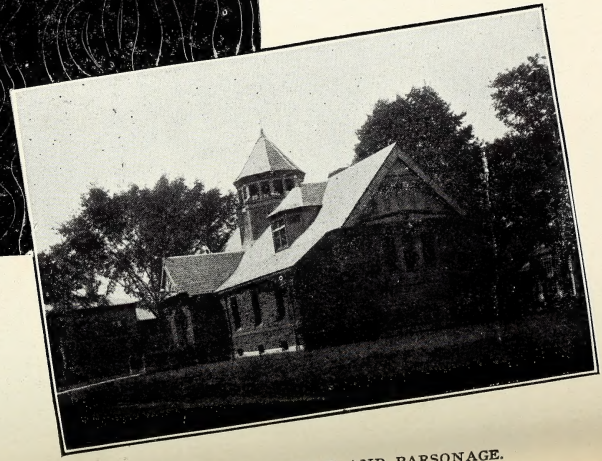
Not till eleven years later was Pascommuck again settled, but "Pascommuck and Bartlett's Mills were the nuclei of Easthampton."

The first settler on the plain was Sergeant Ebenezer Corse, who laid out the present Main Street by cutting a road through the wilderness









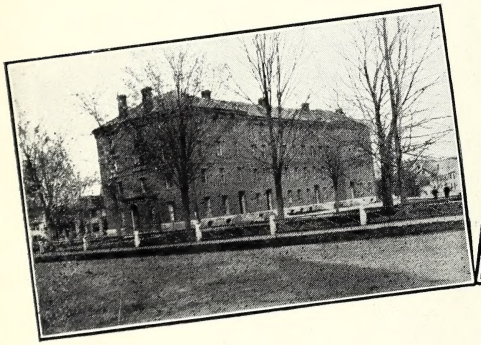
PAYSON CHURCH AND PARSONAGE.

from his dwelling, where Mr. Theron Pomeroy now lives, for more than a mile straight to the park, where the first meeting-house was built, thus perhaps determining its location and creating a centre. The thrilling experiences which these people shared together while their fortunes were one were not few, and most of them were such as tried men's souls.

These early heroes were jealously observant of Sabbath services, which for more than a hundred years were attended at Northampton, and later sometimes at Southampton; and journeys to and fro must be made through summer's heat and winter's cold, either on foot or on horseback. Later, sleighs came into use, but until after 1800, it is said, there were no wagons in the town, and their introduction about 1810 was regarded with much interest. They were the automobiles of the period.

That the people reverenced the Sabbath and loved God's house is evident by their conscientious devotion to the services of that day and house. They did not "go to meeting" in the morning and stay at home in the afternoon; they went for all day. A great part of this town, too, belonged to the parish of Jonathan Edwards, whose sermons were not short ones, and neither were his prayers, through which both men and women stood up. Their Sabbath began at sunset or dusk on Saturday night. At this time all work so far as possible had ceased, and in the words of another, "both parents, with their children, and the book of God before them, were often waiting, ere the setting of the sun, to cross together the sacred threshold of the Sabbath."

As the population grew in numbers here, they began to think about church accommodations of their own, as well as to be in circumstances to attend to their business affairs with convenience. For eighty-seven years all interests had been one with the mother town, then, in 1753, Southampton had been set off; twenty-five years later Westhampton had been set off, and on June 17, 1785, a tract made up from both Northampton and Southampton, was made over into Easthampton, and Robert Breck, Esq., was empowered to issue his warrant, directed to a principal inhabitant instructing him to warn the citizens to assemble for choice of officers. He directed this warrant to Benjamin Lyman, who called Easthampton's first town meeting on July 4, 1785, at the house of Landlord Captain Joseph Clapp.



NORTH HALL.

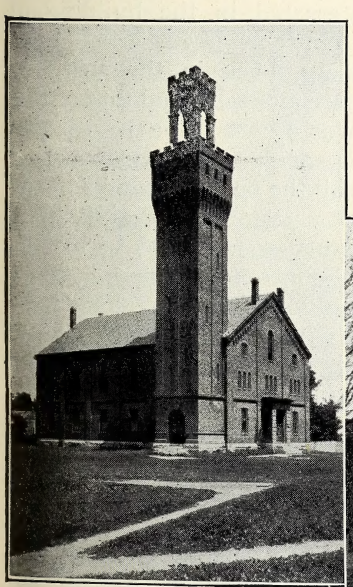


SOUTH HALL.

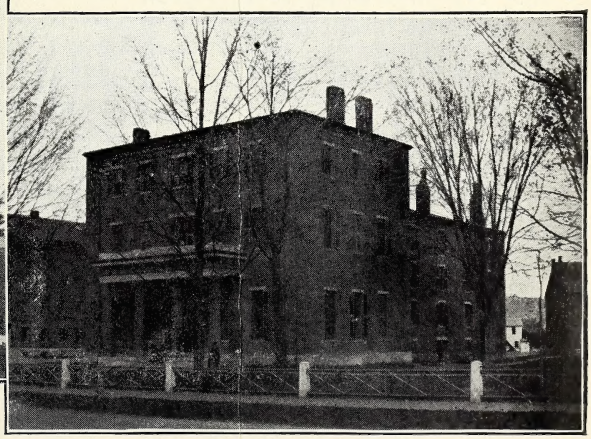
The names of some of the officers appointed there that day have been on the town records ever since, and quite to the front in everything that makes for the welfare of their native town. The next meeting called that day for July 13 was held at the meeting-house frame, which had been begun in the spring preceding by individuals who, knowing they should soon be incorporated, had begun the erection of a suitable place for public worship. At their first business meeting they voted to provide a place for public worship, to use the frame already built, and to remunerate the builders therefor. It was clapboarded, shingled, and a lower floor laid, but was not entirely finished until 1792, when, after much consideration, it was voted in town meeting to "finish the meeting house," to "finish it in the same form as Southampton's house is done."

The price agreed upon was £85, to be paid in wheat, rye, Indian corn, beef, pork, boards or shingles, "a billet being sent to each man of his proportion of the same, that he might pay accordingly." Later, it was voted to paint the meeting-house,—the body white, the roof Spanish brown. It had no bell and no steeple, but it was a well-finished house. In it were the old-time furnishings of sounding boards, and high pulpit reached by winding stairs. Of this building, Rev. Payson Williston, in his semi-centennial sermon, preached August 18, 1839, said: "For somewhat more than fifty years was this the house, the place of our holy solemnities. Thither were the fathers and mothers of our Israel, till successively removed by death, seen to be resorting almost as constantly as the Sabbath returned, and there it was their delight to meet together, to pray and praise, and think and talk of heaven."

The land on which the building stood was public property, and when the present First Church was built, the old one was sold at auction and taken down. An elm tree was set upon the site of the first pulpit by



GYMNASIUM.



MIDDLE HALL.

C. & D. BUILDINGS.



MRS. SAMUEL WILLISTON.

Mr. Luther Wright, Senior, which is now known as the "Pulpit Elm."

The first church was organized November 17, 1785, also at the home of Captain Joseph Clapp. It consisted of 72 members, 45 from Northampton and 26 from Southampton. Mr. Stephen Wright was chosen Moderator, and Mr. Philip Clark, Clerk. At this time, Rev. Aaron Walworth was hired to preach, and afterward invited to settle with them, but he declined the call, and April 16, 1789, it was voted in town meeting to call Rev. Payson Willis-ton to be their pastor, the town fixing his salary at £65 per year, soon to be increased to £70 and thirty-five cords of wood, and he accepted the call. As was the custom of those times, a day of fasting and prayer preceded Mr. Williston's ordination, which took place August 13, 1789, and the settlement was a most fortunate one. Though only a youth at the time of enlistment, Mr. Williston had served in the war, was examined and admitted to Yale College on the day his term expired.

He had graduated at Yale College, where men distinguished in their respective lines had been his classmates, had taken a theological course, and had preached a year or two; so that he brought to this zealous, rather exacting parish a scholarly readiness and efficiency which contact with bright minds helps to give, coupled with a religious devotion which now seems remarkable.

He was settled for life at 25, but at 70 he thought best to resign. His resignation was reluctantly accepted, though he continued to be regarded as pastor and advisor during the rest of his life, which terminated at 92 on January 30, 1856.

The present First Church was built in 1836 on the present site of North Hall, and the whole parish, which then was the whole people, were interested in the building of the new church.

A raising, back in the 30's was everywhere an event, and that of this church was a notable one. It began at noon of one day, continued through all the next day, and half the next. At noon of the second day, a great dinner was served to all the parish, the people sitting at tables spread out of doors and under the temporary shelters put up for the workmen. As remembered, it was a great dinner, a barbecue, and Mr. Hezekiah Wright furnished the baked meats. The beverage furnished was cider, a barrel being on the ground for the occasion, and Miss Frances Parsons and Miss Fidelia Graves served it. As there were only about 700 people in the town at the time, the structure was quite an ambitious one. The church was built out to the walk, moved

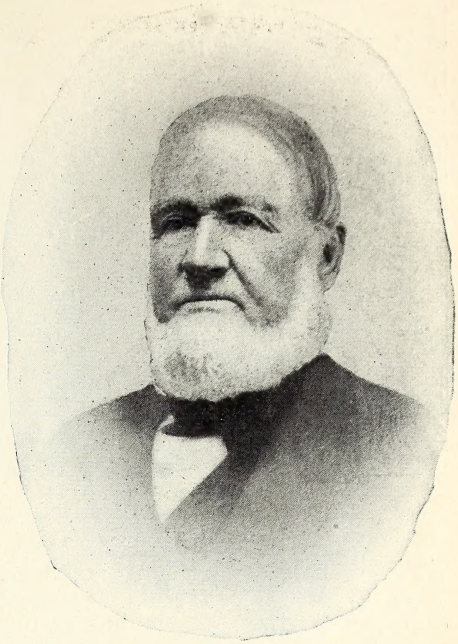
back when the first seminary building was erected, to be in line with that, and in 1865, to make room for another seminary building, it was moved to its present site.

This church served for the whole people until 1852, when larger accommodations being needed, the society was divided, and 100 members went out to form the Payson Church, which has been prosperous from the first, as has also been the remnant left behind; and both societies, under a succession of forceful pastorates, have held their own in aggressive Christian usefulness. In place of the one church, there are now six churches.

The Methodist Episcopal Church dates back from 1863, and the St. Philip's Episcopal Church from 1871, both of which have handsome church edifices of their own on Main Street, and next in order of building are the Roman Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception, and the German Lutheran Church.

The choice of a pastor for the First Church after the division was a most fortunate one, a call being given to Rev. A. M. Colton, then of Amherst. He came and proved himself a man almost beyond hope or expectation fitted to tide over a period of depression and to bring to the people new hope and new determination.

Mr. Colton was a man charged with a spirit of peace, a man of unusual keenness of discernment and judgment, of unbounded affection, of humor and pathos so blended as to make one composite whole. Those who had the privilege of his communion service have something to remember of sweetness and beauty and fervor, which they will never forget. His family, too, was a pattern to the parish, and members of it have since always and everywhere graced and adorned the places they have filled.

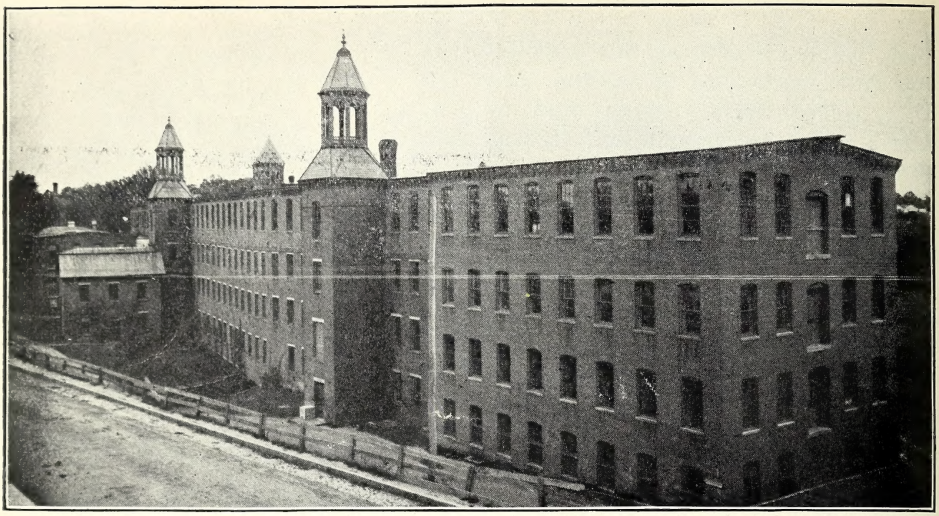


HON. SAMUEL WILLISTON.

The first town hall was built on the present site of North Hall; later, it was moved across the street to where the present Town Hall now stands, and later moved to Pleasant Street, where it has since served as a dwelling house.

Until well into the 40's there were few houses in the present centre. One at the top of Mansion House Hill, afterward removed, still standing and used as the Seminary boarding house, was the home of Mrs. Hannum, built by the late Almon Chapman,—the first house in town painted white. Other houses were those occupied by Solomon Lyman, Jeremiah Lyman, Edward Clapp, Mr. Williston, Rev, William Bement, the much-beloved pastor who succeeded Mr. Williston, and Rev. Luther Wright.

There was a large gambrel-roofed house, which, while the first church



NASHAWANNUCK MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

stood in the park, served on Sundays, as did Mrs. Hannum's house opposite, for the replenishing during noontime of the foot-stones which the women used in the meeting-house. One who remembers it says: "A little path was always kept open in winter for that purpose." There were also a few houses along Pleasant Street, which was something of a thoroughfare, leading to Pascommuck.

During the 40's, however, important changes took place, and extended improvements in the manufacture of buttons, and the introduction of other manufactures brought new citizens.

Mr. Samuel Williston, son of the first pastor, prevented by failing eyesight from pursuing his studies, and fitting himself for the ministry, as he and his parents earnestly desired, had already before this come to the front as a prominent factor in the affairs of his native town, and so he remained through his long and remarkably useful life.

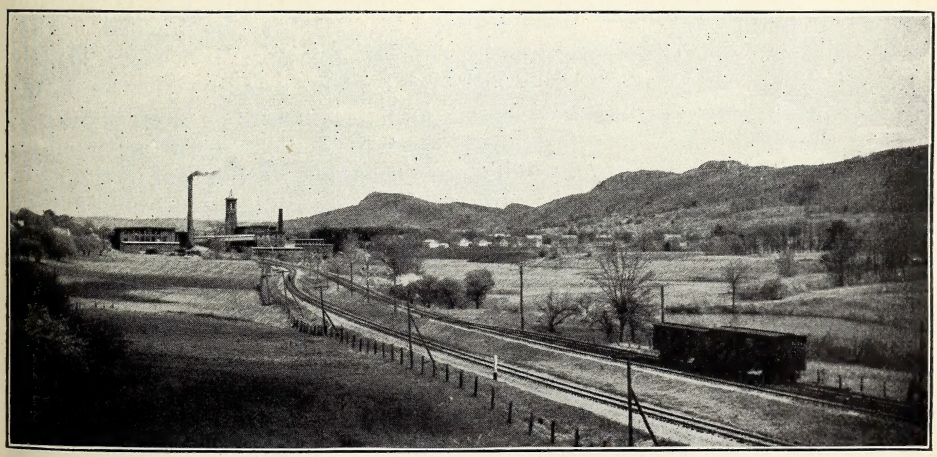
On May 27, 1822, he was married to Miss Emily Graves of Williamsburg, who proved a rare helpmate. Their beginning was of the most modest kind. Mr. Williston used to take pleasure in recalling that he was married in what had been his Sunday coat for two years, and that their bridal tour was a walk to Rum Brook, at the foot of Mt. Tom, where a bottle of wine and loaf of cake served for their refreshment. Professor Tyler in his commemorative discourse, records that "almost half a century afterwards, happening to call upon them on their forty-eighth anniversary, he found them preparing to celebrate it at the same place in the same manner."

Of the story of Mrs. Williston's initiating the button business, often retold, suffice it to say here that from covering a few extra ones for her neighbors there dawned in Mrs. Williston's mind the thought of enlarging such a scheme, and suiting the action to the thought, she commenced making buttons for sale. The first package made she took over to Northampton and gave to Mr. David White, treasurer of the Hampshire County Missionary Society, as a contribution from the first

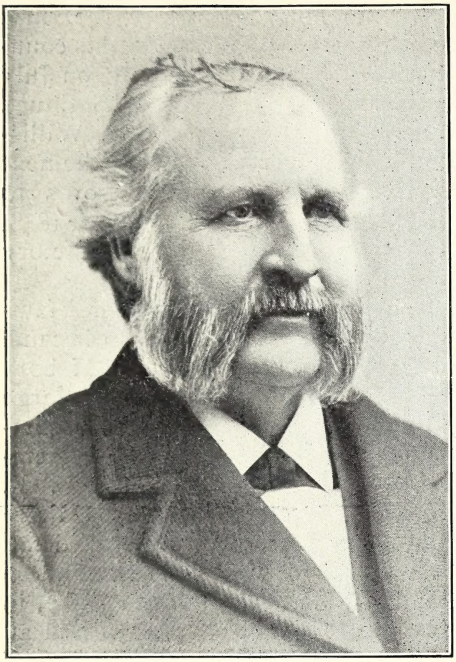
fruits of her enterprise to the cause of Missions.

President Humphrey of Amherst College, coming in soon afterward, bought the lot, and thus was the ball set rolling which has never since stopped. The next package made was sent to Mr. Arthur Tappan of New York, who immediately ordered twenty-five gross at $2 per gross; and the Willistons afterwards recalled that, in all their subsequent wealth, never did they feel so rich, as they did when they received that first $50 from the firm of Arthur Tappan. Mr. Williston at once saw something of the possibilities of the new business, and gave up his farming and wool-growing to join in it. The business grew rapidly, until buttons were put out into at least 1,000 families between Hatfield and West Springfield, from Grandby to Peru, all being done by hand, till Mr. Williston, chancing to see machine-made buttons, brought from England for sale in New York, determined that buttons could be made here by machinery, as well as in England, and at once entered into a co-partnership with the Messrs. Hayden of Haydenville to undertake their manufacture, and the first machine-covered button in this country was made in Haydenville on July 4, 1834. The business was continued there until 1847, when Mr. Williston bought the entire plant; the next year he transferred the works to Easthampton, and thus the year 1848, saw the building of the first factory in Easthampton.

This change brought several families from Haydenville, who became identified with the interest of both church and town, and filled large places in various phases of the community, among whom well-remembered were Levi Parsons, C. B. Johnson, Oscar Hill, Moses Ferre and Joseph Harris. Mr. Williston was already a wealthy man, and so intensely and thoroughly had he, in his youth, dedicated himself and all that he might be to the service of God, that he accepted the wealth committed to him as the means through which he should do that service. Early deciding to devote his abundance to benevolent uses and Christian upbuilding, he determined not to allow his wealth to accumulate beyond yielding a certain income. After much deliberation and



WEST BOYLSTON MILLS.



E. R. BOSWORTH.

counsel in considering objects or causes worthy of his munificence, he had in 1841 founded Williston Seminary. The corner-stone was laid June 17 of that year, the building opened for pupils on December 2 following. The first principal, Rev. Luther Wright, a native of the town and a graduate of Yale College in 1822, had been much in counsel and in sympathy with Mr. Williston in considering the advisability of establishing the Seminary, and of establishing it in Easthampton. The latter was fearful that it might not be attended in numbers, the former confident that it would be; while both were desirous of making it a school of high order—one which should "promote the interest of academical education in Western Massachusetts."

In equipment, one man supplemented the other. Mr. Williston endowed the school with $50,000. Mr. Wright brought to it such fitness in culture and experience as helped to launch it a success from its very inception, and it at once became popular. When furnishing the first building, Mr. Williston remarked to Mr. Wright: "Now, if you think we shall ever have a hundred pupils here, I will place a hundred chairs in the schoolroom." Mr. Wright thought they might expect that many, and the chairs were put in.

Ninety pupils registered the first term, both sexes being represented, and the first catalogue recorded 191 names. The number increased rapidly, and in 1846, 542 were registered. The attendance continued large for some years, until high schools were established, supplying facilities that only academies and seminaries had before afforded, and in 1864 the Seminary became a school for boys only.

The first Seminary building was of wood, and on March 4, 1857, it was entirely destroyed by fire. On that same afternoon, while the building was burning, Mr. Williston was about the grounds, looking up carpenters and engaging brick and lumber to rebuild; and without delay the present South Hall was erected on the site of the one burned. Previously to this, however, Middle Hall had been built. Just as it was completed, and ten days before it was to be dedicated, during the night of December 23, the roof of the main building was blown entirely off by a high wind, and fell a mass of ruins upon the Seminary grounds. Professor Tyler recorded that the next morning, on his way over from Amherst to attend a trustee's meeting at the Seminary, he met Mr. Williston driving into Northampton to contract for replacing the roof. The amply equipped gymnasium, an attractive feature of the institution,

was built in 1855; North Hall in 1866.

Payson Hall, now the home for students, had for years a reputable history as a public house — notably so under the long reign of William Hill, the Champion landlord of the valley when known as the Mansion House. Mr. Hill made Easthampton a summer resort, and entertained distinguished people. The endowment fund, increased from time to time, is now munificent, the facilities which the school offers are of a superior order, and were never better than at present, under the very efficient principalship of Dr. Joseph H. Sawyer, now in the thirty-seventh year of his service as a member of the faculty. Professor Buffum has also served long in the Latin Department, having turned out eligible candidates for the colleges for twenty-five years. In its different departments the school ranks high by reason of its staff of competent instructors both for college preparation and for scientific equipment.

In the constitution of the Seminary, Mr. Williston said, among other things:

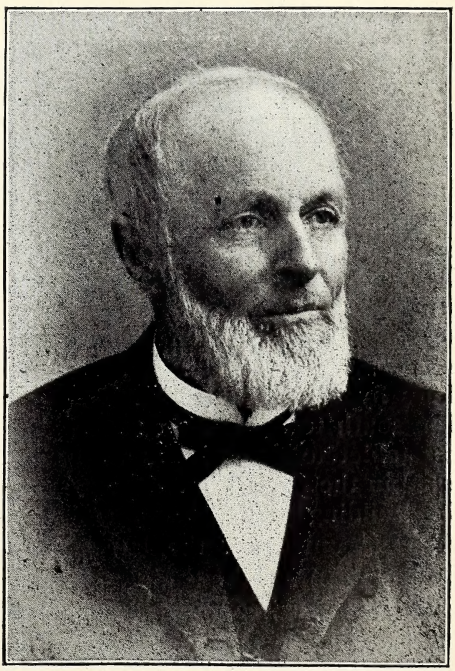
"To preclude all misunderstanding of the design of Williston Seminary, I declare again in conclusion that the primary and principal object of the institution is the Glory of God, in the extension of the Christian Religion, and in the promotion of true piety among men. Accordingly I hereby ordain and require that the school exercises of each day shall be opened and closed with the reading of Scripture and prayer."

Mr. Williston was exceedingly jealous of any infringement upon the observance of the Sabbath.

Closely connected with Mr. Williston as aid and co-partner during his entire business career was the Hon. H. G. Knight. Mr. Knight had great business ability, and they worked together as one man till "Williston & Knight" came to be a firm name known and honored far and near. Mr. Knight took great interest in town affairs, held all offices in the gift of his townsmen, was public-spirited to the core, and loved intensely his native town, which he was wont to call "the loveliest village of the plain." Also, early associated with these men were Seth Warner and E. H. Sawyer, both of whom were prominent for years in town and church matters.

Mr. Williston, Mr. Knight and Mr. Sawyer were each called to the State Senate, and Mr. Knight to be for four years Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts.

Among other men closely connected with Mr. Williston, and in general with manufacturing interests in Easthampton, were E. T. Sawyer, Geo. S. Clark, Granville H. and Moses H. Leonard, H. J. Bly,



DEACON LAUREN D. LYMAN.

James Sutherland, Horace L. Clark, Joseph Wilson, and John Mayher.

The Easthampton High School was opened in the fall of 1865. Miss S. Elizabeth Chapin was the first principal, and her connection with the school continued until a few weeks before her death, which occurred on July 3, 1901, a period of thirty-six years.

What Miss Chapin did in Easthampton in those many years for the upbuilding of beautiful womanhood, and manhood as well, could not be told. Her former pupils and friends, wishing to express their admiration and appreciation of her service and character, have lately placed in the High School room a memorial tablet to her name. This tablet was unveiled on December 3, 1903. It bears this fitting inscription:

"A versatile scholar—An enthusiastic teacher—A forceful woman—An inspiring leader."

There are now in town thirty grade schools with three spacious, modern equipped school buildings.

The Town Hall, noteworthy among Easthampton's buildings, was ceremoniously dedicated on June 29, 1869, with Hon. H. G. Knight as chairman and Hon. Samuel Williston as President of the Day, Mr. Lauren D. Lyman representing the town and receiving the keys. There was a dedicatory prayer by Rev. A. M. Colton, an address by Hon. Ensign H. Kellogg. The south tower bears up a memorial tablet to the soldiers who perished in the Civil War. The cost of the building was $65,500, and the veteran contractor, the late E. R. Bosworth, was the builder. The Public Library, comfortably housed in Longmeadow brownstone, the gift of Mrs. Williston, stands nearly on the site of the first red schoolhouse. It is well equipped, and in charge of Miss Dora C. Miller, who has been the efficient librarian from the beginning.

The Pascomuck Club owns its own handsome quarters on Union Street and numbers about one hundred members.

Easthampton young men have lately rendered very popular entertainments. Easthampton's young men of the 40's were doing the same thing. An old resident remembers one in which, among other participants, William J. Lyman, father of Mr. Dwight Lyman of this town, and Hon. H. G. Knight were leaders, and personated respectively the King and Queen. At the close of the play, Mr. Williston went forward to the platform, built on the tops of the church pews, and complimented the players on the success of the entertainment.

The Daughters of the American Revolution are represented by the Submit Clark Chapter, numbering some thirty members, and named for Submit Clapp, the daughter of Major Jonathan Clapp. Submit Clapp married Lieutenant Asahel Clark, and was the daughter, sister, wife and mother of Revolutionary soldiers.

The Village Improvement Society is a lively organization, doing all that its funds admit of in keeping a neat looking town.

The Mayher Fountain originated in the plans of the late John Mayher, and those plans were carried out by Mrs. Mayher in the fall of 1902, when with appropriate exercises it was formally given to the town.

An old landmark was lost by the taking down of the covered bridge over the Manhan at the "cartway," in 1893. Many remember with regret the delightful cool, shaded walk and the view up the Manhan, which it

afforded. The first bridge over the Manhan, built in 1668, was probably near Mr. Henry Clapp's present residence. Over this bridge the settlers conveyed the produce used to pay their taxes. At first taxes were paid at Charlestown, later at Boston in wheat. The wheat was conveyed to Hartford in carts and thence shipped to Boston. This shipping to Boston was expensive, often making heavy inroads upon the cargo. An Easthampton farmer now who should raise wheat and get enough to Boston to pay his taxes would achieve renown.

The growth of Easthampton from one man, John Webb, in 1664, to 7,500 inhabitants in 1904, has been chiefly due to its manufactures.

Several companies that have long contributed to the busy interests of the town are still doing so. To the button business originated by Mrs. Williston in 1827, and now the United Button Company, have been added various other enterprises. Among them the Nashawannuck Manufacturing Company, the first company in this country to introduce rubber threads into woven goods to make them elastic, with G. B. Noble, treasurer, employs a capital of some $400,000, and the Glendale Elastic Fabrics Company, J. W. Greene, treasurer, with some $250,000 capital, manufactures elastic goods of various kinds. The Geo. S. Colton Manufacturing Company also makes elastic goods, with $200,000 capital; the Easthampton Rubber Thread Company represents about $400,000 capital, with F. W. Pitcher, manager. Dibble & Warner are a well-known firm of suspender makers, and the West Boylston Company, with a capital of $600,000, Geo. A. Ayer, superintendent, makes cotton yarns and fabrics. Also worthy of mention is the Hampton Mills Company, mercerizers, bleachers and dyers, of which Chas. E. Childs is treasurer. The elastic goods industry represents about half the total product of these concerns, and approximately half the capital invested —about two and one-half million dollars. The Business Men's Association, of which Geo. S. Colton is president, is an influential organization which seeks to further business interests, and thus promote the welfare of the town.

Many individuals now gone might be mentioned who, in later years, have held important places in the town's history. Among such were E. A. Hubbard and R. M. Wright, and among doctors Dr. S. T. Seelye, Dr. Joseph W. Winslow, and Dr. F. L. Greene, for many years welcome visitors in most of the families in town. Among deacons, the late Deacon Lauren D. Lyman, for thirty years deacon of the First Church, was through a long life one of the town's staunchest citizens.

Smallest of all the towns in Hampshire County in area, Easthampton ranks third in population and volume of business. It has three banks, two newspapers, a town water system, electric railways, and a free delivery mail service.

Although the times and the manners have changed, the industry and thrift of her sturdy settlers have left indelible marks that are visible in the Easthampton of to-day; while it would seem that these same characteristics have descended as a heritage to her present population. Enterprising, self-respecting and progressive, Easthampton may look forward with confidence to a prosperous future.

Under Green Steeples

An Idyl of the North Woods

By Adele Ferguson Knight

"BUT, sir,—the lady—she will not try the walk?" Galvin, the guide, was distinctly distressed, and he stopped as he made the protest, swinging the heavy duffle-bag from his shoulder to the ground. He waited anxiously, big boots wide apart, shapeless hat pushed far back—this sylvan St. Nicholas, whose seventy years lay lightly on the broad shoulders and in the deep-set blue eyes, clear as the mountain river at our feet, despite the beard of snow that mercilessly proclaimed his length of days. The long portage was just over, and my lord's brief question regarding the safety of my rod and tackle, as he lifted me from the wagon, had drawn this unguarded question from the guide.

"The lady will not walk?" he repeated.

"Walk? How else could she get there? And she'll manage to keep up with the procession somehow," returned my lord carelessly, and laughed as he looked at me, remembering long tramps through other forests and over hills that had not been haunted, however, with this tingling wine-smell of balsam and spruce.

Galvin found it growing momently more difficult to voice his objection. My pride must not be injured—not for worlds—but how accord a good cast and a chattering woman? The gay flies in his shabby felt hat shook in his anxiety.

"Ah, if the lady likes, certainly. But consider: the way is steep, steep to madness, and a man's breath leaves his body long before the top. No woman of Fromac village"—his broad curved thumb turned over his shoulder—"no woman there has ever so much as dreamed of trying such man's work."

"Where the dickens did I put my net?" interrupted my lord, searching diligently among duffle and nondescript camp paraphernalia. Galvin was instantly at work with nimble fingers and alert eye, unearthing the treasure in a short time from among the cook's stores. He tried to smile in answer to my lord's flattery anent hunter's eyes, but the subject on his mind was too heavy to permit much levity. He took up his argument just where it had been cut.

"The lady's boots would be heavy with the forest loam after the night's rain and—"

"She has stout boots; she has climbed before," maintained my lord, still but half conscious of the appeal in the older man's voice, remembering only how eagerly I had counted on a chance to possibly capture one of the red-gilled beauties of this northern wilderness. And without more consideration my lord swung his basket on his back, and stooping, lifted the folded steel rod from the grass.

"Come, we must be moving," he said. "The sun will be down before we can get a rise."

And without further protest Galvin set out upon the trail, obviously hoping, however, that some miracle might yet save him from the obloquy of having to guide a woman—a woman from the States—to the top of Owl's Nest.

For an eighth of a mile or more it was good going, along the grass-bordered, grass-paved roadway that clung close to the whirling river, a stream that flashed into foam as it tumbled over the rocks or slid swiftly, deep and dark, through the pools where the salmon rested, nose up-stream,—black logs of smouldering fire. But at Johnson's empty camp, shuttered now tightly against a possible visitor, the trail swerved sharply to the left and began to mount steeply, steeply, between spruce boles, straight up into the blue sky. Ah, the breath of the balsam, how its tang made new tonic of the air!

Behind an overturned log Galvin paused and waited, his smile one of triumph as I climbed, crimson and panting, to his side. He sobered in an instant, his chivalry touched and in arms.

"Ah, it is wicked to force the lady to such endeavors!" he told my lord. "If she will go back it will be but a little minute and I can overtake you before you can turn the big balsam, the one blazed south and east," and he tossed his head upward.

"No, no," I protested stoutly. "I'm all right. Anyone must breathe."

After that he resigned himself to the inevitable. What use to make moan? The new woman had invaded his cherished solitudes: they would be the same no more.

Up, up, over the great moss-encrusted logs, through acres of forest where the straight trunks stood apart one from the other, making vistas in which one looked each moment to see the mighty tiara of the bull moose, so confident does one grow of one's invisibility in these wildernesses. Up, up, while the feet sank deeper each moment in the plush carpet, or made a sharp turn to come unexpectedly on some new majesty of the woods. How wonderful it was! One of those rare places in the crowded world where the soul simply looks and listens, silent and still, unquestioning, full satisfied, swallowed up in a glory of flickering green sunshine.

As we neared the top, Galvin's attitude changed, and his speech grew distinctly comforting. "It's but a step more for the lady—a step and maybe a trifle beyond, but soon made. Will the lady"—he hesitated in recognition of my unexplainable independence—"will the lady take a bit help?"

Now the whole distance covered had been a scant two miles at most, and under "second wind" I was almost as fresh as at the start, yet so plainly it grieved his woodland chivalry to feel that a woman had climbed unassisted to the eerie lake, that I laid my hand on the home-knit gray woolen shirt-sleeve with much the same feeling that one has when indulging a child in some coveted pleasure. And the eyes repaid me a thousand-fold, those limpid, innocent, wide-awake blue eyes that had looked for nearly seventy winters on the storms and passions of a lumber camp, for Galvin had confessed with much pride that he still lumbered with the children and the grandchildren of the village.

"The step and the trifle more" shortened fast, and soon we were among the outlying litter and debris

of a lumber camp. Axe-hewn stumps stood about with scattered chips and sodden sawdust, mute witnesses of man's strife with winter's necessities; here a sun-baked, rain-soaked twisted shoe was flung; there a rusty basin tilted against a log, and then, through the standing trees the gable end of the log-house, with its open, peaked roof, the home place through frozen days and hard bitter nights to nigh a hundred men.

So busy were eyes and thoughts that we were almost at the lake's edge before I saw the gem, girt round with its wilderness of evergreen, a jewel of warm gold under the level afternoon sunshine, save where the light breeze carved it with feather touch into wide spraying silver lines.

Galvin's eyes were shining with anticipation now, and his cheeks were touched with pink above the white beard. He waded at once into the water for the raft moored among the gnarled stumps. A real disappointment crept into his face when it refused to move nearer shore, and he appealed to my lord with a shrug and a reluctant I-told-you-so.

"The lady must bide ashore after all—you see?"

But my lord, kneeling on the ground was busy with his tackle and did not look up.

"Nonsense! She's not made of sugar and water. What kind of women come here, anyhow?"

Galvin was plainly shocked, but he tried hard to hide it.

"No lady has ever climbed here before, as I said," he reminded us. "But the Governor-General's lady has camped on our river down below many times for years back," and he added pridefully, "We have named one of the pools for her ladyship."

"Then let's rename this pond for the first woman who has ever stepped into it," cried my lord, amusedly now, watching as I splashed about in the shallow places on my way to the raft, while his silk line was singing through the steel eyelets under his strong fingers.

With a cry Galvin was after me like a flash, and before I could fathom his intention had lifted me to the clumsy raft with a murmured word of apology. It was evident that seventy was not afraid to undertake the gallantry of seventeen, when the need came. My lord followed us a moment later, climbing carefully aboard, and we were afloat. But we had almost reached the middle of the lake before Galvin could find speech again.

"The Governor-General's lady never comes to this lake—no. His lordship is most careful of his lady."

"Bully for him!" was my lord's prompt appreciation, and we exchanged glances behind Galvin's back as he stood upright in the bow-place, slowly poling the wobbly, water-logged craft to good ground. Suddenly that back stiffened and straightened, a crooked finger pointing out across the lake.

"See, see where them little waves cock up near that old stump? Cast there, quick, quick!" he whispered.

The whistling line flashed overhead once, twice; the Silver Doctor glittered and fell again, flicking the surface, and then—it was gone!

"Ah, you got him, you got him! Taut now! Steady! Steady! Hold him—ah, but he runs! There! Look out! He'll leap—what did I say? Dame, but he's a big feller! Hold, hold, a good grip now! Haul steady! He's so ticklish. He'll be off again at the first smell of the raft—there—but whoa, ole feller! Giv' in, giv' in; you're nabbed, you son

of a——" He stopped just in time and drew a long breath, his eyes live coals that glowed deep down like stars in a well. How I longed for a temporary deafness! The restraint of my femininity was too cruel at such a pass.

My lord lifted the captive on two fingers in the gills, that we might see.

"Two pounds, not an ounce less, I'll bet my hat," he maintained with boyish ardor.

"Aye, and more," encouragingly from Galvin. "Ah, but you have the good wrist!" with admiration. "Just at his nose that fly, and what fish could resist such a morsel? And that trout, he thought that was a real bug, he did truly," he told me seriously.

And while the evergreen shadows crept across the water that lay still as burnished bronze, and the great drifts of foam in the blue sky melted into long lines of opal in the west, we three floated in that fairyland and drew our sylvan supper from the depths beneath our feet. And Galvin came to know that trout would rise despite feminine skirts and chatter.

It was long past the late dusk that falls so swiftly in the far northern woods when we were once more down in camp, and I was glad to be a woman after Galvin's model for a while and let these other hardier folk gather the wood for the fire. I was glad, too, to sit apart and listen to the sizzling fish as it turned in the pan; to smell the fragrance of the coffee, to watch the firelight on the face of Galvin as he moved in the lighted circle, dexterously touching a stick here, a hot coal there, stamping out with heavy heel an enterprising spark that had crept away to dangerous quarters. And beyond the firelight the ring of black evergreens, silently coming and going as the spruce sparks danced; and above and beyond the evergreens the wonderful sky, soft and deep as sealskin, where other sparks glittered, kindled by a hand that gives so generously to the beauty-craving soul of man.

My lord's voice somewhere in the darkness:

"So you are left alone now? That seems rough on a man, doesn't it? Where are your children?"

"My boy? He is making a great fortune in British Columbia—the gentleman knows where that place is? So far away, they say, but when Jerry go he tell me he will come back some day. I don't know; Jerry was a good feller. He'll come, maybe, an' his old father will be ready, never fear," and he laughed happily.

"But the girl, the daughter?" persisted my lord, and I could see his shape now dimly on the other side the fire, stretched at full length, his hands clasped under his head, and I knew without telling that his eyes were busy with the glories of the night.

Galvin hesitated. When he spoke his voice had a cadence that had not been there before.

"My girl? She is gone away, too; I shall never see her again."

"Ah!" My lord's voice was softened. "But why never?"

"It is a long tale, and will keep. Will the gentleman call his lady? The fish are done to a turn."

But my lord was not one easily diverted. Supper over and new spruce logs, sputtery and ablaze, on the fire, he flung himself beside me, as I leaned against a white birch, and he went straight back to that coveted tale.

"What about your daughter, Galvin? Where did she go?"

The bushy white brows of the old man drew together in sudden pain, but he answered after a moment, and his voice was clear and full as he turned to us from his place on the log across the fire.

"Ah, it is such a long tale and the lady would grow tired—no? But the lady does not quite understand, perhaps, and—well, if you will listen I will be glad to tell, for I turn it over and over in my mind so many times, and 'twill be just like saying over my thoughts. And I hear her voice, too, whenever I am still, just like the bells of Father John's church, so fine and still-like and so clear, calling and calling and calling. And that makes them like Rosie, you see? She was wonderful good to look at, too."

He stopped to push a charred stick closer to the coals, and as it blazed up he fell to nursing his bent knees, and watched the leaping sparks with a smile, indulgently.

"She was jess like that coal, was Rosie, all fire when pushed and hectored, but so still and quiet when let alone. And she had wonderful waitin' patience, Rosie had."

After another and longer interval the story began again and flowed smoothly and evenly for a while.

"It all come along o' hunting for a lot of fellers from the States come here one fall—no, not Boston State or New York, I've heard o' them both often, but this one had a real curious name now,—I ain't never heard it since, but maybe you have. Savanyer? Ever hear tell of Savanyer? Yes, that's it, way off South, he said; yes, that's the place for sure. You ain't never been there? Sho, now, that's too bad! I'd liked a heap to hear about it. Well, it was one of them fellers that was mighty handsome, all clean cut like a red deer, and with eyes so soft and dark, just like a doe when she's lickin' her fawn. I was to be guide for him, and the night before we was to start he come to my house to see 'bout something he wanted, and he stood in the door a full minute before he said a word, and afterwards he acted wonderful strange like, and queer. He couldn't keep his eyes off my Rosie, but she — she jess paid no heed to him, not a mite, and I was all a-laughing inside—old fool that I was!"

He struck his clenched fist on his knee, suddenly sobered, but the story halted scarcely a breath.

"Well, we went the next day as we planned, but we had no luck, and he was restless, restless as never was, and always talking of going back almost 'fore we had started. I couldn't help despising him a mite, for he wasn't like no hunter as ever I see, not a mite keen for a moose, though we came upon fresh tracks twice the second day. Before noon the third day we was starting back, leaving his friends to go on. I hated worse'n pizen to go into Fromac 'thout any game, but even then I wasn't feeling jess right in my insides—begging the lady's pardon—and I didn't make such an awful lament when he said, 'Home.' And I made out to fetch a good stretch on the river, too, before night. It's always easier paddling down stream than poling up these here rivers, where's there more rapids than pools, and I said so, and he seemed all at once to be struck all of a heap.

"'That's so,' he said, sorter quiet and queer like. 'That's so; it's hard fighting up the rapids, and why shouldn't I go drifting down stream

for a little? I've poled up all my life; now paddling time has come.'

"That night we slept at Cedar Barn, a big bit up the river—yes, on this very river, but there wasn't no barn there, jess the name. And I was sick that night — oh, sick as never was!—and with morning I was all doubled up with the pain. But I didn't say nothing, for I knowed we was getting 'long toward home and Rosie would fix me up all right. But when we got here, 'long 'bout noon, I jess give out and rolled round—oh, the torment was awful! I never want it again, never.

"And the gentleman was real sorry,—Orten, his name was, Lloyd Orten. Ever hear of the Ortens in your parts? No? Well, perhaps, they're only big folks in Savanyer State—and he did all he knowed how and all I knowed, but it done no good. We put in a day and a night of it together, and glory, but I thought I was done for!"

He had drawn a stubby pipe from his pocket, and now a knife that had hung from the home-made deer-hide sheath at his belt, and he cut a huge cube of black plug tobacco with considerable care, rubbing it to powder between horny palms before it was ready for the pipe, while he murmured an explanation that it was always easier to talk when "the pipe was 'goin'.' " A coal lifted from the ashes in his fingers gave a light when all was ready, and soon he was wreathed in a smoky halo of reminiscence.

"We stood it out somehow that day and night, and when morning come he had a plan. He said he didn't like to go, but he couldn't let me jess lay there and die for lack of care. He'd be back 'soon's he could make it, and was there anything he could bring 'sides the Doctor? 'Yes, I want Rosie,' I said, for I was jess like a baby. 'I want Rosie more'n any Doctor as ever was.'

" 'And I'll bring her, don't you fret none,' he said, and went off, leaving me everything in reach. Nineteen miles ain't no holiday walk I can tell you, 'thout no game to go for, but he stepped off spry and quick, jess like he was going to the happiest day of his life. And I jess laid there, suffering hell—if the lady will excuse me —and waiting and waiting all that long day. How the minutes did stretch out, longer and longer, and the river there never stopping an instant, but running madly away all the time. How the black flies did pester and bite! And when dark come, how cold it was, and I couldn't er lighted a fire if I froze for it! But I didn't mind so much, for I kept saying over and over that Rosie was coming, and I knowed that the sight of her would make me most well."

The light in his pipe had gone out, and he drew another coal from the ashes to awaken that dead fibre. He looked deep into the fire, too, as if to find something there that we could not see, and he answered my lord's murmured question as if it were part of his vision.

"Yes, she come all right, but sick as I was I knew the minute I see her that something was different. Her eyes were all misty and her lips never looked so scarlet and trembly before, and she spoke so softy like and way-off, like as if a great secret had been put in her hands to hold. I wanted to ask her right off what it was, but I knowed she wouldn't tell jess as well, so I said right out what was in my own mind instead.

" 'I'm booked for going this time, I'll bet you, Rosie,' but she wouldn't listen to no such thing, no, no. She chirked up sudden and begun to dust

round like she was persessed. In five minutes I begun to feel different, and when the Doctor begun to poke and pinch me, I gripped her hand and could keep from yelling. They say I never let a groan.

"It was Rosie that told me at last what the Doctor said, an operation he called it, and in that little hut over there,—yes, right there, for I wouldn't last to be carried even back to Fromac, he said. You can bet I had to swaller a couple of times and think pretty fast, but I knowed it was life or death, and I was about ready for anything if I could stay and look out for Rosie.

" 'You'll have to be kinder cautious-like, Doctor,' I sez, sorter fooling, but feeling mighty serious inside, ' 'cause nobody'll be here to look out for my little girl if you do me.'

"Quick as a wink that Orten—oh, yes! he had come back with them—he trod close to me and he gripped my hand, and he said:

" 'Don't you worry, old man, for she sha'n't suffer while I'm top of the ground,' or something that meant that."

The story-teller drew a long breath and turned his face toward us for a moment.

"I can't somehow tell you the start it gave me. He meant it all right, I knowed that even then, but I was jess like a chained beast, and as dumb and foolish as a bear with a sore paw. What right had he or anybody to undertake to care for my cub? I'd done it for nineteen years, and I wasn't going to leave the job now for any Jack from the States to make charity of her. No. I histed up on my elber and I jess looked at him for a spell.

" 'Ain't you got anybody of your own to care for, 'thout hunting up stray orphans in a foreign land?'

"And Orten, he drew back at that, and I heard Rosie sorter sob, as if I had hurt her more'n I hurt him—she always had a mighty soft heart, Rosie had. But the pain wasn't letting up on me none, not a mite, and I knowed I had to make up my mind. So I looked at the Doctor and I looked at Rosie standing there, with her hands holding each other so tight, and I shut my teeth, and the rapids was past in a second.

" 'Cut away, Doctor,' I sez. 'My old hide's pretty tough, maybe, but you'll find the heart in the right place if some of the other insides has got so mixed, and it won't stop beating neither, whatever you do to the rest of the carcass, you can lay your last penny on it! You get outer here, Rosie; hog-killing ain't no place for a woman.'

"And she went without a word, so quiet and still, jess like her way for all the world, but when that dark-eyed feller started to follow her, I couldn't stand it.

" 'You stay right here,' I sez, all fierce, 'and see it did. When I'm done breathing it will be plenty of time to play orphan asylum to my girl.' "

Galvin's eyes were flashing now, black as sloes, and his knotted fingers gripped his knee with the passion that had moved him in that dark hour. It is so different a thing and far more bitter than death when the living sovereign abdicates dominion, so incomprehensible to one who has never known such possession and such relinquishment, yet something of this man's indomitable rebellion entered into our hearts as we listened.

When, however, at length he gathered the threads of his broken story,

his voice was calm and even.

"It was more'n two weeks after that, more's three perhaps, that I heard 'em talking that night. The balsam sack I was laying on had been drawed clost to the door, and I was laying there watching the moonlight creep nearer and nearer, and wondering why them spruce tops grow so spindly and peaked, like steeples on a great church—D'yer ever think that the churches God builds out o' doors ain't got no crosses o' sorrer on their tops? Only long green fingers, pointing up ter say, 'Here's a whole big sky o' gladness with God behind it to lend a hand when the rapids down below go too swift for the canoes.' I've wondered heaps of times why men don't see that thankfulness is so much heartier and helpfuller than thinking o' suffering all the time. I was jess laying there then, thinking some such foolishness, when I heard footsteps and voices outside, and after the first whispered words I couldn't help listening, not if I'd died for it. It was that Orten, and he was pleading with Rosie to go away with him.

"'We'll be married here among your own people,' he said, 'and then we'll go to my home and my people, and my love will make up to you for all you have given up for me.'

"'And father?' sez Rosie, softly, as if she hardly dared breathe for joy.

"'Well, — now — your f a t h e r wouldn't want to leave his home, and he would be so unhappy and homesick among strangers,' forgetting that Rosie was all the home I ever could want.

"'But if I could persuade him?' she kept persisting, until he was fair druv into a corner.

"'I want you, only jess you,' he said, and she knowed what he meant. It took a long minute after that before she answered. God! How my heart beat and how I strangled for air while I waited. It seemed more'n a hour. Then I heard her choke, but her voice came steady and firm.

"'If you will not have him, then you can't have me. There's no one here now but me to take care of him, and I'll stay right here jess as long's I live. He can't never hunt again, they say, like he used to, and somebody's got to feed us both. He can't, but I can, and I'll be only too glad to do it,' with another choke. 'No, I don't know how, but somehow I will.'

"And Orten sang a different tune after that, you can bet, and was ready to take the whole of Fromac village if she wanted it, but no, she only wanted jess me."

The light in the old man's eyes now was too sacred for other eyes to see, and I could not look at him as he said:

"It was a bit after this that they thought of the last thing.

"'Suppose he refuses to go?' Orten said. 'Will you choose him rather than me? Your father is so proud, I believe he could not swallow any man's bread but his own. He is welcome to all I got in the world if he will give me you, and I'll tell him so.'

"Do you wonder that my hands jess itched to choke him? Did he think that I'd part with Rosie for any cold victual he could fling me. But Rosie did not understand, and answered all joyous:

"'Yes, he is proud, but I can persuade him. When I tell him that all the happiness I ever hope to have depends upon his going, do you s'pose he'll say no?'

"I never knowed no more what

they said, them two, nor what was happening anywhere, except the awful pain that was tearing my heart. The torment in my side had been jess play to this. The cold sweat set me into a shaking ager, and then I was burning up with all the fires of hell. But all the time I never onct mistrusted what I must do, and when Rosie come in by-and-by, I was all quiet and tried not to see the quivering gladness in her eyes. God A'mighty! what great eyes the child had!"

He sat stooped and bent above the smouldering embers, looking into the past with its unhealed wound. The sky was overcast now with ghostly gray blankets shaken unceasingly across the starry places by a wind that had set all the dark tree-tops sighing. I shivered, but not with the cold, and my lord leaned forward mutely, and laid a couple of sticks carefully on the coals. The snap of the spruce roused the story-teller, and he went on with his story as if turning the tale gently in his thoughts.

"Rosie never guessed, though I saw her watching me often out'n the tail of her eye and wondering that I could be so satisfied with the plans she had been building for us both. Perhaps she thought the Doctor had cut away more things than jess flesh. I listened to all her pretty planning; I watched her stitch her woman's finery, her little hands so busy all the time, and them eyes of hern, so happy and so deep! I hurried the wedding and fretted 'bout any delay till they must er thought I was stark mad, but I felt each day that I could not live another till it was all over and done with, for all the time I could jess sit there, idle, idle!

"Yet every day I was getting stronger, and after a while I begun to venture in the old canoe; but the power was gone from my arms, and I knew that never again could I pole a canoe up stream, fighting the rapids for every inch. Down stream and out into the big ocean were the only places left. Yet I never give up, never once quit getting ready.

"I waited till they was married and all the neighbors was in the house, kissing my Rosie, and crying over her, and hoping she would come back some day. I had no kisses and no tears for her. I couldn't trust myself to even look where she was standing, but I bundled some grub and duffle into my old canoe, and we went down stream together, faster and faster, the merry white foam dancing at the gunwale, the brown and yellow shiny rocks reaching at us under the water, the steeples of the balsams still pointing to the sky! Ah, but it was a mad race, for the boat that come to Fromac only once a week would be sailing in two hours, with Rosie aboard, and I must be far past their finding in that scant time. Ah, trust an old hunter to hide!

"They never found me—I knowed they wouldn't—and for three years I went wherever I liked and I saw more of the world than I ever thought to see. Ah, it's a fine place after all, so terrible big and wide. But come one day last spring I got a smell of some cod drying, and it was all up with me then, for the smell was jess like the packing house to home. I couldn't rest night or day then till I was back in Fromac—you see I had never left it in my life before except when we hunted or lumbered in these woods here that are jess the same as home. But it wasn't like the old place at all; so many's dead, and some of the children is married and has set up

for theirselves. But they seemed glad to see me back, and I ain't never tired hearing them tell how Rosie searched and searched, and wouldn't leave Fromac for more'n a month, knowing me and my ways so well, and believing that I'd think her gone and would stray back to the place that had held her. Ah, but I was wise, and I knew her ways, too, much too well to risk it!"

He laughed silently at his loving wisdom, and he turned to us with that old kindly light once more in his bright eyes.

"So that's why she will never come, you see, for she doesn't know that I am here, and there's not a soul in Fromac who knows where she's gone. And it's all quite for the best, you see, isn't it? There's a lot left. My boy may come, and then I'll see more of the world, but if he don't, there ain't nothing lost, 'cause I had rather stay here and I ain't never counted on going. It's only the things we've had and had to give up that counts, isn't it?"

The embers were red now only in the heart of the fire; a grayish-white ash lay like a shroud on the black logs; the wind moaned, coming nearer to flap the canvas of our tent door; the river drove recklessly seaward, and its song was loud and hard.

"And yet," meditated Galvin aloud as he looked up at the lowering sky, "and yet, though the wind's got a touch of east in it and the stars has shut their eyes tired out, yet the steeples is still pointing like they always do to a terrible big sky, and somehow, I kinder fancy way off in the States somewhere Rosie is thinking 'bout them steeples and wondering 'bout me."

A Frontier Fighter

By J. Macdonald Oxley

In the prolonged, bitter, and bloody struggle between England and France for supremacy on the North American continent, the pages of whose record bear such illustrious names as those of Wolfe and Montcalm, Washington and Shirley, Amherst and Vaudreuil, there appeared a remarkable character whose extraordinary exploits in the interests of the English have been recalled by the wonderful guerilla operations so pertinaciously carried on by the Boer leaders in South Africa. This was the renowned partisan—Major Robert Rogers, whose corps of Rangers gave more trouble to the French, and rendered more valuable service to the English than perhaps any body of similar size in the whole history of the conflict between these two inveterate antagonists.

Born in New Hampshire in the early part of the eighteenth century, Rogers' boyhood was spent amid the rough surroundings of a frontier village, where, to quote his own words, from the introduction to his Journals published at Swift's Head in Dame Street, Dublin, by J. Potts in the year 1770:

"I could hardly avoid obtaining some knowledge of the manners, customs, and language of the Indians, as many of them resided in the neighborhood."

"Between the years 1743 and 1755," he goes on, "my manner of life was such as led me to a general acquaintance with both the English and French settlements in North America, and especially with the uncultivated desert, the mountains, valleys, rivers, and lakes. Nor did I content myself with the accounts received from the Indians, or the information of hunters, but travelled over large tracts of the country myself, which tended not more to gratify my curiosity, than to enure me to hardships, and, without vanity, I may say, to qualify me for the very service I have since been employed in."

Rogers, although frank enough about most matters, does not disclose the nature of the business which gave him such opportunities, and Parkman, the brilliant historian of this period, shrewdly surmises that he carried on a smuggling trade with Canada, in the course of which he learned among other things the French language.

When he determined to take a hand in the struggle for the control of that important district whose lovely lakes, George and Champlain, with their inlets and outlets, afforded so excellent a natural highway between Canada and New England, he began by raising a band of men, chiefly New Hampshire borderers, with which to make a series of daring expeditions that brought him into prominence. In the spring of 1756 he raised another company, and in July still another was formed. Before the following spring there were seven such, and more were afterwards added, constituting a battalion dispersed on various service, but all under his orders. They were all known as Rangers, and wore a sort of woodland uniform that varied in the different companies, and were armed with smooth-bore guns, in which either bullets or buckshot, or both, could be used. There is a memorable passage in Parkman relating to these Rangers which affords so admirable an illustration of the

picturesque beauty of the historian's style that we cannot resist quoting it in full:

"The best of them were commonly employed on Lake George, and nothing can surpass the adventurous hardihood of their lives. Summer and winter, day and night, were alike to them. Embarked in whaleboats or birch-canoes, they glided under the silent moon, or in the languid glare of a breathless August day, when islands floated in a dreamy haze, and the hot air was thick with odors of the pine; or in the bright October, when gay mountains, basked in light, maples dropped leaves of rustling gold, sumachs glowed like rubies under the dark green of the unchanging spruce, and mossed rocks with all their painted plumage lay double in the watery mirror, or, in the tomb-like silence of the winter forest, with breath frozen hard on his beard, the Ranger strode on snow-shoes over the spotless drifts; and, like Durer's knight, a ghastly death stalked ever at his side."

Possessing a strong, well-knit figure, a clear, bold eye and features that would have been good but for the ungainly proportions of his nose, Major Robert Rogers was a born leader of men; ambitious withal, and somewhat violent of temper, yet so energetic and resolute and so skilled in woodcraft as to render his services particularly invaluable to the English commanders who had such slight knowledge of the difficulties of forest warfare.

He tells his own story in a simple, straightforward way, devoid of either boasting or exaggeration, although he certainly had abundant temptation to indulge in both, and as one reads the quaintly printed pages of the little leather-covered volume, it does not demand much exercise of the imagination to call up the scene, and to clothe his unadorned statements with the dramatic and picturesque surroundings which he has omitted.

The first entry in the Journals is under date September 24, 1755, and the last is February 14, 1761, so that a period of nearly six years is covered, and it may safely be affirmed that the writer contrived to compress into that time about as much of daring enterprise, cool courage, clever resource, and determined purpose as may be found in the career of any fellow-mortal.

To take the very first entry:

"Pursuant to orders from Major-General Johnson, I embarked with four men upon Lake George to reconnoitre the strength of the enemy, and, proceeding down the lake twenty-five miles, I landed on the west side, leaving two men in charge of the boat, where I marched with the other two until the 29th, when I had a fair view of the fort at Crown Point, and discovered a large body of Indians round the fort shooting at marks. *At night I crept through the enemy's guard into a small village lying south of the fort, and passing their sentries to an eminence southwest of it,* from whence I discovered they were building a battery, and had already thrown up an entrenchment. The next day I discovered an encampment of about 500 men, *but finding no opportunity to procure a captive,* and that our small party was discovered, I judged it proper to begin a retreat homeward the first of October."

The procuring of a captive was always a most important object of his ventures, and he evidently felt deeply disappointed whenever he was forced to return empty-handed. A month later, with four men, he made his way to within a short distance of Crown Point, the famous French stronghold, in quest of a prisoner.

"My men lay concealed in a thicket of willows," he writes, "while I crept something nearer to a large pine-log, where I concealed myself by holding bushes in my hand. Soon after sunrise the soldiers issued out in such numbers that my men and I could not possibly join each other without discovery. About 10 o'clock a single man marched out directly towards our ambush. When I perceived him within ten yards of me I sprang over the log, and met him, and offered him quarters, which he refused, and made a pass at me with a dirk, which I avoided, and presented my fusee to his breast, but, notwithstanding he still pushed on with resolution, and obliged me to dispatch him. This gave an alarm to the

enemy, and made it necessary for us to hasten to the mountains. I arrived safe at our camp the 30th, with all my party."

Bearing in mind that this intrepid man was separated from all possible refuge or reinforcement by many scores of miles of forest through which roamed bands of Indians allied to the French, and ravening for scalps, some conception may be formed of the peril of the situation which he describes in so matter-of-fact fashion.

He had better fortune in the following February, when, with a party of fifty men, he approached Crown Point, and ascending an adjoining mountain obtained "a clear and full prospect of the fort," which enabled him to make a plan of the works. In the evening he retired to a small village half a mile from the fort, and formed an ambuscade on each side of the road whereby a French soldier was captured, who was taken back to the English camp. Not a month passed without Rogers leading a party either up the lake or overland to spy upon Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and some of his escapes from capture or death bordered upon the miraculous.

One remarkable exploit which greatly puzzled the French, who could not understand how it was carried out, took place in June, 1756. Rogers had been supplied with a number of light whale-boats, which were admirably adapted to his purpose, and putting fifty men in five of these, he proceeded some distance up Lake George, where he landed, and then with prodigious difficulty the boats were portaged over a high hill into an arm of the lake called South Bay, which lay to the eastward. Re-embarking, the rangers rowed northward until almost within sight of Ticonderoga, and then hid the boats until nightfall, when they glided noiselessly past the French fort without being discovered, "tho' we were so near the enemy as to hear their sentry's watchword."

Five miles further on the boats were again concealed, while their daring occupants lay by until dark. From their hiding-place they saw a large number of boats and bateaux going and coming, and once several of them were about to land just where they were, but changed their course so as to go on farther. Crown Point was passed that night, and the next day a number of lighters laden with flour and brandy for the French garrison were attacked, their crews driven off them, their cargoes destroyed, and several prisoners taken, without the loss of a ranger. By the middle of July Rogers was back at the English camp, while the French never solved the mystery of his movements until subsequently the whale-boats, which could not be portaged back again, were discovered on the shore of South Bay.

Let it not be imagined, however, that Rogers always got off scot free in these perilous undertakings of his. In January of 1757 he had an extremely narrow escape from the destruction or capture of his entire force, and only saved himself by a most determined resistance which did him infinite credit. Starting out with seventy-five men, all told, they tramped on their snow-shoes day after day until they came to the lake about midway between Ticonderoga and Crown Point. There they went into ambush, and had not long to wait ere a convoy of heavily laden sleds hove in sight, out of which they succeeded in taking three sleds, six horses and seven prisoners. From what the latter told him, Rogers deemed it best to retreat, and

gave command accordingly. They were marching in single file through the forest, Rogers himself leading, when in traversing a narrow valley, their front having reached the ridge on the west side, they were suddenly fired upon by the enemy, who held a strong position on the elevated ground.

The first volley brought down several of the Rangers, and wounded their leader slightly in the head. It was returned with spirit, and then a fierce struggle ensued in which many fell on both sides. The French tried again and again to flank their opponents, but Rogers, although again wounded, this time in the head, cleverly foiled every attempt, and the conflict, which began at two o'clock in the afternoon, was kept up until dark without the Rangers being overcome. Referring to his wound, Rogers writes: "I, however, found means to keep my people from being intimidated by this accident, and they gallantly kept their advantageous situation till the fire ceased on both sides," a passage which admirably illustrates the dauntless spirit of the man. The French during the action strove hard to induce the Rangers to surrender,

"declaring it was a pity so many brave men should be lost, that we should be treated upon surrender with the greatest kindness; calling me by name, they gave me the strongest assurance of their esteem, but not being dismayed by their menaces, nor flattered by their fair promises, we told them that we were determined to keep our ground as long as there were two left to stand by each other."

Under cover of the night Rogers effected a masterly retreat, and with much difficulty on account of his many wounded, got back to Fort William Henry with fifty-four of his band, leaving a score on the field or in the hands of the enemy. But deeply as he felt this first severe loss, he had this consolation that with seventy-five men he had stood off no less than two hundred and fifty, and that the cost to the enemy in killed and wounded exceeded one hundred men.

A still more disastrous experience befell him in March, 1758, when, under orders from the English commander, he left Fort Edward with a party of one hundred and eighty men for a scout in the neighborhood of Fort Carillon. He set out "with no little concern and uneasiness of mind," because of the smallness of his force, as he had the greatest reason to believe that the French were expecting him, and he had hoped to be given four hundred men at least, whereas he had perforce to be content with less than half this number. Proceeding over the frozen bosom of the lake on skates, or through the forest on snow-shoes, the Rangers cautiously approached the hostile territory until the advance guard reported the enemy being in view.

"We immediately laid down our packs, and prepared for battle," Rogers records, "supposing these to be the whole number or main body of the enemy. We waited till their front was nearly opposite our left wing, when I fired a gun as a signal for a general discharge upon them, which killed about forty Indians. They retreated, and I now imagined the enemy totally defeated; but we soon found our mistake, and that the party we had attacked was only their advanced guard, their main body coming up consisting of 600 more, Canadians and Indians, upon which I ordered our people to retreat to their own ground, *which we gained at the expense of fifty men killed;* the remainder I rallied, and drew up in pretty good order, where they fought with such intrepidity and bravery as obliged the enemy (though seven to one in number) to retreat a second time."

But the French quickly rallied, and "warmly pushed their opponents in front and both wings, getting so close that" the parties were not more than twenty yards asunder in

general, and sometimes intermixed with each other.

Thus the battle was waged fiercely for the space of several hours with heavy loss on both sides in killed, wounded and captured. One party of Rangers numbering twenty, being surrounded by three hundred Indians, deemed it best to surrender on the explicit assurance of good treatment, but Rogers in a foot-note states that instead of this pledge being kept, they were inhumanly tied up to trees, and hewn to pieces in a most barbarous and shocking manner.

A more desperate situation than that of the Rangers can hardly be imagined. They were practically surrounded by an overwhelming force of merciless enemies, and yet their leader, whose skill in strategy seems to have been no less remarkable than his dauntless courage, records their escape in these modest, matter-of-fact terms:

"I now thought it most prudent to retreat, and bring off with me as many of my party as I possibly could, which I immediately did; the Indians closely pursuing us at the same time took several prisoners."

The severity of the struggle and the marvel that any of the Rangers survived it may be judged from the fact that their actual loss reached one hundred and twenty-five out of their whole number of one hundred and eighty.

Yet this was not the worst that was to befall him in the discharge of his duty. In September of the following year he was sent on a mission of punishment to the Abenakis of St. Francis. These Indians have been the scourge of the New England border, where they surprised and burned hamlets and farmhouses, killed men, women and children without mercy, or subjected them to diabolical tortures. Lord Amherst's instructions to Rogers were:

"Remember the barbarities that have been committed by the enemies, Indian scoundrels. Take your revenge, but don't forget that though these dastardly villains have promiscuously murdered women and children of all ages, it is my order that no women or children be killed or hurt."

Rogers and his men set out in whale-boats and, eluding the French armed vessels, reached the north end of Lake Champlain, where the boats were hid, and the party proceeded overland. On the evening of the second day's march some friendly Indians brought in the startling intelligence that the boats had been discovered, and that a strong force of French were in hot pursuit. Rogers promptly decided to take the daring course of outmarching his pursuers, striking St. Francis before succor could arrive, and then returning to Lake Memphremagog.

For nine days he toiled through the forest, and at last reached the Indian town with his followers reduced by accidents and illness to less than one hundred and fifty. Disguised in Indian dress, he entered the town alone, and found the Indians yelling and singing in a grand dance. Rejoining his party, he gave directions as to the attack, and just before sunrise the Rangers burst upon the sleeping savages. By seven in the morning the dread work was done. At least two hundred braves had been killed, and a number of women and children taken prisoners, while five English captives were released. The town, whose doors were hideously decorated with English scalps, was pillaged and burned, and then the destroyers made haste to retreat.

Their food supplies giving out as they neared Lake Memphremagog, they were compelled to break up

into small parties the better to sustain life by hunting, and taking advantage of this, the enemy fell upon these fragments, and killed or captured the members of several of them.

Rogers had a terrible time of it. There was scarcely any game, and the barren wilderness yielded no sustenance but a few lily bulbs and ground nuts. Leaving his party to these miserable resources and promising to send them relief within ten days, Rogers made a raft of pine logs, and drifted on it down the Connecticut River until after five days of harrowing privation he reached the first English settlement, Charlestown, whence he immediately sent back a canoe laden with provisions, following himself with other canoes two days later. In the end, most of his men were saved, although some died of famine and exhaustion. Of those who had been captured a French contemporary grimly records that they

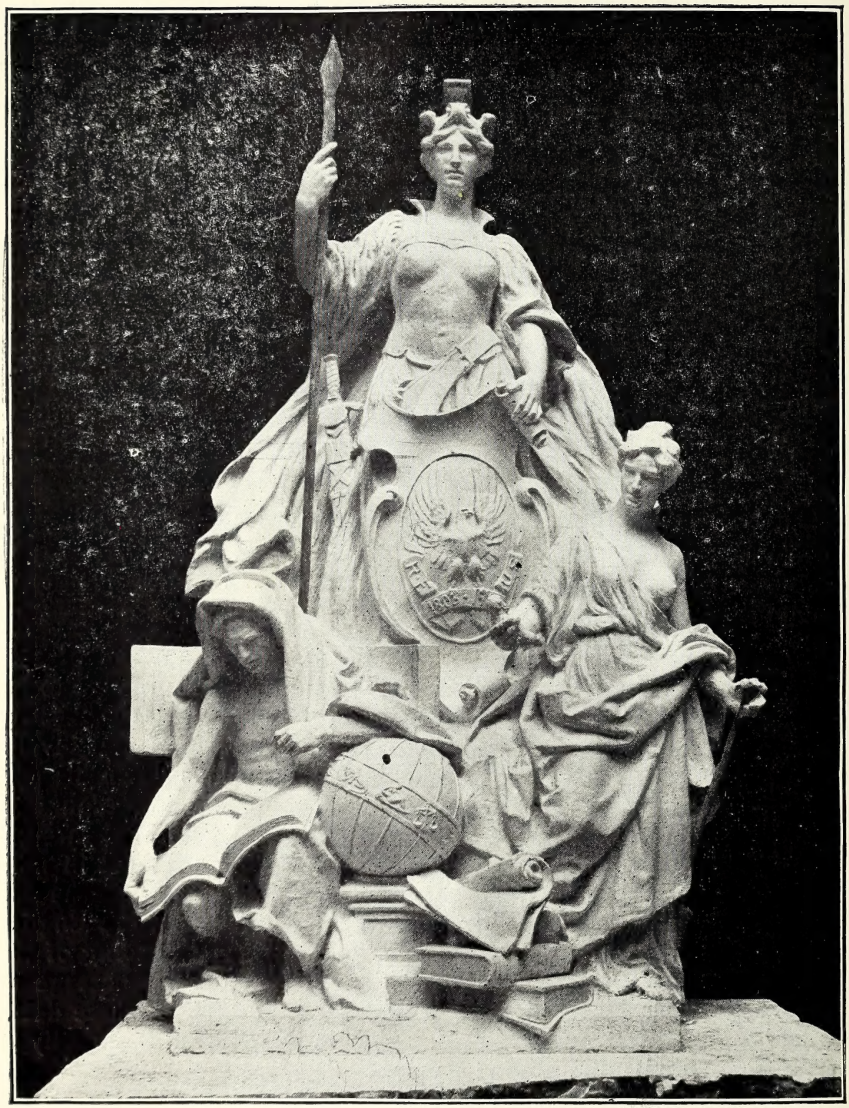
"became victims of the fury of the Indian women, from whose clutches the Canadians tried in vain to save them."

It would be out of the question to follow Major Rogers through his multiplied adventures during the years 1759 and 1760. He was never long at rest. When not engaged in his hazardous scouting, he was busy recruiting his force, company after company being added until at one time he had nearly a thousand men under his command.

In September of 1760 he was directed by General Amherst to go to Pittsburgh with dispatches for Brigadier-General Monckton, and at the same time to reconnoitre and explore the country as much as possible in the neighborhood of Detroit. This commission he fulfilled to the entire satisfaction of the authorities, and without running any great risk, or suffering any special hardships. It took him until February of the following year to accomplish all that had been committed to him, the particulars of which are given in detail in the Journals, whose last entry is as follows:

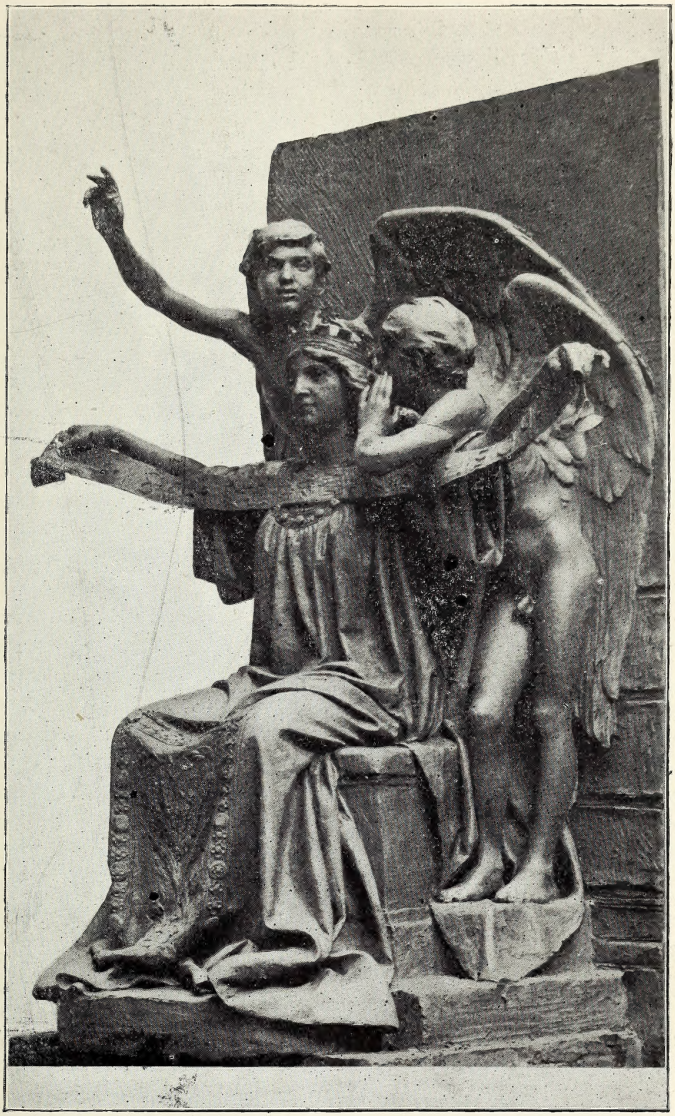
"After tarrying at Albany until 26th I came the common road to Philadelphia, from thence to New York, where, after the long fatiguing tour I arrived February 14, 1761."

And so, without a word of self-congratulation, or any appeal to his readers to remember him because of his remarkable exploits and invaluable services, he lays down his pen, leaving the unadorned account of them to posterity with apparently the same nonchalance that in mid-winter or mid-summer alike he forsook the safe shelter of the English stronghold for the threading of the trackless forest, or the passage of the far-extending lakes where death lay ever in wait for him—happily in vain.



"SCIENCE:" MODEL FOR GROUP ON THE PALACE OF MANUFACTURES,
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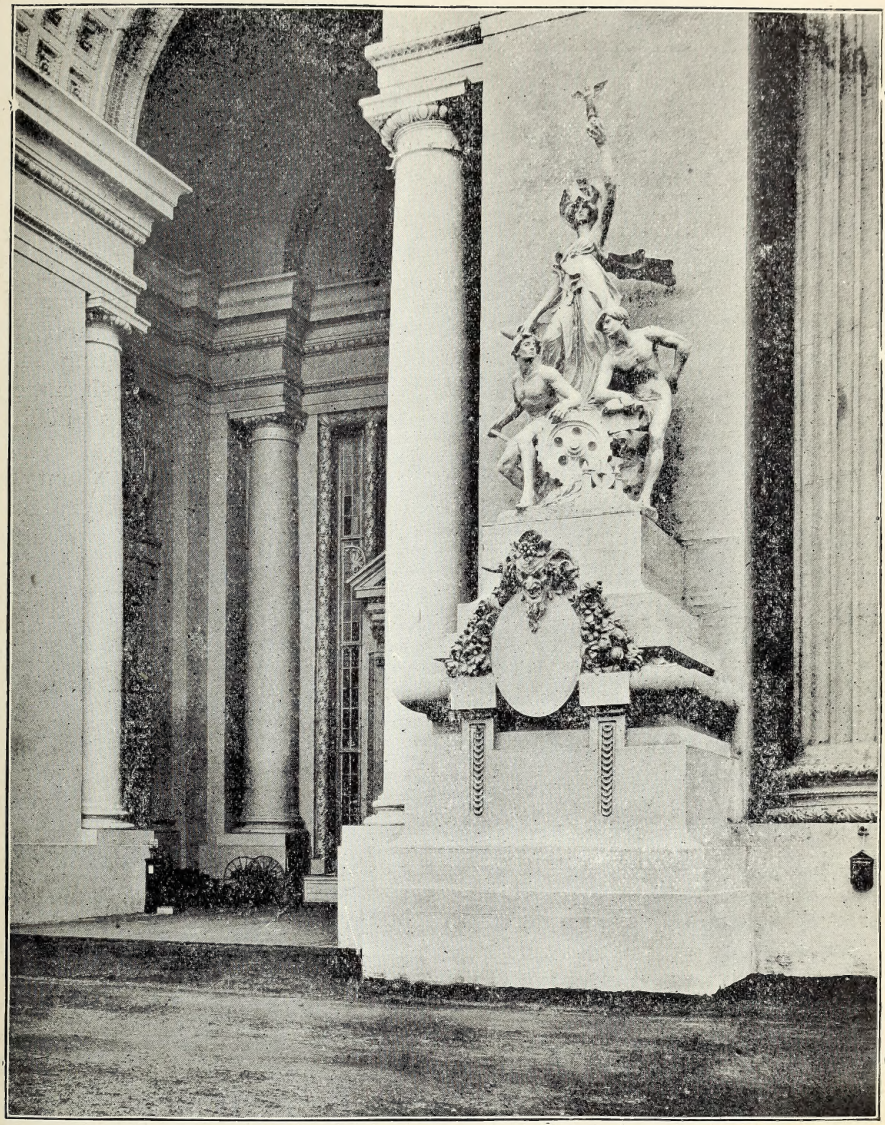


ST. LOUIS AND THE GUIDING SPIRIT.
C. H. NIEHAUS, SCULPTOR.
SCULPTURE FROM THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE
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Worcester County Inventors

By GEORGE F. HOAR

With Biographical Sketches by Alfred S. Roe

PART I.

[In one of his many speeches in Congress, Senator Hoar once remarked on the pre-eminence of Worcester County in the matter of inventions. A request to elaborate the thought drew from him, in the summer of 1903, the following sketch, very likely one of the very last of his dictation, all the more interesting in that it touches for the most part upon the lives and services of men whom he had personally known.]

THE County of Worcester has many titles to distinction in history. If she cannot compete with Plymouth and Essex and Suffolk in Pilgrim and Puritan memories, or with Middlesex by reason of her historic battlefields, that was because she was settled later. The town of Worcester was founded by three famous soldiers of the English Civil War, two of whom had served with distinction with Cromwell himself. Her people were full of the spirit of the Revolution. Artemus Ward, who preceded Washington as the General of the Revolutionary Army, dwelt about seven miles from Worcester Court House; Rufus Putnam, the founder and father of Ohio, to whose military genius it was due that the British were compelled to evacuate Boston without a bloody struggle of which the issue would have been doubtful and in which the advantage would have been on the side of the enemy, who fortified West Point, to whom under God it is owing that the United States is not now a great slave-holding empire, was born at Sutton, twelve miles south of Worcester Court House, and when he founded the Ohio Company, lived in Rutland, about twelve miles north of the same point.

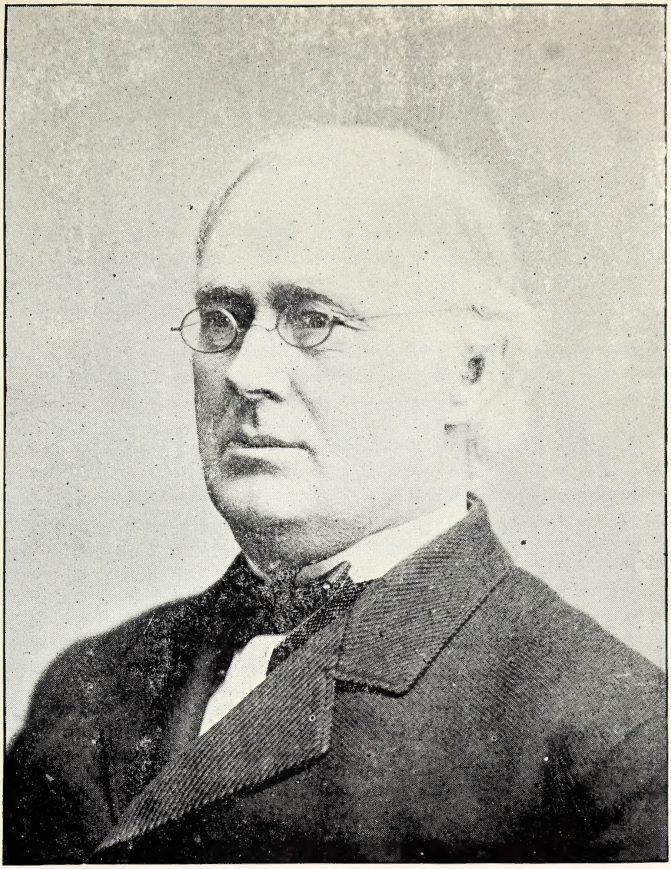
Later, Worcester was the leader in the great political revolution against slavery. On the 28th of June, 1848, the first Free Soil meeting in the United States, from which came the Republican party, was held on Worcester Common.

Later still, Worcester County was ranked fourth in the United States for the value of her agricultural products.

Worcester County was recently, and I suppose still is, the spot on the earth's surface where labor gets the largest proportion of the joint product of labor and capital. Now for more than fifty years her mechanics have been famous the country over, and many of them over the world.

But perhaps beyond all these is her title to distinction as the very home and centre of invention. I do not think any other place in the world, of the same size, can boast of so many great inventions as the region covered by a circle with a radius of twelve miles, of which the centre is the city of Worcester.

Twelve miles to the southeast, in Westboro, was born Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin. This invention more than doubled the value of every acre of cotton-producing land throughout the entire South. Its political results were incalculable. It arrested the destruction of the system of slavery which



THE LATE UNITED STATES SENATOR GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

the States, one after another, were giving up, and made it profitable for the Gulf States to keep slave labor and for Virginia to raise slaves for the Southern markets.

Twelve miles west of Worcester, at Spencer, was born and lived Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine. This invention has caused a revolution in what may be called the industry of the household and has brought comfort and rest to almost every woman in the country who, without it, would have had to get her living by her needle, or who was obliged to carry on, in whole or in part, the affairs of a household. Elias Howe enlisted as a private in a regiment raised for the Civil War. When the Government was in great difficulties in the early days of the war, and the pay of our soldiers was in arrears, Elias Howe, though a private, drew his personal check for the entire pay of the regiment to which he belonged for a period of several months.

Six miles south of Worcester, at Millbury, dwelt Thomas Blanchard, the inventor of the machine for the turning of irregular forms. This, perhaps, was the most important and difficult of all the inventions of which I have to speak. When it was first announced that a gun stock could be made by machinery, it was

considered almost a miracle. Mr. Blanchard, while engaged with his brother in the manufacture of tacks by hand, invented a lathe to turn the whole of a musket barrel from end to end by one single self-directing operation. His machine for the turning of irregular forms now in use for making gun stocks, can also be applied to busts, shoe lasts and spokes, and indeed to almost every irregular form.

Amos Whittemore, who invented the wonderful card clothing machine, was of an old Leicester family. He was born shortly after his parents left Leicester for West Cambridge, now Arlington. His card clothing machine seems to come nearer human brains than anything manufactured by man. The machine sets the cuts of a proper length, the lever of the card fastens them in their place, and dismisses the complete article; and if any part of the process goes wrong, the machine instantly stops of itself and rings a bell for an attendant to come and cure the trouble. It was of this machine that John Randolph, who in general hated Yankees and inventors, said, when there was an application to extend its patent, "Yes, I would renew it to all eternity, for it is the only machine that has a soul."

I did not know Whitney, Howe, Blanchard or Whittemore, personally. The other men of whom I shall speak I knew very well, except Mr. Bigelow, most of them intimately. I was counsel for a majority of them after I entered upon the practice of the law.

The envelope machine, out of which has grown such a vast industry, was the invention of Dr. Russell L. Hawes of Worcester. He was my intimate, personal friend. We lived together in the same house, when we were young men, and I maintained an affectionate and agreeable relation with him until his untimely death. He was a very accomplished person, educated as a physician, a gentleman who would bear himself with dignity in any company, anywhere, and in every way a public-spirited, upright, and most valuable citizen.

When I came to Worcester, Ethan Allen and Charles Thurber were associated in partnership in the manufacture of pistols. I believe both of them contributed to the perfecting of pistols, especially revolvers. The credit of the modern revolver is generally, and I have no doubt justly, ascribed to Mr. Colt of Hartford, Connecticut. A workman in his employ, I believe, claimed that he was the originator of the idea and that Colt borrowed it from him, but that is true in a great many cases of great inventions. Such a claim is almost certain to follow a great invention by a successful manufacturer; the case where it does not is the exception. The principle of Colt's revolver, however, is found in an ancient weapon now existing, which I have myself seen at Warwick Castle in England, made centuries ago. I believe, although I am not sure, that Mr. Colt himself had seen or heard of the rude weapon at Warwick Castle. But it has not, in the judgment of mankind, diminished his title to public gratitude. He received orders of merit, medals and diplomas for his invention from nearly all the governments of Europe.

Allen and Thurber, however, very much improved the original revolver by devices of their own. I suppose Mr. Allen was the better mechanic of the two and had the more inven-

tive genius. Thurber was an educated gentleman, who amused himself by writing poetry, not of a very high order, but humorous and amusing to his neighbors, who always liked to hear it at social gatherings. He was a great favorite with his neighbors and friends, and was, I believe, a member of the Legislature. He moved to New Jersey before his death.

Allen was a man of great courage, resolution and strength. He made a large fortune, which he would in all probability have largely increased if his life had been prolonged. He went home one night after midnight, and just as he was going to bed, he heard a noise in his chamber, and found a burglar, who had been interrupted by his return, under the bed. He dragged the man out. The fellow freed himself for a moment from Allen's grasp, drew a pistol and pointed it at his breast. Nothing daunted, Allen pressed upon him, and the fellow snapped the trigger, but the pistol didn't go off. Allen knocked him down, took him by the collar, and, unaided, took him to the police office. After he left the house, a confederate of the burglar, who had hidden himself in a closet down stairs, went out and made his escape. The act was one of heroic courage, but some of Mr. Allen's rival manufacturers of pistols, said there was no courage in it at all, for Allen saw at a glance that it was one of his own revolvers that the fellow was presenting at his chest, and knew it wasn't likely to go off.

The modern plow, which in my youth was a comparatively rude and imperfect instrument, and which long after the revolutionary war was not improved much over that described by Virgil in the Georgics, was brought to perfection in the establishment of Ruggles, Nourse and Mason. One of the men who did most to improve it was named Knox. I knew him very well and transacted much business for him. He never was in the firm, but got well paid for his services and his invention. He was a successful man, very well known throughout the city and of very considerable influence.

Draper Ruggles was the head and founder of that great establishment. Their agricultural implements were sold all over the United States, largely also in South America, in the South of Europe and in Africa, in the Barbary States and at the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Ruggles was a very strong, clear-headed man. Some of his children are living now; one of them is the widow of the late Senator Corbett of Oregon, whose lamented death took place about six months ago.

Another member of that firm, who managed its financial affairs chiefly, was John C. Mason, one of whose sons, who married a daughter of Draper Ruggles, is now living in Portland, Oregon. One of his daughters, an accomplished lady, the wife of Hon. Henry A. Marsh, who for three years was Mayor of Worcester and for many years president of the Central National Bank, is now living in Worcester. Mr. Mason was distinguished for his great generosity and public spirit. He never allowed an opportunity to do a public service or to relieve human distress to go unimproved.

(To be continued.)

Eli Whitney

Westboro, the hundredth town in the Commonwealth, in the order of incorporation, is justly proud of being the birthplace of the inventor of the cotton gin. Stop any boy or girl in the streets of this township and propound the question, "Who is the most celebrated native of Westboro?" and, nine times out of ten, the answer would be "Eli Whitney." The schoolmaster is always at home on this subject, and he is wont to give his pupils practical demonstrations of the wonders of the machine which has done so much to transform this western world.

The structure in which the inventor was born has disappeared, but the pilgrim who desires to visit its site can take the Worcester trolley from Westboro and scarcely more than a mile from the village, he will be left at the beginning of a road or street which in a few moments of brisk walking will bring him to the shrine. There thousands of appreciative travellers have gone to meditate on the genius of the Yankee schoolmaster who, in far away Georgia, made the combination of brains and metal which straightaway lifted cotton to a throne and so opened the road which led to the bloodiest war in the history of mankind.

It was no fault of the Westboro lad, born here December 8, 1765, that such lamentable results followed his invention. He simply carried out the promptings of his genius whose early manifestations are chronicled in the story of the township. There we learn that the father was a careful farmer, who, in his scheme of economy, had a small workshop where he did his own repairing and made many articles which otherwise must have been bought at prices that his limited purse could poorly afford. Here the youthful Eli preferred to work, rather than delve upon the acres whence the other members of the family managed to draw a frugal living. It is claimed that traces of that early shop may still be found. When the family returned from an absence of a few days and a report of work, done in the interval, was called for, while the others told of the honest labor performed, all united in saying that Eli had given his entire time to the making of a fiddle. "Ah me," says the father, "I fear Eli will have to take his portion in fiddles." Yet the instrument proved an excellent one. What a prize it would be, if in existence today. Just to think of seeing a fiddle made by Eli Whitney!

The people were good churchgoing folks, but one Sunday Eli feigned illness, and so succeeded in remaining at home. A large watch, belonging to his father, had long hung upon the wall, and for many a day he had longed for a view of its interior. The family were not out of sight before he strangely recovered from his indisposition and was enjoying the treat of his life in going through the works of that timepiece. Every wheel was taken out, and then, strangest of all for a boy of his tender years, they were all carefully and properly replaced. When the churchgoers returned, there was no evidence that Eli had been otherwise than at first claimed, a boy too sick to attend divine service.

From the beginning, machinery and tools were his delight. The wa

of the Revolution, in progress in his boyhood, so drew upon the labor of the day that there was excellent opportunity for him to assist, and he made utensils eagerly bought by the neighbors. It is more than probable that nails of his making may yet be found in the ancient structures of his own and other nearby towns. By dint of native industry and application he saved enough to send himself to college after having taught school in country districts, and having hawked objects of his own making about the vicinity. When past his majority, the young man entered Yale College and was graduated in 1792, even there having left an impression of remarkable mechanical ability, at the same time having excelled in mathematics. The college had recently imported a very ingenious and intricate orrery which unfortunately had been harmed in some manner, so that it no longer illustrated the revolution of the planets. Local workmen had been called upon to repair, but had proven unequal to the task. Whereupon our Westboro young man borrowed several tools, and speedily put the machine in working order. When he returned the tools he was greeted with the remark, "A good mechanic was lost when you entered college."

He was by no means lost, only a bit more highly developed, so that when he had graduated and was looking for something to do, he was ready to go to Georgia to teach school, study law and do such miscellaneous things as might come before his practical mind. In Savannah he found his expected place filled, hence he was glad to accept the offer of a home, made by the widow of General Nathaniel Greene, where he began the study of law and made himself generally useful. So ingenious was he in putting in order all the belongings of the establishments that Mrs. Greene grew to entertain the highest opinion of his mechanical ability, so that when a party of visiting planters lamented their inability to more readily separate cotton fibre from the seed, she referred them to her Yankee guest, saying that he could make anything. Up to this time Whitney had never seen a pound of cotton, had never even seen the plant growing, but he was genius enough quickly to realize the things needed, to make his own tools, even to draw his own iron wire and to make the engine, ever since shortened to "Gin," which revolutionized the industries of the South, increased more than a thousandfold the amount of cotton that could be cleaned in a single day by one firm, and, thereby, gave nearly a hundred additional years to human slavery in that devoted land.

The world knows well how he was robbed of the results of his invention, how his shop was invaded, his machine stolen, and what was worth billions of dollars to the South and the world never advantaged him at all. The world does not know so well that he came North, settled in New Haven, where he acquired a fortune. He turned his attention to the improvement of fire-arms, applied the principles of division of labor, enabling each workman to do better his individual part, made the parts of the weapons interchangeable, and thus paved the way for America's leadership in almost all kinds of manufacture. He had many government contracts and so well appointed were his workshops that they became the models for those of the Government when the latter established its own arsenals. Yet after all, mankind remembers Whitney as

the inventor of the cotton gin and as such he will be remembered forever. In 1784, the exportation of cotton was hardly worth naming; in 1793 it grew to 10,000 bales; in 1860 it was 4,000,000 bales and in 1895 it reached the figures of 10,000,000 bales, 5,000,000,000 pounds. Not alone Worcester County but the whole world stands a debtor to the genius of the Westboro boy who roused the powers of a dormant in dustry and advanced the comforts humanity, perhaps, further than an inventor before him. He died i New Haven, January 8, 1825 an was buried there. After all thes years, the State of Georgia is mo ing to erect a statue to the memor of the Yankee who did far more fo that Commonwealth than all h warriors and statesmen combined.

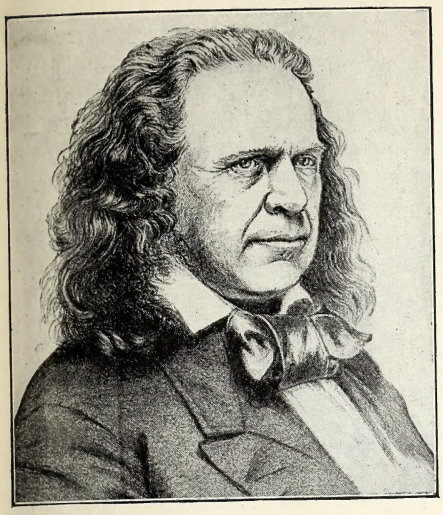
Elias Howe

Though the inventor of the sewing machine long followed his name with a Jr. the world knows little of the father, his name and reputation being swallowed up in those of his more famous son. Were womankind able to make a simultaneous statement as to the individual who had most assisted their sex, there is little doubt that the words "Elias Howe" would be upon almost every lip. It was the sight of his poor, feeble wife drawing thread through interminable fabrics that prompted this Worcester County boy to prepare a "Song of the Shirt" in a palpable form, one that should do away with the endless "Stitch, stitch, stitch" which had drawn from Tom Hood the saddest song in our laniuage.

The world will not wonder, that at the recent 150th anniversary celebration in Spencer, no other edifice in that exalted township received one-half the honors that came to the humble structure which sheltered the infancy and boyhood of the man who, in his early manhood, had perfected a machine whereby one-half the burdens of the gentler sex were lifted. He was the son of a farmer and miller, born in Spencer, July 9, 1819 and was early inured to all the hardships of a country lad to whom economy and work were as natur as breathing. There were seve other children and sickly though h was, at six years of age he is foun trying to add something to the fam ly purse by sticking wires in leathe thus making his part of the famou card clothing, a labor largely obvia ed by Amos Whittemore, another i ventor of Worcester County.

He becomes a valued assistant the running of the saw and grist m of his father, but at eleven he is s to work on the farm of a neighbo where he continues one year. Th he is at home again with all the va ations of that home life till he is s teen years old. Thence he goes Lowell and till 1837 is a loom mak When the financial panic of t year threw him out of work, he w to Cambridge as a machinist. W him, as a fellow worker at the ti was the subsequent Governor a General, N. P. Banks.

When twenty-one years old married and soon was trying to s port a wife and three children o salary of nine dollars a week. weary was he by his day's work he hardly had strength to drag h self to his home, where before ea



ELIAS HOWE, JR.

he must rest a while, and all the evening, while his young wife was "plying her needle and thread," her scarcely older husabnd was watching her nimble fingers and mentally commenting on the strength and motion necessary to wield so delicate an instrument as a little cambric needle. Here it was that the dream of a machine to lighten such work, as was nightly driven into his soul by the sight of wifely industry, began to take definite shape. There is a picture extant of the workman in his garret experimenting on the contrivances which were to do so much for the sex of mother, wife, sister and daughter. Many tedious months were spent in his attempts to use a needle fashioned like that one he had so often seen in conjugal fingers, but it would not work. Then he tried a needle pierced in the middle and pointed at both ends, but that also failed him. Then in his desperation he slept, and as he slept he dreamed. He was a prisoner in the hands of an Eastern potentate, who had given him only a few hours to live unless he perfected for the ruler a sewing machine. All was done but the needle. Alas, he could not accomplish what he desired, and so was led forth to execution. On his way to his taking off, he noticed that the spears of his executioners were pierced near the heads. Instantly there came upon him the solution of his problem, and while he was begging for more time he awoke. This was at four o'clock in the morning. He sprang at once from his bed, ran to the workshop, and at nine o'clock the needle was made and the invention was a fact.

So far as the machine was concerned, his subsequent work was easy, but when it came to reaping the fruits of his long application, then his troubles began. What numbers of men were sure that they had discovered the principles as soon as he did, if not before! What endless litigation to hold and control what he had made! How the public generally failed to appreciate what he had done! It was the story of genius against a callous, unfeeling world over again. If he had an opportunity to display his invention he improved it, and always made an excellent impression. Cumbrous as was the first instrument, it could make more stitches than five of the most accomplished seamstresses whom the opposition could secure.

With the pecuniary aid of his father and one George Fisher, an old schoolmate, he made his first machine in May, 1845, and with it sewed two suits of clothes, running three hundred stitches per minute. His patent was granted September 10, 1846. That machine is still in existence, and the mechanical principles which Elias Howe introduced are the ones still in use, and on

which for many years he drew a royalty that was princely. It is claimed that no machine was ever patented in better running order than the sewing machine of Elias Howe. However, like all innovations, it had to encounter fierce opposition. He exhibited it to Boston tailors, and they frowned upon it, because, forsooth, the knights of the scissors and the goose saw in it a possible lessening of their cross-legged occupation. Then, too, the machine was very expensive, $300 at least, and the public turned from it.

It will ever remain one of the anomalies of invention, that this wonderful labor-saver was first practically used in England, where Wm. Thomas gave Howe $1,250 for his rights and privileges. Thomas made above $100,000 out of the deal, but the poor inventor came home in the steerage, half starved at that. Of course, that was to be expected. No true benefactor ever succeeded in helping mankind till he had himself suffered all the pangs of hunger and cold in his efforts to convince incredulous man that his intentions were honorable. Having pawned all that he possessed and having sold for twenty-five dollars the machine which he had exhibited in England, he left the fast-anchored isle, and on landing in New York, April, 1849, he found himself with half a crown in his pocket. He secured ten dollars from his father by mail, and went to see his wife die, wearing a borrowed suit of clothes at her funeral. Was there any other depth of misery for the inventor, just thirty years old, to sound?

He came back to his native land to find that his machine was being exhibited in circus side-shows at one shilling a sight. Then he determined to do battle royal for his rights. The good old father, who had ever been faithful to his genius son, mortgaged his farm, for the proper munitions of war, and the fight began against the human wolves who would willingly rob this man of every result of his long vigils and sufferings. Strange it was how much everyone knew about the invention after Howe's machine was patented. Someone has given in verse the soul of all this after-knowledge:

"The invention all admired, and each
Saw how he to be the inventor missed;
So plain it seems, once found,—which yet unfound,
Most would have thought impossible."

It was a battle of giants—that over this greatest invention of the generation. As Dr. Johnson once so happily said, there was in it the "potentiality of riches beyond the dream of avarice," and the fight was waged till 1854, with more than 30,000 pages of testimony, when Judge Sprague decided the contest in favor of our Worcester County inventor, and then his rewards began. Though he did set up a manufactory in the city of Bridgeport, Conn., he never attained great fame nor wealth in that direction. The royalties that other makers had to give him speedily made him a millionaire, and in the midst of his prosperity one cannot help wondering if he ever dropped a tear over the memories of that faithful wife who had clung to him through all of his adversity, whose unremitting industry had given to him the prime idea, yet who had died on the threshold of his success. Would that she, too, could have had a part in his triumph! Though he died in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 3, 1867, he lived to see his invention in use by the million, to see above 1,000 patents taken out to

cover alleged improvements in his original invention, to know that the annual saving in labor by the use of the sewing machine aggregated more than $500,000,000.

The invention of Elias Howe is found in the uttermost parts of the earth. It works in all languages, and by all races and both sexes. Its needle pierces the most delicate of fabrics and equally well sews leather to leather, and that of the thickest kind. Factories are turning out completed work for a tithe of what they would otherwise cost, and yet how few know the obligations they are under to this native of the town of Spencer! A single corset factory in Worcester uses above 600 machines, and a maker of ladies' underwear in that same city, and under one roof, by means of more than 700 machines, deftly managed by feminine hands, is daily humming the praises of Elias Howe.

Thomas Blanchard

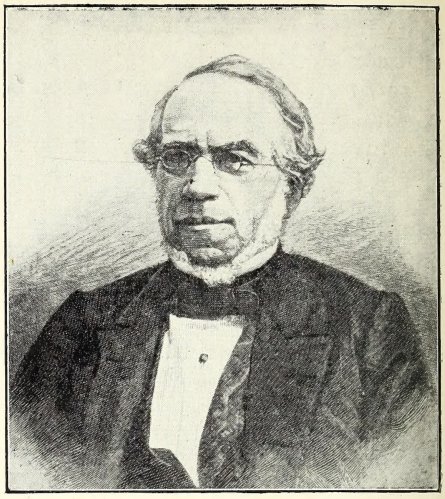
In the enumeration of Worcester County inventors, there are those who would give Thomas Blanchard the very first place in the quality and extent of his inventions, for to him is given the credit of discovering a new principle in motion, that of the eccentric. There is scarcely a machine shop in the world to-day that does not in some shape have instances of Blanchard's genius. All are Yankees who are born in Worcester County, though they may have diversified origins. The stock whence the inventor sprang was from France, Huguenots driven out by a tyrannical king and taking refuge in the town of Oxford. A branch of the family finally settled in Sutton, where, on a farm, Thomas was born, June 24, 1788, but he had not the least liking for farming. From his childhood he was a mechanic, and the despair of his industrious, plodding father.

Possessed of an unfortunate impediment of speech, which in later years he overcame, the lad shrank from the intimacies of childhood and was all the more thrown upon his own resources. His ingenuity was early shown, as when he secured charcoal from the home fireplace for his experiments, and, at thirteen, made an apple-paring machine which revolutionized the drying of that much-valued fruit. At eighteen, a brother having established a tack factory in Millbury, Thomas was transferred from the farm to help in this extremely monotonous occupation of heading each object by the blow of a hammer. It did not take his ingenious mind long to elaborate a machine which made tacks more rapidly than the ticking of a watch, and also made them better than those made by hand, a machine in which no essential improvements were made in more than twenty years, one that experts proclaimed almost perfect from the start, a pretty good beginning for the stuttering schoolboy, so long the butt of his Sutton associates. This tack machine was sold for $5,000, a small portion of what it was worth, and from the proceeds he established a shop, wherein he was enabled to continue his inventive work unhindered.

Up to this time, during scores of years there had been no advance in

the polishing of gun barrels. The rounded parts could be readily reached, but the flattened portions, those at the breach where the stock was added, had to be worked by hand, and it cost a dollar apiece to properly finish them. There was an armory in Millbury, and the proprietor learning of the genius in the confines of that very town, sent for him and let him know the needs of the occasion. Glancing along the lathe and beginning a monotonous whistle, as was his wont when in a study, he soon evolved a simple improvement in the shape of a cam motion, and the making of gun-barrels was simplified forever. "Well done," says Mr. Waters. "I shouldn't wonder if you yet invented a machine for turning gun-stocks." "W—w—ell, I'll t—try," was the laconic reply. A train of thought had been set in motion which in time brought out the machine for turning irregular forms. His success in the Millbury armory soon secured a call for him to the government establishment in Springfield, where he set the lathes in order, all the time, apparently dwelling on the words of Colonel Waters. When his work in Springfield was done and he was driving back to his Worcester County home, he much surprised certain people by exclaiming, as he drove along, "I've got it! I've got it! I've got it!" They at once pronounced him crazy as no doubt those Syracusans did who saw the naked Philosopher coursing through their streets, shouting "Eureka!"

For two years the world saw little of the young mechanic, for he shut himself in his shop and there pursued his experiments until he was able to tell Colonel Waters that what the latter, in pleasantry, had hinted at had become an actuality.



THOMAS BLANCHARD.

To be sure, it was only a miniature machine, but it was so evidently practical that other workmen were called in and a complete lathe was erected, thus giving to his native county and to the town of Millbury the credit of the first machine for the turning of irregular forms. Meanwhile, Washington had heard of his success, and he was requested to set his lathe up in the Springfield arsenal, a request with which he complied, and it remained there long enough to have another similar one made, when the original was returned to Millbury, where it continued in constant use for more than twenty years.

England heard of the invention, and sent over representatives to examine and report. They were astonished at what they saw, and reported accordingly, but John Bull could not be convinced so easily, and a second messenger was sent with tough pieces of oak, thinking them too hard for any mere machine. Much to the astonishment of the Englishman, the specimens of hard wood

were transformed at once into the most perfect of stocks. The report was accepted, and $40,000 worth of the lathes were forthwith ordered. As is usual with all great inventions, there was little disposition to allow Blanchard to enjoy any great results from his labors, and he himself stated in Washington, before a Congressional committee, when he applied for the second renewal of his patent, that thus far he had received little more than his board and clothes for what he had done, while litigation had cost him more than $100,000. Fortunately for the inventor, Rufus Choate was then in Congress, and his wit and wisdom coming to the rescue of the genius, he secured a renewal of the patent. To show the possibilities of his machine to turn irregular forms, he actually set up in the National Capitol one of the lathes, and there in the presence of all who cared to look, using plaster figures as models, he turned in marble the heads of Webster, Clay and others, far more exactly than the hand of an artist could fashion them. The witty Choate said Blanchard had "turned the heads of Congressmen," and so he had, and they were sufficiently appreciative to grant him what he asked.

The foregoing invention alone would have given Blanchard immortality, but he did not stop here. He made steamboats of such light draught that they could run over rapids and shoals, and he invented methods of bending wood so as to not impair in the least its native strength. He could bend a shingle at right angles and leave it as strong as before. His invention was particularly valuable in the bending of timber for the knees of vessels. Beginning to realize on the many inventions he had made, he took a house in Boston, and there, in comfort and dignity, spent the remaining years of his life. Middle-aged people can remember when the old-fashioned right-angled slate frames gave way to a continuous frame with rounded corners. Many such people may now learn for the first time that each and every frame thus employed had paid a small royalty to Thomas Blanchard, a royalty, however, in the aggregate amounting to many thousands of dollars. It is said that the manufacturer for whom the invention was made refused to pay Blanchard $2,000 outright for the invention, preferring to pay him a royalty of five per cent. His feelings may be imagined when he paid over to the genius more than two thousand dollars the first year.

He improved the manner of making the handles of shovels, saving material and making a stronger handle. The principles of his inventions were applied in so many ways, that to-day the world is full of what Blanchard did. Millions of boot and shoe lasts are made every year, and every one is a tribute to the Sutton boy. To drop out for a single day, from the factories and machine shops of the world, the inventions and applications of Thomas Blanchard would throw the mechanical world into inextricable confusion. When the nation gets tired of erecting statues to soldiers, perhaps it will remember the men who helped to make life worth living.

Blanchard lived till April 16, 1864, when he ceased from earth, and his mortal remains were borne to Mount Auburn, where hero-worshippers may find his grave on Spruce avenue, his monument being surmounted by a bust of the great inventor, and upon the base is a medallion or relief of the lathe which gave him his world-wide reputation.

Amos Whittemore

Among the many industries to whose prominence Worcester County lays claim is that of the making of card clothing, or that process of arranging wire teeth upon leather, itself to be placed upon a flat or cylindrical surface for the purpose of detaching fibres of stock and laying them parallel. Originally this was done entirely by hand, the work being given over largely to women and children, at least certain parts of the same. Employment was thus given to many hundred people in certain portions of the country. This was particularly true of the town of Leicester, where, as early as 1785, the manufacture of cards began. Gradually labor and time-saving devices were introduced, so that much more work was accomplished, though the system was still a long ways from being a machine.

In 1790, when Samuel Slater was contemplating the establishment of a cotton mill in what is now the town of Webster, one of his chief obstacles was the difficulty in securing cards for his operations. Then it was that Pliny Earle of Leicester, who had made cards by hand in 1786, undertook to furnish the mill owner with the necessary number of the indispensable cards for the factory. He had already so far advanced the making of cards that he was using machines, such as they were, and to him and his town belong the honor and credit of being the first to engage in the manufacture of machine card clothing in the United States, and it is noteworthy that to-day, far beyond a hundred years from that date, the making of cards still continues to be the town's chief industry.

Naturally, if a family should remove from the locality in which certain employment had been prominent, some memories of the same will linger, or stories of the same may be carried to those who move away. At any rate, a family by the name of Whittemore moved from Leicester to the town of Cambridge, very near to the line which now separates that town from Arlington, and there, April 19, 1759, Amos Whittemore was born in a house which was standing when Leicester celebrated the centennial of card making, in 1885. He must have been a sturdy lad of just six years when on his birthday the representative of England went through West Cambridge, or Menotomy, on their way to Concord. Though we do not learn that Amos fought in the struggle, he none the less helped to rid the country of British thralldom, for from 1789 till 1812 the duty upon cards was fifty cents a dozen, and in the latter year it was raised to one dollar, but when in 1816 the tariff was rearranged cards disappeared entirely from the list, the genius of Whittemore having absolutely destroyed foreign competition.

Amos Whittemore's father was a farmer on a small scale, and his boys had to work hard from their childhood, getting only a little schooling, and that in the winter. Amos was very quiet and undemonstrative, quite disinclined to the life of a farmer. He was early apprenticed to a gunsmith, and in this labor soon found means to indicate his inventive nature. He was an inventor from the start, and could undertake nothing without an idea of improving it, in some way. He early made a loom for the weaving of duck, but

there was not sufficient demand for the fabric to make the machine a success.

In 1788, with his brother William and five others, he entered a firm, called Giles Richards and Company, for the manufacture of card clothing. Amos was the mechanic of the firm, and he soon saw the necessity of a machine which should unite all the processes of making in one machine. To recognize a need was to him a signal to act, and he immediately devoted himself to the task. Day and night were alike to him in his application. He took no rest till absolutely driven thereto by necessity. His health even was threatened, but he did not yield, still clinging to his idea. He had accomplished all that he had started to do except the device which should make the second and final bend in the wire. Here he halted till illness stared him in the face. Happily, like Howe of the sewing machine, he had a dream which gave him his clue, and when he awoke, going immediately to his shop, he soon put the finishing touches upon the model.

Having made a finished machine of full size, he took it to Washington, to show Congressmen what he was able to do. His patent was granted June 5, 1797, and it was renewed in 1809, to run fourteen years from June 5, 1811. It was in the discussion over the renewal that John Randolph made his famous remark. There are other claimants for the credit of inventing the machine, but there is no doubt as to Whittemore's getting the patent. Eleazer Smith, of Medfield, had almost perfected a similar combination when Whittemore's success was announced. It is generally granted that Whittemore did secure ideas from Smith, and the latter's failure to get in ahead broke his heart.

Bishop, in his "History of American Manufactures," says:

> "The wonderful piece of mechanism, devised by Amos Whittemore created a complete revolution in the business in England and America, by reducing all the successive operations of holding and piercing the leather, drawing the wire from reel, cutting and bending the card tooth, inserting and finally shaping the tooth to a series of rapid, precise and completely automatic movements."

On July 12, 1812, he sold all his rights in the invention to his brother Samuel and others, for the remaining period of thirteen years for $120,000, thus varying from the general rule of inventors, who have had to fight for their rights and their emoluments. Having a competence, he retired to an estate which he had purchased, in West Cambridge or Arlington, and there gave himself up to a leisure, devoted to study, particularly in the way of astronomy. In this line he devised, and spent a deal of time upon perfecting, an orrery, which, however, he did not complete. He died March 17, 1828, and upon his tombstone his virtues and accomplishments are set forth in a lengthy inscription.

The Devotion of Francesca

By EUGENIE M. FRYER

IT had been raining all the morning, and when at noon the sun peeped out from the dark shadows and finally drove them away I donned my wraps, slung my camera over my shoulder, and went for a ramble along the Via Appia. I had been in Rome since the autumn, when I had joined the corps of American nurses there, presumably to tend the sick. But people seldom get sick in Rome, and in the intermissions between cases I spent my time exploring. This was a holiday, and I was making the most of it.

In the ruins of the past I forgot that I was living in the "uncertain glories of an April day," and heard neither the note of warning nor saw the black and white thunder heads gathering *en masse* in the west. I was absorbed in studying the old ruins and revelling in the bright-colored wild flowers glistening from their morning bath. The freshness and beauty and brightness of spring gathered softly at the feet of the gray moss-covered ruins, the whole melting into the purple distance of the hills. A gust of wind whirled by in a cloud of dust, a drop of rain splashed on my face, then another and another. Quickly gathering up my traps, I started back through the old city gate and along the narrow crooked streets. Even in the rain the atmosphere of Rome is exhilarating and full of color; it holds one in its bonds of fascination. Men were screaming at their horses, women at their pretty, dirty children. At one corner a man was playing "Marguerita," while a picturesque little chap by his side sang it in a clear treble voice. It was a musical voice, and I paused even in the rain to listen. Quick as a flash the boy turned his attention to me, and when he had finished he came up with a pretty bow and a smile, as he held out his hat.

"*Soldi, signorina? Soldi? Grazie, signorina,*" as I gave him a few coppers.

It is a serious thing to give to beggars in Rome, as I found, and repented bitterly of my generosity. Children swarmed after me. One of them, a little girl, peeped up into my face, her dark eyes twinkling from beneath their soft, curling lashes.

"You speke English? Oui? Go away, ga away," she said roguishly.

"*Beni*," I laughed back.

I turned the corner of the street on which I lived and saw a young man come out of No. 40. My number was 39. The young man and I were opposite neighbors. His face was white and haggard, his eyes lifeless and dull. Surely he was not going to stand beneath Francesca's window in this pouring rain? He would get cold and perhaps die. He leaned against the wall, gazing up at the window which was next mine. He drew his coat closer around him, for the wind was keen, and I noticed that it was worn and patched. Something must be done to get him out of the rain.

"Good evening," I said.

When I had first come to Rome I had dropped my Baedeker as I

passed him at his post, and he had picked it up for me. Since then we had bowed when we met.

"The signore will get cold, will he not?" I continued when he had acknowledged my salutation. He smiled slightly.

"It makes no difference if I can see her."

"But the signorina will not like to have you get cold. And you have a cough already," I answered, bent on winning my point at all costs.

"You think the signorina would care?" he asked a brightness coming into his dark eyes.

"I am sure she would not approve of your getting a cold, even worse, pneumonia, and perhaps to die."

"If she cares, it is different."

Still he lingered, and I said more sternly:

"I am a nurse, signore, and know. I am used to being obeyed. You will not stay. To-morrow the sun will be shining. I will tell her you were here. Good night."

"Good night," he said. "God bless you."

When I looked out from my window he was gone. But later, when the rain had ceased and the moon rose and beamed softly over the city, I heard him singing beneath her window in a voice subdued yet passionate. Surely the Italian ways of love-making are past finding out. They still dwell in the age of chivalry and romance.

. . . . . .

We were seated among the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, Francesca and I, and I was listening to her gay chatter, and watching the quick shade and sunshine flit across her mobile face. This was Saturday. I had visited the Via Appia on Wednesday. The air was redolent of spring. The warm sunshine had kissed the dark brown earth and it had given lavishly of its brightest flowers. Francesca's busy fingers were eagerly plucking them.

"When did you first notice Angelo's attentions?" I asked, studying carefully the heart of a blood-red poppy.

"About a year ago," Francesca answered, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders. "Not long after we came here."

"Do you like him?" I persisted.

She flashed on me her dark eyes. "No, no," she answered, almost defiantly.

"Why not?" I was bound to know the truth.

"How can I tell?" she said. "Perhaps he is too dog-like. I like a man who demands, not pleads."

"You think he aspires too high, perhaps?"

She colored. She was a picture as she stood there, the flowers in her hand. Her eyes fell for a moment, then with a toss of her pretty head she said with a smile that showed her white teeth: "Yes, signorina. He is too colorless. A poor, insignificant medical student,—it does not appeal to a girl of seventeen, does it, signorina?"

"Perhaps not," I answered, smiling at the picture she had painted. "What would appeal to you?"

"Ah, signorina!" and her eyes grew bright, her voice soft and melodious, "if he were handsome, if he were gay, if he led, instead of following, if—" and she paused, "if he wore the uniform of His Holiness' Noble Guard,—then, signorina, then it would be different."

She ended with a little sigh.

"Do you know such a man?"

I was making the flowers into a bouquet, and did not look up.

She put her hand on my shoulder,

and I felt it tremble as she stooped to scan my face. She seemed satisfied, for in a moment she said softly:

"Yes, signorina."

Her eyes grew luminous, her color came and went.

"Tell me about him," I said.

She sat down on a stone at my feet and told me of Carlos. How she had met him at her cousin's house (he was her cousin's cousin), how she had seen him once in his uniform at St. Peter's, and once he had followed her home.

"But you do not know anything about him."

"What is there to know?" she queried in a puzzled way.

"He is young, he is handsome, his family are of the best, he is one of the Noble Guard."

"But you do not know him, his soul, his inner self," I said despairingly.

"If we love each other, is not that enough?" she asked.

"Perhaps for you Italians," I answered, knowing the hopelessness of making her understand.

"What of Angelo?" I continued. "He loves you, too."

She shrugged her shoulders indifferently.

"I do not love him. I am sorry, but it is not my fault, is it, signorina?" Her eyes twinkled mischievously.

"No," I answered. "It is certainly not your fault. But come! We must be getting home. What a lovely afternoon it has been!" And picking up our things, we made our way out of the great ruins and through the winding streets, leaving the past, to return once more to the present.

The next day was rainy, so I remained at home, and in the afternoon went to sit with Francesca's mother. Francesca was out, having gone to tea with her cousin, so her mother told me. I wondered if Carlos would be there, but having learned the wisdom of silence, said nothing, and began to talk of our trip the day before to the "Baths," and how every day my wonder grew as I saw more and more of the "Eternal City." Yet somehow the conversation reverted to Francesca.

"It is hard in these days when men are so mercenary, to marry your daughter satisfactorily," the signora said with a sigh.

"Surely you are in no haste with Francesca? She is but seventeen."

"It is well to get them married and settled before they begin to get notions," the mother said quickly.

"You don't think it better that a girl should see a little of the world first and look around a bit?" I queried.

"No, decidedly no. A girl never knows her own mind. If she marry young, she is willing to let you choose her a husband. When she is older, she may want to marry someone who is not desirable,—and then there's the devil to pay."

I smiled as I bent over my work.

"Have you anyone in view?" I asked after a pause.

"Signorina, you are a foreigner, so it will do no harm to tell you. Only you must promise to say no word to Francesca."

"Certainly, signora," I said, looking up.

"This cousin with whom Francesca is taking tea," the signora began, "has a cousin, Carlos Blanca, one of His Holiness' Noble Guard."

(I started so violently that I feared she might have noticed it. But she was eager in her subject.)

"I am hoping a marriage may be arranged between him and Fran-

cesca. But remember, not a word to her! She must not know until it is accomplished. It is easier to manage when things are settled first."

"I understand," I said. "It is so different with us."

"It is no disgrace not to be married in your country?" she asked bluntly.

"No," I answered with a laugh. "We are allowed to choose for ourselves. I preferred single blessedness, you see."

She shook her head disapprovingly. "Your mother did not do her duty by you," she said.

"You think not, I suppose," I answered lightly, as I rose and went to the window. It had grown dusk, and as I stood in the shadow of the window, I could see Angelo's forlorn figure pacing to and fro. Poor Angelo! How wretched he looked! And twice he coughed sickeningly. Suddenly he caught sight of me. I drew back a little, and involuntarily he stretched out his hands toward me. Then I understood. He had in the darkness mistaken me for Francesca. I thought quickly. Why not keep up the farce? It would be fun for me and perhaps bring a few grains of comfort to him, for, as I knew, his days were so closely numbered that there was no danger of disillusionment. So I drew a trifle nearer and slowly shook my head, smiling slightly at him as I did so. I stood a moment thus, then reluctantly withdrew, dragging my hand lingeringly across the pane, as if loth to go. I saw him turn slowly away and enter his abode. Five minutes later Francesca entered, smiling and gay. From her eyes I guessed she had seen Carlos. So shadow and sunshine, joy and sorrow run through life hand in hand.

A week went by, and every day I managed to be at the window. One evening he brought his guitar and sang a quaint old serenade, so sad, yet filled somehow with passionate hope; so sweet, so tender, so full of pathos, that it seemed like a farewell. I shrank back into the shadow, listening, and watched his face, ghastly pale in the moonlight. Love had transformed the ugly outlines and made it beautiful.

Once he stopped me as I passed and told me of his hope that Francesca returned his love.

"She comes every evening to the window now, signorina," he said eagerly.

I smiled back.

"I am glad you are happy," I said. "But," I added earnestly, "be content with that for the present. Make no attempt to talk with her. Her mother has other ambitions, and if she suspected your devotion or that Francesca cared,—well, you would never see her again."

His face fell.

"It is very hard," he said between coughs.

"Some people are never satisfied," I answered gaily. "Good night, and take care of that cold."

Several weeks passed before I again saw the Via Bambino, for that night I was called away to a case in another part of the city. As I turned into the dear old street I noticed Angelo's concierge pacing slowly up and down in front of the entrance. His face lighted up when he saw me.

"Si, signorina," he said. "I have seen you speak with Signor Angelo."

"Yes, yes," I said hastily.

"He is very ill, signorina, delirious at times, and calls for the signorina opposite. But when I offer to fetch her, his eyes grow wild, and he repeats over and over, 'She must not know! She must not know!' Once

he asked for you, and when I told him you were away, he groaned, and then his mind wandered again."

"Shall I go up and see him? I am a nurse, you know."

"If the signorina is so minded."

The concierge lit a candle and I followed him up the narrow stairs, and into a tiny room. By the flickering light I saw at a glance that it was bare and comfortless.

Angelo roused as we entered.

"Is that you, Francesca?" he asked.

I put my cool hand on his hot head.

"No," I answered, "it is not Francesca. It would not be possible for her to come."

"It is the American signorina who has come," the concierge said eagerly.

"Why did you come?" Angelo asked.

"I am a nurse, and I have come to take care of you. So you must be good and do as I say."

"Yes, yes. But Francesca; where is she? She hasn't come to the window since you left."

He leaned forward and looked at me keenly. I smoothed his pillow and gently pushed him back.

"I have a message from her," I said deliberately. "But if I tell you, you must stay quiet or I will go away."

"No, no," he said, grasping my hand.

"Francesca has not been able to get to the window because her mother has become watchful. She is more than distressed that you are ill, and wants you to hurry up and get well."

"Did she say all that? God bless her."

"Now I want my patient to go to sleep, and to-morrow, if you are good, perhaps I shall have another message."

His smile grew radiant.

"I will be good," he said, and soon he fell asleep.

The concierge followed me down the stairs.

"He will rest easier now," he said. "But he cannot live?"

"Hardly more than a day or two, I think," I answered gravely.

"If you need me, call me. I shall leave word with Signora Orini that I am to be awakened should you come. Good night."

My days now were spent mostly with Angelo. The doctor came and went, leaving me in charge, but he always shook his head. "The odds were too great," he said. Every day I brought a message,—from Francesca. Angelo was cheerful, but I realized that he was failing fast. Sunday came, and with it a bunch of flowers,—from Francesca. He kissed them tenderly; he clasped them to his heart. A color came into his cheeks. For a moment I was deceived.

"Angelo, you are getting well," I cried.

"Rather I *am* well," he said smiling, And so he fell asleep.

I called the concierge, and after doing what I could, I hurried home to find I must go at once to a case on the Via San Pietro. When my patient had sufficiently recovered she was ordered to leave Rome, and I was destined to accompany her. So three months elapsed before I again saw the Via Bambino. My friend, the concierge, was at his post and greeted me affably. Angelo had been buried, he told me, in the paupers' cemetery.

"And Francesca, where was she?"

He did not know. There had been

a grand wedding a month ago, and then they had moved away.

Francesca was happy, doubtless. Her ambitions were satisfied. She had married the man of her choice. He was handsome, he was gay, he wore the uniform of His Holiness' Noble Guard. But when I visited the cemetery, crowded with its dead, and found the lonely grave in the midst of thousands, I gently laid a few fresh flowers upon it,—from Francesca.

The Praises of Spain or Certain Great Figures in Spanish Literature

By Nora Archibald Smith

ALFONSO, el Sabio, the first really great figure in Spanish literature, has a certain chapter in a certain famous book of his called the "Praises of Spain"—*(Los bienes que tiene Espanna)*.

In his simple, poetic, dignified way, thus he lauds his beloved country:

"Now this land of Spain of which we spake is like unto the paradise of God: for it is watered by five full-flowing rivers, and these are Duero and Ebro and Tajo and Guadalquevir and Guadiana, and each hath betwixt it and its neighbor mighty mountains and lands: and the valleys and the plains are great and broad: and by reason of the goodness of the soil and the moisture of the rivers they bring forth much food and are fruitful. . . . The land is rich in mules, secure and well furnished with strong places, jovial with good wines, satisfied with abundance of bread, rich in metals. . . . And—Spain, more than other lands, is cunning, yea and feared, and very mighty in battle, light-hearted in toil, loyal to her Lord, grounded in learning, courteous of speech and filled with all good things. . . . And more than all other lands is she great and powerful, more than all others is she leal and true. O Spain, who is there that can tell thy praises?"

Few, indeed, are they who attempt to tell her praises to-day, fewer still who have aught to say of her treasures of literature, ancient or modern. If one is to judge from ordinary drawing-room conversation, from subjects of advertised lectures and *conferences*, from criticisms and reviews in newspapers and magazines, from courses in literature as laid down for academies, colleges and universities, from departments in libraries, either of reference or circulation, from the ordinary run of plays, poems and novels, either in the original or in translation, as found upon the counters of our book-shops, there is scarcely a language of the modern world, unless it be Icelandic, so little read as Spanish to-day.

Yet there were years, centuries even, when Spain held continuous literary intercourse with France, Italy and England, and years when she had tenfold more to lend than they to return. From the inexhaustible wealth of her dramatic material she gave freely to the world, and not only gave, but still is giving, for the river of her inspiration has not ceased to flow. For ages, dramatists of all nations have found Lope de Vega, for instance, "good to steal from," as the phrase has been, and they are still stealing, not only from that prodigy of nature, but from

many another brilliant, reckless, spendthrift playwright, who flung his work upon the world like the spray from a fountain, as careless of where it fell.

Spain's is the richest mine of ballad-poetry in the world,—a mine in which countless literary laborers of other countries have ever toiled, and still are toiling, with many a *chispa* and nugget to show for their endeavors. The incomparable wealth of her proverbs, "miniature gospels," as Quevedo called them, has furnished titles for uncounted plays and novels, subjects for innumerable stories, and formed, either with or without due credit given, the greater part of the material of every book of maxims published since the invention of the art of printing.

Her *novela picaresca*, or rogue-story, of which the model and example is the "Lazarillo de Tormes" (commonly ascribed to Diego Hurtado de Mendoza: about 1554), set a fashion that spread to all countries and finds, so some critics claim, a nineteenth century manifestation in the pages of "Pickwick."

The claim, it may be remarked in parenthesis, appears to rest on very slight foundation, for in the adventures of that gay scamp Lazarillo are imbedded the "cynicism, the wit and the resource of an observer of genius;" it is concise, without one superfluous word, and sparkles with satirical humor, while "Pickwick" is rambling, disconnected, irresponsibly gay, benevolently humorous and fresh with country air and the red cheeks of simple country bumpkins. The most rascally of all the Pickwickian rascals is an infant of innocence compared with the inimitable Lazarillo, and the mildest of that rogue's adventures would turn white the hair of any member of the famous Pickwick Club.

As a factor in the development of the modern novel the Spanish Picaresque romances, separate and national in their air as anything in the whole body of literature, are of marked importance, and they were undoubtedly of great moment in forming the art of Fielding and Smollett.

The chivalrous romance came to Spain through Portugal, it is true, but the Spanish version of "Amadis de Gaula" (García Ordoñez de Montalvo, 1500: partly translation) marks an epoch and was of immense influence in the development of literature. Posterity has accepted the verdict of Cervantes' Barber, who classed it as the best in that kind and thus saved it from destruction in the famous bonfire, and however wearisome to-day be its innumerable adventures and its supernatural machinery, it is at least, as has been said, the only chivalresque novel that man need read.

One striking incident of self-destruction in an earlier version of "Amadis de Gaula" was adopted by many writers and finally by the author of that remarkable book, the "Tragicomedy of Calisto and Melibea," better known as the "Celestina," from the fame of one of its principal characters. The "Celestina" is a mixture of play and novel, but it could hardly have been performed upon the stage, save as a serial story in Chinese fashion, for in its briefest form it has no less than sixteen acts! It was published in the very last year of the fifteenth century, took the world by storm, was carried into every land that possessed a reading public, and its two most unhappy lovers after age-long wandering and myriad transforma-

tions tread our boards to-day as Romeo and Juliet.

Much of the book is too flagrantly vicious, both in thought and language, to be read with comfort nowadays, save by those who study it as a landmark of literature, but it richly deserves that title because it is real, objective, vivid, a transcript of life and throbbing with elemental passion.

A delightful book published a year or so ago, "Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors," presents a comprehensive view of political, social and literary relations between Spain and England in the sixteenth century, and traces the part played by Spanish pride, mysticism and high-flown courtesy in forming the ideals and manner of English writers in the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods.

Antonio de Guevara's didactic novel, "The Dial of Princes," for instance, whose English translation was dedicated to Mary Tudor, is believed to have exercised considerable influence on English prose, and his rhetorical epistles went the round of the world, were translated times out of number, and were commonly called "The Golden Letters," to denote their unique worth.

The pastoral novel, like the chivalresque romance, again reached Spain through Portugal, and like it again produced its surpassing flower in its second home. The vogue of Montemor's "Diana" was immense; Shakespeare himself based "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" on the episode of the Shepherdess Felismena, and Sidney's "Arcadia" is redolent of the exquisite Spanish pastoral, from which he even borrows several songs entire.

The historical novel of to-day has a brilliant predecessor in the Hispano-Mauresque historical novel invented by Gines Perez de Hita in 1595. Some background of history there is in this work, but its chief value, like that of its successors, lies in the brilliancy of its imagination, the grace and ease of its style, and the fascinating way in which breathless adventures jostle each other through its pages. Then, as now, critics were scandalized by the disdain of the writer for absolute historic happenings, but then, as now, the great reading public, if only the tale be well told, cares little whether the events ever really occurred, stoutly maintaining in the face of the records that if they did not happen in just that way, they ought to have done so.

As to Cervantes' "*Novelas Exemplares*," did not Fielding rejoice to own his debt to them, and did not our beloved Sir Walter confess that the "Novelas" "first inspired him with the ambition of excelling in fiction?" What is the old copy-book maxim about imitation being the sincerest form of flattery? If it be so, no writer of any age or country has been more widely flattered than this Cervantes, the "Master of invention, the humorist beyond compare, the expert in ironic observation, the fellow meet for Shakespeare's self."

"The land that cast out Philip and his God
Grew gladly subject where Cervantes trod,"

you remember, and Middleton's "Spanish Gypsy," Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," "Love's Pilgrimage," "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," and "Chances," are but a few of the many instances that might be given of England's subjection to this literary over-lord. Germany, too, did not disdain to borrow of him,—witness von Weber's "Preciosa,"—and Victor Hugo himself plucked

his "Esmeralda" from Cervantes' garden, and transplanted her, all a-blowing and a-growing, to his own domain.

If we deal with Spanish influence in religious matters, we may well speak of Miguel de Molinos, the founder of Quietism; mention the importation of his teaching into France by Mme. de la Mothe Guyon and note that his famous "Spiritual Guide" at one time influenced all Europe and still is gaining its disciples.

We cannot dwell upon the mystics, three thousand of whom still survive in print, but a paper which aims to give even the most cursory view of the effect of Spanish literature upon that of other nations must needs make mention of the work of that miracle of genius, Santa Teresa, the Saint of the Flaming Heart.

You remember what Crashaw said of her:

"Scarce has she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake;
Yet has a heart dares hope to prove
How much less strong is Death than Love . . .
Love touch't her heart, and lo! it beats
High, and burns with such brave heats,
Such thirst to die, as dares drink up
A thousand cold deaths in one cup."

"The fair sister of the Seraphim," as Crashaw calls her in his prose tribute, sallied forth to seek martyrdom at seven, and in her sixteenth year made her profession as a nun. She entered literature as the author of a chivalresque romance, but later on, her writings, both in prose and poetry, dealt with things spiritual and religious alone. Her perfect style, simple, concise, varying to suit the color of her subject, could never have been acquired; it blossomed from within as the flower of her nature, and we sometimes think that her services to literature would have been noteworthy had they only served to inspire that one incomparable line of Crashaw's:

"O 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis Heaven she speaks."

Santa Teresa's position as a spiritual force is as unique as her place in literature, and from both elevations she is a commanding influence, —an influence witnessed to in earlier times in our own tongue, by Jeremy Taylor and by Dryden, as well as by Crashaw, and in the Protestant England of to-day by Froude, who compares her to Cervantes.

A word must be given also to one of Teresa's disciples, San Juan de la Cruz, of whose "intolerable raptures, too subtly sensuous for transcription," as one critic characterizes them, Coventry Patmore is the interpreter to the modern world. Patmore's "Unknown Eros," a volume of odes mainly mystical and Catholic, which has had so considerable an influence on recent English writers, is an attempt to transfer to our poetry the methods of the Ecstatic Doctor, whose influence grows ever deeper with time.

Those who know something of the devotional poetry of Spain will not wonder at its widespread influence, as shown by the work of Santa Teresa and San Juan, for as Longfellow said:

"There is nothing in any modern tongue so beautiful as some of its finest passages. The thought springs heavenward from the soul,—the language comes burning from the lip. . . . The poet's voice, speaking the harmonious accents of that noble tongue, seems to flow from the lips of an angel,—melodious to the ear and to the internal sense,—breathing those

Effectual whispers, whose still voice
The soul itself more feels than hears."

Some mention has already been

made of Cervantes and the quality and number of his northern imitators. His numerous sonnets (he even wrote one on kidney disease), his pastoral romance, his comedies, "*extremeses*" and tragedies, his "*Novelas Exemplares*," all are known, and all have been largely borrowed from in his own and other countries. True, no one has ever attempted to borrow "Don Quixote," but it was only because the book was too great a one. Standing as it does, "dominating the entire landscape of fiction," it is no more to be moved than are the pyramids. With sufficient audacity, the cover of darkness, and a geologist's hammer, one may chip bits from its base, and it may be observed that this has often and successfully been done, but the book, entire, remains unique, and the perpetual glory of Spain.

Another famous Spanish caballero, Tirso de Molina's "Don Juan," has proved more useful to the literary borrower. Whether or not a real character resembling Don Juan ever existed is uncertain, though folklorists have found the story as far away from Spain as Iceland, but it is Tirso's glory to have so treated it that the world accepts it as a purely Spanish conception. Dorimond, De Villiers, Molière, Rosimond, Corneille, Barbey d'Aurévilly and Flaubert may give their thanks to Tirso for his "*Burlador de Sevilla y Convidado de Piedra*," and Mozart has familiarized mankind with his musical setting of the same masterpiece. There exists also an English imitation in Shadwell's "Libertine," as well as of course in Byron's great poem, but none of all these artists, as a great critic has said, "has succeeded in matching the patrician dignity, the infernal, iniquitous valor of the original."

The instances here given of the literary influences flowing from the Spanish peninsula are few in number compared to what might be mentioned, and they only touch the surface of things, for "there is at the root of all this literature an intense, esoteric, indigenous quality," as some one has lately said, "a profound racial idealism which will elude all but the most patient and sympathetic study."

That study has been given to Spanish literature by at least one famous American, and I love to read and re-read what he said about a certain phase of it seventy years ago:

"For my own part," [says Washington Irving], "I have a shelf or two of venerable, parchment-bound tomes, picked up here and there about the peninsula, and filled with chronicles, plays and ballads about Moors and Christians, which I keep by me as mental tonics, in the same way that a provident housewife has her cupboard of cordials.

"Whenever I find my mind brought below par, by the commonplace of everyday life, or jarred by the sordid collisions of the world, or put out of tune by the shrewd selfishness of modern utilitarianism, I resort to these venerable tomes, as did the worthy hero of La Mancha to his books of chivalry, and refresh and tone up my spirit by a deep draught of their contents. They have some such effect upon me as Falstaff ascribes to a good sherris sack, warming the blood and filling the brain with fiery and delectable shapes."*

Thus spoke our Irving, beloved by all Spaniards, of the old-time romances of their country, and should we send another such minister to Spain he might stimulate an interest in what it has to give to us to-day. It is not impossible that when once the author of "But Yet a Woman" and "Passe Rose" becomes acclimatized in the land to which no doubt he went, attracted by what it still has to offer of the picturesque, the poetic and the chivalric,—it is not impossible that he may again make

*From "Spanish Romance,"—W. Irving. 1835.

Spanish literature the fashion and thus furnish a new resource for those who are zealous after new things, a new manner, a new style, or a novel mode of treatment.

And has Spain anything to give to us to-day? Surely yes, even if her Golden Age of Literature be past and another be not yet in sight. She has always been surpassingly great in the drama and in poetry, two lines of composition for which the native characteristics, loves and desires of her people, and the genius of her noble language especially fit her.

The inexhaustible resources of her theatre which supply the arrangements of scores of modern French dramatists have already been touched upon, and it may easily be seen how truly inexhaustible these are, for Lope de Vega alone in his time was the author of about eighteen hundred plays and four hundred *autos*,—more, by the way, than the entire product of all the Elizabethan dramatists. It has been said that any one with enough Spanish to read Lope need never pass a dull moment so long as he lives, and in fact he may be said to have "dowered Spain with a complete dramatic literature." His "*Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias*" (translated by Lord Holland), shows that he understood quite as well how to trim his sail to the breeze of popular favor as any modern dramatist. Listen to his laughing verses on the subject, written in 1609:

LOPE'S RULES FOR WRITING PLAYS

"Who writes by rule must please himself alone,
Be damn'd without remorse, and die unknown.
Such force has habit—for the untaught fools,
Trusting their own, despise the ancient rules.
Yet true it is, I too have written plays.
The wiser few, who judge with skill, might praise;
But when I see how show (and nonsense) draws
The crowds and—more than all—the fair's applause,
Who still are forward with indulgent rage
To sanction every master of the stage,
I, doom'd to write, the public taste to hit,
Resume the barbarous taste 'twas vain to quit:
I lock up every rule before I write,
Plautus and Terence drive from out my sight,—
To vulgar standards then I square my play,
Writing at ease; for, since the public pay,
'Tis just, methinks, we by their compass steer,
And write the nonsense that they love to hear."

The creed of his time, suppressed by the Inquisition in 1647, began: "I believe in Lope de Vega the Almighty, Poet of Heaven and earth," and the fact that his matchless popularity in his own country did not spread as rapidly and as widely over all Europe as did that of Calderon and Cervantes may be explained by the immense bulk of his work and the difficulty of adequate and spirited translation. He is mentioned here as the creator of the Spanish drama in the same sense as Shakespeare was of the English, and therefore of having stamped the imprint of his genius on all succeeding playwrights. The "cloak and sword play" (*Comedia de capa y espado*) was his invention; the "*gracioso*," or comic character, was the product of his brain, as also the "*enredo*" or maze of plot, the "point of honor," and the more important position given to women in the action of the drama, as well as the light in which they were regarded. The three sentiments which are still more characteristic of the Spanish temperament, personal loyalty to the King, absolute devotion to the church, and the "point of honor," were motives used with surpassing genius in Lope's plays, and motives which are still

popular,—which were uniformly so, indeed, until the revival of French influence, about the beginning of the nineteenth century.

There was a long line of dramatists before Lope de Vega, and in his own age Cervantes was a rival not to be despised. A long line of playwrights followed them both, for to be a Spaniard is to be a dramatist in essence, and scarcely a great writer of the peninsula but has tried his fortune in the art. A fascinating theme to linger on would be the "*autos*," those dramatized expositions of the mystery of the Blessed Eucharist, to be played out of doors on Corpus Christi Day. Peculiar to Spain and once widely popular, they are now no longer to be seen, but Calderon was their greatest master, almost their creator, and "the light and odor of his flowery and starry *autos*" enraptured Shelley, filled him with inexpressible wonder and delight and tempted him, as he says, "to throw over their perfect and glowing forms the gray veil of his own words."

Of Guillen de Castro's dramas on the Cid, Corneille could tell us something if he chose; of Guevara's, Le Sage might well be our informant; of Tirso de Molina's "Don Juan" and his host of imitators we have already spoken; for points upon the work of the Mexican hunchback, Juan Ruiz de Alarcon, we may again apply to Corneille; for Rojas Zorrillas' work again to Le Sage, while the great Molière read Moreto's plays to considerable purpose. There is de Rojas, too, not so fortunate in his adaptors or imitators, Moratin the younger and Ramon de la Cruz, he who made the *sainete* his own and remained for thirty years a favorite in the Spanish theatre.

And this brings us to the nineteenth century and to Martinez de la Rosa, whose two last plays, "Conjuracion de Venecia" (1834) and "Aben-Humeya" (1830), denote the earliest entry into Spain of the so-called romantic movement.

Romanticism found a more popular champion, however, in the Duke de Rivas (Angel de Saavedra), whose political exile in France and England converted him into a passionate admirer of Chateaubriand and Byron. Like the old nobles of the proudest days of the monarchy, he has distinguished himself alike in arms, in letters and in the civil government and foreign diplomacy of his country. The production of his famous play, "Don Alvaro" (1835), was as much an event in the history of the modern Spanish drama as that of "Hernani" at the Theatre Francais, and it enchanted playgoers who had long been wearied by dramas constructed on academic rules.

José Zorrilla, whom English critics call an inferior Sir Walter with an added knowledge of the theatre, produced some plays that have given him wide and lasting fame because of his vigorous appeal to the sentiments of courage, patriotism and religion, "*Don Juan Tenorio*" and "*El Zapatero y el Rey*," in spite of their hasty slap-dash methods, again rather like those of the Wizard of the North, will always hold the stage because of their force, vividness and natural lyricism.

Then there is Hartzenbusch, whose play, "*Les Amantes de Teruel*," based on a love story as old as Spain, made tears to flow from many a melting dark eye a generation ago, and there is Tamayo y Baus, who, by most Spanish critics is considered a better playwright than Echegaray. Although the latter's fame in foreign lands so far exceeds his own, yet Echegaray has

not yet produced a work which, judged by the highest standards, can compare in passion and sympathy, in dramatic ingenuity and metrical grace, with Tamayo's "*La Locura de Amor*" and "*Un Drama Nuevo.*" Echegaray has been made somewhat popular in this country by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and about a year ago a play of his ("*La Ultima Limosna*") was given, and well given, by the American Academy of Dramatic Arts (New York), but although he is undoubtedly a man of genius, his work, as a whole, has little national flavor, and seldom rises to great effects. His plays are well constructed, however, as indeed they should be when a mathematician bends his powers to the proposition, and even his sharpest critics do not deny him a certain power of gloomy realization.

I have said that to be a Spaniard is to be a dramatist; as truly might I have said that to be a Spaniard is to be a poet. Troubadouring, so they say, became at one time in Spain a pestilence no less mischievous than its successor, Knight-errantry, and although great literature can now no longer be said to appeal to the masses, yet the love of poetry has not died away and still wherever you travel in the peninsula, you shall hear in every mountain village, on every sunlit plain, popular songs in unrecorded and unnumbered quantity. There was a certain fifteenth century verse-writer, Macías, commonly called "*El Enamorado,*" for his constancy in love, whose persistency both in his art and in love-making have become a proverb in his country. Remaining faithful to his mistress even after her marriage to another, he was thrown into prison, presumably because his towns-folk were weary of his verses, and hoped that behind his heavy dungeon walls they should no longer hear them. Their hope was vain; he continued to love and continued to sing, and finally was only hushed by his successful rival, who slew him in his cell by hurling a javelin through the window. "*El Enamorado* "may be called a typical Spaniard,—save perhaps in his constancy,—and when we learn of his persistency in poetizing we cannot so much wonder at the immortal Lope de Vega, who, landing at Cádiz after the defeat of the Invincible Armada, brought with him 11,000 verses written between storm and battle, or as he says, "under the rigging of the galleon John and the banners of the Catholic King."

(To be continued.)



MADONNA AND CHILD, BY MURILLO.
FROM A PAINTING IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

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Town Improvement in Billerica

By ALICE F. SPALDING

SINCE the time when Stockbridge formed its improvement association, and, by the beauty of its streets, drew summer residents to its neighborhood, many village improvement societies have lived, and sometimes languished, in Massachusetts. The good they did lives after them, but the organizations have not always been strong enough to continue for a long period of years. At the present day, associations have the inspiration of the general movement in the country for local improvement, and the encouragement of national organizations such as the American Park and Outdoor Art Association and American League for Civic Improvement, which this year have combined under the name of the American Civic Association.

In October, 1903, the first conference of village improvement societies occurred in Boston, and was well attended. Reports were read from Stockbridge, the pioneer in improvement work, from Bridgewater, Auburndale, Jamaica Plain, Cohasset, Whitinsville and Ashfield. The interests were varied. Some were working for the instruction of children in gardening or housekeeping, and some for public parks. Whitinsville, which is a manufacturing town, is concerned with the welfare of its workmen; while Cohasset is interested in the promotion of arts and crafts.

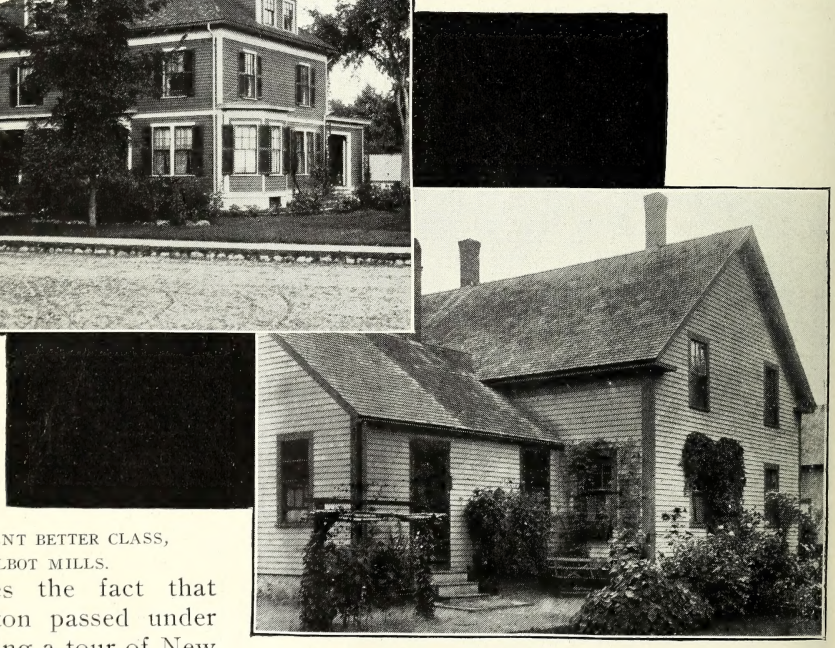
But as an example of what a town may accomplish in its zeal for beauty, Billerica, Massachusetts, perhaps, stands unrivalled. Situated on the historic and smoothly flowing Concord, along which it lies for miles, Billerica is within six miles of Lowell, and on the line of one of the pleasantest trolley trips from Boston outward. Here, about the year 1653, the town was settled, and many people of New England stock now living in eastern Massachusetts can trace their ancestry to some pioneer of the town. The stately old town gains dignity from its broad central spaces bordered by handsome buildings and shaded by magnificent old trees. The Common in the Centre has long been an object of beauty. Within it stands a monument in memory of the soldiers of the Rebellion, while another occu-

pies the site of the first meeting-house; but its chief beauty comes from its well-disposed shrubs and trees.

Not far from the Common stands an historic oak bearing a tablet, which states that the tree is one of the original forest oaks, and commemorates the fact that Washington passed under it in making a tour of New England.



TENEMENT BETTER CLASS, TALBOT MILLS.



ORDINARY TENEMENT, REAR TALBOT MILLS.

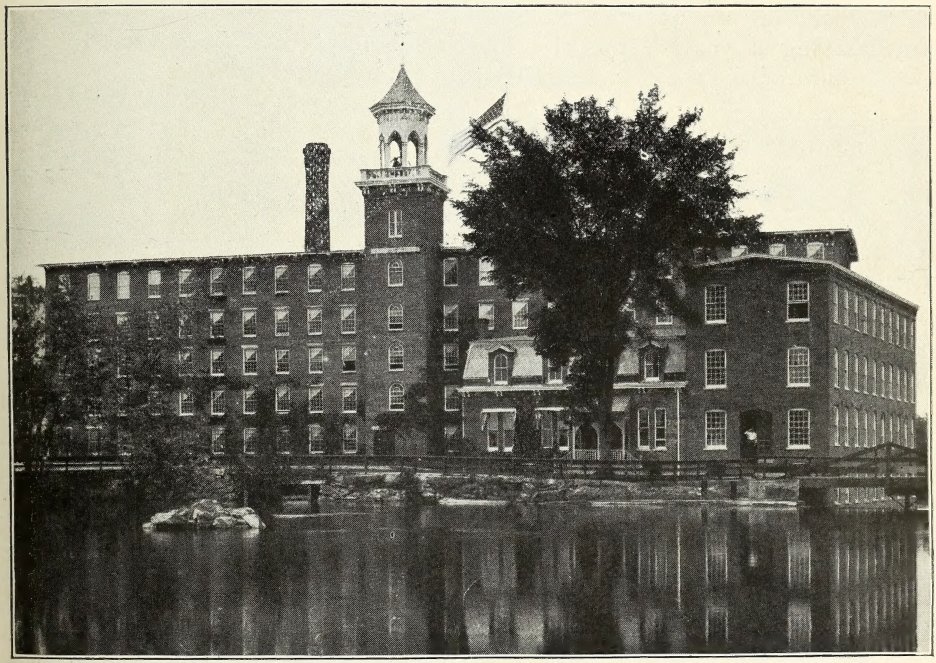
From time to time gifts have been bestowed upon the town. Such is the Bennett Library, which was given about twenty-five years ago, by a resident of the town. The first town library was instituted in 1772—one of the earliest in the State—and, though receiving care and additions, was not properly housed until the present attractive building was eercted.

Next it stands the old Unitarian Church, whose Doric columns are always an object of interest, and which has been closely identified with the history of the town.

A short distance farther on is the handsome new Town Hall, which is regarded by architects as one of the best-designed buildings of its kind in the State. Billerica is fortunate in counting among her townsmen Mr. Warren H. Manning, the landscape architect of Boston, who spends a part of the year within her borders. Mr. Manning generously consented to become Tree Warden, an office which, in this case, insures wise care of the trees and roadside growths, and Billerica has many beautiful old elms. Mr. Manning is active in the Massachusetts Forestry Association; he was for years the secretary of the American Park and Outdoor Art Association, and was

always ready to give its members expert advice in their work.

It was through his interest and zeal that the Billerica Improvement Association was formed in the fall of 1902. Mr. Manning induced some of the leading citizens to interest themselves in rousing others, and was ably seconded in his undertaking by Mr. Frederic S. Clark, treasurer of the Talbot Mills Company, who was at the time one of the committee on local improvement in the American Park and Outdoor Art Association. Mr. Clark had for years encouraged the workmen to preserve the tidiness of their home grounds, and had given them the privilege of using lawn-mowers owned by the mills. The men were thus better prepared when the subject of systematic improvement was first broached.

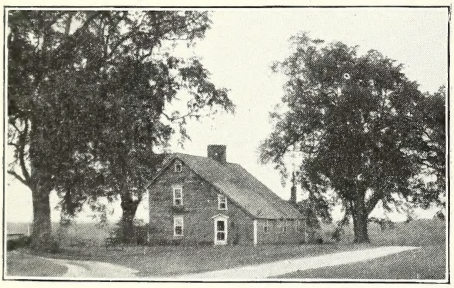


TALBOT MILLS.

The few leading spirits decided on two general meetings, one in the Centre and one in North Billerica, for the purpose of arousing the interest of the townspeople and kindling their ambition. The stereopticon, as an effective method of teaching and convincing, was brought into service, and stereopticon slides of improvement work in other places were shown at the meetings. The speakers were Mr. Manning, Mr. Joseph Lee of the Massachusetts Civic League, and Mr. E. A. Start, secretary of the Massachusetts Forestry Association. The meetings were free, and the townspeople attended in large numbers. Before the meetings were adjourned, committees were appointed to formulate a scheme of action. These committees subsequently met, elected officers, and adopted by-

laws, and thus the association was launched.

The by-laws are so simple and direct that it is a temptation to give them entire, but a few extracts will do. The objects of the association are "to consider and take action toward preserving and increasing the natural beauties of the town, and toward making it in all respects a more attractive place of residence." Any resident "may become a member by signing an application card and making a yearly subscription, the amount of the same to be volun-



MANNING MANSE. BUILT IN 1696.

tary." There are four committees, viz.: (1) Membership and Ways and Means; (2) Roads and Roadside Improvement; (3) Public Grounds and Reservations; and (4) Home and School Grounds Improvement. The tree warden and road surveyor are members *ex-officio* of the road committees, and there are women on all committees. All recommendations of the committees or members are referred to the executive committee, which consists of the president, the secretary, the treasurer, and the chairmen of the special committees. All bills are approved in writing by the president before payment by the treasurer.

The society was incorporated at the end of its first year, in order to hold real estate. This increases the responsibility of the committee on public grounds and reservations, as it is the intention of the association to acquire parcels of land as public pleasure grounds, and to preserve the banks of the Concord, the beautiful river slipping lazily along through field and meadow, its banks ordered by meadow grass or by shrubs and trees.

Prevention from objectionable utilization is often all that is necessary, and the association deems wisely that early negotiations save much time and trouble.

In one short year the work accomplished was so amazing, that it must have been owing to the energy and earnestness of the leaders.

Immediately upon organization, the committee on Home and School Grounds, of which Mr. Clark was chairman, set to work to train the school children in the knowledge and love of plants. At a small price bulbs were furnished for house or outdoor culture, and prizes were offered for the best results in spring. The co-operation of the teachers was secured, and through them were distributed the bulbs as well as printed slips giving full directions for planting and care. In the spring, seeds of annuals at one cent a packet were offered to the children, and full directions given. The helpful little paper ends with a reminder of eight things to be remembered, such as "dig deep and make the soil fine on the surface. Sprinkle the seeds every day. Keep pulling out the weeds all summer," etc.

Having started the children, the association determined to stimulate the ambition of every citizen by offering prizes for well-kept premises, window-boxes, vegetable gardens and flower gardens. Competition was open to men, women and

children, and no restriction was put upon the number of competitions one person might enter. The prizes ranged from two dollars and a half to fifty cents, there being eight prizes in each class. The winners of the first prizes were allowed the choice of books and magazines on gardening. The Talbot Mills Company offered the same inducements to their workmen, provided iron barrels for ashes and rubbish, gave window-boxes to those who wished for them, and laid out the walks to the front and back doors of the tenements.

In the person of Mr. Clark, the Improvement Association and the Talbot Company acted as one man, and the Talbot employees entered readily into the contests. Though other citizens responded in fewer numbers to the offers of the Improvement Association, they were not long willing to be left behind. The interest so grew that the number of competitors the second year was more than threefold what it had been the first year, the best incentives being the smooth lawns, the gay flowers and decorative vines of neighbors. Judges appointed by the executive committee visited the premises of the competitors several times during the season. In the fall the prizes were awarded to the winners in the various competitions. A talk was given, illustrated by the stereopticon, showing places of interest and improvement in the town, including the houses and grounds of the competitors, both in spring before work was begun, and in fall when the plants were at their best.

The main activity of the season was at North Billerica, where the manufactory is located, and it must be admitted that much of the general improvement was due to the generosity and interest of the Talbot Company, which not only laid out the grounds and paths about the tenements, but designed and planted the small park called "The Oval." Indeed, it may be said here that the Talbot family has always displayed a noticeable generosity toward the town of Billerica.

Many years ago it erected the Thomas Talbot Memorial Hall, which was designed to be used for entertainments for the townspeople. It is near the station, and is of attractive architecture, the walls of the lower story being of field stones. Gravel driveways lead in from the street, and beds of shrubbery and groups of evergreens form a pleasing environment for the building.

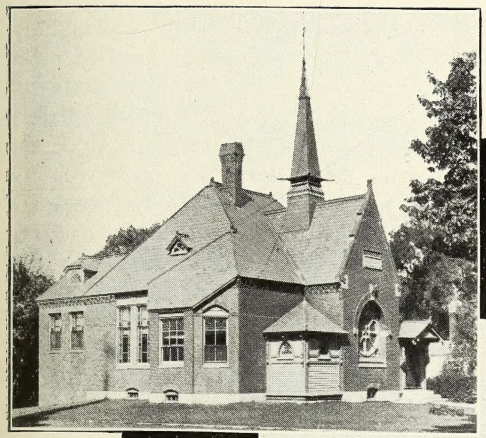
The splendid Talbot mill buildings opposite the dam in the river have long been ornamented with ivy, and now, since the organization of the association, they are surrounded by plots of grass and beds of shrubbery in every available corner.

Along Talbot Avenue, and opposite The Oval, are the houses of mill employees capable of paying a good rent. All are double, with porches or piazzas. All were designed by a well-known architect, and some are supplied with baths, and with hot and cold water. Gravel walks frame the plots of green turf and beds of flowers. Salvias, California dahlias and other bright blooms are massed against the background of dwellings and green lawns.

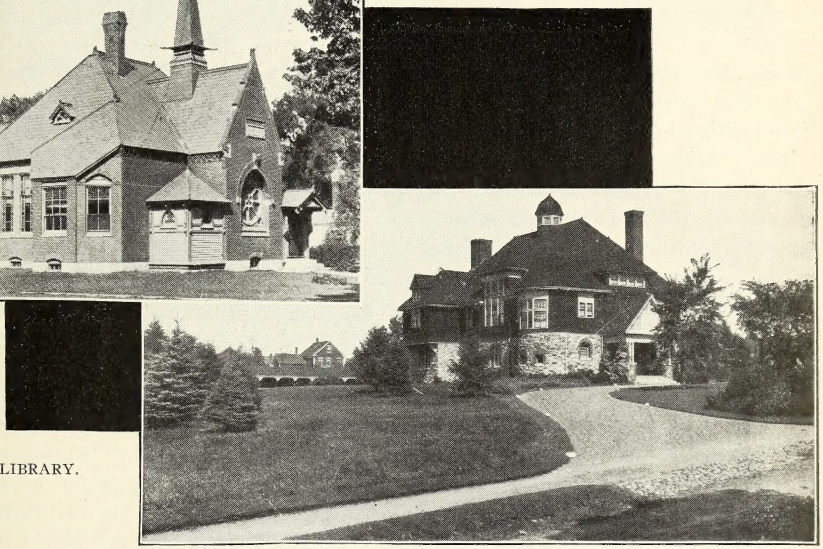
On the street back, where the houses are of the simplest character, the vista of trim walks, velvet lawns, garden beds, and window-boxes forms a pleasing picture. The back yards are divided from the front lawns by lilac hedges, and between the back yards of the two

streets runs a passage for the teaming of supplies.

As for The Oval itself, no one would recognize it for the same lot of waste land of a few years ago. There is the same flagstaff, but otherwise the plot has been regenerated. Curving paths lead through shrubbery, which, as it grows, will furnish shade and retirement. Trolley poles outline the area, it is true, but these are to be covered by vines, a different variety to each pole.



BENNETT LIBRARY.



THOMAS TALBOT MEMORIAL HALL.

To forward education, the shrubs are labelled, and a booklet, with an index of the plants and a descriptive text, has been issued, so that the people may know how to choose for their homes the plants which best please them.

Beyond The Oval stands the new Talbot School. It is blessed with a goodly setting of green, which is to be separated from adjoining lands by barberry hedges. Shrubs nestle close to the walls of the building, a generous supply of vines is planted on all sides of it, and an extensive shrubbery is in the rear.

Talbot Avenue divides, and curves about The Oval, as also do the trolley tracks, and bends into Lowell Street near the attractive Post Office.

These streets have been macadamized at the expense of the railway company. Another street has been graded to correspond with the main avenue, and across the point has been built an artistic house of four tenements, two facing the point and two in the other direction—all looking out upon lawns, shrubs and trees.

The Roads and Roadside Improvement Committee have had a map made of the triangular pieces formed by the meeting of roads, and have persuaded many owners to give these pieces into the hands of the Improvement Association. The committee have been diligent in preserving interesting trees, have co-operat-

ed with the street railway company in saving trees that would otherwise have been sacrificed in the double-tracking of the railway lines, and are now having the roads carefully surveyed and mapped to determine the boundaries with a view to preserving the trees and lower growths of the roadside.

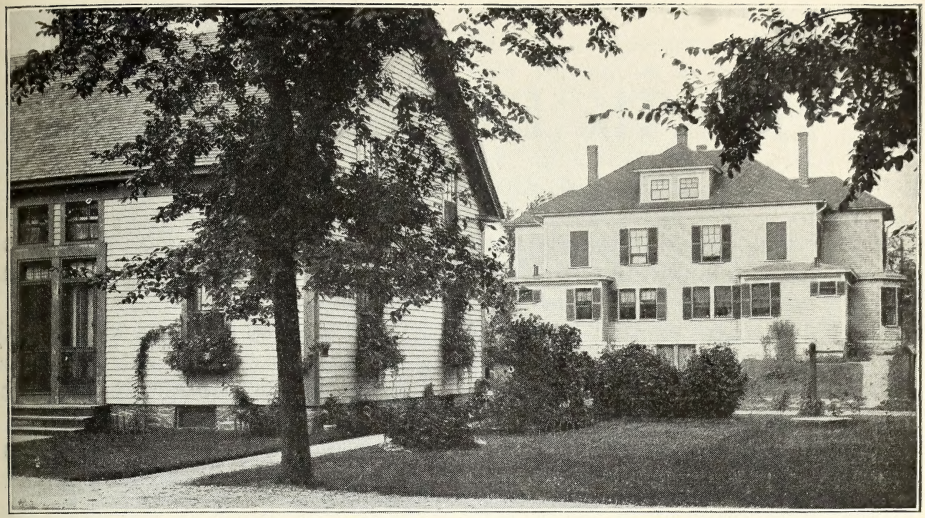
At Mr. Manning's suggestion, as member of the Reservations Committee, property owners who cut wood lots on Gilson Hill a year or two ago agreed to save a number of trees on each acre of land. As a result, the hill is much more attractive than it would have been if cut clean. He also saved other trees by purchase from the owners. They were trees situated from a quarter to half a mile from his home, but were within view. The purchase gives him a deed of the trees, as well as a right to the use of the land on which they stand as long as the trees shall live. This is probably an original sort of deed, but it is suggestive of ways and means. Now that the association is incorporated, the Reservations Committee will ask owners of fine trees to place them in the hands of the association in a similar way, because the committee regard it quite as important in the improvement of the village to save fine individual trees or groups of trees conspicuous in the landscape, as it is to develop roadside growths or to secure larger reservations.

The land on which stands the Manning Manse was granted to Samuel Manning in 1674, and the house was built soon afterward. It was never out of the hands of the family until it was placed in the hands of trustees to further some religious work. The Manning Association holds its meetings at the Manse, and expects to secure the title to the property. The building is one of the most picturesque objects in North Billerica—its long roof sloping to the north—and contains interesting relics of a former time.

From the transformation which has taken place in so short a time in Billerica, one might fancy that some good fairy had waved her wand to some purpose. And it is true, for the Spirit of Order and Beauty has worked through the kind hearts and practical minds of the leaders, inspiring them to high thoughts and generous deeds, and is gradually infusing into every resident the desire to add his share to the beauty of the town. The work of improvement will not rest with the completion of the present plans. Far-reaching schemes and dreams of large proportions and greater beauty have already taken shape in minds if not on paper, but they are still hidden from our knowledge.

Such zeal must spread. Who knows but that in a few years from now we shall see changed conditions on a far wider scale? Through Middlesex County and along the valleys of the Concord and Merrimack we may behold a panorama of smooth roads, pleasant gardens, fair fields, harmonious buildings, and vine-embowered dwellings.

It is not always vain to dream. Among one hundred and twenty towns in Massachusetts, there are one hundred and thirty societies engaged in improvement work. At the Boston conference, in October, 1903, it was recommended that there be effected some form of permanent organization of the town and village and kindred societies in Massachusetts engaged in the promotion of better civic and social conditions. This recommendation was adopted, and a committee was appointed to



AN ORDINARY TALBOT MILLS TENEMENT, WITH A BETTER CLASS TENEMENT IN THE REAR.

call another conference in the spring and to present some plan for a permanent organization.

The Conference met in April, 1904, and, with the adoption of a constitution, became a permanent organization, with the name of Massachusetts Conference for Town and Village Betterment. Its object is to bring together all town and village improvement societies, education societies, civic clubs and similar organizations in the Commonwealth, "for the discussion and comparison of principles, methods and results."

The revival and creation of these societies is a hopeful sign of the times, and fraught with promise for the future.

And when in May, 1905, Billerica celebrates the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of her incorporation as a town, she will have many causes for pride and self-congratulation—not only because of her creditable past, but because she is imbued with the vital and progressive spirit of this age—the spirit that desires to lead rather than to follow.

How The Bill Went Through

By George Brinton

"IF you are willing, Mrs. Lester, I should like this tinware to remain in this closet. It is liable to be wanted any week by a bride. Yes, it was a tin-shower. Did you ever see such a copious one? Let us rest in this window-seat, and I'll explain."

"One of my husband's clerks was to marry an out-of-town young lady. He was such a nice fellow, but so quiet and modest that he needed jollying, and especially as he had been poorly, we thought it would do him good to ask him here for his last evening and surprise him with donations. The scheme worked beautifully. All the partners of the firm came, with their wives, and the other clerks and the girls they were engaged to, and when we led John into the dining-room, and he saw the table piled high with those tin things, it was good to hear him laugh and wish *she* were here. And how *we* laughed when we put him through an examination as to what the articles were for, and he failed utterly! He went off, expecting to bring his bride in a few days to a house here in town, but he was taken with a hemorrhage on their wedding trip, and he is trying to find a climate where it will be safe for him to locate. It is very hard for the young couple, isn't it?"

"Now, if you feel rested, I will lock up the house. You and your family will arrive in a month? It is such a comfort to think you are going to have my home again this winter while I am in Europe. I hope you and the General will enjoy the Session."

"'I'm sure the pleasure is all mine,' as the children say," smiled Mrs. Lester, and both ladies caught the car in great good humor.

In a month the neighbors saw the advance guard of the Lester household arriving—four maid-servants, three man-servants, carriages and sleighs.

General Lester, having won his title from army practice as surgeon-general, and having acquired fame and fortune, had, two years previously, surprised everybody by going into politics and securing a seat in a New England legislature through making his summer residence his legal one. It had pleased him to throw himself, heart, brain and pocketbook, into the welfare of his adopted State. He saw its lacks with the trained eye of a cosmopolite. He saw that it needed good roads, forest preservation and tuberculosis sanitariums; and as simply and directly as he had made out prescriptions he proposed bills in the Legislature.

But he did not realize that politics knows no professional courtesy as medicine does. The fact that he was a cultured gentleman laboring for the good of the State made him hated by the corrupt "hayseeds" who had long run the party machine. Jake Johnson called him the "Dude Doctor"—Jake having neither clean hands nor a clean heart. Jake never

saw a Lester equipage without muttering:

"See that swell? Too good to walk, is he? Come up here a-telling us what to do in our State. Guess we run it before that whipper-snapper come, and I guess we'll run it after he goes."

For the first two months of the Session the Surgeon-General felt like a boy let out of school. He rebounded from the fatigue of his professional work, dined and wined the best men at the Capital, admitted a few to his friendship and bore himself to all with genial dignity. His wife shared the social honors with him, and his daughter of twenty-three became the pride of the town. The seamstress, who spent a day inside their house repairing party frocks, was sure of an audience as she told of the splendor of the life and yet the simplicity with which it was lived. The man who shovelled the walks—for the imported servants' backs could not stand this strain—spent his evenings entertaining store loafers with tales of the Lesters' munificence and of the outbreak of their hospitality into gorgeous house-parties every now and then.

The General and his wife captured the town legitimately. Jake Johnson heard, and swore they should not capture the State. "No gilt-edged quack should dictate to him. Give him a plain man of the people, one who didn't eat off no gold plate or keep his drink in bottles that cost more than the drink itself," this being the dim way in which he apprehended cut glass.

The third and last month of the Session was the crucial one in which measures were voted upon. The General's enlightened bills came up, were read, read again, defeated. And everyone except the General knew why. Jake Johnson, of a dishonorable record in a profession from which he had early been ousted, of a tricky reputation in this his old age, had, by masterly and monstrous wire-pulling, by innuendoes which just escaped being libels, by outrageously unappreciative remarks concerning the graceful and gracious acts of the General, got the bills voted down, and the General woke up to find himself beaten.

Tom Edgerton, best fellow in the State and youngest member in the House, let in the light to the General, who smiled rather ruefully at first, then he laughed with recognition of the whole "darned situation," and said:

"All right. Let's try another bout next Session. I shall have cut my eye teeth by that time, eh, Thomas?"

And now we come around again to the beginning of this story, to the second letting of the house, the second arrival of the goods and chattels.

But this year, automobiles having been added to their possessions and the touring car having capacious storage places, Mrs. Lester decided to let the butler come up over the road with the chauffeur and bring the silver and glass and best china with him rather than pack it for expressage.

The General wanted to open the season at once with a dinner to those special friends of the last Session who, like himself, were returned to this Legislature, and Tom Edgerton rejoiced that he would probably be asked to hand in Miss May.

Mrs. Lester had misgivings about giving a dinner party the night they arrived at a rented house, but the General was in one of his recklessly hospitable and play-time moods; an-

other year of sick-beds was behind him. The cook and housemaids could arrive in the morning and have everything ready for the coming of the butler and his table-ware in the afternoon. Therefore on the day of the dinner she dressed almost calmly, though the automobile was alarmingly late, and she greeted the Senators and Members with the charm which seemed to welcome each one most.

The last of the two-score invited guests had rung the bell, and still no butler. Mrs. Lester stealthily received bulletins from the kitchen, and delayed telling the General the predicament, hoping the cook's next signal would mean, "He's come!" But at last the telephone rang and the General answered it before Mrs. Lester could intercept him.

As he listened he showed excitement, exclaimed "The devil!" whistled right into the receiver and finally said: "Well, stay at the hotel and get a diver in the morning." Then to his wife, who had followed him into the hall and stood horror-stricken:

"No, nothing drowned but the silver and the glass. That idiot chauffeur didn't know ice when he struck it, and the auto slipped and backed into the river. The men jumped, and the driver is all right, but Gaston has a sprained ankle, so it would be of no use to 'phone him to come up on the next train—he couldn't wait on table, and what would he have to pass? By Jove, this is a mess!" realizing, man-like, what had confronted his wife from the first,—how could the dinner be served without the silver?

"We'll have to give it up, or make a picnic of it, eh? Or is there a local caterer?"

But woman's wit, which has turned the scale of fortune billions of times, was to come to the rescue once more. Mrs. Lester began to laugh. That new tin! A whole closetful of forks, spoons, plates—

"No, I don't want hysteria medicine, my dear. Go back to the parlor and let our guests have the fun of the thing while we have the worry. I'll ask the maids to get down and wash the best of the tin, and you will see a dazzling table when dinner is served. I'll run up stairs and dress the rôle more appropriately."

She stopped at her daughter's door.

"May, dear, I was tried, you were so tardy, but it is just as well, for if your dress is not fastened, put on your simplest muslin—that French one, over the taffeta slip—and I'll change into my new black silk, which looks so terribly old-fashioned. We've got to entertain as if it were a tin wedding anniversary. I cannot stop to explain, but just be jolly, and help papa carry it off. The silver hasn't come. Oh, yes, I guess it is *safe*."

When May followed her mother into the parlor, she, having tied the proverbial simple blue ribbon around her waist, looked so much more attainable than ever before that Tom Edgerton as good as proposed in the look he gave her.

The men were laughing immoderately, and there was a fresh ripple of amusement as a giggling maid, instead of the pompous butler, threw open the dining-room doors, and the General said, like a "plain man of the people": "Will the folks please walk in to supper?"

The ripple became a wave as they seated themselves. Formality was not to be thought of with two-quart measures where decanters should

have been, a jug with a reserve of liquor on the sideboard, cake reposing on wire cake-coolers, salted almonds in little heart-shaped pans, pepperers of pantry size, sauces in tiny watering-pots, a colander overflowing with crisp salad, and other five and ten-cent articles making themselves generally useful.

The guests sat down friends. They rose a band of brothers, solid for any measure of the winter's Session. Such wine—in such tin cups, never was tasted! Such a wife and daughter never before entered into a dilemma and turned it into a lark!

Tom Edgerton grew emboldened to such a degree by the sight of so much high thinking and tin living that he had the courage to linger in the den after the cigars had been enjoyed; and the men agreed they would rather have had the silver and the glass left on the auto than those cigars. He ventured, as he flicked the last ashes into the tray:

"General, I have wanted to offer your daughter such a home as she would leave — afraid I never can. But to-night makes it seem possible to be happy without all the trimmings, and if you will trust her to me, I promise to love, honor and cherish." His voice broke. The General looked correspondingly sober, but put his hand on the younger man's shoulder, saying:

"All right, Tom. You're my choice. Now see if you're hers. Think you can keep her in one kind of tin, if not in another, eh? Well, if the man is sterling it doesn't make so much difference about the rest. But mind you, my young friend, if there's any trouble, *she* won't be the one to make it. Now perhaps you'll excuse me to go back to my guests if I send May in here?"

It was not the next morning or the next, but some weeks later that the dinner party bore further fruit.

The Session was in hot headway, and the hotel office, that green-room of the legislative hall, was buzzing with those taking the political pulse, respiration and temperature for the day. Jake Johnson was whipping his men into line. The Lester good roads bill was up again, and the State bully realized that the General and his measures had a stronger hold on this Legislature than on the preceding one—both man and measures having been found to be good. As Johnson's fear of defeat grew, the bitterness of his invective increased. After the members had taken their seats for the morning, and the chaplain's soothing prayer had fallen upon deaf ears, the road bill was introduced, first and most important, and Jake Johnson arose and launched:

"Mr. Speaker:—I want to say a few words against the passage of this bill. It goes agin our way of doing things. We've always had roads and I never heerd of anybody's being kept away because they weren't passable. Some people seem to get here from other States on 'em, I notice. I guess there's as many native ox-carts as automobiles, and we'd be pretty mean-spirited to let ourselves be taxed for the benefit of others. There ain't many of us have tonnoos yet. Perhaps if a man went on a sidewalk to his work instead of being driven by a chiffoneer, he wouldn't need any better roads than us plain walking people. Some advocates of this bill say that everybody comes back from Europe wishing we had its fine roads. We ain't Europe, and we never shall be. But I don't see as we are called upon to ape after it, so long as immigrants keep coming from Europe and

settlin' here. I say if any man has a 'runabout,' let him go to Europe, and see if it will run about in those places where they don't mind smells and where rich families go to buy their clothes. I've heard a fellow-legislator say that if our roads was better, we'd have more summer boarders—they're as upsettin' as company now—highfalutin' folks, who wouldn't have to break stone on the highway to pay their taxes for these improvements, no matter how much they cost, and who could pay 'em with a check instead of a roll of hard-earned greenbacks from their breeches pocket. I'm namin' no names, but I'm for Jeffersonian simplicity."

And the member from Way-back sat down, incoherent through anger.

Tom Edgerton was half-way down the aisle. He had thrown his head back at the word automobile, as if an idea struck him, and now he paused at Jake Johnson's desk and shook his fist at the boor.

"You name no names! No, because the law restrains you and decency forbids my bringing a dear and honored name into this discussion. But seeing we all know whom you are talking about, let me tell you you don't know what you are talking about. 'Jeffersonian simplicity'! You talk as if the framer of this bill lived on gold plate,—when he wasn't living off you. Did you ever sit at his table and see its array of good old tin dishes, such as our grandfathers used to eat off of? Did you ever see the cider jug circulate around his board? Did you ever see it graced by women dressed in black silk and white muslin, which can be bought even in your town? Do you know that the family delights to make the less expensive answer for the costly? Well, sir, I have seen and known what I describe; and I call upon those who have enjoyed Jeffersonian simplicity at the hands of the father of this bill to plead better than I can for its passage. I have proved your prejudice against its framer to be unfounded; your prejudice against the bill is as much without reason."

The House was roaring. Those who had dined with Tom on the borrowed tin were the first to see the drift of his defence, and their guffaws were followed by those of the dozens of Members who had been let into the joke. The Speaker of the House caught on, and when he rapped, his dancing eyes belied his stern demand for order. The clerk's voice, reading the bill for the last time, made itself heard and the question was put. The vote stood:

Yeas—197.

Nays—2 (Jake's and his son-in-law's).

It became one of the General's best stories to relate how, though he had not spent a cent, it had taken lots of tin to put that bill through.

The Praises of Spain, or Certain Great Figures in Spanish Literature

By Nora Archibald Smith

PART II

OF the poetry of Spain, we of English speech know rather more than of other branches of her literature, through Shelley, through Lockhart, through Byron, through Dryden, through Longfellow, through Ticknor, and through Coventry Patmore and Edmund Gosse. Everybody knows the "*Coplas de Manrique*," so admirably Englished by Longfellow; everybody has heard of Santillana's "Milkmaid of Sweet Finojosa;" everybody has read Lope's "Sonnet on a Sonnet," so successfully translated by James Young Gibson.

From Juan Ruiz, the first great lyric poet of Castile, whom Ticknor compares to Chaucer in his gaiety, his love of life and the picturesqueness of the characters he throws upon his canvas,—from the merry, ironical, loose-living arch-priest to the present day, Spain has never been without a poet of high rank. To enumerate them all would be to recite an almost endless roll of names, but one can hardly venture to pass by the brilliant soldier-singer, Garcilaso de la Vega, a Spanish Philip Sydney and the idol of a nation which he enriched with a new poetic language.

A word must be given also to Fernando de Herrera, famous for his patriotic poems, he whom his countrymen call "*el divino*," and another still to the gallant gentleman and soldier, Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga, who appeared as Philip II.'s page at his wedding with Mary Tudor. That Ercilla was a figure in that brilliant pageant seems to make him part of English history, but he is in reality more closely linked with our own, since he is the author of the "*Araucana*," a stately poem on the Chilian revolt, and the first literary work of real merit composed on either American continent.

And now we may leap to the nineteenth century, since we have already touched upon the more famous poets of the intervening years, and excluding Martínez de la Rosa, and the Duke de Rivas, who have been mentioned as dramatists, pass directly to José de Espronceda. Precocious, brilliant, melancholy, misanthropic, the chief of the romantic school gave to the world his own portrait in his pale, gloomy, splendid heroes. He died at thirty-three, worn out by a tempestuous life, but as has been said, an aged Espronceda is as inconceivable as a venerable Shelley or an elderly Byron. Byron was, by the way, the paramount influence in Espronceda's life and works, but he is none the less a typical Spaniard in his rhetoric, his resonant music, his brilliant imagery and his uncalculating vehemence.

Becquer has already been mentioned as among the modern Spanish poets whose work has attracted some attention in this country. His brief life of hardship and extreme poverty accounts perhaps for his inequalities of execution, but his genius was original, dreamy, mystical, morbid, and his merits were as

purely personal as those of Blake, and as impossible of imitation.

Among the great poets of our own time, it is interesting to note that both Campoamor and Nuñez de Arce are ardent patriots and politicians, that the latter won his laurels as a political singer and that he calls his famous lyrics, "*Gritos del Combate*," shouts of battle wrung from their author in the agony of his country's danger.

Campoamor, long the *doyen* of Spanish literature, had much less original force and fire than Nuñez de Arce, but he seems to have a claim to special distinction in having invented a new poetic *genre* in the shape of *doloras*, *humoradas*, or *pequenos poemas* (short poems).* It is true that it is somewhat difficult for an outlander to discover the true inwardness of these varying styles of versification, to know what really makes a *dolora* or an *humorada*, and Campoamor's own explanation threw little light upon the darkness. A French critic dryly says that the poet's originality lay in inventing the name, not the thing, but whatever Campoamor called his poetic reveries, their style and content warrant his inclusion among distinguished literary artists.

There are a great number of minor poets in Spain to-day, and all have one mark of superiority over those of any other European country, according to the first of Spanish critics. Whatever else may be said of them, they are not "thanks to God or the devil,"—I am quoting "Clarin's" own words,—they are none of them either decadents, symbolists, or mystics.

As the title of my essay is "*Certain Great Figures in Spanish Literature*," I am thereby enabled to wander where I choose in the field and to exclude, if I will, even the most famous representatives of any branch of that literature. I shall not mention, then, either historians, letter-writers, essayists, critics or philosophers, of which last, indeed, there could hardly be many in "the most Catholic nation."

As to books in which English is so rich to-day, those devoted to animals, to stories of their wisdom and heroism, their curious and interesting ways, their value in the scheme of creation, it is obvious that a literature and a country in which the bull-fighter is still a hero can have small place for them.

The development of the novel is, perhaps, the most interesting feature of modern Spanish literature, and with its consideration the paper may fitly close. It is a noteworthy fact for women to remember that in one of themselves the Spanish novel of to-day takes its rise; indeed women have always held an honored place in peninsular literature, and as long ago as the time of America's discovery they were lecturing to university men on the Augustan poets of the Golden Age!

"Fernan Caballero" (1796-1877) Cecilia Böhl de Faber, was of German origin on the father's side, but as she made Spain her adopted country, and as she espoused three Spanish husbands, it would appear that she had every right to consider herself a daughter of the soil. Her first novel, "*La Gaviota*," has, perhaps, been more widely read by foreigners than any other book of the century, and although it is a shade old-fashioned now, it is still popular for its graceful, natural style, its delightful pictures of simple country life, and its exquisite refinement.

Whenever Fernan Caballe

*(A dolora is a dramatized *humorada* and a *pequeño poema* is an amplified *dolora*.)

paints her early memories of the village in Don Quixote's country, from which she took her pseudonym, she is charming in her simplicity and her fidelity to nature; she is especially charming in her sketches of children; her "*Cuadros dy Costumbres*" are valuable as faithful sun-pictures of a people and of fashions that are fast passing away; the interest of her tales is well sustained and her characters true to nature.

Fernan Caballero is, however, compared to Juan Valera, what the narrow woodland path, fringed with ferns and flowers, is to the great, busy, dusty, sunny highway to which it leads. Juan Valera, or to give him his full name, Juan Valera y Alcalá Galiano (1827—not yet deceased), is a diplomatist, having studied the world in the legations of Naples, Lisbon, Rio Janeiro, Dresden and St. Petersburg, and having been minister at Frankfort, Washington, Brussels and Vienna. He is, of course, a linguist, he is an admirable critic, he is an equally admirable poet, although his verses have never been popular even in his own country, but he is most of all a novelist and, as author of "*Pepita Jimenez*," can justly claim a place in the front rank of present-day romancers. Juan Valera has been so well introduced, so praised and so befriended by Edmund Gosse that he needs but little criticism here, but in him the modern Spanish novel sketched by Fernan Caballero may be said to have evolved into a finished picture. Valera is a Spaniard, and a typical Spaniard; his inspiration is drawn from his native country, his art grows ever finer as his work goes on, and "*Dona Luz*" as far exceeds "*Pepita Jimenez*" as "*Comendador Mendoza*" outshines them both.

Another noted poet, critic and novelist, representative of the old idealism, was Pedro Alarcon, whom we may count as among present-day authors, since he died only ten years ago. He is delightful as a short story writer, and his sketch of village life, "*El Sombrero de Tres Picos*," is painted with infinite gusto and sparkling wit. His picturesque account of the brilliant campaign of the Spanish forces in Morocco is a remarkable example of patriotic chronicling and his "Little National Histories" are unusually fine pieces of work in a new line.

And then there is Pereda,—José María de Pereda (born 1834) more truly Spanish than any author of his time, brilliant, keen, sharp of tongue as of eye, a determined realist who has been forced to educate his public and train his readers to appreciate him. His perhaps excessive use of dialect makes him difficult reading for a foreigner, and he is considered by many critics to be absolutely lost in translation, to be untranslatable, in fact, save by a Poe or a Baudelaire. Pereda has a wonderful compelling style, both as a limner of character, as in "*Don Gonzalo Gonzalez de la Gonzolera*," and as a painter of nature.

His "*Sotileza*," which deals with life among the fisher-folk, is filled with the roll of the waves, the odor of the sea and even the shimmer of fish and the gleam of sea-weed, and to his beloved ocean he returns in book after book.

Those who are interested in Spanish politics noted that not long ago a new order was created in Spain, called the Order of Alfonso XIII., and also noted that the first recipients of the grand crosses were to be the most eminent men of the country in science and letters. Everybody supposed that Don Benito

Perez Galdos, author of "*La Fontana de Oro*," "*Gloria*" and "*Dona Perfecta*" (1845-)would be one of the first selected for the honor, and it seems that the decree appointing him was twice taken to the young king for his signature, which was twice refused. We can scarcely be surprised, however, when we remember that it was Galdos, who by his drama "*Electra*" started the anti-clerical agitation that raged in Spain for several months before and after the marriage of the Princess of Asturias with a Neapolitan Bourbon. When it is also remembered that Galdos is the author of twenty volumes exposing the misdeeds of the Carlists, we can hardly wonder that he is not a "persona grata" in all Spain. He has composed, however, the modern national epic in the form of novels ("National Episodes," Vol. 1; "Trafalgar," 1873), and lest the public should weary of these, with their surging crowd of characters (five hundred in one book), he was ready with the religious difficulty in "*Dona Perfecta*" ten years before "Robert Elsmere" was written. "Galdos is," says "Clarin" (Leopoldo Alas), the foremost critic of Spain, whom I have already mentioned, "our Balzac come a little late; our Zola and our Dickens in one man." This greatest of the moderns, as Galdos is called, does not translate well, but no one in or out of Spain doubts that he merited the grand cross of Alfonso XIII., which, by the way, it is rumored that he declined when it was finally offered to him.

There are but two more contemporary writers of fiction upon whom I shall touch, and the place in literature of the first, Armando Palacio Valdes, is yet to be decided. His "*Marta y Maria*" and "*La Hermana de San Sulpicio*" deserved great praise, and fairly entitled him to rank as the chief of the modern naturalistic school, but in "*La Espuma*" and "*La Fe*," he so far lost his national savour that they might almost be taken for translations from the French. In his last novel, however "*Jose*," Valdes deals with the picturesque possibilities in the lives of simple fisher-folk. The characters are of the humblest, the tale is simply told, but it is none the less a composition of marked dramatic value.

My last word shall be given to Doña Emilia Pardo Bazan (Sra Quiroga, 1851), the most distinguished rival of Valdes, a novelist, and the founder of a critical review ("Nuevo Teatro Critico"), written entirely by herself. Here is a modern woman, if you like, a startling figure for conservative Spain,—a novelist, a journalist, a reformer, a politician and a firm adherent of the liberal party, whose head was the great orator, great in a nation of orators, Emilio Castelar.

Doña Emilia Pardo Bazan is a "naturalistic novelist," to use the critics' phrase, and "*La Madre Naturaleza*" contains episodes of great power, but her title to immortality, as in large measure to her present fame, lies in the brilliant coloring, the enthusiasm, the wonderful clearness of vision to be found in the pages of "*De mi Tierra*" and other sketches in which she sings the praises of one corner of that land of Spain, which Alfonso the Learned likened to the Paradise of God.

Have I said enough to convince those who were skeptical among you that Spain has something to give to us to-day, as well as ancient treasure, in which we may delve with as rich reward as did our ancestors? Read as we may in any foreign tongue, we shall at least find none more beautiful than this, one of the richest of modern languages, and no literature which is superior to the

Castilian, in the "capital qualities of originality, force, truth and humor."

It can claim no higher tribute than that paid to it by Coventry Patmore, when he said that it displayed "that complete synthesis of gravity of matter and gaiety of manner, which is the glittering crown of art, and which, out of Spanish literature, is to be found only in Shakespeare."

A Rose Dormant

By Aldis Dunbar

"MADAME," asserted Méneval, "it is as I feared. She is not yet a true musician. Go out into the wretched alleys and by-ways of the city. In dark cellars, huddled in garrets, you shall find a legion who possess what she lacks! The heaven fire—the soul that cries aloud! I remember a night when the spell of its power held me dreaming, careless of the driving rain, for it was in the voice of a ragged girl who sang on the street corner. Days ago I heard it again, under my window,—a beseeching pleading wail. When I looked out, far below, on the muddy pavement, I saw an old man, fiddling for pennies. Theirs were teachers of whom she has known nothing,—*nothing*, Madame!"

Edith Oldys looked at him with wet, bewildered eyes, as the vehement outburst came to sudden pause.

"Tell me what you mean! I cannot understand. What has been left undone in her training? In what have I failed toward her? Rudeloff himself pronounced her technique without flaw,—and Baranyi raved about her bowing; yet you—you tell me that she is no musician! You know how utterly her life has been given to her violin,—how I have guarded her, stood between her and interruption. I have held my nights and days as nothing, if only I might shield her from the shadow of care or anxiety, from the faintest emotion that could turn her thoughts aside from her work for even an hour. Oh, you do not know!"

Méneval shrugged his bent little shoulders. "Ah, Madame, I know too well! Can a delicate vibration pass through cotton wool? faint sounds penetrate thick felt? You have wrapped her soul in cotton wool! When you took her abroad she had learned all that I could give her. She was ready for Leipsic, Paris,—though a child. She is a child still, after six years. She has not lived. Oh, yes, her tone is perfect,—like a rose carved in ice, without soul or perfume. She is asleep! Wake her! Give her to know love,—hate,—fear,—hope,—and you will read no more of those!" with a contemptuous gesture toward the newspapers that had fallen from Mrs. Oldys's lap to the deep-hued rug.

Involuntarily her glance, directed by her hand, rested on the confused heap; then she looked up at the dark, worn face, kindled by passionate eagerness to convince her.

"Hope? Fear?" she said slowly, as one learning. "Love—why, she has always had it! Monsieur Méneval—do you mean—" the flush of abrupt intuition came into her delicate cheeks. "She loves *me*!" defiantly. "That is enough. She is happy—"

"She is a child!" broke in Méneval. "She could be a grand woman! You read my meaning truly. Listen!"

From the room beyond came the sound of a few careless notes, caught

from violin strings by light fingertips; then the bow claimed its own in a chain of swift, brilliant arpeggios. With hasty, uneven tread, Méneval went toward the door,—drawing aside the heavy red folds of the portière as Veronica's airy, certain touch flung out a gay succession of harmonics, high and clear. He turned brusquely, confronting Edith Oldys, who had risen as if to restrain him.

"You have not let her know that it was failure!" he declared, with half-repressed vehemence, almost beneath his breath. "It was her right to know, and you have concealed the truth, Madame! You hear? Her bow is laughing! It should wail, grieve, rage, for what it has lost! How else can she find the hearts of those who hear? When a storm comes you hold her close in your arms,—hiding her face that she may not see,—covering her ears that she may not hear its grand, terrible voice. When she stirs, you whisper, 'It is nothing, child. Sleep. It is less than a dream.' Yet the day has come when you demand that she shall reveal force—expression! You ask too much, Madame!"

"Yes!"

It was but a whisper, half lost in the low, persistent fluttering of the gas log flaming between them; yet as if it had echoed in the music room, the violin tones ceased, and light steps came near. The mastering impulse of Edith Oldys' life sprang up in her quick motion toward the betraying criticisms; but her hands fell helplessly. It was too late. In the doorway stood Veronica, violin in hand, dreamy, questioning amusement in the gray eyes that at first saw only her mother.

"Tragedy?" she asked. "Have you disturbing news, *Maman?* I heard voices. Why—it is—surely it is Jean-Marie! Oh, I am so glad! And you?" She held out her hands in radiant welcome, regardless of the violin beneath her arm. "You are not sorry that we have returned, Jean-Marie?"

But the worn, bent figure of Méneval straightened,—replying to her greeting with a stiffly formal bow.

"You must not call me that now, Mademoiselle. It was a childish caprice,—but you are no longer a little girl."

Chilled and startled, Veronica looked from him to her mother, as though encountering strangers in the guise of loving friends. With an effort she said:

"I have displeased you, Monsieur? I thought you had come to share my pleasure. Had you not heard of my success, last night? Were you not there, at Mrs. Howard's? I looked for you, but so many crowded around, and we went away to escape being smothered. Are you not satisfied with my progress?"

Mrs. Oldys caught her breath; but Méneval was silent. His eyes, insistent, compelling, met hers. The young girl, hesitating, put up her hand to replace a loosened coil of wavy fair hair.

"*Maman*," she urged, "you tell me. What is it?"

"We were all wrong, Veronica!" The little lady, dainty as a flower of porcelain in the silken folds of her morning gown, stood resolutely erect. "There was no real success. The applause, the praise and enthusiasm were — flattery; nothing more. You—yes, you may read for yourself what the critics thought. It is all true."

As she spoke, Edith gathered up the papers, and held them out.

"I may? But why? Must I read

them?" Veronica glanced at her former master, as if beseeching support; but the little sneer on his face, as he realized that she was encountering an unfamiliar emergency, had more effect than had it been sympathy.

"Have you never read criticisms?" he asked. "Here, I will find them for you."

Folding back a part of the first paper, he pointed to a certain column.

"Read it aloud," he said, taking violin and bow from her cold fingers, and laying them on the table. "You will realize them better."

"'Much was expected of the young violinist, Miss Veronica Oldys,'" she began, "'whose *debut* was made last night at the concert given by Mrs. Gambien Howard. Many of our leading musicians were present, but it was the universal opinion that her playing was absolutely without feeling. It left behind it no impression beyond that of wonder at the young player's astonishing facility, and at her perfect control over the mechanics of her instrument, a magnificent Guarnerius.' Do they mean—"

"Here is another," interposed Méneval. Passively she took it from his hand.

"'Her technique left nothing to be desired, it is true; but it was easy to see that all her expression was the result of drilling, not of any spontaneous impulse. Nevertheless, in the years to come, with her command over her violin, Miss Oldys may attain to high honor in her profession.' Does that mean—failure?"

"Failure? What else? At the end of ten years Tschaikowsky's grand storms of emotion inspire in you less feeling than the trills and arpeggios of your newest exercise. Mademoiselle, technique is not music. Of itself it has no soul."

"Yet can you not correct in me what is wrong, Jean—Monsieur Méneval? I will work with you for as many hours, every day, as you are willing to give me." The young voice trembled.

"That is not what you need now," he replied, harshly.

"Then what? I am to play again this week."

"No! I forbid it!" Mrs. Oldys shook her head with decision. "The other engagement shall be cancelled. We will have no more flattery. You shall go out,—meet people,—enjoy your life; but you shall play for none but Monsieur Méneval. Not until he thinks you fit for your professional career—"

The door at the farther end of the room opened, and Mrs. Oldys looked around.

"Eliot! Eliot Yule!" A great relief in her voice, she hurried forward to meet the newcomer,—then turned, hesitating.

"Veronica, you have not forgotten Cousin Eliot?"

But Veronica had fled from the room, and only Jean-Marie Méneval stood by the fireplace.

"You are not going, Monsieur? At least you will come again, soon?"

"I will come—again," he said; and then he, too, left the room.

Edith Oldys turned to the kindly, rugged face of Yule with a sense of infinite rest from tension.

"Oh, I've wanted you, Eliot. Sit down. Let me tell you. I—I'm *glad* you're big, and quiet, and sensible!"

"Even if I can't realize how much more important is music than all the world outside? You're not in trouble, are you, Edith? Nothing is wrong with Veronica?"

"No—yes—everything is. She has

failed!" Despair was in her voice.

"Failed?"

"Haven't you read the notices in this morning's papers? They say that she plays mechanically—without feeling or expression. Before last night's concert Paulus, the manager, was crazy to have her sign a contract for six months. When it was over he slipped away, and never came near. She worked so hard and faithfully."

"But, my dear Edith, is it imperative that she should conquer the world at her first appearance in public? Veronica is young. Let her grow to success naturally. You expect too much from a girl scarce twenty, whom you have kept rigidly at her studies."

"Yes, Méneval said that; but from him it sounded—different. He insisted that I had stifled her—wrapped her soul in cotton wool!"

Yule's hearty laugh came to her like a fresh breeze.

"Méneval is a good man, with a fine record in his profession; but he is frightfully in earnest. His one idea in the world is—music."

"And that is hers, too."

"And yours. He is right, this time. He should know Veronica's need. Let the little girl take a holiday,—run out and play with other children."

"Eliot, will you not understand? This is no child's play to us. It is a vital matter."

"Too much so, as you take it, Edith. You have enough to live on. It is not as if bread were depending on it. But since you were a child you have set your will against the world,—and the world never realized it. Things went on happening just the same. You have spent yourself, trying to shape Veronica for a marvellous violinist. You have concentrated yourself on her until you have lost your sense of proportion. Let your purpose relax for a time. If the girl has it in her, it will show itself. Give her a chance to see with her own eyes."

"How can she? Mine have served her for so long. She would be helpless without them; yet—I know that I must do it. Méneval said that she was like a rose without perfume; that she was asleep."

"Yes, a little rose—not yet unfolded. That is true."

"But he urged me to wake her—even to let her fall in love. Eliot, when I think how terrible it would be for us—for her career—if she should meet some worthless—"

"You think to prevent that by selecting her sweetheart yourself, Edith?" he asked, gravely.

The soft brown eyes met his with sore trouble in their depths.

"Don't refuse to help me, Eliot. If you do, I'll not know where to turn. I'm bewildered. You can do so much for me."

"How?"

"By bringing Veronica into contact with the right people, and aiding me to show her the life of every day. She has never even been to the theatre."

"At my age? Wilful cousin, I have long been a hermit, slow and old."

"Yet you will do it?"

"As ever—your most obedient servitor."

Through the days that came after Edith Oldys held firmly to her new purpose. In her ears rang the words of Méneval—"Give her love—hate—fear—hope!" As through her hands all other essentials of life had reached the young girl, so should these emotions, in ways as yet hid

half thought out by her, be the direct result of her guidance.

She wrought out the course of each day. The mornings might be given to music; but all following hours were devoted to new experience. Veronica must ride, see pictures, read many books, meet people, young and old,—encounter as many varying phases of society as a large circle of old friends and newer acquaintances could offer to Edith Oldys' daughter.

Yule's hours of leisure were at Mrs. Oldys' command. He was their constant escort. Veronica had no other counterpoise than his quiet presence, in the strange, feverish life that opened around her, for Edith was as one withdrawn in spirit,—denying advice or comment.

"I choose that she *shall* miss my shielding," she returned, when Yule protested. "New impressions would come to her even more strongly if she could be entirely apart from me, but of course that cannot be. As it is, she must learn to be more than a reflection of my will."

And Veronica? Her first sensation was of utter confusion. For so long she had been sheltered from the least vibration of excitement, that the whirl in which she found herself appeared a brilliant chromatic blur, with no definite outlines. Then her interest, until now confined wholly to a single narrow path, aroused. For a week or two she welcomed each new face — every impulse toward individual action. Still retaining her exquisite reserve, the dreamy inquiry in her eyes became perplexity, then a vague, fascinated wonder.

Most powerful in its appeal to her was the theatre. In it she found solution for many confused uncertainties. Edith, sitting in the shadow, near her, at many a performance, studied the expression of rapt intensity on the absorbed, girlish face, as the actors passed before her eyes,—but made no comment,—asked no question as to the impressions gained.

Then, anticipated by neither of them, came a revulsion.

"Maman, let me stay at home!" Veronica entreated. "Why must you send me away from you so often? Even when we are together you are not the same to me. This life brings no happiness to us. These people have no inspiration to give us. They know nothing of the world in which we have lived. It is too hard for me."

Edith was inexorable. "It is imperative!" she said. "If you are to succeed in the end, you must learn what life has to say. Eliot will see that no harm comes to you when I am not with you."

"Yes, that is true," murmured Veronica. "He is a refuge. He—and my music—may keep me patient. When will the day come for my real work to begin? Monsieur Méneval drills me as fiercely as though I were a beginner. He will hardly admit that I made any progress during our years in Paris."

"Has he grown severe?"

"More than that. He is always angry. I dread the hours with him, yet I could not live without them. Oh, Maman, let me go back to my old ways. I am so weary!"

But no words could move her mother. The steady quest for more excitement went on, despite Yule's repeated remonstrance.

"I cannot spare her this," Edith said. "She is beginning to hate it. That is what I wish. Hope was hers before. If she fears anything, it is Méneval. He is never satisfied with

her. Now remains — only love. Eliot, she is dearest in all the world to me. How shall I find for her this greatest—love?"

"You are going too deep!" he said, with authority. "You call this relaxing? Before, you hid the little rose from daylight. Now you are giving it no rest in your eagerness to force its unfolding. You reason about things too much. Can you leave nothing to nature, or time?"

"Too much time has been lost," she maintained, nervously.

"And yet you will have this pace go on? For how long? I look back on my quiet hours with regret. They were my true enjoyment, Edith."

"You think peace nothing to me?" she cried. "Is it for myself?"

"But Veronica is growing tired, as well. She is too pale. Has her playing shown the influence of this change of atmosphere?"

"I do not know," said the little lady. "You must ask Méneval."

"So you avoid hearing her? But when may I have that privilege? Surely I have earned it."

"When she has awakened."

It was after days of silent submission on Veronica's part that Méneval came to Edith.

"It is time that you come and listen, Madame," he said. "Make no sound, that she may hear you, but be close by, and I will open the door while she plays. New thoughts are in her heart."

It was true. Half concealed beyond the heavy curtain, Edith heard with wonder the alteration in the quality of Veronica's tone. As the lesson went on, Méneval's unsparing criticisms, bitter and satirical, brought answering fire from the strings of the Guarnerius. He had already completely forgotten the presence of an unseen auditor.

"More decision!" he ordered. "Mademoiselle, you play as for children. Think of strong men in battle! Hear the storm wind bringing the tramp of armies, the ring and clash of swords in that movement."

In the wild response Veronica seemed but the instrument; he—raging at its imperfection — the player.

"So. That will do," he said at last, his face drawn and sombre as he laid his hand over the music. "You think me a tyrant, furious for no cause? Be glad, then, that you have escape into pleasures, in those hours when I am not lashing you. Think, too, how you have gained in power and comprehension. No longer are the masters to you but master mechanics. Wait. For you I have written what no other soul has heard. 'The Suite of the Rose.' It is a test for you. You shall not play it as if it were a simple melody. In it you must find meaning. It is a life. I, who am crooked and bent,—worn beyond my years with serving music,—have shown you in this a life like no other. Find wherein lies its mystery. I will not hear you play one note of it, until you can bring to life, out of these written measures, the hidden spirit of my rose. If you find the test too hard,—go! Try no longer to achieve success. It is not for you. Rather give yourself to the joy of the world that loves laughter and merry dancing, but has no time for high inspiration. After this hour I come no more until you have made your choice!"

Without another word he passed hurriedly from the room, leaving the girl bending wearily over the manuscript that he had placed before her.

Edith, passionately moved, would

have gone to her, but an invisible barrier was between. While she waited, hesitant, Veronica threw back her head and caught the violin to position, as if breathing new resolve.

Turning over a page with her bow hand, her attention seemed arrested by the title written in the margin.

"'Uncertainty,'" she read, in a low voice. "That might be *my* life. What will come of all this?"

Raising the bow, she began to play recurrent, sorrowful notes, growing more and more into a restless minor strain. To Edith's memory came a thought of the day when Méneval had so roughly opened her eyes. Was this the child whose trills had laughed in the sunlight? Why should happiness not come back to her?

As the notes grew very soft, again —as on that day—came the sound of a door opening in the hall beyond. Edith, watching, saw the flash of new light in Veronica's face. To her own heart came an answering thrill, sharp and strong.

"That was Eliot!"

The music still went on, but Edith heard nothing. This was the day of decision. She went softly from the quiet old library, craving naught on earth so deeply as utter silence.

After an interval—she knew not how long—Veronica's hand was at her door.

"May I not come in, Maman? Cousin Eliot is here, asking for you. You have not said what is your plan for this afternoon."

"Nothing!" said Edith, without moving to admit her. "Let him stay. You shall have a day of rest. I am—tired. Let me be quiet. This evening you shall play for him, here, at home."

Not until dusk did she descend to the long, half-lighted room where sat Veronica and Eliot Yule, by the red glow of the fire.

"What, not even reading?" she said lightly. "Let us go to dinner. You must not grow dull in a single evening at home, Veronica."

And indeed, there was no question of that. Not for many a day had Yule seen Edith in such fantastic mood.

"This evening you shall have a new sensation, Eliot," she declared, as they rose at last from the table. "I have sent for Monsieur Méneval to play Veronica's accompaniments. No one can do it as he does."

Veronica started.

"He will not come, I know, Maman. I tried in vain to please him this morning."

"He will come. Until then, go into the music room and run over what you intend to play. Shut the door between. I must have a little talk with Eliot, by myself."

The gray eyes darkened with something that was almost apprehension, but Veronica obeyed.

"You are not in more trouble, are you, Edith?" asked Yule, watching her intently as the door closed behind the young girl.

"No. Wait, Eliot. I must think —a little more."

For a space of time there was no sound. Then the faint, muffled notes of the Guarnerius crept on the air. Edith looked up. Her face was very white.

"It is all there," she said. "All that Méneval required that she should feel. You—hear her, Eliot?"

Yule's eyes were raised in attention.

"It is too faint for my ear to distinguish the tone. May I open the door?"

"Not yet, *I* can hear it. That

vibration was never there before."

He glanced at her in surprise. "You think—"

"Had I not been blind, I would have known it before—before it brought that light into her dear eyes. Do I speak in a parable? Well, then, I am—yes, I am very glad for you both, Eliot. Is it not fate that you should be first to hear her?"

"Edith!" Yule sprang to his feet.

"I know no one," she returned, "in whom I have such supreme faith."

"You mean," he said slowly, "that Veronica has grown to care for *me?* That you would have it so?"

"I would give my life to make hers happy—to lay success at her feet!" she said, wildly.

"Twice in your life and mine you have been very cruel to me, Edith," Yule went on. "The first time was when you made me love you. Hush!" with authority, "you must let me speak. First you drew the heart out of me, and then you married Frank Oldys. That I forgave. When the years had gone by, and he died, leaving you alone with Veronica,—still you held me in your little soft hands. You cared for me—but you said that your life belonged to her. That I endured. Now comes the third test. I have been very patient, Edith. Because it was your will I have left behind my studies and my peace, to help you in your plans for Veronica, hoping that in the end I might win a reward. But you—would repay me by forcing me to give up the last—the dearest hope of all. Of a truth, you are very cruel, Edith. Tell me, is it right that Veronica should stand between us, after the years that I have waited for you?"

Her head bent lower.

"Eliot, she is so young, so dear. For her sake—"

"Edith, be reasonable. Music, to her, is more than the air she breathes. To me it is a beautiful thing, but no more. She would never find in me the complete sympathetic comprehension of which she dreams."

But Edith rose to her feet.

"Hush! Méneval is there, in the music room. You shall hear her now. Her music will speak to you better than I can, Eliot."

She drew him, unresisting, toward the darkened hall; to the farther door of the music room, whence came light—and the sound of long rolling chords on the piano.

"Am I to hear you play it so soon Mademoiselle?" asked Méneval's voice, harshly. "Well, I left the choice of time in your hands. You take lightly the life—of my rose Begin, then. The *berceuse*,—'The Rose Asleep.'"

From the cold white keys came a dreamy, flowing lullaby, like rippling water, to which the violin gave soft answer, singing a melody filled with vague happiness, under which stirred unrest and anticipation. As Veronica turned the page,—the movement swaying ever more slowly,—Méneval shook his head impatiently.

"Go on without pausing. There is no break between the numbers."

"The next is 'Uncertainty,'" whispered Edith.

Again she heard the sorrowful wavering notes, and as they gained strength and force, she felt Yule's hand on hers; but he did not speak.

From where they stood, Veronica's face was in shadow, but the lamp swinging above shone full on the piano, and on Méneval's face, pale with stress of emotion. Now, indeed, was no more of laughter,—from the wondrous instrument came

wail of grief and longing, many nes repeated, until the harmony ew more clear,—the broken, shiv- ing chords sweeping on into rich sonance. Without resting they elled into a grand, passionate ythm. As one uplifted, Veronica ayed on,—drawing swift, strong elody in response to them.

Suddenly there was a crash of dis- rdant keys. With an inarticulate clamation Méneval was on his et, grasping Veronica's arm.

"Stop!" he commanded. "It is o much. How can it be possible at you are playing this as if you nderstood—felt it in your heart? Rose Asleep,' yes. You have reamed long. 'Uncertainty,' yes, gain. That has come into your life. ut this—Do you not know that it means—" His voice broke suddenly.

For a breath—longer—he stood facing the steadfast gray eyes, no longer startled or fearful as they looked straight into his. The luminous glow of the hanging lamp was on Veronica's face now, and for an instant his own was transfigured by what he read in it. Then he caught unsteadily at the end of the piano, and sank on the long seat before it,—his head falling heavily on his arm.

"Jean,—Jean Marie! Do I not know?" whispered Veronica.

Edith Oldys felt a strong, steady arm drawing her away—to rest—and peace.

"Come," breathed Yule. "The little rose—is awake."

A Soldier's Funeral in Japan

By Louise E. Dew

AT no time is the patriotic spirit of the Japanese people more apparent than when a soldier buried. Sad to relate, opportuni- s to witness such an occasion are too frequent in these days since many brave men have been slain the war with Russia.

The stranger just arriving in pan, and unfamiliar with the cus- ns of the country, would naturally nk it a gala day should he happen see the long procession. If he is Tokyo, his first thought will be t perhaps the Emperor, or some al personage, is about to pass, l the people are out "en masse" to end greetings. To be sure, there the depressing strains of a native brass band, but this signifies nothing, for even the popular airs, which are supposed to be gay, are all in a minor key. The tourist is, therefore, somewhat astonished when he discovers that the procession is only the funeral train of a Japanese soldier, perhaps a common private of the rank and file, who has died like hundreds of others, fighting for his country, and whose remains have long since been cremated on some far-off battlefield.

If the day is a rainy one, it makes no difference. The people may have to tramp for miles in the mud in order to pay their last tribute of respect to their soldier, but these inconveniences do not seem to affect

them, for they smile and exclaim, "Shikata ga-nai!" which is equivalent to saying, "It might be worse."

The home-coming of a soldier, even though it is on a bier, must not be made sad. When he bade farewell to his family and went to war, it was without any exhibition of emotion. His smiling face, however, was a mask, under which he concealed the sorrow in his heart, but the old Samurai spirit of his ancestors bade him stifle his emotions and look upon the sacrifice as a privilege. In spite of their apprehension that they would never see their soldier in life again, the wife and children made his departure easier by smiling with him, when the "sayonaras" were said. Had they done otherwise, the penalty would have been everlasting disgrace.

It is no uncommon thing for a Japanese mother or wife to commit suicide in order to leave the bread-winner free to go to war. Nothing is counted too great a sacrifice to give a soldier to the Emperor, for whom any Japanese would gladly lie down and die. It is this spirit of patriotism which fills the hearts of the women and makes them have fortitude to receive their dead with smiles instead of tears.

The custom of the country demands that the body of a private killed in battle shall be cremated, and only his larynx sent home. This portion of his anatomy is placed in a huge, coffin-like box on the day of his funeral, with his uniform on top of the receptacle, and his picture in front of the box. And thus many a long funeral train wends its way to the cemetery to bury the remains of the dead, by proxy as it were.

With the funeral of a Japanese officer it is different. If he is killed in action, the body is embalmed an sent home, where it is clothed i rich robes and placed in the coffi in a sitting posture, with the hea bent forward on the knees, as if i religious meditation.

The coffin, which is of whit wood, small and square, is the taken to an inner chamber, wher the Master of Ceremonies, accordin to an ancient custom, brings th gifts for the dead, as well as a las message from the Emperor, whic consists of two rolls, one white an one red. These are placed in th coffin, which is then closed and care fully watched by members of th family, while prayers are said by th Shinto priests twice a day.

Think of a funeral lasting fo seven years! Yet such is the cas with a noted Japanese warrior.

Very early in the morning on th day of the interment the ceremonie begin, and they last until darknes falls. Afterwards, for the period o a year, there are monthly service for the repose of the warrior's sou and then once annually for seve years, when his soul is supposed t be in peace.

When the procession finally form it is preceded by the Imperial Guar Following the guard come th "standard-bearers," but instead banners they carry frames of bam boo, covered with flowers of th most brilliant hues, which are a ranged in the form of cones eight ten feet high. These have bamb stems and are planted on the gra They are carried by Shinto pries wearing an ancient costume, whi is used only on such occasions, a which consists of a kimono of lin and a tall black cap, the long po of which turns backward over e head.

Next comes the coolies, bear g

pine trees, to plant upon the grave, and they, too, move on in solemn silence to the last resting place of the great warrior. These trees, by the way, are covered with streamers of red and white paper, all inscribed with prayers for the repose of the soul of the departed.

The titled mourners and the spearmen follow, and here one sees a pair of shoes carried on a cushion to protect the feet of the dead warrior on his last long journey.

Policemen next follow, with a dignified tread, and they in turn are followed by the bearers of the "Sakaki Cleyera Japonica," the sacred tree of the Shinto religion, with the roots intact.

A large coffer of white wood is carried by the warrior's servants, and this contains offerings of food to be presented to the dead at his grave. Silken curtains are also carried to veil the chest, and such decorations as the dead may have had bestowed upon him by the Emperor are borne on velvet cushions and carried by an officer.

The coffin, of course, rests upon a bier, and sheltering this is a tabernacle made of beautiful woods. The mourners walk in front and back of the coffin, and their relationship can be told by the colors they wear. Members of the family are attired in yellow and veiled in black, while the friends wear red and white. High officials follow in jinrikishas.

Hundreds of schoolboys, each in uniform, some in white and some in red and some in blue, carrying rifles and sticks, follow in the procession. Several hundred more men and women in the common walks of life also tramp the long stretch of miles to do honor to the dead warrior.

One can scarcely imagine anything more quaint than to see the Japanese women in their soft gray kimonos, the sleeves of which flap in the breeze like balloons, as they trudge along on their high "geta" or "awadji." Sometimes a mother holds the hands of a tiny girl in a bright-colored kimono, while with the other she carries the great oiled paper umbrella to protect them from the sun.

At last, when they all reach the temple, one sees an altar, on which is placed the coffin, with all the soldier's decorations beside it. Meantime, strange, doleful music is to be heard in pulsatory waves,—now high, now low. As the priest makes his offerings, all manner of foods—fruit, vegetables, cooked rice, "saké," etc.,—are put before the altar. Prayers are offered, and an account of the services of the soldier to his country and his honors are recited in a chant by the priest.

The strips of paper on the evergreen boughs, called "Gohei," and which typify spiritual grace, are now presented. This type of sacrament is always used in important crises where Shinto rites are observed. The mourners present entire boughs of these leaves.

First, comes an Imperial gift, bound in crimson. Then the priest hands to each of the mourners a bunch of papers, and these, too, are offered to the dead with ceremonies which seem endless. Hour after hour passes, yet no one seems fatigued, and night comes before the throng disperses.

At last the hour arrives for the mourners to carry their warrior up the hillside to his last resting place in the granite-lined grave. Slowly the coffin is lowered while prayers are being chanted by the priests. On the coffin are the uniform, the sword, the pilgrim shoes and a hand-

ful of coins, to take with him into "Nirvana." On the coffin also is a copper plate, on which is inscribed a eulogy to the dead in the poetical language of which the Japanese are masters.

The widow stands beside the grave and watches the men fill it until a mound of ten or more feet rises before her eyes; then she passes out with the other mourners to commence the long fifty-day watch, which is unceasing. She could not go and fight with her warrior, this gentle, sweet-faced, smiling little woman, but she can do her duty as faithfully as her soldier who went out to die.

For the priests who assist in the fifty days' watch, temporary shelters are built, that they may be near to offer prayer to "O Kamo San," who above all gods judges the deeds of the dead, and to her they pray ceaselessly.

During this long period, which extends over the greater part of two months, men relatives go unshaven, and the women go with their long black hair unbound and falling about their shoulders.

The children of the deceased sometimes visit the grave every day to the one hundredth day after the interment, when tea leaves and cake are sent to all those who were present at the funeral, and from that day on during some years the grave is visited on the death day of the deceased.

The Song of Mary

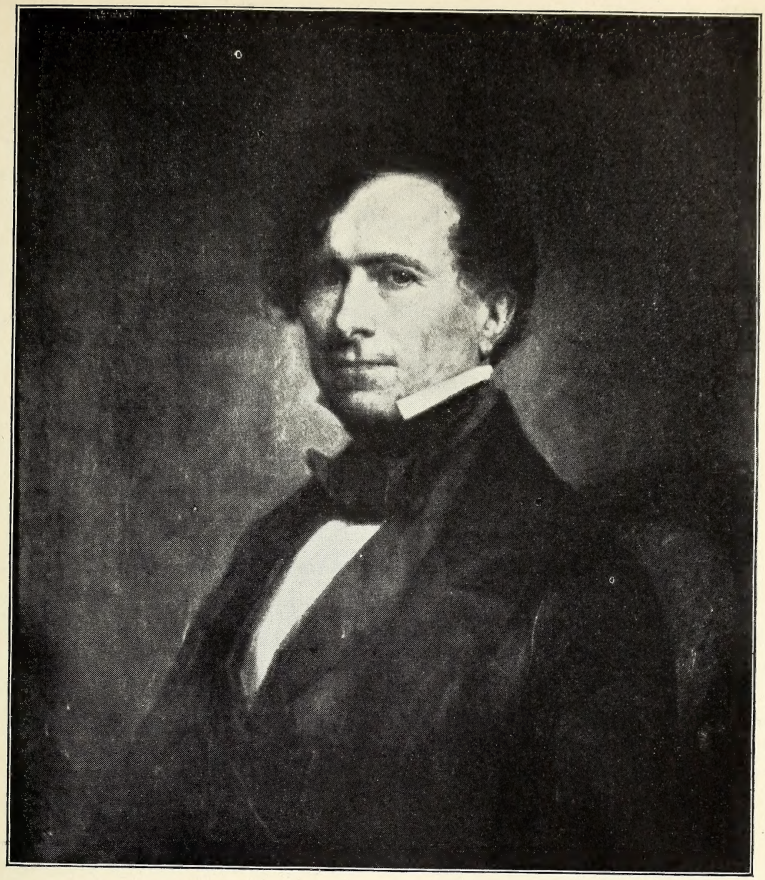
By Susie M. Best

SEE my little son," sang Mary,
"He's as other babies are;
Look! his hands! how dear and dimpled!"
(*How could she foretell the scar!*)

"See my little son," sang Mary;
"He's like other babies dear;
Look! his sides! how smooth and spotless!"
(*How could she foretell the spear!*)

"See my little son," sang Mary,
"He to other babes is like;
Look! his feet! how soft and rosy!"
(*How could she foretell the spike!*)

"See my little son," sang Mary,
"Pain for him shall ne'er intrude;
I'll forefend like other mothers!"
(*How could she foretell the rood!*)



FRANKLIN PIERCE. FROM A PORTRAIT OWNED BY KIRK PIERCE, HILLSBOROUGH, N. H.

Franklin Pierce—Fourteenth President

By GRACE AGNES THOMPSON

THE year nineteen hundred and four has been an interesting one to the people of the United States, not only as the hundredth anniversary of certain important historical events, but as the centenary of at least two highly distinguished American citizens. Nathaniel Hawthorne, through his widely-read books, has become well known to the modern public; while the life-long friend of this man, Franklin Pierce, though equally distinguished,—as lawyer, statesman, soldier, and fourteenth President of the United States,—is hardly known to the people at large of to-day, except by name.

It is a curious fact also that of the twenty-six Presidents who, during

successive periods, have held the helm of our country, the life of Franklin Pierce has been least discussed. What the reason for this is would be difficult to state with positiveness; would be out of the scope of this article to more than suggest. Possibly it was because he came before the public eye at a point in the history of the nation when biographers were few; when one who stood so quietly in his place, with no personal ambition to please or selfish ends to gain, seeking only to per-



PIERCE COAT OF ARMS, OWNED BY KIRK PIERCE

form his duty in the midst of affairs that could, with right, only be left to shape themselves, must of necessity be over-passed by those same affairs; at a time, in fact, when events and not men were most prominent, —it is at the crisis that men come to the fore.

Franklin Pierce was, however, a man of unusually brilliant ability and of exceptional character; a man whose life is most interesting from several points of view. And it is some of this unwritten and unfamiliar information about Franklin Pierce,—as a boy among his playmates, as a man among his family and intimate friends, as a soldier among his comrades, and as a public man among his confréres that this sketch has to tell.

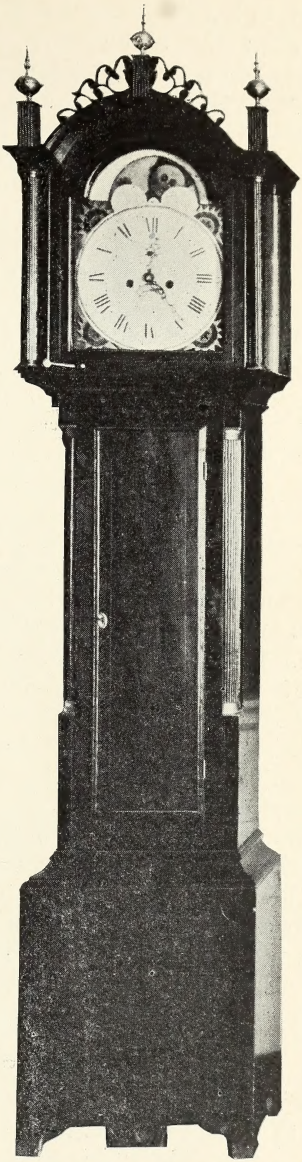
Of the four Presidents whom New England has given to her country, Franklin Pierce was the last to be sent to Washington. He was born on the twenty-third of November, 1804, in a quiet little town of southwestern New Hampshire, where the Contoocook Valley Railroad once had its terminus. A picturesque country town it is, bearing a name derived from Colonel John Hill of Boston, to whom the township was first granted. Hillsborough "Bridge" is the most important and flourishing village; a busy, lively place, situated among high and fertile hills, with an enchanting view in every direction, and with a dozen or so manufactories, about twenty stores, a bank, a hotel, a few churches, and a hundred thrifty-looking dwelling-houses to speak for its enterprise and populousness. From the "Bridge" one rides due west over a delightful road and halts at a small hamlet, embowered among trees in the valley three miles away, and here, at Hillsborough Lower Village, as it is called, there is pointed out at the right-hand side of the road a square, commodious, two-story old-fashioned house, with several large barns and sheds attached, and all painted white,—the childhood home of Franklin Pierce.

Though busy, the town of Hillsborough is not a noisy place. There is a dignity and repose about it that comports very well with its history. The residents are principally descendants of the early settlers, as are

also many of the summer visitors. A number of the older people are still living, too, who remember and are fond of repeating stories of the Pierces and of the grandeur of the fine old Colonial mansion. Even now, when the house has degenerated into a mere boarding-house, the occupants of which do not hesitate to turn an honest penny by charging an admission fee, the homestead is still the "manor." For many years after the death of Governor Pierce, the father of Franklin, the house was kept in the family, the scene of unbounded hospitality, both house and grounds being beautifully kept up, and festivity reigning.

But in the distant days when Franklin was a boy, the life there was on a truly magnificent scale. Everybody was a friend of the Governor, and all assembled under his roof for the dance and the feast. Besides, the house was on the direct route of the Washington stage coach, and many a stranger and wayfarer was entertained at the hospitable squire's table.

From his earliest childhood, therefore, Franklin Pierce enjoyed that happy association and environment that had no small share in encouraging and developing the traits which afterwards made him so successful. Nearly all of the leading men of New Hampshire, for fifty years, visited at Squire Pierce's house. Isaac Hill, the Athertons, Ebenezer Webster, Judge Woodbury, John T. Gilman, Samuel Bell, and Governor Steele were more than once guests of the Governor. And, afterwards, Hawthorne, Dr. Appleton, the McNiels and others came to see the young lawyer, their friend. John McNiel, in particular, was often a visitor there, coming every Sunday to pay his addresses to a certain staid, beautiful maid, who afterwards became his wife,—Elizabeth, the eldest and most queenly of Franklin's five sisters. Great men, statesmen, writers, divines and soldiers have been domiciled under this roof.



OLD CLOCK THAT STOOD IN THE GOV. PIERCE HOUSE AT HILLSBOROUGH, N.H., OWNED BY MRS. CHARLES STARK, DUNBARTON, N. H.

Grand as the house is, however,

one would hardly think that it could have been the scene of so much romance and glory. Yet there is no dwelling in the State than can evoke more significant associations. Here dwelt the embryo statesman and President through all his boyhood days. Out of these windows looked the eyes that were to gaze on the splendors of the White House, and the varied scenes of foreign lands. In this very yard rang the voice that was to stir listening Senates with its tones. Around this place centre all of the associations connected with his youthful years. Here was the theatre of his early sports, here his schooldays began, here he had his first visions of future eminence, or of the possibility of it. Through this very door he passed with his college honors upon him, the friend of Stowe, of Hawthorne, of Longfellow and of others equally known to fame. Here, also, he came with the trappings of state upon him, surrounded by a galaxy of the noblest Americans.

Benjamin Pierce, the father of Franklin, was a great man in his day. He was a self-made man. An orphan at an early age, brought up in humble circumstances, with but little schooling, he found himself, while still a mere boy in years, brought face to face with the vicissitudes and difficult problems of a world that, in those days, had but little to offer to even the best prepared. But Benjamin Pierce was not made of common stuff. He possessed the attributes of character that make a man rise in spite of circumstances. Shrewd, good-natured, and possessed of sound common sense, he soon took his place as a leader of men. He was a universal favorite wherever he went, frank, fearless, entirely devoid of aristocratic pride, well calculated to please the great body of the people. From sheriff of his county he rose to representative, and then to Governor of his State. And with but one or two exceptions, he was the most popular Governor ever elected in New Hampshire.

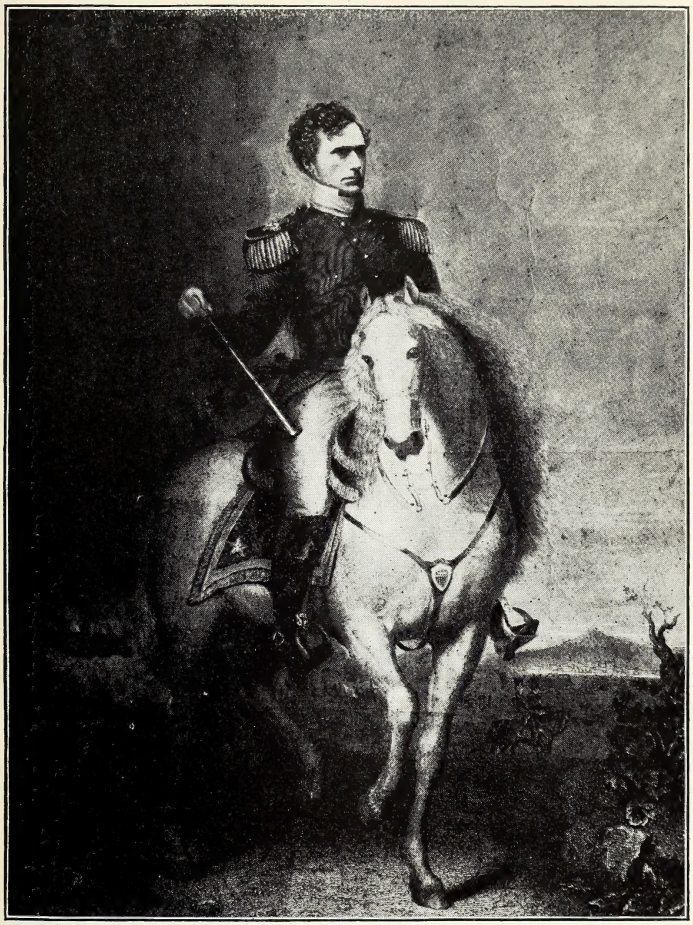
Yet through all his life Benjamin Pierce felt the disadvantage of a limited education, and, though in his particular sphere of life it is a question whether he did not gain more than he lost, through being thrown upon his own resources, and compelled to study men and their affairs rather than books, he determined that his most promising son, Franklin, should have what he himself had lacked.

Schools were not in those days what they are to-day. But Frank received the best the region had to offer. From Hillsborough he was sent to Hancock and Francestown, then to Exeter, and finally to Bowdoin, entering there in 1820, at the age of sixteen. He was a good scholar, though not addicted to close study, during the first two years of his course. He had always been very fond of athletic sports, and it is evident that this side of the college life, with whatever of society it offered, and its clubs appealed to him more strongly than books. But later, through the companionship of such men as Calvin E. Stowe, afterwards the Rev. Dr. Stowe, Hon. James Bell, John P. Hale, the Free Soil Senator, and up to 1845 one of his warmest friends, Jonathan Cilley, Hawthorne, and his chum, Zenas Caldwell, he had a kind of awakening to the value of study for its own sake, and during his two final years his work was of a superior quality.

At the time of entering college Franklin Pierce was a youth, ir

whom boy and man each struggled for supremacy. He was vivacious, mirthful and eager for harmless fun of any kind; yet dignified, thoughtful of the feelings of others, and with a high sense of integrity and honor. He was never dissipated, though a natural flow of spirits sometimes made him a little wild. He is described as very handsome, slender, of fair complexion, with blue eyes and light brown curling hair. He was always bright and cheerful of aspect, with a sunshine of manner and a warmth of disposition that few could resist. Even as a boy it is said that he was noted for a remarkably sweet expression of countenance.

The strong intimacy which came to exist between Franklin Pierce and Hawthorne was, no doubt, due to this wonderful sweetness of temper. It certainly had a marked effect on the melancholic temperament of the latter. When the two men were together, it is said that one would never recognize in the genial friend of Pierce the Hawthorne we are



PRESIDENT PIERCE ON HORSEBACK. AT THE HOME OF KIRK PIERCE, ESQ.

wont to know. Story telling and jokes were the order of the day. Afterwards, when the more serious business of life kept these two men apart for years at a time, they did not forget to write to each other frequently letters that are of the tenderest tone and most intimate feeling, though life had left them nothing in common but their friendship. But they held this friendship as a most sacred bond, and it lasted until death severed it by calling the great novelist away on the nineteenth of May, 1864.

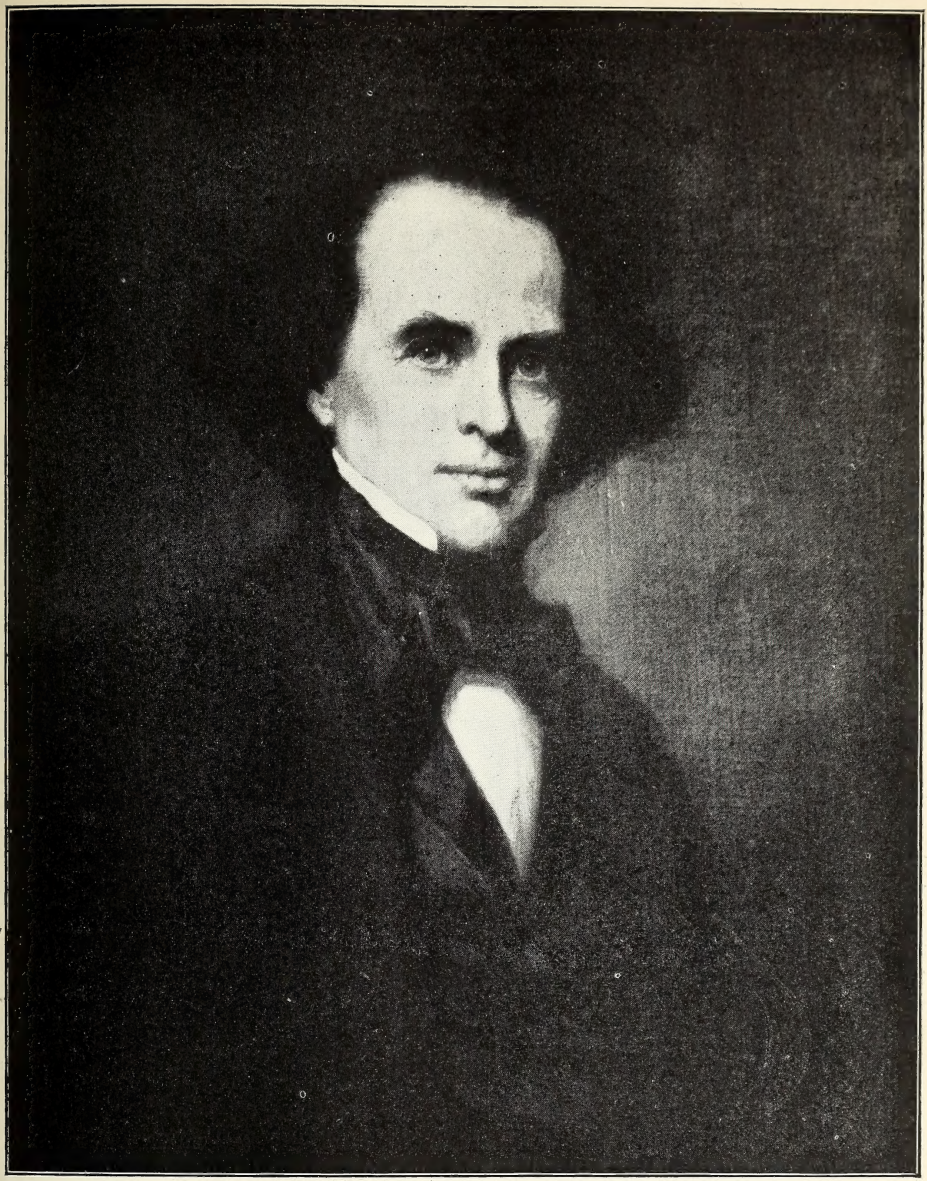
Pierce won his first public successes as a lawyer. Beginning with failure and discouragement, he fought his way on to success and fame. His legal career was brilliant with eloquence and notable for sound judgment. It was to this eloquence and fine judgment and tact, as well as to his magnetic personality, that Pierce owed his early and signal triumphs in politics. He was sent to the State Senate in 1827, and again in 1831. Then in 1833 he was elected a member of Congress, to become United States Senator in 1837. He was then the youngest man in the Senate,—only thirty-three years of age. Fond as he was of society, it is to his credit that he was not seduced from the straight path of duty. He was always in his seat, for the records show that no vote of importance was taken without his name.

During his term of office he had stood firmly for slavery, yet when the time came for his departure, senators and officers crowded around him to take his hand, as taking leave of a warm personal friend, and it is said that no senator ever retired with more friends or wishes for his happiness. He left with a determination to relinquish public life, and to devote his time to his profession and to his family. In 1834, after returning from his first Congressional term, he had married Jane Means Appleton, daughter of the President of Bowdoin College, a talented and attractive young lady, one who, save for ill health, was ably fitted to adorn the high position to which her husband was called in after life. Their home was in Hillsborough, not far from that of Pierce's father.

From the beginning of his legal career, Pierce had had a love, a passion, an admiration for the law as a profession, and an indomitable determination to become one of the best advocates at the bar. This love is demonstrated by the persistence with which he now refused to accept new official positions, that he might continue the practise of law. At this time, besides his attractive physique, and his graceful and strong manner, he had a sort of chivalrous bearing toward the court, counsel, and witnesses that carried everything before it. He had a vigorous understanding, a rare faculty for analysis, quick inventive genius, and a strong memory; this for persons and locality was most remarkable, and it is said that he never forgot a face or a name.

He had wonderful recuperative powers also, so that when engaged for days in an important case, he would say to his associates at the noon recess: "I am tired, and will sleep for an hour," and in a minute he would be sleeping like a child, to awake refreshed and ready for fresh labors.

A man like Pierce could not, however, stay long in retirement. The Mexican war broke out, and with the patriotism that he had inherited from his father, he enlisted in the ranks as a private, performing his drills and parades like any othe



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, FROM PAINTING BY HEALY, ORDERED BY PRESIDENT PIERCE AT A COST OF $1,000. OWNED BY KIRK PIERCE.

soldier. But Congress matured a bill providing for the raising of ten regiments, and creating Pierce Colonel of the ninth. He at once accepted the position, and wrote for his friend Colonel Ransom to be made Brigadier-General. Instead, the appointment was given to Pierce on March 23, 1847, with orders from the war department to direct a hur-

ried transfer of the brigade to Vera Cruz.

In recognition of the esteem in which he was held, he was presented with a sword by the ladies of Concord, their letter of presentation being still treasured in the old homestead at Hillsborough, where the sword hangs in a conspicuous place. The son of an army officer, and familiarized from childhood with the ways, if not the routine, of military life, it is not surprising that Pierce attracted so much attention by his commanding appearance, his alertness, and general fitness for army leadership.

General Pierce was as successful in the Mexican War as he had been at the bar. At the first engagement of importance, at Contreras, while General Pierce was at the head of his brigade, his horse became restless, owing to the heavy firing, and threw him heavily on the rocks. He was a man of great pluck, and, although badly injured, persistently refused to be absent from duty before the siege of Santa Anna, although ordered by General Scott to return to St. Augustine.

The General remonstrated with him, saying: "Pierce, my dear fellow, you are not fit for duty."

But the answer came bravely back: "Yes, General, I am, in a case like this." And at the head of his troops he made the charge, exposed to shot and shell, until he was assured that victory was theirs. Even then he would not give up, but met one of the commissioners, according to a previous appointment, and rode to Tacubaya, and there held conference with the British consul until late into the afternoon.

At the close of the war, Pierce was warmly welcomed back at his home in Concord, where he had removed his residence shortly before the war. A sword presented to him by the State of New Hampshire in appreciation of his services, is also to be seen in the old home at Hillsborough.

Honors had during his life crowded thickly upon him, but he hoped that he could spend the remainder of his days quietly in the enjoyment of his home and family. He was, however, too much before the public eye for this, and he took the liveliest interest in the affairs of the nation, for it was now sailing in troublous waters. In the canvass of 1848 he used his best efforts for his party, making his appeals to the intelligence and patriotism of the people. He was, indeed, New Hampshire's favorite son, and before the close of the year, his name was mentioned for the Presidency. Pierce, however, forbade its use.

Nevertheless, the convention met in the course of time, and without consulting Pierce, elected him on the thirty-fifth ballot. General Pierce was in Cambridge when the convention reached its nomination. Meeting a friend who had heard the news, and had, as it happened, ridden out to tell him, Pierce approached the carriage and holding out his hand, was about to ask for information, when the friend interrupted him with:

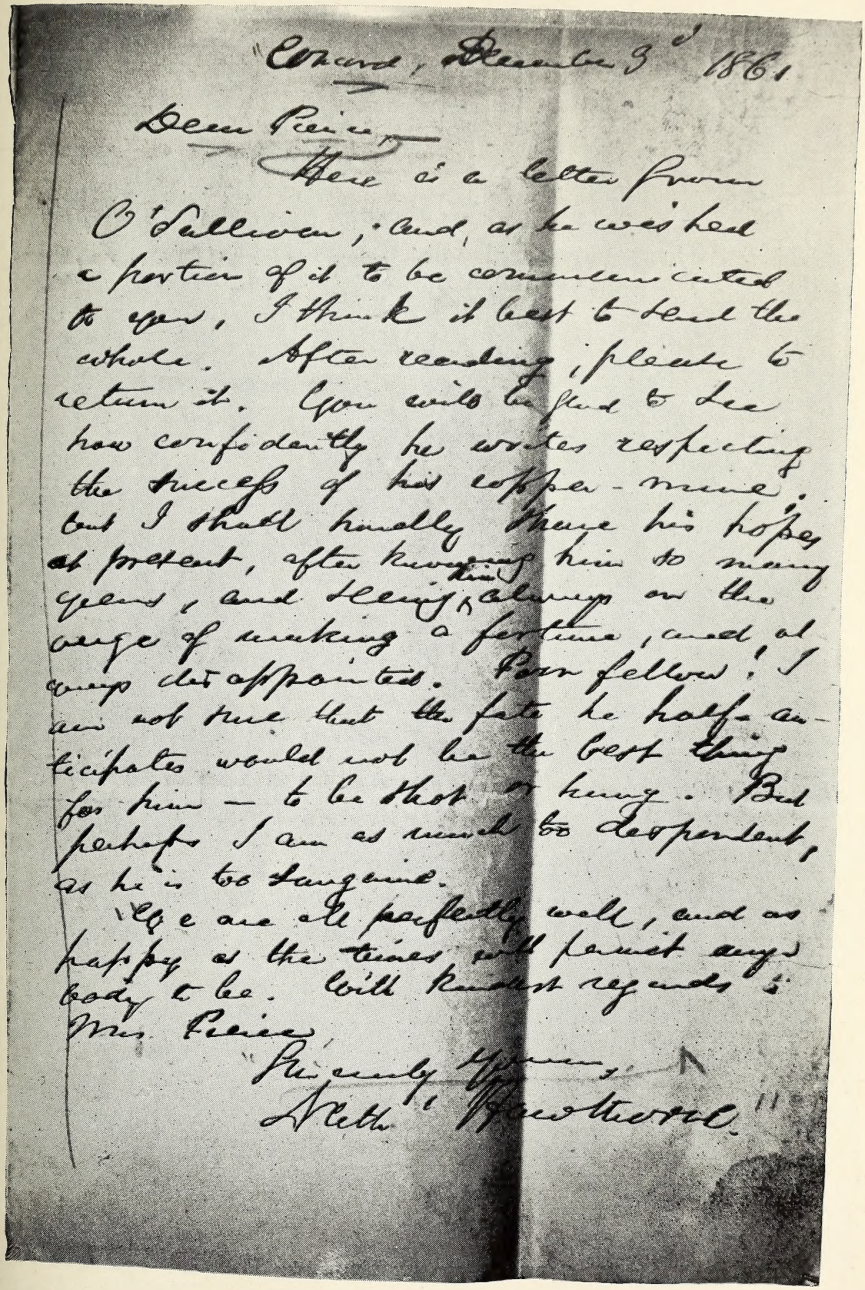
"General, have you heard the news?"

"No," excitedly answered the latter. "Who is nominated?"

"Yourself, General. Allow me to congratulate you."

"No man," replied the General, "has heard the news with more surprise than I."

The entire country was taken by surprise, but the wisdom of the selection seemed apparent, for Franklin Pierce stood unassailable,



Concord, December 3d 1861

Dear Pierce,

Here is a letter from O'Sullivan, and, as he wished a portion of it to be communicated to you, I think it best to send the whole. After reading, please to return it. You will be glad to see how confidently he writes respecting the success of his copper-mine, but I shall hardly share his hopes at present, after knowing him so many years, and seeing always on the verge of making a fortune, and always disappointed. Poor fellow! I am not sure that the fate he half-anticipates would not be the best thing for him — to be shot or hung. But perhaps I am as much too despondent, as he is too sanguine.

We are all perfectly well, and as happy as the times will permit any body to be. With kindest regards to Mrs. Pierce,

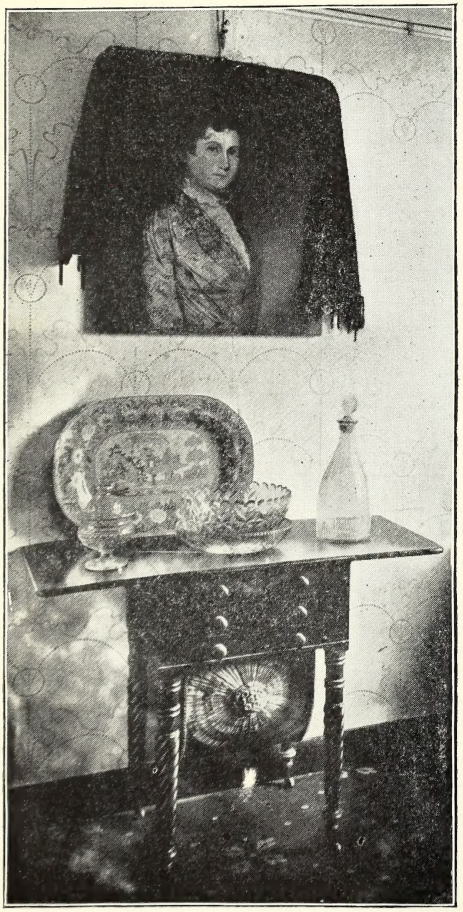
Sincerely Yours,

Nath'l Hawthorne

LETTER FROM HAWTHORNE TO PRESIDENT PIERCE. OWNED BY KIRK PIERCE.

and that was the sort of man the party needed. The news was not kindly received in the household of Pierce. His family had no desire for the excitement and weariness of Washington life. But Mrs. Pierce accepted the new burdens with the graciousness and sweetness that characterized her whole life.

The four years of President Pierce's term were stormy ones. He performed his duties faithfully and quietly, loyally standing for what he believed to be the principles of right and justice. His administration was signallized by the acquisition from Mexico of Arizona, and the organization of the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, by which the Missouri Compromise Act was repealed, and slavery permitted to enter those Territories. Pierce also agitated the acquiring of Cuba, directing the ambassadors Buchanan, Mason, and Soule to confer on the subject. At the end of his term, Franklin Pierce was not re-elected. The North had turned against him to a large degree. There was a great deal of adverse criticism at the time, but that is now known to have been caused by no real misconduct on his own part, merely the result of political strife and prejudice.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. BENJAMIN PIERCE, HER TABLE, SOME CHINA, AND A PART OF THE SET OF CUT GLASS THAT SHE OWNED IN HILLSBOROUGH.

For many years there existed a warm friendship between President Pierce and Jefferson Davis, who had been a member of Congress contemporary with Pierce and afterward was chosen his Secretary of War. There was a considerable correspondence, much of which is still extant. These letters, with others written by Mr. Pierce to various friends in the North, are not only very interesting as the compositions of men whose names are great among their fellows, but are of moment as expressing the true feelings of President Pierce and his friends on the subjects that were agitating the country at that time.

The following is an extract from a letter from Jefferson Davis to Franklin Pierce, written shortly before the Civil War:

"The prospect for our country is not less gloomy than when you left. The condition in which General Cushing said men should provide for storm, seems to be rapidly approaching. I will stand by the flag and uphold the Constitution whilst there is a possibility of affecting anything to preserve and perpetuate the government we inher

ed. Beyond that, my duty and my faith binds me to Mississippi and her fortunes, as she may shape them. I hope on for the kind Providence that has preserved us heretofore, and still labor at my post as a member of the general government.

Hoping to hear from you, I am, as ever, truly yours, JEFFERSON DAVIS."

After the close of his Presidential term, Pierce spent three years in foreign travel, returning to his native land in time to help rally the people of his State around the flag, when the first call was made for volunteers in 1861. A letter written by him during that eventful year to Bishop Chase is of interest, and is worthy of repetition here:

HILLSBOROUGH, May 6, 1861.

"My Dear Sir: — The perusal of your cordial note of the 22d inst. afforded me great satisfaction. The condition of our country, superinduced to a great degree by the wrong and moral aggression of the North, but to a still greater extent by the arrogant rashness of the South, is to the last degree deplorable. What is to become of the republic seems to me beyond the grasp of human wisdom.

We cannot subjugate the Southern States, if we would. The idea that they can subjugate the Northern, Middle and Western States is simply preposterous, and yet, in the face of these propositions, to which all intelligent minds assent, the masses of the people on both sides are apparently hurried forward against the plainest dictates of reason and humanity, as if stricken by judicial madness. I enjoy the memories which you express of my venerated father, and reciprocate the desire for the honest grasp of the hand, especially in a time like this.

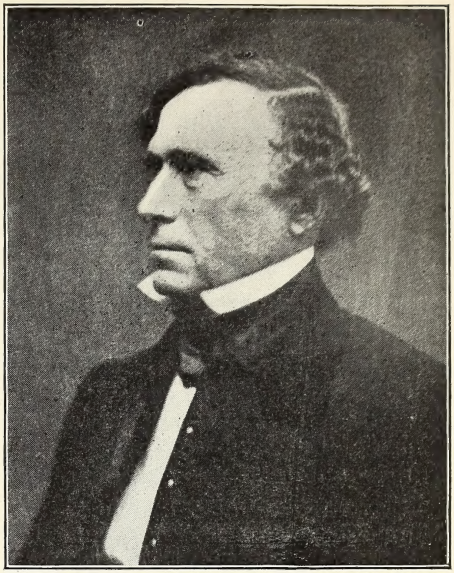
I am glad our hearts, and, if need be, our hands as well, are likely to go together in the fearful emergency which confronts us. The losses of life are much. The want of those who depend for their daily bread upon their daily labor is much. The loss of property, as far as I am concerned, is nothing, but the loss of my country,—the overthrow of what I esteem the last hope of civil liberty,—is fearful!

If I can, I will in a week or two see you at Claremont. If this may not be, believe me truly, your friend,

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

To Bishop Carlton Chase, Claremont, N. H."

The later years of Franklin Pierce were spent in quiet retirement at his home, in Concord, or, in summer, at Rye Beach. To the very last he was the same even-tempered, genial man. As a private citizen he had been noble and generous, more than fulfilling his duties to society; as a lawyer he was most eloquent; and as a soldier, fearless in battle; while as a statesman he ranks equal to such men as Jackson, Polk and Van Buren. But if those who knew him best could open their lips; if testimony could be gathered from his townspeople, who knew him from childhood to maturer age; the thousand and more who had learned his tenderness of heart, the lavish wealth of his affectionate nature, forgetting him as a lawyer, a politician, a soldier, or a President, they would point to the crowning glory of his life,—his kindness, his unselfishness, his true and enduring friendships; and his name would be recorded to incite other generations to loftier and nobler deeds.



A LATE PICTURE OF PRESIDENT PIERCE, AT MRS. CHARLES STARK'S.

The "New Women" of Thibet

By Warwick James Price

NOW that MacDonald and Younghusband have "made good" the Curzon-Cromer plan of British prestige and influence in Thibet, which for so long has challenged all Europe from its lofty seclusiveness on the "roof of the world," sociologists may soon learn full details in a problem which has interested them for years. Thibet has held the veil of her secrecy across many picturesque features of her daily life, till they have come to seem very mysteries to the western world, but the Sven Hedins and Landors and Vamberys and Notovitches have lifted now one corner of it, now another, and the wonder of mystery has given place to the wonder of interest. It may reasonably be expected that much that has been hidden will now be revealed,—and with the rest must come fuller information of the Ladakhs.

These people number some 140,000, according to the Russian traveller, Notovitch, who claims to have dwelt among them for several months. Their territory lies in Middle Thibet, its far from promising area stretching over perhaps 30,000 square miles. The men of the race are typically Thibetan, hopelessly repulsive; the women,—but there is the strangest part of a truth that rivals the strangest of romances.

For these women are essentially un-Thibetan. They are the farthest possible removed from their sisters of the rest of that empire which had been located as "lying back of the beyond." The meagre news despatches which came back from the northward march of England's "military mission," occasionally mentioned the women of the tribes with which the column came into contact. They were spoken of often as kindly disposed toward strangers and always as curious; once in a while the correspondent thought them picturesque, but more often he spoke of them as dirty, ill-clothed, bleareyed, thick-lipped and generally uninviting. Notovitch declares the Ladakh women the very opposite of all this, and as Notovitch has in other things proved himself a chronicler of veracity, in this has lain the curiosity of sociologists.

Who are these Ladakh women? Whence did they come into Thibet? They are not tall, says the Russian, but she is the rare exception who is not of fine figure and perfect grace. Their necks are snowy and their teeth unusually fine. Their complexions are clear, not muddily yellow as seems to be the expected thing in that land. Yet they are very women, after all, for they are distinctly vain of these good looks, their vanity running over, what is more, into the matter of clothes. These are necessarily heavy and often the texture is coarse and rough, but the garments are said to be worn with a touch of feminine taste all unaccustomed in that weird, rude land. What other Thibetan women, too, are known to wear lace, as do the wives and sisters of the Ladakhs? Where do they get it? Is it of home manufacture? For there it sure is, says Notovitch, combined

oftentimes in fascinating ways with the furs which the thermometer demands.

Quite in keeping with all of this, seems the disposition of Ladakh femininity. These women are eager to be amused, as is characteristic of all the childish peoples of the Far East; they laugh readily and musically, and that helps to display those same pretty teeth; they are seldom angry, and "scolds" are unknown among them.

Let it not be gathered from this, however, that they are a slight weight in that Thibetan territory; rather are they the entire state. Their sway seems to be unquestioned and supreme, and certainly it is as wise as it is imperious. The women dictate the laws that govern the community through the priests, and then, to make the assurance of their power doubly sure, they nominate the priests. They meet when occasion demands in a sort of open-air "town meeting," over which a woman presides and in which only women have the right of suffrage, expressed by the raising of white arms and hands. Is there a dispute over taxes or a domestic boundary? The women decide it; and from all M. Notovitch says to the contrary, it must be the women who enforce the decision. That would be the logical thing to expect, though it may be that, with such sunny dispositions, there is never any attempt at questioning that woman-made law.

Polyandry is the custom of Ladakh land. A woman has as many husbands as she chooses. To begin with, she notifies the mother or sister of the man upon whom she has set her intention that so-and-so is acceptable to her, and mother or sister passes the information along to him. That seems to be all there is to it. The gentleman in question is never asked so much as an opinion of the arrangement; what he may happen to think evidently counts for nothing. As for the earlier husbands, if there chance to be any, they seem rather to rejoice at the prospect of a new comrade than to object to the idea of still farther sharing the affections of the one wife. With them the family circle appears rather in the light of a social club, with a committee on admissions composed of one woman. When she "elects" another "member," his predecessors celebrate, the festival taking the form of a splendid feast. It is characteristically Thibetan that this feast should be held on some nearby hilltop, and that the single viand provided should be dead horse.

It may also be said that this ceremony is characteristic of the men themselves. It would be difficult to picture any humans more loathsome. These mates of really beautiful women are of thin, small, often misshapen bodies; their heads are flat, their features of a cast that would be grotesque if they were not rather bestial, and not one of them displays any least sign of even a childish intellect. "Nature could do no more for them," writes Notovitch. "All her good gifts she had showered upon their women."

It is of these women that the world waits to hear more. Who are they? Whence came they, and when? Where did they learn those social and personal ways of life of which the rest of Thibet is absolutely ignorant?

In Old New England Days

By Edwin L. Sabin

O'ER old New England hills the snow
Is weighting down the firs,
And on their sallies flound'ring go
The woodland foragers;
From old New England vales the smoke
Upcurls in steel-blue haze;
But gone, ye new New England folk,
Are old New England days!

When fences high the drifts were piled;
And urged by ell-long goad
Yoke-deep the steaming oxen toiled
To break the public road.
With bulging eyes, and nostrils hoar,
And veiled in vapor thin,
Now through the door and o'er the floor
They drag the back-log in.

From early dawn to candle-light
The wintry war is waged—
A hard-gripped old New England fight
That cannot well be paged.
Till now the yeomen stamp inside
(Performed the evening chores),
And up the star-capped chimney wide
The mighty fireplace roars.

Before the glow that melts the gloom
Sit snugly one and all,
While out from mother's ceaseless loom
The spans of homespun fall.
The green logs wheeze 'midst flame and spark,
The crane-hung kettle hums,
And from the cellar's realm of dark
The cider pitcher comes.

Now climb the boys to where, o'erhead,
Betwixt the shingle rifts,
Upon the waiting, dreamless bed
The snow spud gently sifts.
Worked soundly, but as soundly slept,
Nor thought on softer ways,
Those people of the times yclept
The old New England days.

'Manda*

PART II

'Manda's Hospitality

By JEANNETTE PEMBERTON

THE relations between Miss Mary and 'Manda were somewhat strained.

The eccentric servant had asked permission to invite a young friend to visit her, "to spend the day," and Miss Mary had readily granted the request. Two or three days later, while she was quietly reading in her sitting-room, a small boy had walked in upon her privacy without ceremony; and upon being asked, somewhat sternly, the reason for this intrusion, he had affably replied:

"I'm James William Johnson. I'm visiting 'Manda."

It seemed a little peculiar. To have a young, unagreeable, and not really clean child introduced into one's house in this unexpected way was annoying, to say the least, and the mistress thought she did well to show her annoyance. But when this same child, as he stood staring at the lady, carelessly dropped a cold and warty toad upon her slippered foot —and the frightened reptile attempted to hide from the strangeness of its surroundings under the folds of her long skirt—her annoyance grew into indignation.

She went immediately into the kitchen and in a voice carefully modulated to indicate much wrath under self-control, she advised 'Manda to go to the parlor and take care of her guests.

"What guests, I'd like to know?" was the astonished but not intentionally disrespectful question in reply.

"James William Johnson and his toads."

After which Miss Mary retired in dignified slowness to her room up stairs, and 'Manda sped to the parlor—perplexed, but ready.

"What does this mean, I'd like to know, sir?" addressing James William, and pointing to the palpitating toad, which the boy was vainly endeavoring to recapture.

"What?" he stopped his efforts to inquire.

"Come out of this room, this instant minute! Did you suppose when I told you you could come here to see me that I meant you to live in the parlor? No, sir! And if you'd had the bringings up of a cat you'd 'a' known better than to let a nasty vermin jump 'round where a lady has a right to feel her legs safe and comfortable. But you haven't, poor mouse! And I, for one, know better than to expect it."

"Toads don't hurt *my* legs any," James William sullenly observed, as, having picked up the toad and wrapped him in a newspaper, 'Manda assisted the boy to leave the room with despatch.

"Did I say you were a lady? Now sit on that chair and spell toad till you feel good-natured. I belong to a Society for Bringing Up Boys, and you need to be worked on as much

*The first of the "Manda" stories was published in the *New England Magazine* for November, 1901.

as anyone I know — what with a meachin' father and no ma—"

"What's meachin'?"

"Nothing for little boys to know. An' now I've got to think of Miss Mary. Did you know this was her house, and her kitchen, and her parlor, and her victuals, and her toad, for that matter, and I'm hers, and you've been and offended her. And now, you've got to go and apologize. That's the first thing."

"What's pollygibes?"

"You've got to tell her you're sorry, and you'll never bring another toad here to jump on her 's long as you both shall live. Now, is your face clean? and both your hands?"

The occasion seemed very solemn to the small boy, as he marched up stairs tightly holding 'Manda's hand. And when in response to the knock at the door a serious voice said, "Come in," his solemnity increased. But nothing could make James William shy; so he held up his head and looked around the pretty room with much interest.

"I am very sorry you were driven out of your own parlor, ma'am; and James William has come to apologize. Go on," turning to the boy; "say you're sorry about the toad."

"I'm sorry for the toad as long as you both shall live," James William repeated in subdued tones, gazing at Miss Mary's old-fashioned cheval-glass, in which he delightedly saw himself and 'Manda faithfully pictured.

"The child means well," explained 'Manda, while Miss Mary's face remained grave and unmoved; "and if you say the word I'll spank him."

James William turned his eyes to Miss Mary's face with swift appeal; it seemed too hard that there was a chance of being spanked now, in the moment of repentance and well-doing.

"I said my pollygibes, didn't I?" he inquired plaintively.

"Yes, yes; do go, now." Miss Mary was not particularly fond of children at the best, and she had had enough.

"I'm very sorry," repeated 'Manda, pushing the child outside the door, but still clinging to his hand. "And if you want him sent home, I'll send him; but havin' no mother, and worse than no father, I thought we could be doing our mite by bringing him here and learning him something."

"Oh, yes; all right. Only keep him out of the parlor."

As 'Manda returned to her own domain Miss Mary wondered why some people were made so much more unselfish than others. Here was she, with nothing to do, unwilling to sacrifice a few moments of her time or a few spare feet of her parlor to the happiness of a needy fellow-being, while 'Manda, busy as a bee, always on the alert to do good work and plenty of it, was yet sufficiently at leisure to consider the wants of less fortunate ones and minister to them freely: "her one employ to fill some small sweet needs." She remembered that when James William's father had married a helpless, useless village beauty for his second wife, after 'Manda's first outburst of displeasure against widowers in general, and this wretched specimen in particular, she had philosophically remarked:

"Well, some of us are beauties, made just to tickle fools; and some are only put here just to be women, and do hard work, and have the sense to make men comfortable. A lowly lot—but Mr. Knight always thought it worth something."

To attain to the mythical Mr. Knight's standard was 'Manda's highest aim.

"I guess you belong to a Society for Interesting Imps of Indolence," said 'Manda to her guest as they reached the kitchen. "But you've got to do some work now. You set right down and shell these peas. And when they're done I'll find something else for idle hands to do."

'Manda did not realize that James William was unaccustomed to work of any sort. His "meachin' father" never did anything he could possibly avoid; and his poor dead mother had been chiefly occupied in raising a family since James William could remember, and that had seemed to his immature observation an easy life. He had never seen any one but 'Manda work. So he was not adapted to being left alone with pease intended for speedy consumption. 'Manda had seated him on the kitchen porch, where he might conveniently "make a litter," and she, herself, was busy with work inside.

James William awkwardly plucked open a few pods as 'Manda had taught him, and enjoyed the rattle of the contents in a tin pan; then he shelled a few more, which found their way to his mouth instead of the pan, and gave even more pleasure. Next he began to reflect upon the use of a pea; he pulled one to pieces —carefully inspected the skin and pulpy flesh and embryo plant. He decided to cultivate pease for himself. Setting down his basket with cautious silence so that 'Manda should not say "pollygibes" or do work of some sort, he put a few pods in his pocket and departed for the garden. He knew Miss Mary's garden; he had often observed the gay plot when he had passed the house, and this plan would give him the pleasure of a nearer acquaintance.

The garden was arranged to suit Miss Mary's taste, and was not entirely "old-time," and certainly not new. Against the fence were long rows of Canterbury bells, purple fox-glove, white phlox and sweet-William, growing in rank profusion; then there were round beds filled with candy tuft and sweet elysium, from whose thick white mass scarlet poppies and blue larkspur waved gaily; heart-shaped beds of portulacca, brilliant with every shade of every color; diamond-shapes, gorgeous with scarlet and white and pink geraniums; and small square plots, with old-fashioned pinks, pansies and verbenas. Against the house were lilies of the valley and nasturtiums, while the roses and lilies had a small garden all to themselves. Along one side, under the dining-room windows, was a row of sweet pease, and in the same bed, nearer the gravel-walk, Miss Mary had planted some choice seeds from California.

Here in this fresh earth James William elected to plant his pease. He had two reasons for his choice; one was that pease already grew here, and it seemed suitable—but the most imperative and decisive one was that it was quite secure from 'Manda's eye. He easily poked holes in the soft rich earth with his finger, into which he popped his seeds, covered them, and stamped them down with an energetic heel. His work being finished, he amused himself picking a bunch of the sweet pease, sadly tearing the vines in his ignorant heedlessness.

By this time 'Manda was ready for his part of the dinner, and as the boy had been so quiet, she had no doubt it was ready for her.

"James William! Bring in your pease."

She called him twice without reply; then she opened the screen-door, and spoke sternly. No James William was there to heed the merited reproof. A sprinkling of pease covered the bottom of the pan, but the basket was still nearly full of unshelled pods.

This was sufficiently exasperating to a methodical cook, but—James William was her charge—where was he? Making, or taking, mischief? Should she hurriedly finish his neglected work for Miss Mary's dinner—a clear duty—or must she look for the child in spite of Miss Mary's prior claim?

'Manda had not lived her years in vain. Her life had been an observing one, and she knew how to look for a boy with some assurance of finding him.

"James William!" in loud, yet gentle tones; "I want you. I've got something for you."

James William was beguiled by the call; he peeped 'round the corner of the house.

"There you are, are you? Come here, this minute, and help me finish these pease, and *then* I'll tell you what I'll give you."

Before the vegetables were ready James William knew pretty well the nature of what was in store for him. He would have escaped even by cutting short his visit and losing his dinner, but circumstances were too strong for his inexperience. He spent an hour before his dinner perched on a chair in the kitchen, wondering whether it was "much fun to visit ladies."

"Now, I want you to enjoy the day," his hostess said to him, after he had been chastened, and had assisted at an abundant dinner to such an extent as to alarm one unused to a boy's elastic interior; "I want you to feel it a treat to be in decent folks' homes; so I'm not going to say anything more about your being naughty. You shelled your pease the second time I told you—and p'r'aps if we all did our duty every time we was only told twice, we might not be such unprofitable servants after all. It's a good thing for little boys to see nature, and—"

"What's nature?" interrupted James William.

"Nothing for little—well, yes; it's plants—and trees—and birds—and ants and things. I've got to go to the store and get me some shoes; and then we'll take the trolley and go out to the woods, somewhere, after I get my work done."

'Manda did not know about the invaded garden, or she would have considered the proposed treat most unfitting, and calculated to obscure one's moral sense. But James William was so unaccustomed to the consideration of his moral sense, that he would have seen no impropriety in treats with fifty ravaged gardens in full view.

He grew somewhat impatient while 'Manda was being fitted to shoes. Mr. Knight had once admired her slim foot, and she endeavored to keep it within its youthful bounds for his sake, although it was always extremely difficult to wear the shoes whose size pleased her eye. When the obliging clerk returned from a long search with his arms full, saying: "Madam, your foot is not exactly a 5A foot, so I have brought some 6B shoes to try," the little boy sighed. But his face lightened joyously when he saw 'Manda fix an eye of withering scorn upon the unfortunate young man, and heard her say:

"No, sir; my foot did not happen to be created according to your rule and measure; but if you will be good enough to put on my own 5A shoe again, I will go to some store where the clerks have manners, if they don't keep shoes. We won't buy shoes to-day, James William."

In stern silence they left the shop and sought nature.

"I'm so shaken up in my mind with the impudence of that numbskull (that I ought to look down upon too much to notice, seeing I belong to a Society for Crushing Contemptible Creatures!) that I need to be stroked down a little by the sight of some scenery, so we'll go to the cemetery."

'Manda's good angel so arranged it that the only passenger in the trolley-car which they boarded was her old friend, the plumber. When he first glanced at the black gown and rusty crape veil, he fancied they belonged to some widow going to weep at her husband's tomb; but 'Manda's voice addressing James William brought back to his mind many long and happy days spent at Miss Mary's, listening to Mrs. Knight's words of wisdom while he drank her delicious coffee. His face brightened, and soon the two were mirthfully recalling the pleasing incidents connected with leaking pipes and porous drains, and James William was left to the society of the conductor.

"Now there's a man that can do something besides plumb," said 'Manda to the boy as they strolled along a shady path just inside the cemetery gates. "And yet, to know how to plumb real good is a fit science for any man. Mr. Knight was a plumber. At least, he would have been, if he had lived. And it's a noble profession—always searching for nasty dirt and vile gases, and trying to make things pure—"

"What's gases?" asked James William, who felt no particular interest in Mr. Knight, nor even plumbers in general, but was occasionally struck by a new word.

"Oh, — well — nothing for little boys to know, I reckon. But if you want to live noble and make folks happy, you can do it about as well by knowing how to come in the nick of time when they're all put out with trouble in the pipes and the whole house is turned upside down, and can't stir a step in the muss till you *do* come—by knowing enough, I say, to walk in and tell 'em just what's the trouble, and that you can fix it all right in a few minutes. The trouble is, all plumbers ain't conscientious, and they'll tell you they're coming when they know they're going the other way. The thing is to have a plumber under your own thumb, as 'twere, and when you see it's his plain duty to go to a place, just see that he gets there and don't make promises for nothing."

'Manda stopped, quite out of breath, to indulge in a reverie of benevolence; dreaming of the upright and Christian manner in which a plumber's business might be carried on by a capable wife. She had forgotten James William, and had just reached the point in her dreams where she was discarding her widow's veil, and wondering whether this particular plumber would prefer pink or blue in gingham gowns, when the little boy, who was tired of the long, quiet walk, asked:

"Where's the scenery?"

"Mercy! Yes; I forgot I had a boy to bring up. Why—scenery? Look all 'round—see those bushes, and the leaves all waving in the breeze, and that little speck of sun-

shine dancing along the green grass, and those grand tall trees reaching 'way up into the blue sky, to make folks think when they come here that *up* is the place to look; and that we must be all the time trying to grow *up*, *up*—"

"You can't grow 's tall 's a tree," James William scornfully interrupted her enthusiasm. "'Tain't any use to try."

"Your soul, boy, your soul," she replied. "Can't you understand language? Don't you know it's our souls we must look out for in this world? *Your* body'll grow of itself as long as you eat meals like the dinners you've et when I've had the feeding of you. But your soul's got to be stretched every day by loving folks, and thinking kind thoughts, and saying kind words, and doing little kind works. And when you look around at scenery like this you feel kind o' small and mean, just realizing how you *can't* ever grow 's big as a small tree; and then you try to struggle to have a great, grand, noble, generous soul that'll be always soaring into some lofty deed of grandeur!"

'Manda waved her hands to increase the fervor of her rhetoric. Her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed like a girl's. James William looked wonderingly at her. No one had ever talked this way to him. He thought it was silly, but rather amusing, and he wished she would keep on. He forgot to ask, "What's grandeur?" and they walked on for a few moments in silence, until they found the path obstructed by a pile of sand left by some workmen.

"Let's sit down here and rest," proposed 'Manda.

Soon James William began to amuse himself with digging holes in the soft mass, while 'Manda lost all thought of him in a reverie naturally suggested by the place. She compared Mr. Knight's "monument," erected by herself instead of by his legal widow, with others in view, and felt that she had done well. She wondered what Mr. Knight would think of the plumber; and how soon the plumber would "come to the point."

While she mused, James William acted. He had observed that the iron fence enclosing a large lot near where they were sitting was freshly painted, and he had thought it would be great fun to rub his fingers over the glistening surface to "see if it would come off." But he had not dared to hope that he might compass this joy. Now, he suddenly caught sight of a paint-pot at the corner of the lot, and glancing hastily at 'Manda he saw that her vigilance was lost in abstraction.

He stealthily left her side, crept around the corner, and for some blissful moments enjoyed to the full the charms of thick, green paint. Never had he known greater ecstacy of delight. He had not dreamed that life had such moments in store for him. He was intoxicated with pleasure, and forgot that 'Manda lived.

But alas! stern retribution clutched him with a firm and bony grip. He was dragged back to the prose of every-day life with such electric speed that he had no time to regain his usual composure by the way.

'Manda had dreamed her dream to its end. Mr. Knight had seemed to approve of the plumber, and her active mind hurried into the future. This called for movement, and returning consciousness prodded her conscience.

"That scalawag of a James William! Where on earth is the imp?"

she asked, but no one answered. "This is no spot to lose a child in," she exclaimed, and mounting the sand-heap for better view, she cast a swift comprehensive glance over the beautiful necropolis; ending at the lot near by, and the fresh fence. The boy himself was so disguised by liberal splashes of dark, rich green that at first she did not recognize him as more than a component part of the summer landscape. But second, and more careful research separated him.

"James William Johnson! What on earth—?"

Tears filled his green-rimmed eyes and lingered on his green-glossed cheeks. He put up green hands to hide his shame — and 'Manda laughed!

Cut to the heart and inebriated with his wild pursuit of pleasure, he lost all control of himself and struck at her with the frenzy of delirium. The attack was unexpected. The conflict was short but sharp, and the end bitter to both combatants.

"Well, James William Johnson; how we're to get home in this plight puzzles me!" were 'Manda's first words after peace was declared. James William was speechless.

Indeed, a wiser head than 'Manda's might have been puzzled to know how the home-going could be accomplished with decent effect. The little boy was smeared with vivid green from head to foot, and could hardly pass unnoticed even in a crowd had it not been for the superior claims of his companion. No one who had the chance to look at 'Manda would have wasted a glance on him. Her bonnet was twisted and bent over one eye; the long crape veil was enlivened with large splashes of the brilliant paint, and torn into unseemly strips; a long dab of paint crossed her face from above the left eye to the right ear; and the front of her black gown was plentifully sprinkled with drippings from the kicking, wriggling mass she had been forced to hold while its wicked heart was being subdued.

"I s'pose we *could* take a hack," she said tentatively, "if we had anybody to pay the bill. But we haven't. It's expensive to invite company that's fond of paint. But I think of joining a Society for Making the Most of Misery," she smiled grimly, "and so I guess we'll walk home. We'll go 'round the back way."

James William began to whimper. The trolley ride was a large part of his day's treat, and he felt defrauded.

"We'll walk through the woods and come out on the road above Miss Mary's," continued 'Manda, unheeding. "'Tain't much more than two miles, and it's pretty well screened from ridicule."

She stalked on in stern silence for some time, James William running to keep pace with the long stride, and occasionally whimpering, unnoticed.

"Where'll I go when you get to your house?" he asked, presently.

"Home, as fast as your wicked feet can carry you, *I've* got no time to spank you," was the brief but plain reply.

"I've got on my Sunday clo'es—"

"So much the worse for you!"

He burst into loud sobs, and then 'Manda suddenly remembered that Mr. Knight had once told her the worst thing a boy could do without was a mother, and her heart softened.

"Now, look here, James William, you've been an awful bad boy, and there's no use pretending you didn't know it, and trying to excuse you. But I'm bad myself often, and it

does me good to feel that folks are sorry for me. So I won't hit a fellow while he's down. You can sit on the back porch and *think* while I get Miss Mary's supper; and then I'll scrub you up with benzine and turpentine and all the nasty-smelling things we've got, and I'll send you home 's clean as I can get you.

"I only hope this'll be a lesson to you to behave half-decent when you get a chance."

James William went home shining with the radiance of an hour's "scrubbing," while the weary 'Manda spent the rest of the evening "cleaning up."

A Pilgrim Chant

By Ellen Shepard Dwinnell

Editor's Note:—The third stanza of this poem refers to what probably is a well-known theory, viz.:—"The rock itself,—the only one in Plymouth,—may have been a pilgrim, drifting down in some pre-historic time upon an iceberg."

O Pilgrim Land! from over crested wave
White wings once wafted precious freight to thee;
And Mighty Power, from stormy wind and sea
Deliverance gave!

O Pilgrim Land! our Fathers, tempest-tost,
Exiled from home and friends,—what straits were theirs!
Out of the depths they prayed,—what faith compares?
When hope seemed lost!

O Pilgrim Rock! perchance upon our shore
An exile, too, wert thou, from North-Lands drear;
Rest in thy hoary age,—rest peaceful here,
Wave-washed no more!

O Pilgrim Band! from yonder hallowed hill,—
Three centuries nigh since first your footsteps trod,—
We seem to hear in prayer, and praise to God,
Your voices still!

Sleep, Pilgrims,—sleep upon our sea-girt shore!
Though generations new your places fill,
The Pilgrim *heart* is beating with us still
Forevermore!

The American Pym.

By ELBERT D. HAYFORD.

OPPORTUNITY in America has scarcely a career to which it can turn with more interest and wonder than that of Matthew Lyon, who rose from obscure bondage to be successively, master of himself, manufacturer, editor, soldier, legislator, and, finally, dared to face the overweening power of an arrogant majority under which he was politically crushed and exiled. One hundred years ago he was closing his congressional career as a member from the state of Vermont. He it was whose casting vote in the long struggle between Jefferson and Burr made the former President. Soon to become a political exile in what was then the wilds of western Kentucky, Lyon came up to the session of 1800-1 burning from the indignities of an imprisonment under the odious sedition law.

Congratulated by the President on "the prospect of a residence not to be changed," the second session of the Sixth Congress assembled at the new capital on the Potomac, which then comprised a population of about five hundred people. Well for the future of our country that this session convened in the woods, for the exciting scenes incident to the contest for the presidency would most certainly have caused riots and perhaps bloodshed at Philadelphia, a city that was rather tumultuous, in spite of the proverbial staidness of the sober Friends. This session marked the closing of the era of Federalism. New England returned her Federal representatives in the persons of Otis, Sewall, Dana, Griswold and Goodrich. There were also Bayard of Delaware, Thomas Pinckney of South Carolina and the caustic Randolph of Roanoke, the new member from Virginia. Livingston and Gallatin were back, as was Smith of Maryland. But of all those present there was scarce one whose life's story is of more surpassing interest than that of Matthew Lyon, of Vermont, nor one whose career has been more neglected by the historian or the biographer.

Born in county Wicklow, Ireland, in 1746, Lyon, at fifteen, was lured aboard ship by a sea captain, fell ill on the voyage and was nursed by two abandoned women. The vessel landing in Connecticut, the captain was glad to be well rid of the puny lad and sold him to a farmer as an indentured servant, that mild form of slavery so common in the last century, who in turn traded the boy to a farmer in what is now Vermont for a pair of stags. Serving his term as a redemptioner, Lyon settled as a citizen of the colony on Lake Champlain and rapidly became prominent in the community as a man of great energy and thrift. At the outbreak of the Revolution he was commissioned a lieutenant of militia, and on the approach of Sir Guy Carleton's raiders was sent to

guard a post on Lake Champlain. The post was soon abandoned and Lyon was sent back to headquarters to report the fact, where he was branded as a coward, arrested, court-martialled and cashiered. With a high temper, imperious, outspoken, frank to bluntness, irascible, yet withal keenly sensitive, his remaining years were morose and bitter. But in spite of his humiliation Lyon seems to have possessed the confidence of his fellow citizens, for he was in 1777 appointed a commissary in the army that captured Burgoyne and a little later a colonel. In 1778 he was appointed deputy secretary to Governor Chittenden and later clerk of the board of confiscations. After the Revolution Lyon served four years in the state legislature. With Irish thrift and energy he became an extensive manufacturer and soon had a furnace for casting hollow ironware, a saw-mill, a paper-mill and a printing-press in full operation. In 1783 he founded the town of Fairhaven, Vermont. He edited the first paper in democratic interests in that state which he gave the high sounding title of *The Scourge of Aristocracy and Repository of Important Political Truths.* In 1793 he founded a paper which he called *The Farmer's Library,* and after a time changed the name to the *Fairhaven Gazette.* From the same press came a life of Benjamin Franklin and a novel, "Alphonse and Dalinda." Lyon acquired property and took to wife a daughter of Governor Chittenden. Becoming a local politician of note, in May, 1797, Lyon was seated as one of the representatives in Congress for Vermont, where he was destined to be shortly heard from.

In those days each house prepared a reply to the President's address, but on this occasion nineteen days elapsed before a motion to send a reply was made. When it came and was seconded and the House was read for debate, the courtlier members of Congress were surprised to see a rough, under-sized Irishman rise in his place and say: "I move that so much of the resolution as makes attendance obligatory be rescinded, and that the words 'attended by the House' be stricken out and the words 'attended by such members as may think proper,' be inserted." "I second the motion," said a member, "in order that the gentleman from Vermont may be heard." "As an honest Republican," commenced Lyon, "I cannot take part in this mummery of marching after the speaker to the President's door. I have been assured that I might keep away if I chose and not be missed, but this House has the law on its side and may use it, for the rule forces every member to attend with the speaker. I hope, therefore, leave will be given for such members as wish to remain in their seats." "The gentleman must confine the motion to himself," said the speaker. A new motion was made, and as the speaker was about to put it to a vote Lyon again arose. "If I alone was concerned," he said, "to fall in with a fashionable folly would be a very little matter. But remembering that the dignity of 80,000 American citizens is affected, I feel compelled to resist. The member from Connecticut has said that there is enough American blood in the House to carry

it. Let those men of blood go in the procession. I, for one, have no claims to blood. I come not from one of the bastards of Oliver Cromwell, nor from the Puritans who hanged witches, drove out the Quakers and punished their horses for not keeping holy the Sabbath day; yet I have something within me which boils with indignation when I hear of such distinctions in a republican land." The motion was voted down unanimously and the House marched off to deliver the answer to the speech.

The next Congress assembled November 22, 1798, nine days late, the delay being caused by yellow fever in Philadelphia. The President had recommended defensive action against France, but Congress would not act until the French embassy could be heard from. In the following February while the House was balloting for members of the Blount impeachment before the Senate, the speaker left his chair, members collected and a general conversation went on. Lyon, who had in vain renewed at this session his objections to waiting on the President, entered into a conversation with the speaker in criticism of the high salaries paid our ambassadors. Proceeding to speak of the Connecticut people he boasted that if he should go into that state and manage a newspaper that they would shortly replace their Federalist representatives with Republicans. Roger Griswold, a Federalist from Connecticut, an able lawyer and afterwards governor of his state, stepped forward at this and said: "You could not change the opinion of the meanest hostler in the state." Lyon retorted that in fact he had contemplated moving into the state and fighting the Federalists on their own ground. "I suppose if you come you will bring your wooden sword," sneered Griswold. This was an allusion to Lyon's being cashiered in the war, about which a story was then going around that he had been compelled to wear a wooden sword on that occasion. Lyon instantly sprang at Griswold, but a personal encounter was averted by his friends restraining him. The speaker took his seat and the House was quickly rapped to order. A New England Federalist at once offered a resolution for Lyon's expulsion from the House for this breach of decorum. A committee on privileges reported favorably, but the motion was lost, as it did not receive a two-thirds vote, though it did receive a majority. Lyon's friends condoned the offence by saying that the House was not in actual session at the time of the alleged indecorum.

A few days later, upon Lyon's next appearance in the House, Griswold, after the usual prayers had been said, approached him from the rear and began beating Lyon over the head with a cane. Lyon quickly sprang out of the way, ran to a fireplace, seized a pair or brass tongs and rushed at his assailant. They closed and in a moment went down together, Lyon uppermost. Griswold's friends dragged the enraged Irishman off by the legs when Lyon ran for a cane. But now the speaker, who had calmly watched the encounter, called the House to order. Those who had voted for Lyon's expulsion now voted for the expulsion of both parties to this shameful fight, but Griswold's friends now turned to his advantage

the arguments of the opposition, saying that the House was not in actual session and neither an expulsion nor a censure could be carried. Both members, however, were made to promise to have no further personal contest during the session. But the disgraceful encounter, which was the first that ever occurred in our Congress, did not discredit either member at home, for each was returned to the succeeding Congress.

The Sedition Act, the principal issue of the campaign of 1800, and under the stringent provisions of which Matthew Lyon was to suffer later, was passed by forty-six to forty votes. It was approved by Gallatin and Livingston, but Hamilton, strong a partisan as he was, doubted the wisdom of its enactment. The campaign of 1798 was an exciting one. Young men were stripped of the black cockade, the Federalist emblem, in New York. At Newburgh liberty poles were erected on which were long streamers proclaiming, "No British Alliance," "No Sedition Law." As Matthew Lyon returned to Vermont from Philadelphia he was met by a rabble in Trenton and New Brunswick, insulted, hustled and followed far out of town by a band of fiddlers playing the "Rogue's March." At Reading, Pennsylvania, Gallatin had his effigy burned before his face as he was about to enter his carriage. Adams on his way to Braintree caused a riot in New York, and the artillerymen, who were about to fire a salute to the President, threw down their matches when they heard that Adams was to be rowed over in the barge of the British frigate *Topaz*. Immediately upon his arrival home Lyon was arrested on a charge of libel. His offence consisted of reading a letter from Joel Barlow, written from abroad, upon our foreign policy, and shortly after published in the *Scourge*, an address in which he charged the President with "unbounded pomp, foolish adulation and selfish avarice." Under these charges he was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to a fine of $1,000 and four months' imprisonment. Confined in a miserable jail, Lyon was denied a stove and it was with reluctance that glass was put in one of the small windows. With no one to cheer him but the jailer and the village parson, the prisoner spent a miserable winter. His son, James Lyon, kept his father's cause before the people through the columns of the *Scourge*. His friends petitioned the president to release him. "Did Lyon himself sign it?" asked Adams, when the petition was handed him, and being informed that he did not, refused to grant it. A lottery was then started with Lyon's houses, lands, mills and foundry as prizes, and the people were urged to be prompt in saving from poverty the first sacrifice on the altar of sedition. There were some strong expressions in the call, and the government, to its shame, had Anthony Haswell, of the Vermont *Gazette*, fined and imprisoned. Lyon was triumphantly re-elected to Congress while in prison and his friends in revenge girdled the apple trees in the orchards of the men who testified against him, and celebrated his release from the "Federal Bastile" in a "Patriotic Exultation."

Upon his reappearance in Congress a motion was promptly made for Lyon's expulsion from the House for the reason that he had been convicted of sedition, but it lacked a two-thirds vote.

Lyon never returned to Vermont, where indictments were pending against him, but upon the expiration of his term emigrated to Kentucky. His strenuous opposition to waiting on the President with the House reply caused Jefferson, on the occasion of his induction into office, to send the message to the House to be there read instead of delivering it in person, as Washington and Adams had done, and thus we owe the present custom, inaugurated by the Father of Democracy, to the indomitable will and stubbornness of the "roaring Lyon of Vermont," as he was derisively called by his party opponents. Broken in fortune and tiring of the struggle, for we cannot say that this doughty Irishman ever felt fear, Lyon determined not to return to Vermont upon the expiration of his term.

March 4, 1801, was an eventful day at Washington. The inhabitants of that city, then mostly a forest, who arose by daybreak saw President Adams's carriage flying from the city toward Massachusetts, its indignant occupant not waiting to show his successor the courtesy of witnessing his inauguration. This day also saw the expiration, by its own limitation, of the sedition law. Another incident that caused much comment was Lyon's letter to Adams, which was given to the press on this date. Freed from all vituperative restraint, the injured congressman addressed a letter to the late President that for malignity and viperous hate has rarely been equalled in the annals of our country. "You become a private citizen to-day," it commenced. "Excuse this letter from the fact that I too, voluntarily, am going to retire to the extreme western part of the United States, where I have fixed for myself an asylum from the persecutions of a party the most base, cruel, assuming and faithless that ever disgraced the councils of any nation. That party are now happily humbled in dust and ashes before the indignant frowns of an injured country, but their deeds never can be forgotten. I intend to call back to your view a retrospect of some part, at least, of your public conduct during the past four years. The fair promises of your inaugural address were not fulfilled. You expected a crown and needed three volumes in which to show your love of royalty and Great Britain. You sanctioned laws giving new and unconstitutional powers to yourself. You endeavored to involve the country in an endless war. You abused Mr. Monroe and gave vent to childish nonsense about dividing the people from the government. You pretended that C. C. Pinckney had the authority to investigate the demands of the French nation for their grievances, and in your second speech to the Fifth Congress you swelled and strutted when you were abusing the nation you were hypocritically pretending to make up differences with."

On the same day Lyon left Washington for western Kentucky, set-

tling on the Cumberland River, in what is now Lyon County. He founded the first newspaper in this part of the state, printing it from type he had brought on pack-horses across the Alleghanies. Here he soon acquired a large plantation. A natural leader of men, he was not destined to remain long in retirement. In 1803 he was elected to Congress from his adopted state, where he served four terms, or until 1811. It was during this interval, or in 1805, that he was heard of again in connection with the Burr conspiracy. Though his casting vote made Jefferson President, which fact, he asserted, repaid all his wrongs, at the hands of the Federalists, Colonel Lyon had a kindlier feeling for Burr after his duel with Hamilton for the reason, as he himself expressed it: "I considered him as persecuted for what I considered no more than fair play among duellists." The story is best told in Lyon's own words, as given in his deposition on Burr's trial:

"Some time in the winter of 1805, coming one morning to Washington from Alexandria by way of the navy yard and passing by the house where General Wilkinson lived, he called on me to come in. After congratulating him on his appointment as governor, Colonel Burr's name was mentioned. We each spoke regretfully of the loss of so much talent as Colonel Burr possessed. We viewed him on the brink of a precipice from which in a few days he must fall—from the second station in the nation to that of a private citizen. The General entered warmly into his praise and talked of a foreign embassy for him, which I assured him could not be obtained. 'Can you not think of something that would do for the little counseler?' asked the General. I replied that he might very readily become a member of the Congress which was to meet the coming winter, and in the state of parties considering the éclat with which he was like to leave the Senate he might very probably be speaker. The General anxious to know how, I explained: Let Burr mount his horse March 4th, and ride through Virginia to Tennessee, giving out his intention to settle at Nashville to practise law. Let him there fix a home. Let him in July next intimate to some of the numerous friends his pre-eminent talent and suavity of manner will have made for him, that he would willingly serve the district in Congress. They will set the thing on foot. He is sure to be elected: there is no constitutional bar in the way.

"As I finished this explanation the General rose and in seeming ecstasy clapped his hands on my shoulders, exclaiming with an oath, 'This will do. It is a heavenly thought, worthy of him who thought it.' Three hours later he called upon me in the House and informed me that he had at Colonel Burr's request made an appointment for me to call on him.

"I was punctual. Colonel Burr lived at Wheaton's, near the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue not far from Rhoades's. It was in the evening. I knocked or pulled the bell several times before a servant came, who informed me tha

Colonel Burr was not to be seen as he was engaged with company. I gave the servant my name and directed him to go tell Colonel Burr that I had called. Colonel Burr came and invited me upstairs and requested me to sit with Mrs. Wheaton half an hour, when he would be with me. In about three-quarters of an hour he came and apologized for his delay. I observed to him that he had a large company among whom I recognized the voices of Generals Wilkinson and Dayton, although I had not heard of the latter gent being in town. I hoped he had not hurried himself from them on account of seeing me; that I had been well entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton, and would have been so an hour or two longer if he wished to remain with his company. Colonel Burr said that the meeting was about some land concern in the western country; that they had gone as far as they could with it at that time. My coming had been no interruption. He was very glad to see me and soon commenced the subject of the coming election in Tennessee. I repeated what I said to General Wilkinson. He admitted the possibility of success in the course I pointed out, but did not seem to be so much enamoured with the project as General Wilkinson. He said he was obliged on March 4 to go to Philadelphia; from thence he would go to Pittsburgh and thence to the western country by water. I offered him a passage in my boat from Pittsburgh if he should be there when I finished my business on the Monongahela and descended to Pittsburgh. I assured him, however, all chances of obtaining the election in Tennessee would be jeopardized if not lost by such a delay. He told me he had ordered a boat at Pittsburgh and he talked as if his business at Philadelphia was indispensable, as well as his voyage down the Ohio."

On parting Colonel Burr asked, "Would you dare tell the President he ought to send me on the foreign embassy we have talked of?"

"I would not," replied Lyon bluntly.

Burr left Philadelphia about April 10 and rode to Pittsburgh in nineteen days. Two days out from Pittsburgh he overtook Lyon, the boats were lashed together and floated in company four days. Burr landed at Marietta, whence he proceeded to the fateful meeting with Blennerhasset. Lyon continued the voyage alone. At Louisville Burr again overtook Lyon. "There," says the latter, "I repeated to him that the delay he had made had ruined his prospects of election, which depended solely on domestication. At the falls he changed his flat for a small boat, which he ordered to Eddyville (where I live), and rode to Nashville."

"When Colonel Burr called on me on his way to the boat," relates Lyon, "I inquired if anything had been said about the election. He answered, not one word."

Being asked whether in his opinion Burr was sincere in desiring an election, Lyon replied, "No doubt he would have been sincerely rejoiced to have been elected, but there seemed so much mystery in his conduct, I suspected him to have other objects in view through which I could not penetrate. These objects I then be-

lieved were known to General Wilkinson."

These years in Kentucky were prosperous ones for Lyon. He became a government mail contractor, a manufacturer, a planter, all in addition to his seat in Congress, to which he was regularly returned. His congressional career as a representative from Kentucky was more peaceful than his first service from Vermont. An able debater, he measured swords with John Randolph of Roanoke, and was one of the members whom the virulent Virginian delighted to goad. He favored the choice of the standing committee of the House by ballot with the privilege of choosing their own chairman; "for," said he, "this course would be more respectful to the nation, and the person so appointed would feel a greater responsibility to the House," but the motion failed to carry.

At the beginning of the war of 1812 Lyon relinquished his seat in Congress for the purpose of becoming a contractor for the building of gunboats, Jefferson's pet scheme of defence, and again lost a fortune on the unfortunate project.

Returning to Kentucky he lived in retirement until 1817, when he was appointed Indian agent for the Cherokees by President Monroe, when he removed to Arkansas. In 1821 he was again a candidate for delegate to Congress from the territory of Missouri, which then included the present bounds of Arkansas. He was defeated by James Woodson Bates by the narrow margin of eleven majority. The following year, 1822, he died at Spadra Bluff, Ark., near Fort Smith. Though rough in dress and manner and unprepossessing in appearance, yet Lyon's character partook of much that was praiseworthy. He was brave, patriotic, honest and energetic, and withal an ideal character for the pioneer days in which he lived, when great work was to be wrought in the wilderness, in which he bore an honerable part. In 1840 Congress refunded to his heirs the fine, with interest, of one thousand dollars, assessed by the court against him at the time of his conviction under the sedition law.

His son, Chittenden Lyon, served in Congress from Kentucky as a Jackson Democrat from 1827 to 1835. A granddaughter, Mrs. F. A. Wilson, now resides at Eddyville, Ky., while a great-grandson served on the battleship *Oregon* in the war with Spain.

The Story of a Storm

By R. G. Pitzer

ONE afternoon in early December, Evelyn Wolfe left the University for a walk down a country lane. She reached a little rivulet running between two bare hills, and leaned against the railing of a rustic bridge. A flock of snowbirds went past and flew on over the hill.

As she gazed upon the surrounding landscape, a man crossed the brow of the knoll and walked down the lane toward her. He bore a knapsack on his back and a stick in his hand, and was evidently bound for the city. He was a tall, rough-bearded fellow, young, and not unhandsome, and was dressed in a shabby suit of dust-powdered corduroy. A pair of keen eyes looked out at her from under a high, felt-shaded forehead, and he glanced inquiringly at the sky as he passed, and then up and down the creek, plainly intent upon discovering where she lived. He went on, however, with a steady, soldier-like swing which disclosed the accustomed pedestrian, passed on up the next rise, and disappeared from view.

The girl's eyes had followed his as they glanced at the sky, and she was surprised to see a gray cloud looming up in the northern horizon. The smoke of the city had settled like a pall over the land; a storm was coming on. Evelyn stood out form the bridge and shook the dust from her skirts.

Another flock of birds fluttered over the rise and down to the stream, calling shrilly to one another. After them came a gust that smacked of the frozen snows lying in the far-away North, and by the time she had reached the crown of the hill, the wind had settled down to a steady blow, increasing every moment in strength and bitterness. The cloud had raced across the sky, and was now hanging threateningly over the city; below it the air was dark with mist. The fierce wind blew in her face, caught the folds of her dress, and lashed and flung it about, so that every step was a battle. A thick vapor, which seemed almost to have sprung from the earth, obscured the sun.

As she forced her way down the lane, there was a sudden lull; but when she reached the top of the next rise the gale came again, bringing with it a sharp and steady fall of icy sleet, that froze where it struck.

Every moment the sleet grew denser, until it was impossible to see across the road. Then a few snowflakes flew past, gaining rapidly in numbers, until the air was full of racing, sharp-edged snow. Evelyn was caught in one of those half-mythical blizzards which sweep down once in a lifetime from the North, and cover the land in an hour.

She battled on for a time, gaining but little ground, when a dark figure loomed up through the snow and went past within a few feet of her. She was too startled to cry out, but

the figure had seen her, and came back. It was the bearded stranger who had passed her on the bridge.

"Here we are," he called out. "I rather thought you'd be wandering around somewhere. I had an idea from your dress," he continued, "that you belonged up yonder at the school, and I knew you'd have a time trying to reach it by yourself. As it is, we had better make for the first house. Where is it?"

She shook her head despondently. "I can't remember. I don't know where we are."

"Well, never mind. I seem to recollect a big house somewhere near." They turned to the left until they ran into a wire fence.

"Now," said the man, "it's all plain sailing. We'll just follow the fence until we come to a gate or something."

"I hadn't thought of that," she answered, as her face brightened. "The house you saw has wooden pickets before it, so we'll know when we get there."

"So it has," he answered, "and what's more, here it is, right under our noses! Nothing easier, eh? Where's the gate?"

When the gate was found they went through it and turned down toward where the house probably lay. The walk was obliterated, but they went on for some little time, and then came up to the wires again.

"That's queer," he muttered. "Blamed if we haven't got mixed up somehow. Now—" raising his voice —"where does the house stand?"

The overstrained nerves of the girl gave way, and she began to cry.

"Come," he said, "this won't do, you know. We'll go back to the gate and try again."

"Oh, but I'm so tired and cold!" she sobbed. "Can't we wait a little —just a little—and rest ourselves?"

"Not a bit of it. We'll rest when we get to a fire." Then he threw something over her shoulders, and she glanced up in surprise. He stood in his shirt-sleeves, buttoning his coat under her chin.

"No! no!" she cried. "You must not! You'll freeze!" Ignoring her feeble struggles to push back his gift, he caught her waist and forced her forward. Just then a shot was heard a little before them.

"The house!" he shouted. "They're firing to guide in someone of the family—come on!" He rushed her in the direction of the noise, and the house quickly loomed up before them. A woman stood just within the doorway, gazing anxiously into the driving snow, and beside her was a little boy, leaning on a shotgun.

"There they are, mamma!" he shouted.

"Did you find her, John?" called the woman. Then, as Evelyn and her rescuer came nearer, she saw her mistake and burst out into hysterical sobbing. The wanderer entered the kitchen and took his charge to the range, where he carefully unwrapped her.

"You will pardon our intrusion, madam," he said, turning to the mistress of the house. "We were lost, you know. Are any of your people out in the blizzard?"

"Yes," she sobbed. "Annie, my little girl, Annie! And John, too,— he's gone out to find her. She was playing with Shep in the field behind us."

"How long has your husband— John is your husband, I suppose— been out?" he asked.

"Oh, for hours," was the answer. "He went when it first started."

"That wasn't half an hour ago.

They'll be in soon, never fear; but the boy had better keep up his shooting, for the house is hard to find."

Thus admonished, the boy went to the doorway and discharged his gun. The minutes dragged along, and the woman went continually to the open door to gaze out into the storm. At last she gave way and rushed, wailing loudly, from the room. The stranger followed her.

"Get me an overcoat," he said, "and I'll go out and find the little one, and your husband, too." She stopped crying at once, and caught eagerly at this new hope.

"Will you? It is so kind and brave of you! God bless you!" She ran out for the required wrap, and he returned to the kitchen. Evelyn rose at his entrance and came forward with outstretched hands.

"I haven't thanked you yet," she said. "It was noble of you." He took her hands and looked down into her upturned face.

"It was a pleasure. I am glad that I was there, Miss—"

"My name is Evelyn Wolfe."

"And mine is—is Jones. And now, Miss Wolfe,—" as the woman entered with the overcoat and a muffler—"I must say goodby for a time."

"Why, where are you—Oh!" as the full meaning of the scene rushed upon her, "you must not! You'll go out there and freeze! Don't go—please don't go! The man will find the child. You're throwing your life away!"

He held her hands a moment. "I must. And now, madame," he continued, "I would be grateful for a little whiskey or brandy, if you have any in the house."

"We have a bottle of brandy," she answered, going to the pantry. "Here it is."

He held it to the light. "A full quart! Come, this is as good as a kitchen fire. Now," he continued, as he dressed for the open, "show me exactly where the field is." They all went to the door as the woman pointed out the direction. "I see; it's all right if the wind doesn't change, but if it veers—well, goodby," and he turned to shake hands.

Evelyn took his hand tremulously, and then, with a little sob, turned away.

The two women waited anxiously as the minutes slipped by, and the boy continued to discharge his gun at lengthening intervals. At last the ammunition gave out, and there was no way to announce the location of the house. Dusk came, and they lighted lamps and put them in all the windows. Still there was no abatement in the fury of the storm.

At last the boy, who had been outside for an instant, rushed in, crying: "Oh, mamma! mamma! here's Shep come home!" A noble dog limped in after him; its feet were frozen, but it whined and wagged its tail as it turned towards the door. Then a man stumbled across the threshold, bearing a child in his arms. It was Jones.

"I found the child out in the field," he said. "The dog barked and howled until I picked her up. She was lying down, and he was over her. A sensible sort of an animal." The woman left the child long enough to bestow a grateful kiss on the nose of the whining dog. "I don't think the child's frozen. The dog kept her warm until I got to her, and I poured some brandy down her throat. She's not as accustomed to such stuff as I am."

"But John!" the woman ex-

claimed. Jones shook his head. Just then, as if in answer to her call, the door swung open, and three burly men entered.

"I couldn't find her, Millie," said the first. "Our neighbors are here, and we'll go out again when—"

"Oh, John!" she cried. "She's safe! This gentleman found her!"

The man caught up his child and smothered it with his rough caresses. Then he turned toward her rescuer, but Jones had fainted.

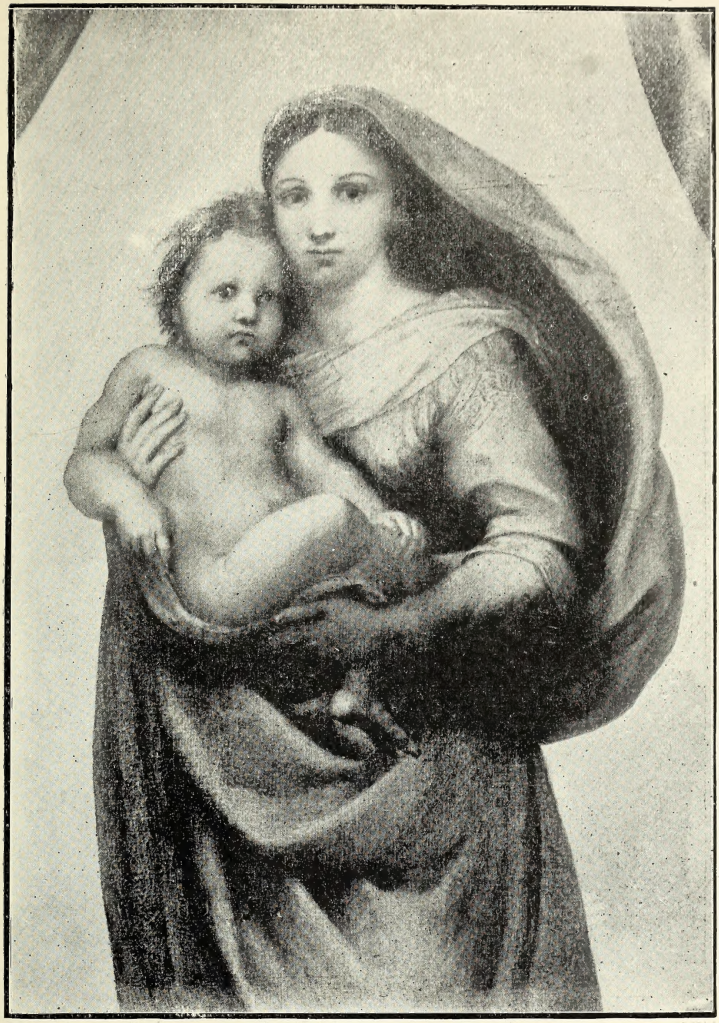
"You see," Jones afterwards explained to his chum, whom he met in the city, "I drank that whole quart of stuff, except the little I poured down the kid, and it made me weak upstairs;" he tapped his head. "Then, when I got into the hot room, I was gone. They thought I was frozen, and put me to bed, and fooled around me for a while. I woke up late in the morning and looked out. The sun was shining down on the deep snow as peaceful as could be, so I dressed and slid down the lightning-rod wire. But it was hard work limping into town."

"And the girl?" asked the chum. He was rather romantically inclined.

"That's why I sneaked off. She was a good girl, with a fine head on her, but she was ready to fall in love with me, out of gratitude. She'll get a smooth, steady-going business chap, who'll build a home and stay in it with her. I'm a vagabond."



THE ANGELS OF THE SISTINE MADONNA.



THE SISTINE MADONNA BY RAPHAEL.
THE SUPREME PAINTING OF THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

The Dresden Gallery and Its Celebrated Masters

By JEAN N. OLIVER

THE foundations of the Dresden Gallery were laid in the middle of the eighteenth century during the life of the illustrious nobleman, Henri de Brüll. For thirty years, in the reign of Augustus III. of Saxony, he was Prime Minister, and his name, and that of his magnificent master, will be forever associated with the art of Dresden.

The two princes of Saxony, father and son, lived at a period when it



THE MADONNA OF THE MEYER FAMILY, BY HANS HOLBEIN.
RANKING ONLY BELOW THE SISTINE MADONNA IN THE DRESDEN COLLECTION.

was comparatively easy to secure well-preserved and authentic pictures by great masters, so that their indefatigable efforts to obtain the finest paintings from all available sources were rewarded by great success.

At the time of the death of Augustus III., the Dresden Gallery had almost reached its present status, that of second in importance to the Louvre.

Notwithstanding the praiseworthy efforts made to bring together such specimens of Italian art as had not been represented before, the examples which have been added since cannot be considered of great value.

It is to the Gallery at Modena that the Dresden collection is indebted for many of its most famous paintings.

This was collected, bit by bit, by noblemen who were connoisseurs of art, during and after the reign of Louis XIV., who, by his collection in the Louvre set an example which



PORTRAIT BY VAN DYCK.

all the small princes of Europe strove to follow.

The works of Paul Veronese Titian, Garofalo and Dosso which the Modena gallery owned, were brought there from Ferrara in 1599 by Cesare d'Este. The four altar pieces by Correggio, among its most notable pictures, were, it is supposed, transferred, by fraudulent means from the churches for which they were painted by Duke Francisco d'Este, to decorate his own palace in Modena, and later given to the gallery.

It was from this collection that in 1745 one hundred or more of the best pictures were bought for the Dresden Gallery.

Eight years later the acquisition of the Madonna by Holbein from the Casa Dolfin and the Sistine Madonna from Piacenza established the reputation of the Dresden Gallery.

The Sistine Madonna is, perhaps, the best-known and most truly loved picture in the world, appealing alike to peasant and dilettante.

The Virgin stands upon a cloud, holding the Christ-child in her arms, St. Barbara kneels at one side, St.



THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I., BY ANTONY VAN DYCK.

Sixtus upon the other, while two ideally fat cherubs look up at her from the base of the picture.

St. Barbara's peaceful, contemplative face, and the venerable figure of St. Sixtus, who looks as though he had won his saintship by fighting the beasts of Ephesus, bring out in strong relief the startled innocence on the face of the Virgin and the gravity and strength of the child.

So far no one among the hosts of copyists has faithfully portrayed this expression.

The combination of wonderful color, composition and finish make it an unique creation, and, as Giovannani Morelli has well called it, "the most beautiful picture ever painted."

Possibly the cherubs on the parapet were an afterthought, as it is mentioned by some critical authorities that the clouds over which they were painted are to be detected through their surface forms.

The green curtains drawn back at either side express, no doubt, the artist's idea of a divine vision breaking in upon earthly beings.

This work of Raphael belongs to his most distinguished period, and is, perhaps, the only painting in oils which is equal in imagination and strength to his celebrated cartoons.

It was painted in 1515 for the Benedictine Monks of San Sisto at Piacenza, and remained over the high altar of the monastery, unappreciated, until Augustus III., the electoral prince made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain it. Forty years

after his visit to the monastery, through the enterprise of an artist named Giovannani, the Dresden Gallery purchased it for the sum of nine thousand pounds, and, as soon as a copy of it could be made to take the place of the original over the altar, it was sent to Dresden. As may be imagined this sale was one which the Italians deeply resented and which they have never ceased to deplore.

Another one of the Dresden masterpieces is the Holbein Madonna, painted by Hans Holbein for a burgomaster named Meyer. For a number of years there has been considerable dispute in regard to this picture it having been thought to be Holbein's own facsimile of his original The Darmstadt Madonna, now in the possession of the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse. Even if this is true, it does not make the Dresden picture any less wonderful in its richness of color and marvelous technique.

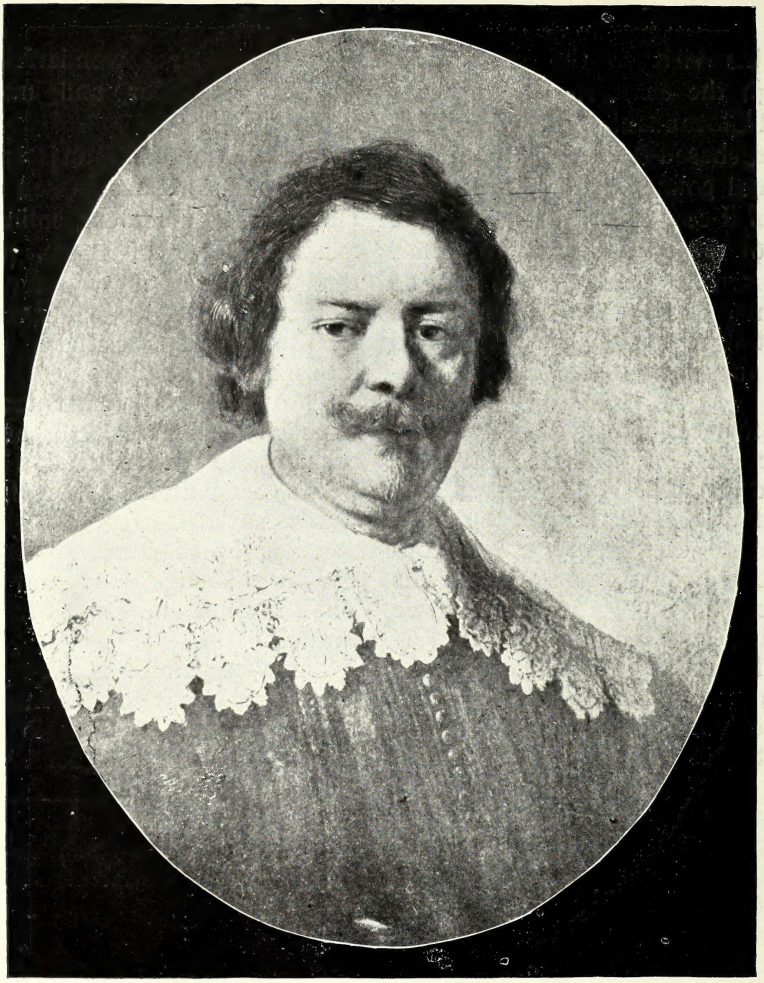
The history of this masterpiece is a long one, as it has passed through many hands since the solid burgomaster, Meyer of Basle, paid his thousand silver crowns for it. In Venice, in 1743, it was finally sold to the Dresden Gallery, for one thousand sequins.

The world-wide reputation of the Dresden Gallery is due as much, perhaps, to the collection of the works of Antonio Allegri, better known as "il Correggio," as to any other group of pictures. His best-known painting is an altar piece—The Madonna and Child Blessing St. Francis.

This was painted about 1514 after his education with Lorenzo Costa was completed. Correggio was the son of a modest burgher and led a



THE GAMESTERS, BY CARAVAGGIO.



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM BURGGRAEF, BY REMBRANDT.

simple and restricted life among the Benedictine monks in a small, provincial town. His enthusiasm for his art seemed to fill his life to such a degree that he needed no other interests or affections.

The "Reading Magdalen," another famous painting of his, has been much discussed by the critics, but it is now assumed that this picture was painted by him. Its real place in art has never, however, been satisfactorily established, for in Correggio's time Italians did not paint on copper, nor is the minuteness of detail like the Italian method during the early part of the sixteenth century.

There are many doubtful copies after Correggio in the gallery but the Nativity, usually called "La Notte," and a Virgin and Child, painted for a chapel in the Cathedral of Modena, are both well-known works of his.

Of the Venetian masters, Titian, Giovanni Bellini and Giorgione are considered by many critics the



PORTRAIT OF BERNHARD VON RESSEN, BY ALBRECHT DURER.

greatest. Of Titian, because of the universality of his genius, Michael Angelo said that "had he been able to draw as well as he painted, he would have been unequalled."

One of the characteristics of the Venetian school was the portrayal of life in its fullest powers of enjoyment. This quality Titian developed in his works to its highest extent. It is therefore natural that his work should show to greater advantage in mythological subjects rather than in those religious, where you become conscious of a certain coldness and lack of spirituality. As a landscapist he is great, but as a portrait painter he is unequalled.

Among the best of his works in the Dresden Gallery are "The Tribute Money," "A Madonna and Saints" and the portrait of his only daughter Lavena.

Giorgione, to whom many mediocre works have been wrongly attributed, excelled Titian in refine-

ment of feeling. His "Sleeping Venus" is, perhaps, the best type of this class of subjects ever produced. In comparing this wonderful figure with Titian's celebrated painting of Venus and of Danae, you are struck at once by its charm and refinement, so lacking in the latter.

Carlo Dolci's "St. Cecilia at the Organ" is another painting of great merit. It was painted in 1640 by the order of Cosmo III., who gave it to a member of the King of Poland's household. In 1742 it was bought for the Dresden Gallery.

Of Paul Veronese's works, the "Marriage in Cana of Galilee," "The Adoration of the Magi," "Leda and the Swans," and "Christ at Emmaus" are the most celebrated.

The latter is a specially fine example of his early work, in which he has characteristically made the subordinate figures and accessories play their part in the decorative scheme.

Of Guido Reni's works in Dresden, the "Ecce Homo" is probably the best-known and most admired. In it he has succeeded in combining an expression of resignation, pain and faith in a most marvelous manner.

There are seven or eight other paintings of his in this collection, among them the "Venus and Cupid" and the "Madonna and Child, with Saints."

Guercino, whose pictures of the Apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, are to be found in this gallery, occupies an important position in the history of his art, standing, as he does, between the eclecticism of Carracci and the naturalism of Caravaggio.

In 1642, after the death of Guido Reni, his teacher, Guercino returned to his birthplace, near Bologna, where for years he was unrivalled as a painter. Later, on finding how much Guido's works were admired, he injured his own style by trying to emulate that of his master.

Botticelli is seen at his best in allegorical and mythological subjects. They are the expression of his own passionate nature, and therefore more in sympathy with his character than sacred subjects.

His heads are rarely beautiful, though reverently interesting, and of such a distinctive type that they are easily recognized. A good example of his work is a "Miracle Performed by St. Zenobia."

From time to time during the fourteenth century good examples of art appeared in the Netherlands, but it was not until the beginning of the fifteenth that a distinctly Flemish school arose, under the leadership of the two brothers, Hubert and Jean Van Eyck. The sudden prominence of the new school was chiefly due to Hubert Van Eyck's discovery of the secret of mixing oil colors with varnish and applying them to the canvas after the modern fashion. The earliest works of the Van Eycks and their pupils show the characteristics which have since been regarded as typical of the Flemish school, viz., the close imitation of Nature, a love for the homely and domestic, and an exalted religious fervor.

During the sixteenth century a gradual decline in the art of the Netherlands occurred owing to the influence of the Italian Renaissance. Early in the seventeenth century this was checked by the appearance of the greatest of Flemish painters, Peter Paul Rubens, whose works may be studied to great advantage in the Dresden Gallery.

"The Boar Hunt" and "St.



DAVID WITH THE SWORD AND HEAD OF GOLIATH, BY L'ORBETTO.

Jerome" are admirable examples of his works, as are also a number of his portraits.

These belong to his earlier work, while his later style is shown in the magnificent "Bathsheba" and the "Quos Ego," produced for the entry of the "Infant Ferdinand Into Antwerp."

The style of Rubens shows the national characteristics influenced by a careful study of Italian methods. He gained from Italy a dramatic tone, and a quality of magnificence, but to his own individuality was due the remarkable vitality which he gave his figures and the boldness of his compositions.

There are excellent examples of that most Flemish of Flemish painters, Jacob Jordaens, as well as a number of pictures of still life by Snyders.

David Teniers, the elder, and his

remarkable son are represented by several works, which, though authentic, are not especially brilliant.

There are also examples of the works of the landscape painters Paul Brill, Jan Brueghel, Pieter Gysels, Pieter Bout, Van Uden and others of the same class.

Anthony Van Dyck, the famous pupil of Rubens, is represented by a "St. Jerome," which surpasses in picturesque treatment that of his master. There is also an excellent collection of portraits by him but the celebrated "Daivae" is most certainly by another painter.

"The Children of Charles I." is probably the best-known of his works in this gallery.

In 1632 he went to England and obtained an audience with the King. A few years later his portraits of the royal chillren became known to the world.

There is in Van Dyck's work more true sentiment than in that of Rubens; he is more refined and never brutal, and in many instances his drawing is more correct than that of his teacher. He painted sacred scenes for the church, allegorical and historical subjects for the courts, but his great reputation was made from his portraits.

After the death of Rubens, in 1640, and the dispersion of his scholars, the art of Flanders ceased to form a distinct school, and with the appearance of Rembrandt the artistic interest of the Netherlands was transferred to Holland.

Rembrandt is well represented in Dresden by twenty pictures, among them some of his greatest, such as the portrait of his wife, "Sampson's Riddle" and the portrait of himself, with his wife on his knee. In fact, this great master of chiaroscuro is nowhere seen to greater advantage than in the Dresden Gallery.

He painted many subjects, dating from 1627 to the time of his death in 1669. He was a keen observer of human nature, and so although his conceptions were localized with his own people, yet into the types taken from the streets of Amsterdam he installed the largest humanity because of his inherent sympathy with man.

His mastery of light and shade sometimes obscured his compositions, just as it often dimmed and falsified his color.

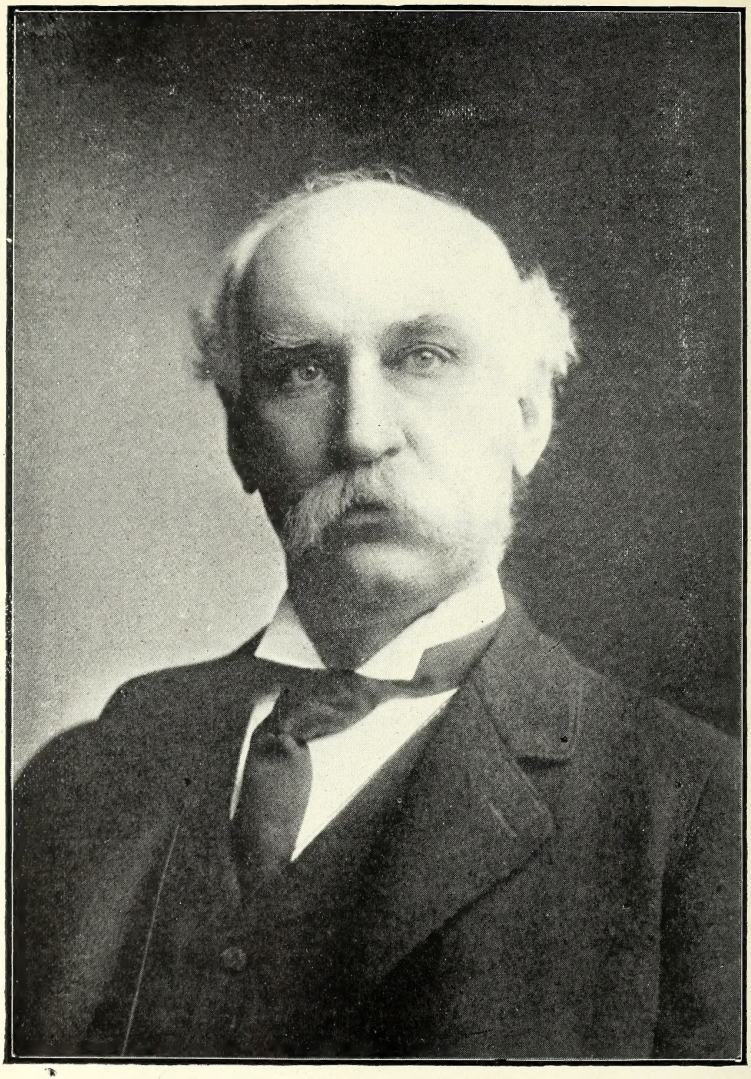
The only works belonging to the Spanish school of art worthy of notice are the fine portrait of an elderly man by Velasquez, and the ever-popular "Madonna and Child" by Murillo. Caravaggio, a painter belonging among the school of naturalists, is represented by "The Card-Sharper."

Of the French painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, two Claude Lorrains—fine landscapes with remarkable atmospheric effect, two large pastoral scenes by Watteau and examples of Nicholas Poussin, Gaspard Dughet and many characteristic portraits are to be noticed.

The pictures of the German school are not so many nor so good as those of either Italy or the Netherlands. Holbein's portrait of the Sieur de Morette, however, is of such artistic finish, brilliant color, and flawless modelling that for a long period it passed for a masterpiece by Leonardo da Vinci. The wonderful "Crucifixion," by Dürer, although a small picture, and very German in conception, yet shows the advantageous influence of the Venetian school in its execution.



THE FORTUNE-TELLER, BY FRANS VAN MIERIS.



ROBERT TREAT PAINE OF BOSTON

Robert Treat Paine

By Ralph Davol

YOUNG AMERICA owes much to Robert Treat Paine as one of those godfathers of the republic who created that eagle-screaming holiday — the Glorious Fourth. And America of maturer growth has recognized its own debt of gratitude; for of the fifty-six patriots who pledged their lives in setting up a nation in defiance of the authority of Great Britain, many now stand in bronze or marble, and all have been honored by some memorial tribute.

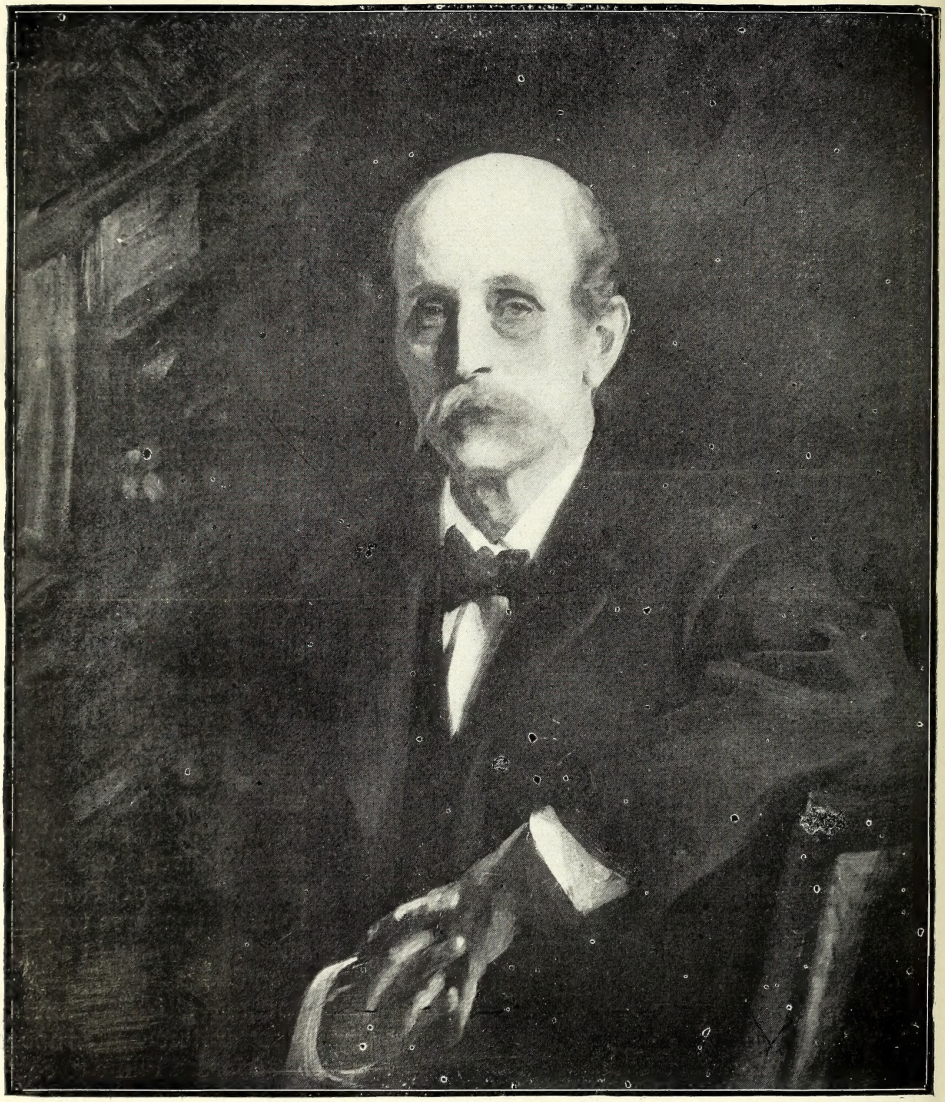
Among the Massachusetts delegation who affixed their signatures to



STATUE OF ROBERT TREAT PAINE, SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. UNVEILED IN TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS, NOVEMBER 15, 1904. (RICHARD E. BROOKS, SCULPTOR.)

the eternal Declaration of Independence, Robert Treat Paine was the only member from the Old Colony—indeed, Boston, Taunton and Marblehead have the enviable distinction of being the homes of these notable patriots. A memorial bronze statue of him—a gift of his great-grandsons, Robert Treat and General Charles J. Paine, of Boston,—was unveiled in Taunton on November fifteenth. Lieutenant governor Curtis Guild delivered the historical address, and after the dedicatory exercises the Old Colony Historical Society held a reception in its hall to the distinguished guests of the day.

The initiative steps toward a monument were taken by this Old Colony Historical Society at a meeting in 1897, when the venerable president, Rev. S. H. Emery, presented a resolution toward that end. Pursuant to this resolution, a committee memorialized the city government of Taunton to take measures toward securing a suitable monument to its renowned citizen. Later, a committee waited upon the Messrs. Paine to consider the matter, the result of which conference was a desire expressed on the part of the Paines to have designs for a statue submitted to them, provided the city of Taunton would secure a proper base and pedestal. Subsequently a design by Richard E. Brooks was accepted, and a commission given for an heroic bronze statue, which the sculptor has been engaged upon in Paris for three years, making his studies from the portrait by Trum-



GENERAL CHARLES J. PAINE.

bull, which hangs in Faneuil Hall. He has presented the tall, spare figure in meditative attitude, holding a pen and parchment in the hands, with a barrister's robe draped from the left shoulder.

Mr. Brooks, by the way, is well known for his busts of Governor Russell and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and he has recently made a statue of another signer of the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Robert Treat Paine was of the essence of Puritan, freedom-loving New England. His father, Rev. Thomas Paine, of Weymouth, was descended from three generations of Cape Cod yeomen, one of whom married the daughter of Anthony Thatcher, whose tragic shipwreck in 1635 gave the name to Thatcher

Woe off Cape Ann. The Rev. Thomas Paine's hobby was astronomy and meteorology. He forecasted an eclipse which his son verified in 1808; and published an almanac in 1719 while "Poor Richard" was setting type in his brother's office. The latter, we may imagine, stopped to buy a copy on his way to dinner—at all events, he and the minister's son became acquainted through their scientific interests, and once Dr. Franklin showed his friendship by calling at the residence of Robert Treat Paine at Taunton Green.

The wife of Rev. Thomas Paine was Eunice, daughter of Rev. Samuel Treat, for many years minister of Eastham, where he served also as pastor-sachem to a large band of praying Indians, by whom he was borne to the grave through a snow arch during the great New England snow storm of 1710. This Rev. Samuel Treat was the son of Robert Treat, for thirty years Governor and Lieutenant governor of Connecticut. Eunice Paine was also granddaughter of Rev. Samuel Willard, Vice-President of Harvard College. Thus Robert Treat Paine belonged to the "Brahmin caste," as Holmes has spoken of the New England hierarchy, which represented the highest social rank up to the Revolutionary period.

Rev. Thomas Paine moved to Boston in 1730, though still preaching in the not-distant town of Weymouth. On March 12, 1731, a boy was born to him, which was taken to the Old South Church, and christened by Parson Prince after the maternal grandfather. The mother, who was an invalid, dying not long afterward, the child was brought up under the care of his grandmother, relict of Rev. Samuel Treat. Robert attended the Boston Latin school under John Lovell, who also initiated John Adams and John Hancock into the mysteries of Cæsar and Cicero. This same John Lovell also taught those later boys of whom Governor Gage said, "They breathe in the spirit of liberty with the very air."

Bob Paine entered Harvard at the age of fourteen, lodging by special permission, in the house of the college minister, Rev. Mr. Appleton. His room-mate, Barrett, died during his sophomore year. The faculty records disclose no infraction of the rigid regulations on the part of the undergraduate. The sole mention of his name is as one of a volunteer party to report any profanity among the students. He cut no capers with the college bell, nor played his flute after the curfew; but attended prayers with commendable punctuality and with perspiring zeal pitched the President's hay according to olden custom.

His father did not stick to his text. Abandoning the pulpit, he entered the business world with a clerical credulity and improvidence which soon dissipated what property he possessed, so that his son, whose schooling had been that of the gentility, was obliged, upon graduation, to seek his own support. For a season he was usher in the Boston Latin school, then taught school one winter at Lunenburg. In a letter to his sister, the jocular vein of his nature is evidenced by the account of his first suburban tea-party:

"In ye room were a couple of—(ladies must I call them?) No, good honest country girls, one of wh. honestly confest yt the last time she weighed herself she weighed 7 score and a haff (or in our dialect half). At first I was a little straitened for conversation, but this girl while I was musing asked me if I intended to bring my family to Lunenburg. Ha, ha, he! I told her I did not deal in such trash; however, she followed me so hard with her dry joaks

that I thought two or three times that I must have quit ye field. I never was so joaked or so confoundedly handled by a woman before, but manfully I stood ye ground and joaked again when I could restrain laughing.

"I was entertained with a dish of tea by these L—(you Boston people have spoilt me quite—I had e'en said Ladys again)—by these country girls. I was little at a loss how I should do over ye tea table, but I presently found that he that could mix most milk, sugar and tea, then laugh, and spill most milk, sugar and tea was ye best man."

Those sea-roving ancestors of Cape Cod had implanted in him an ancestral longing for the salt breeze of the high seas, and at the age of twenty-one he was Captain Bob Paine, master of the sloop "Sea Flower," hailing from Boston, and bound for the Carolinas, from which he brought several cargoes of staves, tar and pitch. Once he conceived an expeditious plan of forming a raft of forty barrels of tar and towing them down Newberne River to his boat, which could not navigate the shoals and bar at the mouth of the river. A storm came up in the night, stampeding his herd of tar-barrels, and for several days he was employed in a round-up of the fleeing cargo, to the everlasting merriment of the tarheels along shore. One evening some drunken roustabouts boarded his vessel, and in a fracas knocked the master down with a broken bottle, inflicting upon his cheek a scar for life.

After two years before the mast, including a trip to Spain and a whaling voyage to Greenland, his health was sufficiently established so that he entered the study of the ministry in fulfillment of family wishes. He studied with the Rev. Mr. Willard of Lancaster, and in course of time had a pulpit of his own at Shirley. His pastorate was brief. "Canada must be destroyed," was the slogan of the day, and the new minister's love of adventure led him to secure a chaplain's commission from Governor Phips and join the Crown Point expedition of 1755 against the French and Indians. This was an important turning point in his career. After making the acquaintance of several of the most prominent New York families, he returned to take up the study of law in Boston with Judge Pratt (afterward chief justice of New York). Thus he was leading the experimental life of youth, successively teacher, sea captain, preacher and lawyer, somehow failing to attempt the practice of medicine, as his name would strikingly suggest.

In 1757, the same year he was admitted to the bar, his father died, leaving him a legacy of indebtedness to pay and an invalid sister to support. Otis, Thacher, Quincy, Sam Adams, Sewall, took all the patronage—the pickings were small for the young beginner. His sister made his clothes; his fees but scantily fed her. There was strong attachment between these two, and when a sea captain offered his salty hand to the sister, the brother wrote an extended letter of dissuasion, and she accepted —the advice, living to old age a maiden aunt to his children.

Lawyer Paine removed to Falmouth (now in Maine) without bettering his fortunes, and soon returned to Boston to drink in the patriotic spirit of the times, attending all meetings where resistance to arbitrary government was proclaimed. He was early branded by the land-owning and office-holding loyalists as one of the "ardent spirits" to be put down. Side by side with John Adams, he sat taking notes in the old Town House when Otis was fulminating against the Writs of Assistance, which occasion Adams, years afterward, spoke of as

being the birth of the child Independence. Adams and Paine crossed paper swords in many a legal bout, and were repeatedly associated in their professional life. In the early years there is evidence from the copious diary of Adams, who was some five years the younger, that their friendship was somewhat strained, and when in 1776 Adams was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, contemporary comment whispered that Paine declined an appointment as associate justice because of the precedence given to his younger rival. We do not know how or when Paine pleaded his first case, but he could not have fared worse than Adams, who, in the delirium of the moment, had drawn a defective writ, and so botched the case that his client repented and "wished the affair in hell."

In 1761 Paine concluded that Taunton was a promising field, although this thriving village already possessed a brood of lawyers by reason of its selection as the shire town of Bristol County in 1746. The newcomer was not wholly unknown. He had tarried with Colonel George Leonard when he attended the muster of 1755; had known Captain Cobb, his future father-in-law, on the Crown Point expedition; and Judge White, who was for many years at the General Court and Speaker of the House when the Stamp Act was enforced, had come from Rev. Mr. Paine's parish in Weymouth. Adams referred to Taunton as the "Land of the Leonards," no less than five appearing among the list of justices for 1766. These old families were naturally averse to imported talent. Paine, by constantly traveling about the country with Coke-Littleton in his saddle-bags, built up a clientage, and established himself as an honored citizen of the community.

Paine was somewhat tardy in the question of matrimony. He was in his fortieth year when he was married, on the Ides of March, 1770, to Sally, daughter of Thomas Cobb. The Cobbs were an old and prominent Taunton family. David, brother of Paine's wife, was distinguished as one of Washington's aides—as the hero of the attempted insurrection in Taunton during Shay's rebellion — as Lieutenant governor of Massachusetts. From him are descended the present Lieutenant governor Guild and ex-Mayor Cobb of Boston. The local chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution is named after Sally Paine's mother, Lydia Cobb.

A week before his marriage, a messenger rode into Taunton bringing word that the selectmen of Boston had chosen Paine, by reason of the illness of Attorney-General Sewall, to conduct the prosecution of the British soldiers in the celebrated Boston Massacre case. Samuel Quincy was his associate counsel. Notwithstanding the unpopularity of the cause, John Adams, in his love of equal justice, volunteered to conduct the defence, assisted by Josiah Quincy. The verdict was nominally in favor of the plaintiff; two of the soldiers were branded in the hand. Never before had a trial in Boston occupied more than one day; as the week dragged by, the stenographer became so fatigued that he was unable to report Paine's closing argument, which is not extant verbatim.

Paine was chosen as the chairman of the vigilance committee of Taunton, and with Daniel Leonard he was delegated to the Provincial Assembly during those stirring days on the eve of the Revolution, when the highest talent was called into the

political arena. So urgent were the calls upon him that he gave up his practice and devoted his time to furthering the cause of Independence. As the lines were drawn closer and closer between Tory and Whig, Paine became alienated from many of his former associates. He was one of the committee to draft resolutions for the removal of Governor Hutchinson and chairman of the committee for the impeachment of Chief Justice Oliver of Middleboro, who persisted in receiving his salary from the crown instead of the people. Paine bristled with patriotism at this time, when the ardent sons of Liberty were communicating with the various colonies and secretly weaving their web of united resistance. So when the call came for a Continental Congress to effect some concerted protest against Parliamentary tyranny, he was chosen as one of the Massachusetts delegation, being the only member outside of Boston, which was represented by John and Sam Adams, Thomas Cushing and James Bowdoin. In the celebrated "coup d'etat" at Salem, by which this delegation was legally elected behind barred doors, Paine played an important part. He was the colleague and rival of Daniel Leonard, King's Attorney for Bristol County, who adhered to the royal side when the division came and most ably defended his course in the "Massachusettensis Papers." So popular was Leonard that he was included in the committee of nine, which was secretly to select the delegation to the Congress at Philadelphia. When the Tory proclivities of Leonard became openly established, and it was evident that he would divulge the proceedings of the committee to Governor Hutchinson, thus preventing a Constitutional election of this committee, Paine was enlisted to decoy Leonard from the meeting under pretext of important legal business in Taunton. By such strategy the commission was elected.

In August, 1774, the Adamses, Cushing and Paine embarked in a coach and four, and set out on their tour to Philadelphia. Along the way they were hailed and received with marks of joy and acclaim. No American Congress since those first three, to which Paine was a delegate, has contained so high a percentage of assembled character and ability—Washington, Jefferson, the Adamses, Morris, Franklin, Lee, Hancock, Randolph, Sherman, Jay, Livingston—they loom as giants now. Paine's conduct of the massacre trial and his vigorous impeachment of loyalist officials gave him a prestige at that Congress. He participated much in debate. When the battle of Concord had destroyed all lingering hope of reconciliation, and the Colonies were resorting to arms, Paine, in a burst of loyalty to his old college friend, proposed Artemas Ward as commander-in-chief of the American army, whereupon the diplomatic Adams immediately nominated George Washington, who was promply elected.

Paine was active on many committees, but served with most distinction as chairman on military affairs. Great Britain had prohibited the exportation to America of powder and firearms at the earliest indication of armed resistance. Thus the country was without adequat means of defence, and the equipmen and providing of supplies for th army was of the greatest importanc to the new republic. In pursuit c the duties of this office, he visited a parts of the country, placing larg contracts and establishing sever

mills under government control. He conducted experiments in the production of saltpetre at his own home, and circulated a printed essay on practical processes by which it could be obtained. By his constant supervision and unremitting effort, the army was supplied with ammunition during the early part of the war.

His experience as chaplain on the Northern frontier led to his appointment, with Robert Livingston and Governor Langdon, as a committee to investigate the condition and requirements of the Northern army. He was also one of the committee to investigate the cause of the failure of the Rhode Island campaign.

The crowning glory of his career came on the fourth of July, 1776, when the fruition of his hopes was realized, and the goal reached toward which he had been striving since the day that he sat at Otis' feet in the old town house of Boston. He affixed his signature to the Declaration of Independence in letters that were exceeded only by John Hancock for swelling pride.

In December of that year, his services ceased to be national. Returning home with much éclat, he was sent once more to the Legislature from Taunton. He served part of the time as Speaker, and in August was unanimously elected Attorney-General. The reconstruction of the government from the old foundations was a momentous matter. While the eyes of the country were upon Washington and the military operations, the formation of thirteen States called out the highest mental acumen of the land. Paine, as Attorney-General, made the original draft which served as an outline on which the Massachusetts constitution was formed. He was reëlected Attorney-General after the creation of the State, and served on the committee for revising the laws in 1784.

After the excitement of war was over, there followed a period of exhaustion, debt, distress, moral laxity —almost anarchy. Out of this grew Shay's rebellion—an attempt to prevent the courts from administering justice against poor debtors. The prosecution of the insurgents was a part of the duties of the Attorney-General. At the abortive attempt to prevent the sitting of the High Court at Taunton, Paine was present when his brother-in-law, David Cobb, donning his Revolutionary regimentals, swore he would "sit as a judge or die as a general."

It was also the duty of the Attorney-General to condemn and take possession of the confiscated Tory estates, which had been abandoned by the enemies of the new government. Of these there were some 380 proscribed. Paine secured personal possession of the Tisdale House in Freetown which had been the home of Colonel Gilbert when he was forcibly driven from it by the Sons of Liberty from Taunton. The office of Attorney-General required a residence in Boston, to which Paine removed in 1781, having purchased the former residence of Governor Shirley, at the corner of Milk and Federal streets, where he passed the remainder of his life amid a large family of children and grandchildren. The emoluments from his office were inadequate to the support of his large family, and he was obliged to petition General Hancock for an anticipation of his salary.

In 1790 he accepted the position, which had been several times declined, of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. The circuit then included the western counties of Maine, and so far apart

were the shire-towns that one Sunday he was obliged to travel in order to reach his destination in time to open court. He was arrested by a local warden for violation of Sabbath laws which he had been instrumental in preparing, and only escaped conviction and punishment by appealing to the Legislature to pass a law exempting the Supreme Court from petty indictments. In 1804 the infirmity of deafness so incapacitated him for service on the bench that he resigned.

He was then elected councillor, serving but one year, when he retired permanently to private life, giving his time largely to the interests of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, of which he was a charter member, and for thirty years one of the Board of Managers—and also to Horticultural experiments. From his college days to within a week of his death, Judge Paine kept a daily journal, which is preserved (excepting his log as a sailor), though the entries are meagre,—mostly daily weather reports and astronomical symbols.

In 1812, at the Fourth of July procession, he aroused patriotic sentiment for the war with Great Britain, Paine and John Adams walking side by side as survivors of the Declaration of Independence.

Judge Paine was father of eight children, one of whom was named Marie Antoinette, in token of his sympathy with French royalty. His son, Robert Treat, Jr., achieved enduring reputation as a writer of patriotic poetry and as a reader of prologues at the theatre.

Paine was brought up under strict orthodox teachings, and while at college joined the old South Church. His love of political freedom led to an enlargement of religious faith, and two days after signing the Declaration of Independence, he wrote home: "It is our unhappiness in this time of danger to have too many Calvanistic politicians, who seem to think their country will be saved by good words and warm faith, without concomitant exploits." Paine had become a disciple of the radical preacher, Jonathan Mayhew, ten years before the Revolution. He was an unfailing attendant at public worship. In the Massachusetts Constitution, which he assisted in framing, was a requirement that all State officials should declare their belief in the Christian religion, annulled in 1820.

Paine became a member of the First Unitarian Church in Boston, and was instrumental in securing Rev. William Emerson, father of Ralph Waldo, as pastor. He was actively interested in the advancement of education and in the study of literature.

In his last years he was austere and grave. "See how the pudding trembles in your presence, grandpa," said the granddaughter, bringing in the Thanksgiving dessert.

"Sturdy integrity, inflexible principle, and uncompromising sense of justice were the distinguishing traits of his Spartan character."

He took cold while preparing his garden in the spring of 1814, and died on the 14th of May, aged eighty-three years. He lies buried with other distinguished contemporaries in the Old Granary Burying Ground of Boston.

"All's Fair"

By Wilmatte Porter Cockerell

ELIZABETH MacGREGOR sat at her office table reading her morning's mail. She was young and decidedly good looking for all she was a specialist on microdiptera and a teacher of biology. It was a remarkable lot of mail that she had to inspect. A Japanese student inclosed a few legs and broken bits of wings and begged that the gracious lady would do him the unspeakable honor of naming them. Elisabeth sighed. "No one could do anything with such remnants of remains," she said.

There was a letter from a man in Brazil, who wanted flies from her region, a request from the President of a Western university for a month of her time when she should be at liberty, and a new fly to be described.

"The same old things," she said, "and a bit inadequate as mail; I can't understand why I haven't heard from mother or Jane."

A knock at the office door, and Duffy, the colored janitor of the science hall, entered.

"I reckon yo'all have it in fo' Ruben now," he said with a great grin on his black face.

"What now, Uncle Reuben?" she asked, smiling. "Have you drowned a tadpole or let a tarantula loose in the building?" She was very fond of the old man; he gathered green slime and mushrooms for her, caught frogs and fishes, and would, she knew, give his right arm for Missus Elizabeth.

"I done told Mrs. Duffy that yo'd neva do anything to a po' smoked Yankee, who's getting dat old he do get terribul fagettin."

"What have yo' done fagot?" Elizabeth asked, using instinctively the negro's dialect.

Reuben sheepishly produced a letter. "It come fo' days ago," he said, and the grin seemed to be lingering in his eye sockets and behind his huge black ears.

"Well, Reuben, if that is all, you may be happy again; a letter more or less is of no consequence." The grin came out with a bound and seemed really to give a tighter twist to his curly wool.

"Ain't I told Mrs. Duffy that yo' a lady boan."

It was just time for a class, and Elizabeth did not think of the letter again until lunch time. Then she took it out, turning it over as a woman will, trying to guess at the contents from the outside. But her listlessness quite disappeared, and her breath came quick and sharp when she had finished. She looked up to see the President standing at the door. He was the tried friend of every person in the school, but especially did his heart go out to this talented young teacher.

"It is not bad news, I hope," he said, as he noticed the letter and her puzzled and disturbed face.

"No,—yes," she answered; "it certainly is curious news. The letter is from my uncle's lawyer in the Argentina. My uncle, whom I never saw and knew almost nothing about, was a very rich man, it seems, and he has left his entire property to me

—a fortune of a million and a half."

"Why, that can hardly be called a calamity," the President said, smiling. "Of course, if it bothers you, there are always needy colleges, especially Western colleges, needing new buildings and endowment funds."

"It isn't the money that troubles me," the girl answered, "but fancy! I am to have this fortune only on condition that I marry a certain Mr. Dru Drury. I can hardly believe my eyes, it sounds so like an eighteenth century romance."

"Well, that does sound a bit queer for these days," the President admitted. "I knew Drury at Cornell. He is a splendid fellow, full of nerve and intelligence. I can't understand his being a part of such an arrangement."

"He was my uncle's partner, or his partner's son. It may have been a scheme of my uncle's to keep the properties intact."

"But what is to happen if Drury doesn't appear. That will be the ultimate solution, I doubt not, for he could hardly wish to claim any right secured in that way."

"In case there is no marriage," and Elizabeth eyed her letter ruefully, "the money is to go to a Catholic charity—to be spent in loaves and fishes."

The President smiled at the girl's perplexed face. "I'm sure," he said, "that you'd find such a lot of money a deal of bother."

"A bother!" the girl exclaimed. "Why, Ann could go to Paris, Dave could have his laboratory, Jane could have her children's hospital and I could establish a fund to help educate talented young people, besides having loads of clothes and an automobile!"

"With such good in prospect and the most delightful of husbands selected for you, why not consider the matter settled. You were going to give a half million to the college fund, I believe. Perhaps you would like to write the check now."

"I don't think you ought to joke on such a serious subject," she said ruefully; "a million and a half almost within one's grasp, and yet as far removed as though it were on the moon."

"But seriously, you will see Drury and give him a chance."

emphatically, "I can't even see him

"No!" Elizabeth answered quite

even if he should want to come, of which there is no proof."

At ten that evening when the President was congratulating himself that his day's work was over, and had settled himself in his study with a pipe and the late magazines, the maid announced: "An old friend, sir." The man who stood before him was tall and dark with a soft beard covering the lower part of his face. His clothes and general air were those of a successful man of affairs, but his almost dreamy eyes and big square brow marked him as a poet, artist, or musician. Where had he seen that combination before? the President wondered, and passed in quick review the men of his acquaintance.

The man stood smiling. "It's a great shame when a fellow travels half across the world to see you, old boy, and he's not known from Adam."

"You're quite mistaken in that; I've gone much farther than that. You're not Adam or even Cain or Abel."

The man laughed and the sound loosed something in the President's brain. It was commencement day at the old college and he was standing

with this same person before the Dean for a last hand-shake. "You'll be a fine engineer if you're not a fine poet," the Dean was saying.

"Why, Drury, I'm delighted to see you," and the President grasped his friend's hand with unmistakable warmth.

"You may know why I'm here," Drury said. "It's a long story and I may as well begin at the beginning." The two men sat silent for a time by the smoldering logs; Drury wishing to accustom himself to his old friend's changed appearance, before he opened his heart to him: the President busy with the thought that there might be some way for these splendid young people to know each other without the thought of that unfortunate will in the background.

"My father had mines in the Argentina," Drury began after a time, "and after I'd had my year around the world, I went down to take charge for him. He died soon afterward and for five years I have lived almost alone with MacGregor, his partner. He was really a father to me after dad went," and Drury stopped for a time until the mist should have cleared from his eyes. "It's not often that a young man has two such men in his life, and I've done all I could in return: I've tried to live true to the ideal they had for me.

"Well, you know how it is when men are alone together on the edge of things—they tell each other their thoughts and desires, each building for his friend and for himself until the reality quite disappears. MacGregor had never married but I never knew a man with such tender thoughts toward women, and such devotion and love for little children. Why, he'd pick up a dirty, brown Spanish baby and hold it in his arms while a look—I can't describe it, but it would have made your eyes misty to have seen it.

"He had a curious ideal of what a woman of our generation should be like; an ideal very different from that of most men. He liked pictures of beautiful women, and he always said that only Titian, George Eliot and Browning knew how a woman should look—that nothing much mattered if she were strong and fine and had a wealth of hair. But the looks were only the beginning, the frame to the picture, he said. The woman herself must be large of mind, cultivated in thought, and pure of soul; she must be trained, too, to do her share in the world's work. 'It'll never be known,' I have heard him say, 'how much splendid talent we are wasting today by encouraging women to live such circumscribed lives.'"

"He was just right there," the President said, emphatically.

"I never knew how it came about, but he got the notion that a niece of his, the Elizabeth MacGregor of your faculty, was just such a woman."

"And he was right there, too," the President interrupted.

"He talked a great deal about her, anl once he went to Tarrytown to see her, but it was after she came West; he brought back a photograph, and that gave a touch of reality to the thing at any rate, though I confess I hardly needed that, for I was already in love with her—or, perhaps, I should say with his ideal of her. Of course, he found it out, and there was great rejoicing; I was to go and woo her and bring her back to pour tea for us. It was a delicious thought, a beautiful, talented woman at our lonely table,

and little wonder that we dwelt on it more than we should. The time never came when I could leave him, but we came to talk of the whole thing as assured. I myself sometimes forgot that Elizabeth MacGregor wasn't waiting for me up here in the Rockies, as impatient as I, with the land and sea that lay between us. You know what solitude is, old man, and how it gets on a fellow's nerves.

"At the last, MacGregor must have gone off his head a bit. I had to be away down at Palo Verde for a few days: that is the explanation of the will."

"And now?" Dr. Ellis asked curiously.

"The dreams of solitude are burned into a man's soul," Drury said, "and I must have a chance to make my love count. Will you help me?"

"With all my heart; what is your plan?"

"The will makes it quite out of the question that she should even see me as Dru Drury?"

"It certainly does."

"You must introduce me as Alison Gardner—I do have a certain right to that name, for it was my mother's name; and I might go to Holland today, have my grandfather's estate, and be called by that name."

"What a curious twist a New England conscience sometimes gives one. But I'm with you without any of your explanations as to your title to the name you wish to go by. *I'm* with our primitive ancestors in believing that all's fair in love and war—at least in this instance."

"I must have an excuse for being here, as well as a name. Elizabeth MacGregor is the last person to be pleased with an idler," Drury said thoughtfully.

"How well you know her," Ellis mused. "It seems almost uncanny. Many people are here for their health, but that would hardly answer for you, with that breadth of shoulder and your tropical complexion."

"I couldn't go into business, for the only business I know anything about is mining, and that would take me away into the hills, in which event I might nearly as well be in South America. I've been thinking," and he hesitated a bit, "that you might be willing to make me a member of your faculty."

"The very thing! Don't I remember your talks to the English seminary on the pre-Shakespearean drama. You could give a rattling good course in Chaucer, too. I'll give Willis a vacation—on salary; he's tired out and has been needing a lower altitude, but I couldn't find the money for a substitute. You're a public benefactor!" And then he added soberly: "But you must work up that course; I couldn't have the school suffer."

"Depend upon me," Drury laughed. "I shall feel that this is the chance of my life to make a name for myself as a professor. I always had a real hankering to be one, but Dad scoffed and said the family couldn't afford such a luxury."

The next day at chapel Elizabeth was introduced to Professor Gardener, who was "to spell" Willis for a time, and in the afternoon she felt mightily pleased that the handsome, cultivated stranger should look her up in her office to discuss Western university ideals. Along with his gracious deference there was a subtle air of intimacy in his bearing toward her that charmed and fascinated her from the first.

Drury felt himself in a heavenlier atmosphere than he had supposed

existed on the earth. Her splendid womanliness and gracious beauty made his whole being glow with the desire to have her a part of his life; her droll fun as she told him about the college life, and her ready and sympathetic appreciation when he began to talk about the course he was to give filled him with wonder and love.

"Isn't she all you thought, and more?" the President asked, as the two men walked down the avenue in the splendid sunset light.

"All," and Drury spoke softly and reverently. "I didn't believe until to-day that such a perfect creature could be created."

"She's a type," the President said; "rare, I'll admit, but a type that will increase and be vastly useful, just as your friend MacGregor said, when we encourage all our women to make the most of all their possibilities."

Drury resented in his heart that his friend should speak of her as a type, but he said nothing, and soon strolled off by himself to think of the one perfect and altogether lovely person for him. "Bother Ellis and his talk about types," he said at last. "I'll swear she's unique, but I can't get his stuff out of my head, and there's no use trying to dream with such a biological basis in the background. I might as well go in and go to work."

As the weeks passed, Dr. Ellis saw that the friendship between Drury and Elizabeth had ripened into an intimacy, and he thought he detected in the girl's face a gladness and brightness that showed a dawning love.

The young people of the college found the new professor vastly interesting, for he brought to them the world's interpretation of literature instead of the book man's. His sane ideals and the unselfish philosophy that he taught them pleased and helped them. They were all devoted to Miss MacGregor, and they soon discovered his fondness for her, and accepted it as a part of his general good taste.

"It's a mystery to me," one student said to another, "why a man with a master's taste for poetry should take so much interest in biology."

"That's where you're slow," the other replied; "all poets are nature lovers, and I think it might have occurred to even your benighted brain that the mistress of the lab is a poem herself."

The first man whistled. "That explains why Gardener offered the conductor his meal ticket instead of his transfer the other day when we all went to the cañon with Miss MacGregor. I couldn't believe he was the absent-minded sort."

There was a hard task before Drury, and little wonder that he appeared absent-minded sometimes when he was in a deep study as to how he might do it best. Dr. Ellis had ceased to wonder about the ultimate outcome. "He's bound to win out, anyone could see that from the first," he thought. "Curiously exact intuition MacGregor must have had to decide that these young people should belong to each other."

It was Commencement Day, and Elizabeth was to go on the day afterward to her home in Tarrytown; Drury had begged her to ride with him in the hills that afternoon.

The sweet spring air was warm about them, laden with the delicate sweetness of nectar from plum and willow; the river was lined with the fresh bright greens of the budding trees, and the rich reds of the

waving catkins of the cottonwoods. It seemed to Elizabeth that they could not go slowly enough in this beautiful cañon. More than five hundred feet on either side, the walls were lifted showing in their seams and roughened strata the history of ages.

"This glorious Western world!" she exclaimed. "I shall always feel myself a part of it no matter where I may be."

"I shall always be glad that I found you in this beautiful place," he said, and put his hand over hers as it rested on the pommel of her saddle. She turned her face toward him, and in it was that splendid gladness and content by which the lover since his beginning in Eden has known his own, but the very splendor of that look made a coward of Drury, and so they rode home, each rejoicing in the other's presence, but Drury's story still untold. "It was fair," he said to himself; "it was more than fair, and she will be glad with me some day, though just at first—and to-day I haven't the courage to see that look go out of her eyes."

The next morning Elizabeth sat in her office, putting the last papers to rights for the holidays, when Drury entered, and without a word put a little packet before her. She opened it wonderingly, and found a quaint old locket, and inside her uncle's picture, and a bit of paper, on which was written in an old man's tremulous hand: "For my beloved child, Elizabeth MacGregor Drury."

She looked wonderingly into her lover's face, vaguely troubled by his strained, anxious look. "Alison," she asked, "did you know my uncle and Drury?"

His hand tightened over hers. "Dearest," he said, and his eyes held hers, though his face went pale, "it was fair, for it was my only chance —you must forgive it—I am Drury!"

The girl drew a quick, sharp breath. "I don't understand; I can't see why," she said, and a sudden flush came over her face.

"Dear heart," he pleaded, "don't turn your face away. I loved you so, and your uncle knew, and at the end it was his fevered thought to make my reward sure, but he was too sick to see clearly, and almost put you out of my reach. Forgive the deception. I had to try when my love for you was burning my heart out."

Elizabeth felt a glad joyousness throughout her whole being. It was not strange to her that he should have loved her in the old lonesome time. Her own love counted no beginning—why should his?

It was a very happy girl that greeted the President a little while later.

"You shall have a part of my fortune for the dear college," she said gaily, "though you aided and abetted with malice aforethought."

"No, no," he protested. "With something else aforethought."

Worcester County Inventors

By GEORGE F. HOAR

With Biographical Sketches by Alfred S. Roe

PART II.

The greatest single Worcester industry, however, was the wire industry. This was developed within the lifetime of Ichabod Washburn, from the process carried on in a single, small blacksmith shop, of drawing the heated wire by a pair of pincers held in the blacksmith's hand, through holes gradually smaller and smaller in a steel block, to the vast manufacture which was a year or two ago sold to the American Steel Company, and which employed 7,000 men in Worcester, supporting a population of at least 35,000 people, besides its establishment at Waukegan, Illinois, and one in California for the manufacture of ocean cable. This grew up from its beginning to a very large establishment under the administration of Deacon Ichabod Washburn. He was a very interesting character. He was kin to the famous family who in Maine and in the West have been so well known in public life and in other ways. He was a man of great public spirit and generosity, very religious, a believer in the old-fashioned Congregational creed in its austere strictness, hard and sharp in making his bargains, but generous and liberal with the fortune he had got in that way. He was, I think, the principal founder of Washburn College in one of the Western States, and a large benefactor to charities and religious organizations of the body to which he belonged, and the founder of the Washburn Shop in the Worcester Polytechnic School, whose method of instruction in the mechanical arts was copied at Moscow, and in return partly copied from Moscow by the Technological Institute in Boston, and which has been literally imitated in several great technical schools in this country, including the Miller Institute, the Rose Polytechnic in Indiana, the State Institute in Georgia, and some others.

It would take a volume to describe the marvellous processes which have been brought to perfection in Worcester in the development of the wire industry alone, which, when it was sold to the American Steel Company, was the largest in the world and able to hold its own against the competition of the world without the aid of tariffs. It is impossible to distinguish the contribution to its success of the various eminent men who have been in the employ of the Washburn and Moen Company, or who have been among its partners. Among the most distinguished have been Mr. Philip L. Moen, who married Ichabod Washburn's daughter; his son, Philip W. Moen, who died September 12, 1904; Charles H. Morgan, George Fred. Daniels, and Hon. Charles G. Washburn, well known as an eminent member of both Houses of the Massachusetts Legislature. All these gentlemen, except Mr. Daniels, have been my intimate

and highly valued friends, and I can testify to Mr. Daniels' great ability from universal report.

Another great industry of world-wide importance and fame, which has been brought to perfection in Worcester, is the manufacture of looms. Until recently there were two great establishments for their manufacture, one founded and developed by George Crompton, a relative of the famous English manufacturer and inventor of that name, and the other by the brothers Lucius J. and Frank B. Knowles. These two establishments have been lately consolidated by the successors of their founders.

Erastus B. Bigelow, the inventor of the carpet loom, was born in West Boylston, about six miles from Worcester, and he achieved fame and a large fortune by one invention. It was originally a loom for making coach lace. He afterward brought it to perfection in the carpet loom, one of the most wonderful and beautiful results of human genius. He was the founder of the great establishment at Clinton, known as the Bigelow Carpet Company, which he and his brother owned, and which is now owned, I believe, by his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Merriman, and by his brother's descendants.

I never knew very well Mr. Erastus B. Bigelow, who acquired for himself fame and wealth without any special advantages other than those which were enjoyed by the sons of all the country farmers in the smallest towns of Massachusetts, but the few times I ever saw him his bearing seemed to me that of a man who had been bred in Courts. I served in the Legislature with his brother Horatio, a very excellent and accomplished gentleman, and we were quite intimate. Erastus was, as is natural to men who are conscious of their own capacity, and who have had great success in life, somewhat inclined to be domineering when his will was resisted by men who he thought knew less about the matter than he did. An instance of that came under my own observation. I was chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary in the Massachusetts Senate in 1857. I was then the youngest, with perhaps one exception, of the members of the body. Mr. Bigelow came to me with a statute which he had had drawn by an eminent Boston lawyer, which I thought clearly unconstitutional. He wished me to report it, and I told him my objections. He received them with great disdain, and informed me that Emory Washburn and several other men of great eminence as lawyers and in business thought the bill was all right. After some discussion, in which he did not seem to think my arguments worth answering, but the matter was to be settled by authority, I was obliged to say that with all my great respect for the opinion of Judge Washburn and Judge Curtis, whom I think he also cited, I happened to be chairman of the Law Committee of the Senate and I must act on my own judgment and not theirs. Mr. Bigelow was quite indignant, and left me in much displeasure.

Another most important invention is that of the wrenches invented by Loring Coes and his brother, Aury G. Coes. The only method of taking off a wheel from a vehicle was to unscrew a nut which held the wheel in place. The tavern-keepers and owners of wagons used to have a square instrument, composed of four sides of iron or steel attached to a handle. This must fit exactly over the square nut in order to work. So

it became necessary, if a man had to take off the wheel of his chaise to grease it or for any other purpose, to try half a dozen different wrenches before one could be found to fit. The Coes wrench invention seemed very simple after it was made. But it was made after he came to active life by a man now living and still in active life. The world had gone thousands of years without it. The present wrench consists of two jaws, the lower of which is movable and approaches or departs from the other by reason of a screw which turns on the handle and moves the jaw.

The two Messrs. Coes were very poor men, humble workmen, not having means enough to pay for getting out a patent or even for moving from one town to another. The late Henry W. Miller happened to see their invention, and seeing at once its great value, paid the expenses of taking out a patent and bringing the two brothers to Worcester, and introducing their product into the market. Mr. Miller did not find the adventure very profitable for himself, for they left him for a gentleman with whom they could get better terms. He had neglected to secure himself by any contract or assignment. The two brothers remained in company for many years without making any division of their property or settling their accounts, paying the household expenses of both from the common stock; but when their families grew up and their sons were ready to take part in the business, a separation became necessary. The survivor of the firm, Loring Coes, is still living in Worcester, past ninety years old, but still an active, hale and hearty man.

Two of the great manufacturers of Worcester County were Paul Whitin and Samuel Slater. Paul Whitin's family are continuing the manufacture of cotton goods on the spot where Paul Whitin erected a cotton mill in 1809. To that business they have added the manufacture of cotton machinery, which the ingenuity and intelligence of the members of this family have brought to high perfection. Their village, known as Whitinsville or Whitins, is a model town. No Socialist ever conceived in his wildest dreams a community in which every man, from the highest to the humblest, would more perfectly enjoy and receive the share of the product of the industry of the whole to which he is fairly entitled. I have known personally, and in some cases quite intimately, many members of this family, so eminent for intelligence, thrift, industry, public spirit and deserved success.

A somewhat similar story can be told of the Slater family at Webster. The founder of that family, Samuel Slater, was a native of Derbyshire, England, and was apprenticed to Jedediah Stratt, partner of Arkwright in the business of manufacturing cotton. He came to this country in 1789 at the time when George Cabot in Boston and Moses Brown in Providence were endeavoring to introduce cotton manufacture here. After some time spent in the manufacture of cotton yarn, he established what I believe was the first mill for the manufacture of cotton cloth by machinery in the country. He settled at what is now Webster, then Oxford South Gore, where he and his descendants have developed a vast industry in which they have become so famous and gained so much wealth. I do not speak of Samuel Slater or Paul Whitin among the great inventors of Worcester County, though their

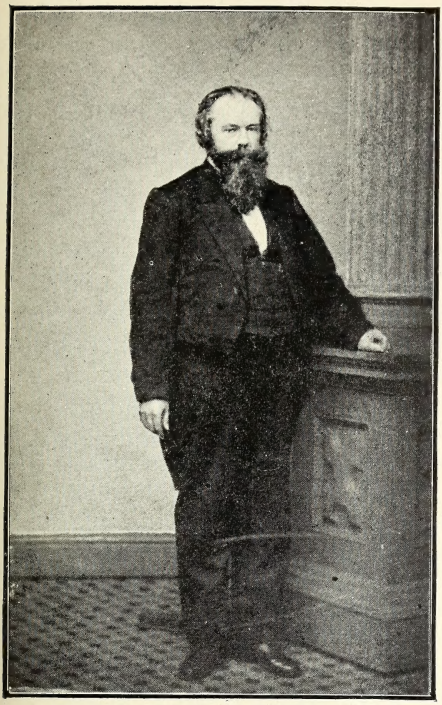
mechanical skill and ingenuity contributed to the improvement of the woolen and cotton machinery from its crude beginnings until it has reached its present perfection.

No account of the manufactures or inventions of Worcester would be complete without giving due credit to Henry W. Miller. He was engaged in business as a hardware merchant, having also an establishment for plumbing and for the setting up of house-warming furnaces in connection with that commerce. He was in business on the same spot for seventy-five years, either as shop boy, clerk or successor to Daniel Waldo. He purchased Mr. Waldo's business nine days before he became twenty-one years old. When he began business almost everything used by an American mechanic was imported, except the wood from the forest. He lived to see almost the entire growth of American manufacture, to see its independence achieved and to see this country foremost among the nations of the world in exporting the very articles for which, when he began life, we had been dependent on Europe. His books and his wonderfully retentive memory contained a history of American manufacture. He was the greatest authority on house building in Worcester. Inventors and mechanics brought their ideas to him for judgment, as men bring metal to a touchstone or mint to see whether it be gold. He introduced the first cupola furnace, with one exception, in the country. He himself devised and set up the first house-warming furnace in the country, and as I have said, saw the great value of the Coes wrench and caused it to be introduced to public use. He was a man kind and tender to the deserving poor, and always ready to do good, if only he could do it without being found out. I do not suppose it ever occurred to any human being to doubt Mr. Miller's absolute integrity. After his death, a man who had worked for him for many years, told me that Mr. Miller was engaged in putting a furnace into a costly dwelling house, and his foreman advised him to use part of an old second-hand furnace which was in his cellar. The workman said, "It will answer the purpose exactly as well as a new one, and nobody will ever know it." "I should know it," was the indignant reply.

Ethan Allen

EVEN before Colt began the making of his famous weapon, Worcester County was making a revolver, long known as the "Pepper-box," and it was a great favorite with those who wished to shoot quick. In the manufacture of a fire-arm there appears a singular appropriateness in finding the name of Ethan Allen, arousing as it does memories of Green Mountain Boys and Ticonderoga. However, Worcester's Allen was not even a Vermonter, but was born in the town of Bellingham, Sept. 2, 1806. He was early inducted into a machine shop, in the adjoining town of Franklin, and there he served his apprenticeship. When of age, he began business for himself in a small way.

In 1831, he was making cutlery in the town of Milford, and soon after



ETHAN ALLEN

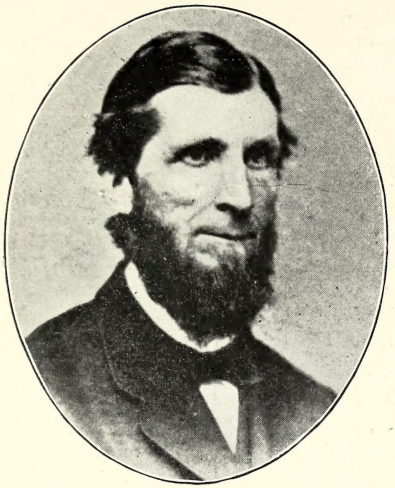
removed to what is now North Grafton, then known as New England Village. Here he made shoemakers' knives and other tools, and later, in a building erected for the purpose, manufactured guns and pistols. This was 1833, and in this line he continued several years, being a pioneer in such work, turning out revolving pistols, a breech-loading rifle, similar to Sharp's, but claimed to be better. He also made machines for the manufacture of fire-arms and exceedingly ingenious ones for making metallic cartridges. His exhibit of the latter combination was one of the notable ones at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. During his long career he made a greater variety of fire-arms than any other manufacturer in the country.

It was in the late 40s that Mr. Allen came to Worcester, and, like so many others, was a tenant of the Merrifield building, and, like all the tenants there, was burned out in 1854. Then came the large shop near the Junction, and there he continued till his death. After his death January 7, 1871, the business was carried on by his son-in-law, Mr. Sullivan Forehand, who had been taken into the works in 1863. Of Mr. Allen, at his death, his pastor, the Rev. H. L. Wayland, said: "Perhaps the most marked trait in his character was his fearlessness. He was not merely brave; it seemed that the element of fear had been left out."

Russell L. Hawes

Among the many industries which have won fame and riches for Worcester, that of making envelopes stands conspicuous. The years are not so many since letter writers folded their missives according to the lessons imparted in the schools, sealing them with red wax, never dreaming of such a thing as a receptacle for the bit of paper. This seemingly unnecessary article was devised, and mankind liked it. The envelope had come to stay. At first they were expensive, made by hand, and then by clumsy contrivances, which nevertheless hastened their manufacture.

Then came the machine for sending them forth quickly and cheaply, and the man who invented the same was a native of Worcester County and a resident of Worcester city



R. L. HAWES

when he took out his patent, and the first work with it was done in that same city. Russell L. Hawes was born in Leominster, March 22, 1823. With his boyhood, it was the old story over again of what the town had to give; then after the study of medicine pursued in Leominster, Boston and New York, he finally took his diploma from Harvard in 1845.

His shingle as a practitioner was hung out in Worcester, but the visiting of patients was not his forte; he was an inventor by nature, and a machine was vastly more interesting to him than a pharmacopœia. At first his attention was drawn to the making of paper, and in the interest of certain improvements he visited Europe. Next came his devotion to the making of envelopes, and the invention which ranks high in the realms of innovation followed. His machine was not put forth till it was perfected. While two patents for envelope machines preceded that of Dr. Hawes in June, 1853, the others did not succeed, while the Worcester one was a success from the start. A New York man got the first patent in 1849, a Philadelphian in April, 1853; Hawes in June, and in 1855 the fourth was issued to one Goodale, of Clinton, Worcester County.

For a time it was the wonder of the city, and well it might be, for by its use three girls could produce 25,000 envelopes in ten hours, but Worcester became the head centre of the envelope business, and one inventor after another added improvements till now one girl can make 75,000 envelopes in ten hours. Several years ago the daily product of the city was 3,000,000 envelopes; today one of Worcester's factories exceeds that number. The capacity of the city, containing, as it does, the largest factory in the world, that of Logan, Swift and Brigham is far in the millions. Selling out his envelope interest, Dr. Hawes devoted himself to other lines of invention, in all of them achieving success, but failing health compelled him to leave his home pursuits for a trip to Europe, and there he died, February 20, 1867, in the city of Nice.

Ichabod Washburn

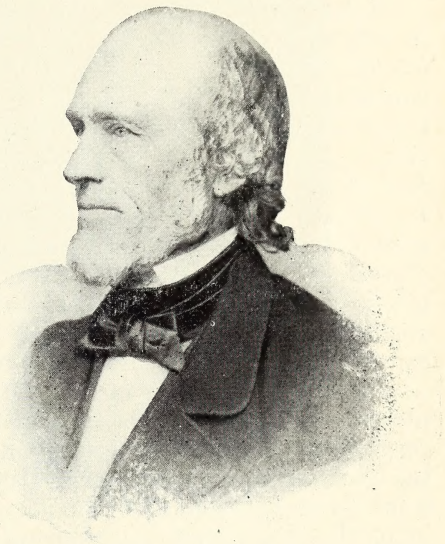
The greatest single industry in Worcester, city or county, is that of wire drawing, and the man who gave it a beginning and invented the appliances which led to its pre-eminence was Ichabod Washburn, who was born in the town of Kingston, down in the Old Colony, August 11, 1798; through his mother, who was a Bradford, descended straight from the long-time Governor of Plymouth Colony, William Bradford. His

father he never knew, he having died during the infancy of the subsequent industrial leader.

The mother was a careful woman of the old style, and she early taught her boy the Assembly Catechism, and taught it so thoroughly that he never forgot any part of it, and this was done before the lad was nine years of age, for at that time he was bound out to a harness-maker in the neighboring town of Duxbury. He had no easy time during these years, being chore-boy and workman, and all at as little expense as his master could or would assume. He had some schooling, tho' not much, but he did his part well, and, young though he was, learned to make harnesses so thoroughly that when fourteen, and he had returned to his mother's, he made for a cousin, who furnished the material, a harness of such excellent quality that forty-nine years afterwards the latter still retained some parts of it.

Having always had a liking for machinery, he soon embraced an opportunity to learn the blacksmith's trade in the town of Leicester, getting to this famous hill-town by means of a sailing vessel from Plymouth to Boston, and thence by stage to his destination. Here the character of the boy and man was indicated in his hiring a seat in Dr. Nelson's church, paying therefor by money earned by making pot-hooks in over-time. At last he bought the unexpired term of his apprenticeship, for learning a trade meant something in those days, though he did not consider himself free till he reached his twentieth birthday.

Before attaining his majority he started business for himself in Millbury, where he made plows after the primitive style of those days, and, in getting scythes to sheath his mould-boards, his name becomes mingled with that of Paul Whitin, another of the county's industrial princes. Next he worked in the armory in Millbury, the same one that started Thomas Blanchard on his road to fame. In 1819, he went to Worcester, having found a place in a machine shop, then the height of his ambition, and as forger and finisher he did credit to his leather apron. Soon he was a manufacturer on his own account, and we see him



ICHABOD WASHBURN

making some of the earliest woolen machinery used in the country. With a partner he next made wire and wood screws.

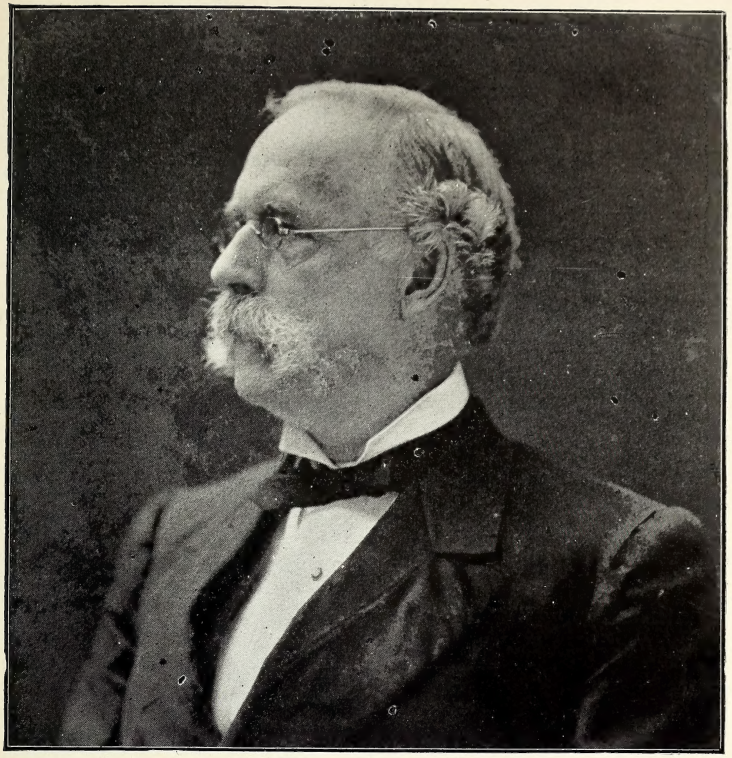
It was not till 1831 that he reached what proved to be his life work and the great prize of his adopted city, for it was then that he first essayed the drawing of wire. Then the operation was of the crudest possible character, and immediately Mr. Washburn devised means of multiplying its utility many times. Before Washburn the limit of one man

was fifty pounds a day; he at once raised it to ten times that amount. Nor did he stop here, for he was the man who introduced the drawing block, a device which has not been changed nor improved in all the intervening years. Therein or thereon lies the secret of the cold drawing of wire, so that to-day 2,500 pounds is no great task for a man in a single day. In 1834 he came down to the site of the great mills on Grove Street, and in a shop built for him by Stephen Salisbury started afresh.

Of the original edifice, three stories in height, Mr. Washburn used only one floor, and his entire force of help consisted of five men. Like a deep-rooted oak, the plant grew symmetrically, and in time covered every foot of the many surrounding acres. In 1840, the Central Works were started, Mr. Washburn having purchased the South Worcester water power and their growth has been steady ever since. Then, in 1847, came the start in Quinsigamond, now by far the largest of the three plants, this venture being made through the necessity of having rolling mills of his own, and to-day the mills are self-sustaining, in that they make their own steel, roll their own billets and draw the wire to any consistency desired.

For many years the great show place of the North Works was the old edifice in which for more than half a century has been made nearly all the piano wire used in this country, Mr. Washburn having entered upon this work at the suggestion of Chickering, whose name is inextricably blended with that of the pianoforte. What possibilities of sound at the touch of the Paderewskis and Rubensteins of the musical platform have been developed here!

In everything that made for the good of his adopted city Mr. Washburn was always at the front. To him is largely owed the building of the city's great Mechanics Hall, upon whose walls hangs an excellent portrait of the mechanic and philanthropist; he gave liberally to every educational and benevolent enterprise, and, what is best of all, he started an industry which has given employment to many thousands of men, thus contributing more than any other one man to the permanent upbuilding of Worcester. As time advanced, and he felt the need of assistance in his many duties, he associated with himself his brother Charles and his son-in-law, Philip L. Moen, and though Charles afterward withdrew from the firm, his son, Charles F., later came into the business, thus making a harmonious and symmetrical enterprise known around the entire world. Notwithstanding the correctness of his living, such burdens as he had borne had left their impress, hence many working years were cut off when he was stricken by paralysis in February, 1868, and though he rallied, it was not to resume his place in his counting room, passing on to the other world, December 30, 1868.



Philip Louis Moen

In 1850, Ichabod Washburn associated with himself the late Philip L. Moen, a gentleman of rare business tact and ability, thus making, from the very onset, a distinct addition to the directive force of the rapidly-growing enterprise. Mr. Moen was of French extraction, born in northern New York, the town of Wilna, Jefferson County, November 24, 1824. His boyhood, however, was spent largely in Collinsville, Connecticut, and in Brooklyn, New York. He was early placed in a hardware store in New York, and through the handling of the iron wire products of the Washburn mills he came to know the proprietor or manufacturer, who was himself a rare judge of character.

In some of the ways known to Cupid, the New York clerk became acquainted with one of Mr. Washburn's daughters, and, in 1846, her husband. The next year saw him in Worcester, being inducted into the details of the business which was daily expanding. While the new partner was not a mechanic, practically, he nevertheless was a good judge of work done, and he supplied an element essential to the growth and development of the industry, and for the more than forty subsequent years he was ever found at his post, the most affable of gentlemen and the clearest, keenest of business directors. Under him, either with Ichabod Washburn or with others, the industry made giant strides, he succeeding his father-in-law in the presidency of the corporation, which

eventually followed the first company or partnership.

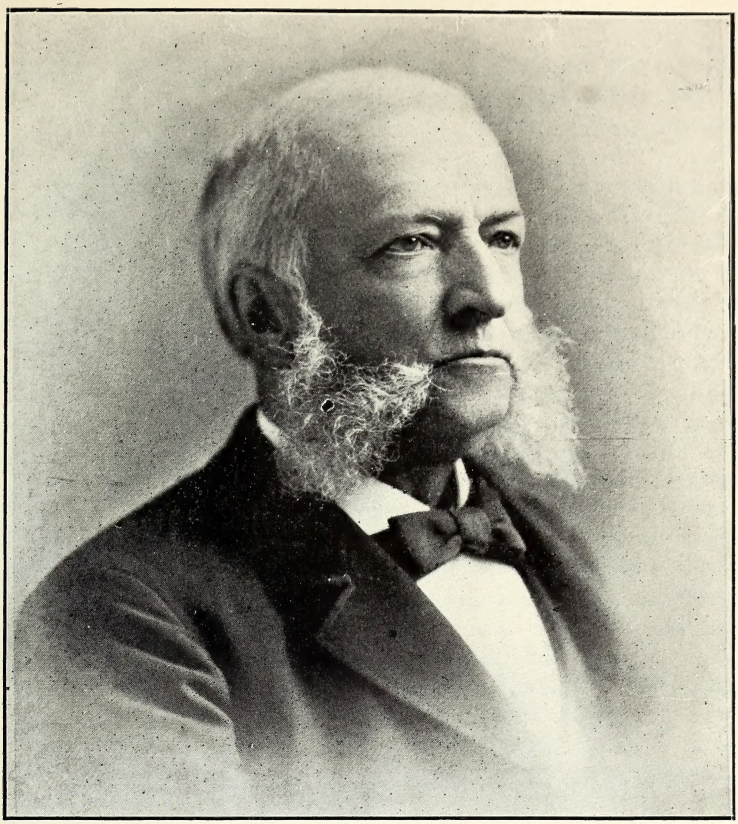
Like the founder of the business, Mr. Moen was ever foremost in the praiseworthy enterprises of Worcester, and no desirable project ever went to him in vain. He was one of the founders of the Y. M. C. A., and all his life one of its most ardent supporters. Of him in his memoir, Deacon Washburn wrote: "In him I have had a most efficient aid in bringing up the business to its present mammoth size. . . . He has managed with rare ability our finances, a department of the business for which I never had the taste or inclination."

The pace set by the business of the nineteenth century told also on Mr. Moen, and April 23, 1891, the city of his adoption was saddened at the news that only his body remained. The funeral exercises following were possibly the most impressive ever witnessed in Worcester. More than 2,000 men, employees of the great mills, passed silently, thoughtfully, and often tearfully past the casket which contained his remains. He had been a true friend to them, and when through the lines, formed by this industrial army, the mortality of Philip L. Moen was borne to its burial, there was paid to his memory a tribute that princes might have envied. The faithful workman always had in him an unfailing friend.

Charles Francis Washburn

Though the founder, Ichabod Washburn, passed out of the wire business by his lamented death in 1868, the name was still retained through the presence of his nephew, Charles F., a son of his twin brother, Charles, who in 1835 had come down from his Maine home to become an associate in his new industry. The nephew was born in Harrison, Cumberland County, Maine, August 23, 1824. He was therefore only a lad of eleven years when he came to this city, or town as it was then. He had the best that the schools of Worcester afforded, and then went to Leicester Academy, where he was graduated. Thence, debarred by illness from a college course, he entered his father's mill, and the remainder of his life was devoted to the wire business.

As Vice-President for many years of the corporation, Mr. Washburn added another element to the prosperity of the great concern. It was a rare sight to see both Mr. Moen and Mr. Washburn in their respective places, directing with apparent ease more men and vastly more capital than are included in many a German principality. Mr. Washburn was the representative of the business when its interests were to be presented abroad. He had the comprehensive mind that readily detected what the business needed and what it could make with the best returns. To him were committed the trying details of the great barbed fence wire patents, and very largely through his wisdom and applications the Worcester corporation came to control this, one of the most important of all the varieties of wire working. There was a time when, day or night, the northern part of Worcester never ceased hearing the



CHARLES F. WASHBURN

clang of the machines which were turning out the wire fencing for the illimitable West. Gradually the same was transferred to the Quinsigamond works, and thence to the Western works, thus being nearer the scene of its greatest use.

Like all the prominent members of the Washburn works, Mr. Charles F. Washburn was interested in all that stood for public weal; the friend of church and school he lived a life of righteousness and died all too soon, July 20, 1893.

Since the death of Mr. Washburn there has been a vast expansion of the wire business, till now it is not only the largest in Worcester, but is one of the largest in the entire world. Its three Worcester plants cover 147 acres of land and its pay roll includes from 5,000 to 6,000 men according to the pressure, the monthly disbursements for wages ranging from $250,000 to $300,000. Except on Sunday and when some part of the enginery needs repairing, there is no cessation in the whirr of its many wheels. From immense steel ingots, handled by cranes, the heated rolling proceeds through firey, squirming, snake-like matter to be seized at last and wound upon reels for cold drawing. It is a bewildering maze of annealing and successive drawings till burnished and bright the finished wire is carefully wound with paper and shipped to its destination. Wire here is drawn to the diameter of .002 of an inch as fine as the finest of

human hair, such wire being drawn through diamond dies. It would take seventeen miles of it to weigh one pound.

The extent of the business may be judged from the fact that twenty-six closely printed pages of the catalogue are taken to name the forms and varieties that its products take. No other mills in the entire combination equal those of Worcester in the variety of wire drawn. Under the title of "Special Round and Miscellaneous Wires" there are eighty-three varieties and "Flat Wires" afford seventy-three. There are specialists employed to learn what the world wants and then set themselves to supply the need. If a fashion goes out, as crinoline, the looms are allowed to rest till the fashion comes around again.

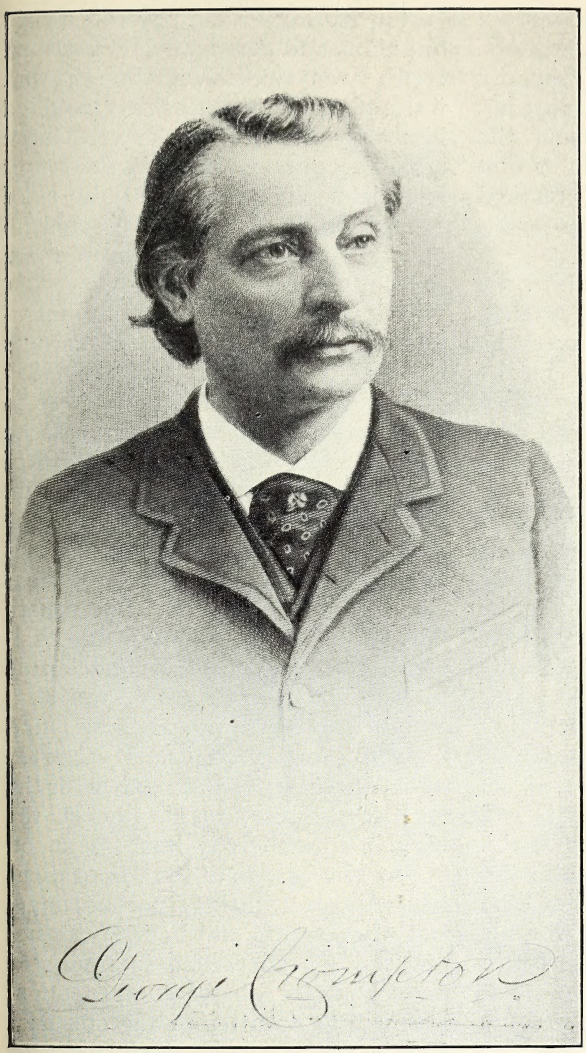
The world goes to Worcester for its wire cables and gets them of all sizes and lengths. Telephone and telegraph wire, cables for suspension bridges, guy ropes and ship hawsers are all found in Worcester.

In these days of merging and combinations, it was inevitable that the Washburn and Moen Wire Works should some day lose their individuality. The absorption of so many industries under the direction of Carnegie and Morgan finally swallowed those of Worcester and they exist to-day as a part, a large part of Worcester, but only a small portion of the vast aggregate of the American Steel and Wire Company, itself a constituent of the larger United State Steel Corporation.

The Cromptons; William and George

For many years the world has gone to Worcester for its looms yet the commencement of their manufacture there was altogether accidental. A certain Worcester machinist was spending the night in the early 40s in the United States Hotel, Boston. He was attracted by the appearance of a stranger evidently an Englishman, and with native courtesy he sought his acquaintance. In their conversation it was developed that the stranger had invented a loom which he had recently placed in the Middlesex mills of Lowell and was then looking for some place in which he might manufacture them. Mr. Samuel Davis, for this was the name of the Worcester man, set forth the advantages of his own town, he himself being engaged in the making of woolen machinery. The upshot of the interview was that the Englishman came to the Heart of the Commonwealth, and was instrumental in establishing what has grown to be the second largest industry in the city.

Such was the introduction of William Crompton to Worcester. He was born in Preston, Lancashire, England, in 1806; was early set at the hand-weaving of cotton, and finally became a machinist. Then he was a cotton mill superintendent, and experimented in an effort to improve its looms. In 1836, he came to America, and in Taunton invented a loom for the making of fancy cotton goods, receiving his patent in 1837. In this loom, by allowing both parts of the warp to move, he gave greater space for the shuttle, and also he introduced the chain to oper-



GEORGE CROMPTON

ate the warp. In 1838, he went to England and secured a patent there, returning to Massachusetts in 1839, bringing his family with him, and in 1840 he adapted his loom to the weaving of woolens. It is claimed that three-fourths of all the woolens made in the United States are woven upon his loom or those embodying his principles.

In Worcester, Crompton was introduced to Messrs. Phelps and Bickford, who were doing business on the present site of the North Works of the American Steel and Wire Company, and with them he made an agreement for the construction of his looms, which they continued to make for many years, to the apparent good of all concerned. While the loom was succeeding, Mr. Crompton's personal ventures were not so happy, as his factory in Millbury and a mill in the northern part of the city. His health having become very much impaired, his affairs were placed in the hands of a trustee, and he moved to Connecticut, where the remaining years of his life were spent.

In that family, which accompanied him on his return from England, was his son George, who was born in Ramsbottom, March 23, 1829, thus having attained the age of ten years when he began his American living, and he must have sampled the Worcester County schools in his boyhood, for his father's home was in Millbury. In 1849 or 1850 he came into the office of Mr. Davis and had to introduce himself, so much had he changed in the intervening period, advancing from boyhood to manhood. He was interested in securing an extension of his father's patent, and was in Worcester for that purpose. He had little money and no

credit. He was anxious to go in with his father's representatives, Messrs. Phelps and Bickford, but they did not care to take him as a partner, and he was getting very near the edge of disappointment when he met Merrill E. Furbush, a practical mechanic having some money for investment.

Much to the surprise of many, he obtained a reissuing of the patent, and with Furbush as a partner he began the making of looms in the Merrifield Building, only to be wiped out in a few years by the terrible fire of 1854, which came near destroying Worcester and all her prospects. So complete was his loss that friends advised him to compromise with his creditors, but in his dictionary there was no such word as "Fail." All he wanted was time to pay his creditors, and this he did in a surprisingly brief period. He was soon at work again on Grove Street, in a shop long since swallowed by the wire mills. Then he went down to Green Street and secured the old red mill, and began his loom-making over again. Soon his space was too small, and buying land, he extended, in time occupying the largest space for his works that any similar enterprise in the country covered.

Every year of his life saw some advance and improvement in his products, taking out 112 patents in the United States and other countries, almost all of them being for some phase of loom operations. The principle employed by the Crompton looms is that of the "close shed," and three-fourths of all the heavy goods in the country are made thus. It would be difficult to name a form of loom which Crompton did not or could not make. His works increased till at his death he was the largest individual employer in Worcester, having on his pay-roll nearly one thousand persons. His personal credit was unrivaled, though that was a phase of business that troubled him very little, as he carried large bank accounts, not only in the larger American cities, but in those of foreign lands as well. He owed no one on his death, but was a more than millionaire.

He was instrumental in introducing the manufacture of carpets into Worcester, and when in 1877 business depression seemed likely to swamp the enterprise, he came to the rescue, and with the coöperation of fellow-citizens who believed in him he succeeded in putting it on the firmest of foundations. Many stories are told of his nerve and determination in his efforts to keep square with his men and maintain his business reputation. He had made a rule to pay his help monthly, and as a certain pay-day approached he found himself short of funds. He started on a tour of collection, and with the necessary money in his pocket, the night before the day itself, he stood on the wrong side of the Connecticut River, with no bridge nor boatman, and the stream swollen to freshet height. He succeeded in finding a man who, for liberal compensation, was willing to attempt the crossing, and it was effected after hours of diligent rowing against the terrible current. It is not Washington crossing the Delaware that we would depict, but an industrial leader, determined that his help and their families should not be disappointed.

Such a strenuous life could not last into anything like old age. His candle burned out when he was only fifty-seven years of age. December 29, 1886, his fellow-workers of the city of industries learned that he had ceased from his labors and that for

him there remained only Rural Cemetery and the Resurrection. The works he founded continue in the Crompton-Knowles combination. A second George Crompton is now at the head of the Crompton-Thayer Loom Company, on Cambridge street. In the office, the chief wall ornament is a frame containing a remnant of the first piece of fancy cassimere woven by power in the world, in 1840, on the Crompton loom, in Lowell. It is a precious heritage for this third Crompton, who carries along the family torch.



Lucius J. and Francis B. Knowles

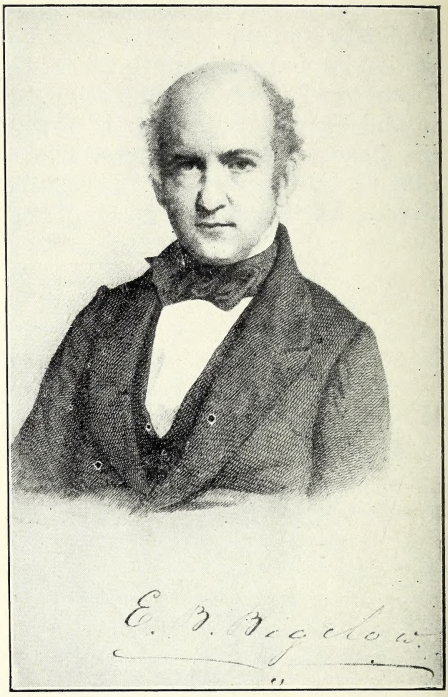
The story of Worcester's loom industry would be exceedingly incomplete without a recital of the part borne therein by the brothers whose names will go down the ages linked with that of Crompton, father and son. Lucius J. Knowles was born in the town of Hardwick, July 2, 1819, advancing from boyhood just as thousands of other lads have done, getting about the same results from home and school, though aside from his farm drill he had three years at the Leicester Academy. His inventive talent was early shown in the primitive shop which every farmer in those days possessed. At seventeen he left home for a place in a Shrewsbury store, where, before he was of age, we behold him as a partner, but such work was not to his taste, and in 1840, he abandoned it, and was among the very first in Massachusetts to give serious attention to the discoveries of Daguerre, the Frenchman, who had discovered the properties of light in portrait making.

Mr. Knowles was the first photographer in Worcester, but posing

people before a camera was no more to his liking than the sale of variety goods in a country store. So he gave up his gallery in 1844 and, having invented a spooling machine, in New Worcester began to manufacture thread. In 1847, he might have been found making cotton warp in Spencer, and two years after in the town of Warren. He later engaged in the making of woolen goods, but all this time his mind was being directed towards the subject of looms, his first patent, in this line, being taken out in 1856. As a side issue also he manufactured successfully in Warren a steam pump, but his own identification with the loom industry did not begin till 1863, when he associated with himself his younger brother, Frank B., thus commencing a business relation to be severed only by death.

Francis Bangs Knowles was also a native of Hardwick, and his early years differed in no essential from those of his brother. He was born November 29, 1823, and he also had the tutelage of the farm and the academy. At seventeen, like Lucius J., he left home and became a school teacher in the nearby town of Dana. At nineteen he was in Gloversville, New York, teaching. Changing from a teacher's life to that of the business man, he became a salesman for one of Gloversville's many glove manufacturers, and went upon the road, thus acquainting himself with a large portion of New England. Next he entered the glove business as a manufacturer himself, and then embarked in the clothing trade, and here he was when the call, in 1863, came from his brother.

Their first loom was made in one of the pump shop rooms, and had the services of one wood workman and two machinists. Their facilities in



ERASTUS B. BIGELOW, AS HE LOOKED IN 1854

Warren were soon outgrown, and in 1866 they came to Worcester, first locating in Allen Court; thence they were crowded out, and sought the great stone mills near the Junction, whence the firm went, in 1890, to the present location, near the B. & A. R. R., on Grand and Tainter Streets. Realizing on all that had been built before them, these works are perhaps as complete of their kind as can be found anywhere in the world.

To Mr. L. J. Knowles were issued more than one hundred patents, the larger part of them in the way of loom improvements, hence it will be no surprising statement that nowhere can be found a greater variety of products than those going out from the old Knowles shops. Here were and are made the "open shed" looms. In 1885 there was received here the largest single order ever

given, viz., 200 fancy looms for the Riverside and Oswego mills. Their work is found over all that part of the world where looms are used. By an arrangement with an English firm above 10,000 looms have been placed in the British Isles and upon the Continent.

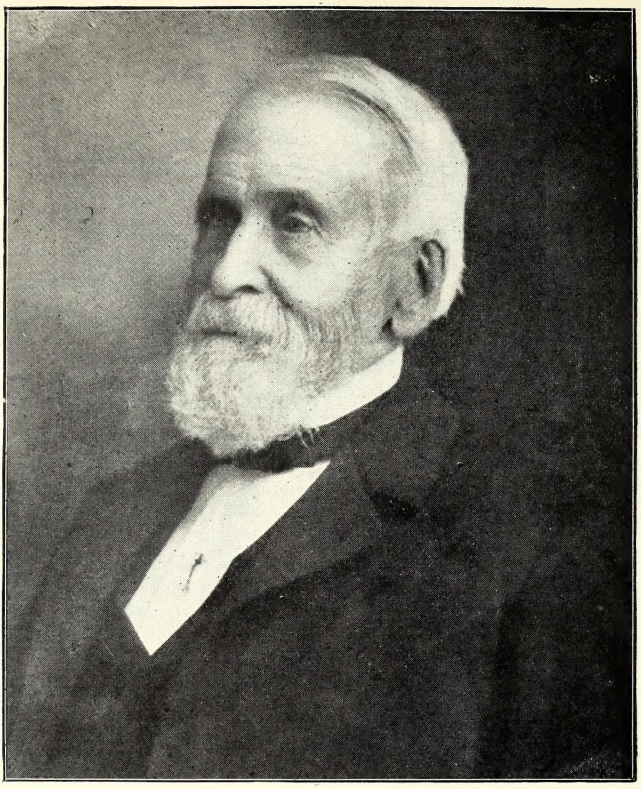
The pressure of his work was the cause of the older brother's death, for it was on February 26, 1884, when on his way to Florida for rest, that he died suddenly in the city of Washington. Then came a reorganization of the business, with the formation of a corporation, of which Francis B. became the president, and so continued until his death in 1890. With the advantage of combined effort, overtures were made for the consolidation of the two great loom industries of Worcester, and in 1897 the merging was accomplished, and the Crompton and Knowles Loom Works stand ready to supply the whole world with their products, one more factor in Worcester's industrial and inventive supremacy.

Erastus Brigham Bigelow

The contemplated Wachusett reservoir, to furnish Boston with pure drinking water, occupies the site of the birthplace and the early manufacturing enterprises of Erastus Bigelow, America's Napoleon of invention. Some inventors, with all their genius, were only children when business was undertaken, indeed were the victims of designing knaves, who robbed them of the legitimate results of their delving, but Bigelow was of an entirely different stripe.

It is true he was on a par with the most of inventors in that he was the child of poor parentage, born April 2, 1814, his father being the proprietor of a small cotton mill in West Boylston, and his two sons had no advantages save those offered by the local schools, such as they were. The younger, Erastus, was early possessed with an ambition for a liberal education, and everything in the way of his early inventions was only a means to the end that he might be an educated man, such as Harvard and other colleges were yearly graduating. At ten years of age he was working for a neighboring farmer, going to school in the winter.

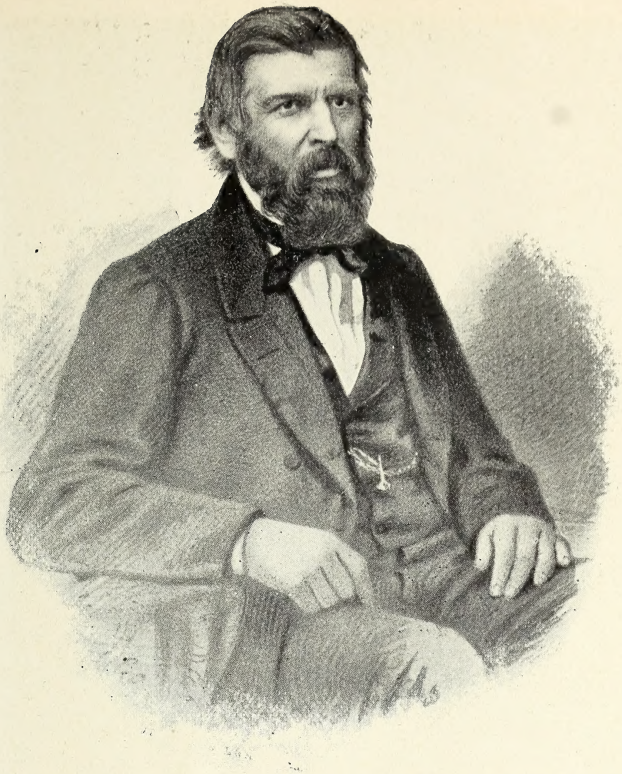
When thirteen, his father began the making of cotton yarn and the lad was set to helping, his eyes being wide open, and it was not long before he discovered a way to improve his work. He made a hand loom for weaving suspender webbing, and followed it with a machine for making piping cotton, by which he became possessed of one hundred dollars, whereby he was enabled to attend a neighboring academy for a time. Here he manifested such ability that his preceptor endeavored to get the parental approval of a college course. This, however, was not gained, and the boy is next found in the city of Boston, a clerk in a dry goods store, this being a compromise between the factory and the school. But the measuring of tape and ribbons was not to the lad's liking, and he yet retained all his ambitions for college, even to the extent of walking out to Cambridge and talking with President Quincy about the possibilities of Harvard, but the conversation was not encouraging.



LORING COES

At this time, Boston had a chance to learn stenography, and the young clerk seized upon the same with all of his accustomed eagerness, and soon mastered its intricacies. For the sake of others who might wish to be self-taught, he prepared a book upon the subject, which met with ready sale, and so encouraged was he that with a young medical friend he undertook a second edition which was too large, and left the young men considerably in debt. With his accustomed generosity he took all of the burden upon himself and forged ahead.

Next, having fitted himself for the work, he taught penmanship and invented a twine-making machine, but all of his efforts did not bring himself any nearer the goal of his heart's desire, viz., college. Then he went home, and a family council was called, in which it was decided to have him study medicine, and preparatory to this he went to Leicester, and in this work he spent one year, though at no time quite satisfied with himself. The germs of invention were in his nature, and develop they must. Somewhere in his wanderings he had slept under a Marseilles quilt, and now comes to his mind the query whether such work might be done in America. Suspending his studies, he went to work and speedily created his machine, which he took to Boston and exhibited to Freeman, Cobb & Co., convincing them of the possibilities of his invention. They agreed to pay for the patent, to set up the looms and to give him one-quarter of the income. Now he was seem-



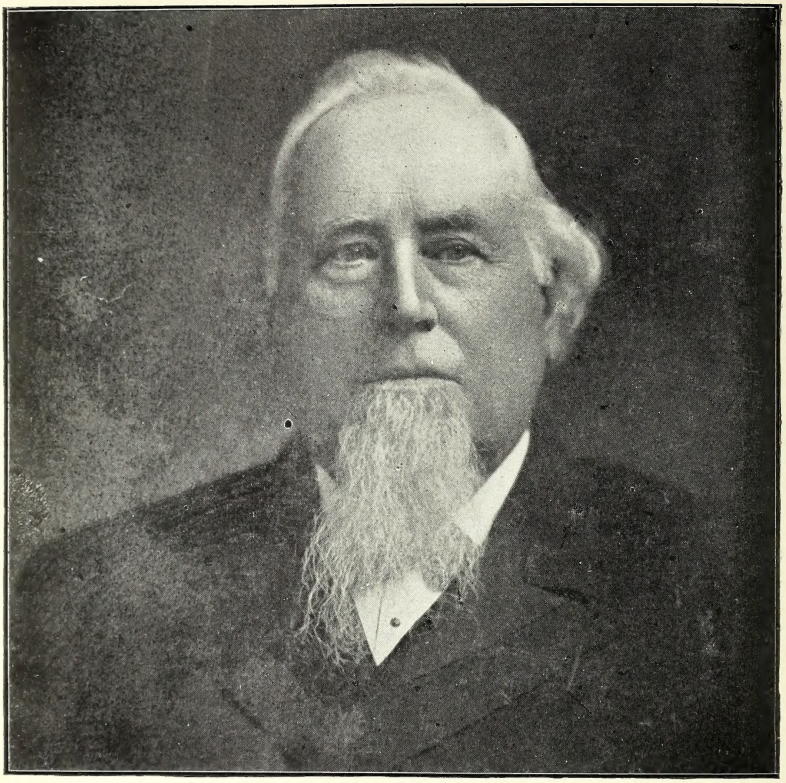
JOAB HAPGOOD

ingly sure of his cherished ambition, and, had not the firm become financially embarrassed, he might have become a wonder in law or medicine, rivalling thus his kinsmen, Timothy in legal lore, or Henry J. in his knowledge of the human body.

Again disappointed and recalled to his home by the embarrassment of his father, he was realizing all of the thorniness of the road to success, but he was still undaunted. Thus crowded with misfortune he remembered having seen on his journeys, when selling his book, the making of coach lace by hand looms. The idea of doing the same by power came to him, and hiring a horse and chaise, he took a trip from Worcester to Boston, making inquiries as to the demand for the lace. He was encouraged to lay the matter before the Boston house of Fairbanks, Loring & Co., and they desired to back him if he succeeded in making his loom.

Again he was in the throes of creation, so absorbed in his contemplation that his friends think him stupid, perhaps gone clean daft. The piece of hand-made lace that he considered was about all there was for him in the world for a term of weeks. Darkness and daylight were entirely indifferent to him. With an unlighted candle in his hand, obedient to parental injunction, he showed a visitor from the house through the darkened hallway. Though he bowed on separation, he heard not the goodbys nor indeed half of what was said to him by his friends. In six weeks the loom was done.

He was now twenty-three years



JEROME WHEELOCK

of age. He had unwittingly discovered the principles of the Brussels carpet loom, which in time was to follow from his fertile brain. The Clinton Company as formed in that part of the town of Lancaster now known as Clinton and Coachlace Pond, is long a familiar name in the growing village, now nearing the city limits. Added to this success comes the recovery of the Boston firm which controlled his counterpane loom, and "It never rains but it pours." Now he could go to college, but that dream was past. Now his appetite was whetted for business, and there were no more thoughts of classic halls, no antiquities for him; his life was to be in the active, teaming present, a powerful factor in its development.

Before the firm of Freeman, Cobb & Co. started upon the Marseilles quilt undertaking, the inventor discovered that another make, lately imported, was better, and he called a halt till he could perfect the loom. For many years the counterpane factory of Clinton has been an important industry. We are now nearing his *magnum opus*, his carpet loom. The year was 1840; he was only twenty-six years old, but a lifetime of work for some men had been crowded into that period. Having his mind fixed on the possibilities of his ingrain carpet loom, he contracted with a Lowell firm before he had developed a single plan, made a model or a drawing. Within the year his loom was constructed, and it made from ten to twelve yards per day, against the hand product of eight. His second loom more than

doubled the results, and the third easily trebled, this bringing him to 1841. This year he took a trip to England, where he found there was much to learn, coming home and telling Lowell people the same. They were anxious to improve, and created a new office to which they elected him, that of advisory supervisor, and in one year and a half he pushed the mills of that great enterprise to the forefront. Then he resigned, and the office was never filled again.

During these months he had been developing his plans for a Brussels carpet loom, and soon produced the first power loom in the world. So, often, did this great inventor accomplish what for generations had been pronounced impossible. Before 1848 his looms were running full tilt, and in 1851 the products of his mills exhibited at the London World's Fair drew the highest awards. The Crossleys of that far-away and well-developed country gave to the West Boylston boy £20,000 for his rights in that land. Mere money-getting was not for him the chief end in living. His delight was in the planting and furthering of new industries. Lowell had his looms by the hundred. Clinton had one mill that covered four acres of earth, and still the wonder grew. He devised and placed his looms for the making of ginghams, saw the possibilities in the weaving of iron wire and made the looms to do this. Indeed, for fifty years there was an average of more than one patent a year, and almost all of them for the improvement of textiles.

He did not long reside in Clinton, but early made his residence in Boston, though he held a beautiful farm, called Stonehurst, in North Conway, New Hampshire, where quite one-half of each year was spent. So close had been his application to his work that twice he sought rest and recuperation abroad. The scholastic honors which he had longed for in his youth came to him quite unsought in his later years, for nearly all of the New England colleges honored themselves when upon him they conferred their degrees.

Though not a politician, he took an interest in political and economical subjects, and put forth several pamphlets upon such themes, and in 1860 the Democrats of the Fourth District made him their standard-bearer for Congress, but in the fray he was beaten by Alexander H. Rice, the subsequent Governor.

To all men upon this earth death cometh, soon or late, and when, on the sixth day of December, 1879, he was at work in his Boston office, he placed his hand upon his forehead, saying: "I think I am having a stroke of paralysis." It was true. He was borne to his home, on Commonwealth Avenue, never rallying from the blow, and the same day witnessed his death. His body was carried to the thriving town of Clinton, whose creator he was, and there, where the hum of the wheels he started must ever sound his requiem, he sleeps, i. e., all that is mortal. No one was left to bear his name. An only daughter became the wife of the Rev. Daniel Merrimen of Worcester, and their only son has taken at Harvard many of the honors which erstwhile were the sighed-for ambitions of his grandfather.

With Whitney to render the cultivation of cotton possible, with the town of Leicester to develop and foster the card clothing industry, and with Bigelow to construct the looms for manufacture, is there any reason why Worcester County should not be proud of her inventors?

Loring Coes

For more than sixty years Loring Coes, either alone or in company with his kinsmen, has been turning out screw or monkey wrenches, at first at the rate of a thousand or more every month, for the last twenty years from 1,000 to 2,000 per day. There need be no wonder, then, that they may be found wherever the foot of civilized man has trodden. Mankind would be lonesome without them, and one cannot help thinking how queer it was that the world waited till 1841 and 1842 for its first wrench of this kind. Somewhere on or in the earth there must be nearly 10,000,000 of them.

Loring Coes is the oldest man actively engaged in business in Worcester, and very likely in the State. He was born in New Worcester, near where the most of his life has been spent, on April 22d, 1812, and when, in 1903, just after his ninety-first birthday, it was proposed that he should take his annual fishing trip to the woods of Maine, he was nothing loath, and on the trip itself he asked no odds of anyone. Recently, when a gentleman said to him that he would like to see Mr. Coes on certain business matters, the latter replied: "You will find me at the factory at half past seven tomorrow morning." When improvements are needed or possible in the works, there is no conservative halting on account of age, but the old at once gives place to the new.

Till 1869 he was associated with his brother Aury, and it was while carrying on an industry in the city of Springfield that the thought of the new wrench came to them. The problem was worked out and the patent obtained, and then for a while came the day of small things, but the utility of the wrench was so evident that it needed no eloquence to secure its introduction, and its advance in all these years has kept pace with the march of civilization. Few articles of Worcester make have done more than this bit of mechanism to carry the name of the city around the globe. Only a bit of iron, so adjusted and placed that, when well oiled and clean, the workmen holding it can, with the thumb of the hand in use, turn the serrated screw whereby the movable iron goes up or down at the will of the one holding. So simple, yet the mechanical world saw hundreds of great inventors come and go before the New Worcester mechanics thought of it.

Henry W. Miller used to say that it was called "monkey" wrench because an Englishman by the name of Monkay made a wrench having an adjustable jaw, but requiring both hands for its application, and the transition from Monkay to "monkey" was very easy, but the student of mechanics must know that at least a dozen contrivances are labeled "monkey," especially wherever a portion of the same can be easily moved upon the other, there being a suggestion of the monkey on a stick, that favorite toy of childhood.

Joab Hapgood

Though essentially a county of mechanics, Worcester nevertheless excels in agriculture, as anyone who has attended a county or any one of its many town fairs will readily testify. Its butter and cheese once gladdened the palates of Boston good-livers, but now they get the ingredients of the same in liquid form, that is, so much thereof as the cities and large villages of the county do not require for home consumption.

Perched upon its hill-top, conspicuous from afar is the town of Shrewsbury, and 'tis said that its cattle show has drawn visitors from a greater distance than any exhibition of the kind in these regions. Among those who were and are proud to call themselves natives was Joab Hapgood, of a long local lineage, who was born September 6, 1804. The son of a farmer, he had just what his town offered in those times in the way of education, and then when a very young man he was apprenticed to a gunsmith, and later, his trade acquired, he opened a store for the disposal of his kind of wares in Boston.

When the year 1864 came along he returned to his native town, and upon the ancient acres devoted himself to farming and such like pursuits till his death, June 14, 1890. His township is a hilly one, and the difficulty in ploughing its hill-sides with an ordinary implement suggested to him the need of a swivel-plow, and one of his invention was long manufactured by the Worcester firm which Senator Hoar has immortalized in his opening chapter. Now known as the Ames Plow Company, its force of two hundred men has been sending its products of agricultural implements over the entire world for many a decade. Hapgood's swivel-plow, a boon to the steep hill-sides of New England and the Middle States, is still carried in their catalogues.

The inventor himself is well remembered for his stalwart form, his resonant voice and the general good fellowship which always accompanied him. He was the father of Colonel Charles E. Hapgood of the Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers, who, as lieutenant-colonel, was seriously wounded the second day at Gettysburg.

Jerome Wheelock

Not alone in the making of textile machinery does Worcester County flourish. She has ever been a diligent worker in iron, and her engines have long held an enviable reputation the world over. Among engines thus famed are those bearing the name of Jerome Wheelock. Like nearly all the men mentioned in this series, Mr. Wheelock had the usual road of poverty to travel. He was born in the town of Grafton, June 20, 1834, and all that he received from home and the town were health and such instruction as her schools afforded till he was in his early teens, when he made an unconventional exit from Grafton and entered the Taunton Locomotive Works, under whose excellent guidance he obtained his mechanical instruction.

His diploma from the Works read:

"A good mechanic; steady, honest, and of industrious habits," and with this indication of a liberal mechanical education he essayed his fortune in various places, but all the time, apparently, there was a longing for the elevated regions of Central Massachusetts, so in Worcester he is found in 1858, employed in the Washburn Iron Works, and here he invented his Steam Cylinder Packing, from whose manufacture he derived a large income for many years. In 1869, he took the shop, No. 189 Union Street, and here began his series of labors which earned for himself reputation and a fortune. Whatever his invention, there was always in mind the Wheelock Engine, though many other improvement and devices preceded it. In 1873, at the American Exhibit in New York, he introduced to the public a four-valved engine, employing a rotary, tapered valve, suspended on hardened steel spindles, a new type, since extensively known and used. There are few details of the engine that he has not improved. In 1883 and 1884 Mr. Wheelock was giving much attention to the development of his new system valves, the most important advance since the invention of Corliss. Mr. Wheelock was no innocent in the matter of looking after his own rights, and every improvement made was well protected, both at home and abroad.

To relieve himself from personal supervision, the Jerome Wheelock Company was organized in 1888. The fame of the inventor will rest principally upon his valve, which stands unrivaled thus far in the many appliances of its kind. Beginning with 1875, when the American Institute of New York gave him a gold medal up to the time of his death, the record of the exhibition of his engine was an unbroken triumph. The Centennial, at Philadelphia, brought him a medal and a diploma. In Paris, 1878, he took a grand prize, the only one granted for an engine, and was one of eight such awards made to Americans. In 1880, in Cincinnati, he gained a similar prize, though he preferred to take his $500 award in the shape of a medal, and the sum in gold was thus melted and stamped. The collection of diplomas, medals and awards of all sorts thus gained is one of which any man might well be proud.

In his later years Mr. Wheelock did little personal work in connection with his engine, the most of his time being devoted to the care of his royalties at home and abroad. He died suddenly, February 27, 1902, in Worcester, leaving a large estate, a considerable part of which was devised for public purposes, particularly to Worcester and his native Grafton.

Dollie: Aid-de-Camp

(A True Incident of the Civil War)

By EUGENIE M. FRYER

SOME twenty miles from Washington, in a beautiful, rolling, thickly-wooded country, stands a little, picturesque tumble-down village, left half ruinous by the war. Time has altered it little. For the earlier part of the war at least, this was a much-contested ground, and so when the peace bugles sounded, and the inhabitants came slowly back to reclaim their own, they found little else but smouldering ruins of what had once been the grand old homes of their ancestors. With hearts saddened by the loss of relatives and friends, with starvation staring them in the face, they settled pluckily down to begin their lives anew, and to build homes, more modest in appearance perhaps, but none the less full of their far-famed generous hospitality.

Wandering over that debatable ground to-day, we can hardly find a spot that has not some tale to tell, some claim to at least an integral part of the final summing up of that fierce struggle between the North and the South. One feels with the old darky "youes treadin' on history down heah."

Not far away from the famous Pike over which so many armies have marched, stands, surrounded by stately trees, an old frame house, which somehow escaped the general destruction. During the second battle of Bull Run it was used as the headquarters of the Federals.

The night of the 30th of August, 1862, was very dark. It had been raining all day, and even now the rain fell dismally. In the great East room, perhaps the better to suit their mood, five women sat in utter darkness. One of them, a middle-aged lady (the one-time mistress of the manor, and now a prisoner), with lovely silvery hair, soft brown eyes and a face worn from anxiety, roused herself, sighed and said: "If I could but hear that Herbert was out of danger! To think of his being a prisoner in Washington, wounded at that, and I unable to be with him."

"God grant he may be, Fanny," her cousin replied.

On the bed talking in low tones sat two girls, and in one corner of the room crouched an old black mammy, "prayin' to de Lord to save her from dem bad mens what kep' her marster in jail."

"Wouldn't it be fun," the vivacious, blue-eyed Dollie was saying, as she gave her pretty head a toss, "wouldn't it be fun to go down and talk to those Yankees? I should like to see them wince when I ask why their soldiers are in such a hurry."

"Doll, you will never learn to be prudent," sighed Laura. "Besides I should have too much pride to talk to such vulgar people."

"Bother pride, anyhow," Doll answered, with another toss of her head. "It certainly wouldn't be half as boring as sitting up here listening to the patter of the rain."

The lower part of the house was brilliantly lighted, in strange contrast to the gloom upstairs. In the parlor the officers were scattered about the handsomely furnished room. Some were busily receiving and writing despatches, while others lounged about or strummed on the piano. Others again were attempting to pack up their few belongings, which lay scattered about the room. At that moment an orderly brought in a despatch and handed it to the officer in command. He read it and his brow darkened; otherwise he betrayed no emotion. He re-read it before handing the answer to the orderly, who saluted and departed. As a sort of postscript to the message had been hurriedly scrawled:

"Stevenson and Kearney killed at Chantilly."

"It's the devil's own work," he muttered between his teeth. Glancing up, he saw a tall, commanding figure in a tattered gray uniform step over the threshold. His sword was missing. It was taken from him when he was captured in one of the recent skirmishes. He walked up to the table and said in deep, almost commanding tones: "Colonel, I beg leave to speak to the ladies upstairs. They are old family friends, and I should like to bring them word of the welfare of their loved one, who is a prisoner at Washington."

The Colonel eyed him keenly, but read in the calm face only sympathy and the desire to relieve his friends' anxiety. "You may go," he said briefly. "I will give you an hour, but no more."

The prisoner saluted, and with a few words of haughty thanks left the room and mounted the stairs.

By the window of that upper room the women sat in silence, their whole attention drawn toward the east, from whence at short intervals sharp firing was to be heard. It seemed too good to be true, and yet hope, that never failing comforter, was glimmering in the breasts of those poor anxious women, leading them to believe that Fitz Lee was shelling the woods, and slowly but surely driving back the enemy. The rattle of the empty caissons over the stony Pike, and the constant stern command of "Forward, men!" reached them, deepening the hope that the Confederates would claim a victory. They were startled by a low knock. They held their breath, and again the knock was repeated, this time more urgently. Reluctantly Laura opened the door, then gave a smothered cry of joy as she beheld the familiar face of her father's friend, Major L——— of Longstreet's staff. He put his finger to his lips and stepped without a word into the room, shutting the door quietly behind him. His whole attitude was one of thankfulness as he said: "God be praised! They are running like dogs. Fitz Lee is shelling the woods, hoping to make a detour and surround the now disordered bands of Federals."

"But my Herbert!" exclaimed Aunt Fanny. "Have you seen him? Is he well?" Her voice shook with the intensity of her questions.

"Madame, I have not seen him, but bring you good news. He is well, and only awaiting an exchange to fight once more for our just cause."

The soldier spoke the last words reverently. No one could doubt his earnestness of purpose, and his belief in the righteousness of this war. As instinctively his glance fell on Dollie, he caught an expression in those blue eyes, a mingling of daring and mischief, yet more of bravery—that would face any danger if nee

be without a moment's hesitation. A volley of musketry made all look again toward the east.

"To be helpless to aid my comrades at such a time," the Major groaned. "If only I had a good horse under me, it would not take me long to rejoin them, knowing the country as I do."

Dollie, who had never taken her eyes off his face, said instantly: "I'll find a way to get a horse if you will trust me. I'll go down, chat with the officers, find out their plans, then slip out and see what I can do."

"Dollie, are you quite mad?" her mother said in a horror-stricken voice. "Do you think I would allow you to converse with Yankees? No, my dear, you shall not stir from the room."

Dollie's face fell, but a look of determination overspread it, and she said: "In times like these we women must not be behind the men in doing all we can. If I can help Major to escape and so give another arm to the cause, I must not hold back."

"Miss Dollie is right," the Major interposed. "Let her go; no harm will come to her, and she may help me to freedom."

The older women demurred, but finally consented.

Dollie, her eyes sparkling, with a "My, what a lark!" disappeared down the staircase, and soon they heard her playing a lively tune on the piano.

Her appearance below stairs caused much surprise, as before this she had scorned any of their advances. Her charms, however, were not to be denied, and soon she had them all at her feet. Imagine, if you will, a beautiful, witty young girl suddenly appearing and making herself charming to a lot of young officers, who for weeks and months had been seeing but the hard realities of war. No wonder they forgot her to be an enemy, just giving themselves up to the pleasures of the hour. She played and sang and cast coquettish glances at a handsome young officer, who, with a most devoted air, leaned on the piano.

Suddenly she turned to him and said: "It is too bad your soldiers are running so hard such a night. I fear they will get muddy."

He started. "How did you know that?" he queried.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Ours never run," she answered carelessly. "They fall by their guns."

The officer reddened, but said simply, "You must not count us all cowards because a few raw recruits lose heart and flee."

The girl softened instantly. "Pardon me, I fear I hurt you. But I can't help hating you," she added defiantly. "I hate every enemy to our South."

His face darkened, and when it cleared a look of pain still rested there as he answered: "I fear I must bear your enmity, as I, too, may lay a claim to loyalty. I must be true to my convictions."

"Will you be here long?" she next innocently inquired.

"I fear not; we have orders to be ready to leave at a moment's notice."

"Enemies as well as friends must part," she answered. He had no time to reply, for at this juncture he was called away. Hastily excusing himself, he left her. Some important news had come and for the moment Dollie was forgotten. She embraced her opportunity to slip out unobserved, and did not pause until she reached a side door, where she stood a moment deciding her next move. The air stirring gently, kissed her hair and cooled her burning

cheeks. The night was still cloudy, although the rain had ceased. Near the road stood a line of picketed horses, saddled and bridled. If she could get the one at the end of the line, separate him from the rest and hide him somewhere, all would be well. Silently she glided through the darkness, slipping from tree to tree until she reached her goal. Fearlessly she stepped up to a coal black charger, patted his neck, rubbed his nose and spoke to him in an undertone. It was hard work for the dainty fingers to untie the knotted rope that held him, but perseverance had its reward. In the distance she heard the tramp, tramp of the sentry on his beat. Her heart thumped but she did not waver. Cautiously she led her captive towards an old disused ice-house which lay a little to one side of the house. Once a branch snapped under her feet and she paused in terror. But no one troubled her in the bustle and confusion of departure. Despatches came and went continuously the firing was growing more constant, the enemy were evidently advancing nearer. She pushed open the door which creaked and groaned as it swung back, and by means of some planks which she found, made an incline down which she coaxed the horse to follow. Tying him to a ring in the wall Dollie climbed up again, removed the boards, closed the door, dropped the hasp into place, then hastened back to the house.

With a pretty, innocent air she re-entered the room she had left and found the officers in various stages of packing prior to leaving.

"Why, not off yet?" she exclaimed with a roguish look as she opened fire.

"Are you then in such a hurry for us to go?" they asked by way of a return volley.

"It isn't good for enemies to be together too long," she replied; "they might quarrel. Do not let me interrupt your packing though. Gentlemen I bid you good evening and a pleasant journey." And with a low courtesy she sallied forth, smiling graciously to the bowing officers.

A sigh of relief escaped the occupants of the East room as Dollie reappeared. In hurried whispers she told them what she had heard and done: of the Federals' intended departure because of Fitz Lee's advance; of how she had hidden the horse in the ice-house.

"You can climb out of this window, major," she continued eagerly, "drop on to the shed roof and so to the ground. Follow along the house to the left and then toward the great oak. You cannot miss it."

"You are a brave girl, Dollie," the Major said, putting his hand on her shoulder. "Every inch a soldier's daughter. God bless you for your help to-night. I shall dub you 'Dollie, aid-de-camp.'"

With a hasty farewell, the Major swung himself out of the window down to the shed and from there dropped noiselessly to the ground. Groping along in the darkness, fearing discovery at any moment, he finally reached the low, unobtrusive ice-house, and pushed open the door, to find two fiery eyes glaring at him. The horse snorted and drew back as he lowered the planks, but the gentle voice had a magnetic effect upon him, and he was willing to follow the owner of that voice wherever he might choose to lead. A broken pace in the fence enabled the major to reach the lane leading to the Pike,

where he vaulted into the saddle and rode away into the darkness to join his comrades. In the hurry of their evacuation the gallant major was forgotten, and so Dollie was saved from the punishment she might have received for aiding and abetting a prisoner.

One summer day, some five years later, the sun was shining brightly on the old Court house, with its honorable scars of time and war; on the barren fields over which the ravages of war still left their trace. A great stillness or rather deadness pervaded everything, prevailed everywhere. It was the pause between the death of the old life and the awakening of the new; the exhaustion after the fierce struggle, the sleep that must come before the earth and the people, refreshed with new hope and new courage, begin again to live.

And what of our blue-eyed Dollie? She was far away in Arkansas, the wife of a Union officer, though still loyal to her own beloved South. It was there that she met again the young officer (now a captain), from whom she had gained her information that memorable night. He recognized her instantly. After a few introductory remarks she told him the whole story, and asked him if he had at all suspected her of trying to find out their plans.

"Yes," he replied, "I did somewhat, but could not see what you could do if I told you. Besides," he added gallantly, "no one could have resisted you that night. You simply bewitched us all."

Dollie shook her finger reprovingly at him, and soon moved away with her husband, who had joined them.

So Dollie, the aid-de-camp, walks down the years of life, still equal to any situation, still charming all who come in contact with her, still claiming for herself a host of friends won by her own nobility of character.

Faith and Reason

By KENT KNOWLTON

THROUGH shaded paths, dappled with sunny gleams,
And over meadows redolent of spring,
Life wandered, pondering many a pleasant thing,
Or, resting, lulled herself to kindly dreams;
While ever close above, with radiant beams
And glow of morning on her outstretched wing,
Faith led the way, smiling and beckoning
To lands of greener sward and sweeter streams.

Ah! why did Reason put kind Faith to flight,
And bring Life far away to barren plain?
Is noonday glare better than dawn's fair light?
Is knowledge worth its purchase price of pain?
If Faith were wrong, then best ignore the right,
If Reason were the truth, let falsehood reign.

A Coming New Republic?

By "GIVAN"

WHEN France, finally, in 1763, relinquished her hold upon Canada, the number of her people in the New World amounted to about 60,000. During the century and a half, elapsed since that event, they have increased over forty-fold, and now stand at 2,500,000. To the superficial observer of current events this may not seem a very wonderful result. The American republic, in about the same period, has multiplied its population by more than twenty-five, and has increased the size of its territory four times over. Starting in 1776, as an insignificant and, practically, bankrupt state of two or three million pioneers and backswoodsmen, it now stands upon the chessboard of the world the most powerful piece of them all.

What, then, is the significance of the growth of the French people in America, compared with the colossal strides of the Great Republic? This is a question, even in this age of prolific political speculation, but rarely propounded, and to which the writer would feign address himself.

Between the people known as the French-American, or French-Canadian, and those of the American republic is a great and fundamental difference, as regards their political status. The one is a nation; the other, but a race. The Jews, bereft of their standing as a political entity by Titus in the first century of our era, ceased to be a nation, but did not cease to be a race. As everyone knows, they are as distinct a people to-day as when the altars of Zion smoked with their sacrifices.

But, if we attempt to draw a parallel between the Jews, who suffered from the Roman Conquest, and the French at the time of the British Conquest, we are confronted with a surprising and very significant difference in their fortunes. When Jerusalem was laid in ruins and its Temple razed to the ground, Palestine ceased to be the home of Israel, and her people were scattered, literally, over the whole earth.

Not so with the French. With the exception of the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia, some few years before, an incident comparatively unimportant, the French, upon their conquest, remained undisturbed in possession of their lands, their language, their religion and their local laws. They lost, alone, their political connection with the mother France, and continued, or indeed, more properly began, to build another France on American soil.

And it is well to note here, that their connection with the mother country was severed completely, in all things material. Not only did emigration from France cease, but a very considerable number of the wealthier class, and almost all of the higher officials, returned to France upon the occupation of the country by the British. France, so soon afterward plunged into the distractions of her Revolution, entirely for

got the remnant of her hapless children across the Atlantic, and abandoned them to their fate.

Never before had that country made so successful an effort at colonization, and never since has she approached it. At present, wandering over the whole earth in a frantic effort to seize territories not already appropriated by her rivals, the utmost she can accomplish is to place a few military and civil officers in positions of authority over the conquered nations, and hug to her bosom the delusion that she, again, is a great colonizing power.

But in America it was not so. Here, indeed, something in the way of real colonization took place. It is true the exploratory instinct greatly overbalanced the colonizing idea, but French attempts in the latter direction were not to be despised. A century of effort had succeeded in planting 60,000 of the race in America, as we have seen. This, indeed, was but a handful, but it must be remembered that populations, at that time, in America, were everywhere counted only in handfuls. The mother country left her colonists to themselves, and they manfully, perhaps unconsciously, took up her work. How they have carried it on we shall attempt to show.

Had the French possessed the migratory instinct so strongly displayed in the Anglo-Saxon character, no such thing as a French community would, to-day, be known in America. Individuals among them, especially the clergy and traders, did exhibit this instinct in a most remarkable manner. No corner of North America remained free from their inquisitiveness and ambition. They traced the outline of Hudson's Bay; they explored the vast wilderness between the great lakes and the Pacific; they were the first to delineate the whole stream of the mighty Mississippi; they explored the swamps and evergreen wilds of Florida.

After the victory of the English, however, a great change in their character seems to have taken place. Chilled in their political ambitions by that great disaster, they ceased their wandering, seeing it could only result in the extension of British power, and settled down, perhaps somewhat sulkily, but nevertheless doggedly, to hold what they had, and "to increase and multiply, and to replenish the earth."

In this they have achieved the greatest success. The United States is always the standard example of rapid increase in population, but this increase, great as it is, is chiefly the result of emigration, and has been accomplished at the expense of other countries.

On the contrary, the rapid growth of the French population in Canada is due, not to emigration, but to the astonishing fecundity of the race. Comparing its ratio with that of other countries, we find almost incredible figures. France herself, at the time of the British conquest, had some fifteen or eighteen millions of people. Taking the smaller estimate, had the mother-land supplied the same natural increase as her American colony, she would be possessed to-day of not less than 600,000,000 people, or more than in all Europe. It is needless to multiply instances. This one, alone, betewen the old France and the new, is sufficient.

It may well be asked, what is the destiny of a people manifesting such prodigious fecundity? One has only to take up the census records of Quebec, the eastern townships of Ontario, and of the Acadian counties

of New Brunswick to realize its full significance. Girls are married at sixteen or eighteen. Families of twelve are common, and even families of twenty children no longer attract more than passing notice. Nor are these families confined to the rural districts. City life, which in other civilized races is so apt to result in a reduced birth-rate, has no such effect on the Frenchman of America. In Fall River, Lowell, Lawrence and numberless other manufacturing centres of New England, the "French districts" are crowded with children.

It remains for others, better qualified than the writer, to philosophize upon the cause of this peculiarity, the only real peculiarity which distinguishes the New World Frenchman from his brother of the Old. We shall concern ourselves with the results, rather than with the cause of this productiveness.

In the vast expanse of this continent even two and one-half millions of people count for but little, if they be distributed with some regularity over its surface. Far more than that number of Irish exist in the United States, yet there is no immediate prospect of the Great Republic adopting the shamrock as its emblem. Probably twice that number of Germans are to be found within the same limits, yet German political ideas are, there, far from being paramount. The reason is simple. These people have no peculiar habitat. They are interspersed among the general mass, and to use a popular term, are "digested" by it.

It is quite different with the French. In a general sense, they are not diffused. One section of the continent is almost exclusively occupied by them, and under their control. Their geographical position is a most commanding one, and, as a consequence, their political status, in the future, is assured. But not only in the future; at present, politically, they are already a power.

When in 1776, the thirteen English colonies resolved to throw off the yoke of British connection, or domination, it was the fortune of these people, undoubtedly good, from their point of view, not to be included among the revolters. At one swoop, England lost nineteen out of every twenty of her Anglo-Saxon subjects in America, and, when the smoke cleared from the battlefield, the remaining twentieth found themselves associated with, and, in some degree, overshadowed by, the French-Canadian element. It is true that this preponderance of numbers on the part of the French was quickly lost in consequence of the pronounced immigration from the British Islands that set in upon Canada shortly after the American Revolution, but the French have never ceased to form a very considerable part, never less than one-third, of the total population of the present Dominion. Hence, the secret of their political power. Had they been engulfed in the vast nationality of the South, with its millions of immigrants every year pouring upon its shores and exploring and settling every nook and cranny of its surface, it is certain their political influence would have been reduced to nothing, and it is extremely probable that even their geographical position would have been invaded. They would have been forced to break up their exclusive settlements, and, at this day, would have been finally "digested" by the mass of the population, a fate that has overtaken all European peoples in the Great Re-

public. This loss of nationality they happily escape.

Perhaps of all advantages auxiliary to influential numbers, and exclusive laws and customs, that of geographical segregation is greatest. This continent possesses two vast natural waterways, avenues of exit and entrance: the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence. The former, however, extends north and south, never a great natural trade course. The latter opens a route to the heart of the continent, east and west, the general direction of trade, the world over. This highway the French-Canadian commands. Never since Champlain first reared his huts upon the rock of Quebec, and pointed his tiny cannon seaward, has the practical control of this immense waterway passed out of his hands. The English, at the conquest, fancied they had acquired this prize, but it became theirs only in seeming, not in reality.

Endowed by their conquerors with all their previous and peculiar privileges, the sole exception being the formal oath of allegiance, the French had only to go forward and accomplish their destiny. Here the English never settled in any number that threatened the final supplanting of the original colonists. In Montreal, and to a lesser extent in Quebec city, a few English merchants and traders encamped. These, true to their instincts, got into their hands the chief part of the trade and commerce of the country, and still retain it, but they form a mere colony, transient and exotic in quality, and the soul of the country remains French. From the valley of the St. Lawrence, as a nucleus, the latter have gradually taken possession, by sole virtue of their fecundity, of the adjoining districts in the neighboring provinces and states. The whole "north shore" of New Brunswick is rapidly becoming theirs, and it is there, alone, that that province makes any advance in population. During the decade, 1881-1891, the population of that province remained stationary, notwithstanding notable advance, in this direction, in the French-speaking countries. In short, the English-speaking people of New Brunswick are disappearing, and are being replaced by French. At the formation of the Dominion, the province of Ontario was reckoned almost exclusively English. Yet now, some thirty-five years afterward, so numerous and influential is the French population that in many countries in the east of that province the French language is the primary one taught in the public schools, English being looked upon as a mere "accomplishment."

To the south, in New England, it has long been noted that the rural English are disappearing. Everywhere through what was once the purely Puritan States of Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, may be counted vacant homesteads by the hundred, while, at the same time, the working class in the large manufacturing cities of these States is largely French. Thus the process goes on, and, so far as the bare fact of race and language is concerned, it is rather interesting to speculate upon the probable state of affairs in the northeastern seaboard of North America, at the close of another century.

An interesting and important question remains. Are the French conscious of their great progress, and have they that desire "to cut a figure in the world," so eminently characteristic of their brethren in Europe? Seventy-five years ago the

latter question would probably have been answered in the negative. Indeed, it was then fashionable to regard them as the most docile and contented people on earth. This was the continual cry of the early English governors. In 1837, however, they startled the self-satisfied English officials by an abortive rebellion. This did not amount to anything, it is true, but it so alarmed the ruling classes that the latter were glad to give into their hands full, self-governing powers. Since then they have come forward "by leaps and bounds." When the amalgamation of the colonies took place they claimed, and secured, an equal share in the government of the new Dominion. The genius of political action, so strongly developed in the European French, soon showed itself in those of Canada.

Within less than a generation of the founding of the new government, a Frenchman attained to the position of prime minister of Canada, and still holds it with ever-increasing power. The great money-distributing department of the ministry is under the control of another, and, of the representatives of Quebec in the Federal parliament, all but eight or nine support their countrymen. In the local legislation of the latter province they are supreme. When a loan is to be negotiated, or any improvement made, it is not to London or New York, the supposed money centres of the world, they turn, but to Paris, the capital of their race. If a holiday is to be enjoyed by either a public man, or one in private life, the same city is the Mecca of his desires, and its eminent physicians and surgeons have the honor and profit of advising the sick of the wealthy classes of New France.

This is not a matter of wonder, or, under the circumstances, even of censure. Born and bred in an atmosphere entirely French, trained up in the history and heroic traditions of their fatherland, situated at a sufficient distance to be deaf to the internal struggles and turmoil of modern France, that country presents to them the picture of all that is worthy and great, and to be desired on this earth.

This being the fact, will they forever be content to remain, not only subjects of Britain, but, in a measure, subjects of Britain's subjects? Have they forgotten the story of Champlain, Frontenac and Montcalm?

In answer, it will be objected that they have proved loyal to British connection, upon several occasions, and in the face of great temptation. In 1776, when the revolted colonies made a strong bid for their coöperation, they had but recently emerged from a desolating war with these very people. In the eyes of the French-Canadian it was not Britain that had ravaged their settlements, burned their towns and annexed their country, but the hated Puritan New Englander. England was a country they had never seen, thousands of miles removed, and nothing more than a name; but the Protestant settler of Albany, Boston and the back woods of the Hudson was their traditional and hereditary foe, and one forever at their very doors. Discarded, therefore, by France, and received into the British Empire with scarcely any loss of privilege, and not one atom of their self-respect, they were only too glad to revenge some of their wrongs upon the "odious Yankee."

In 1812, when war again broke out between Britain and the young

republic, they once more remained faithful to the country which had adopted them. It is true, at this time, France was also at war with England, and it would seem that their sympathies should have been with the former. But it was not France, really, that England was fighting. It was Napoleon. Separated, at that time, for nearly half a century from the mother country, the French-Canadian had escaped the contagion of revolutionary madness which had destroyed every vestige of the old monarchial *regime* in France. He abhorred, as deeply as any aristocratic French *emigre* of them all, that plebeian and upstart, Napoleon. He regarded the Union Jack as the legitimate, or at least the inevitable, successor of the white flag of the Bourbons, and he despised both "tricolor" and "Stars and Stripes," as the emblems of license and of the enemies of the Church. So deeply grounded was this feeling that the citizens of Montreal helped to erect, or, at all events, acquiesced in the erection of a statue of the hero of Trafalgar in the principal square of their city.

Again, in 1854, the alliance of England and France in the Crimea did much to cement the bonds of good feeling between their adopted country and themselves. Bonfires blazed in the streets of Quebec upon the news of Alma, and the contented and self-satisfied English community did not trouble themselves to inquire whether it was for the British or French part of the victory that the populace was rejoicing.

Such, undoubtedly, has been their past conduct; but what of the future? Dare we attempt to peer into it?

Canada, considered geographically, is, perhaps, the most artificial of all states. It consists of not less than four distinct portions, separated as effectually as if hundreds of miles of ocean rolled between. The first group—the maritime provinces of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia—is not only a geographical, but a political entity. Between their people and their fellow-subjects of the same language and race, are a thousand miles of land occupied either by citizens of a foreign nation, or by a million and a half of people speaking a foreign tongue.

Quebec and Ontario, materially, have much in common. As has been seen, the latter is in a fair way to be occupied and controlled by the French-Canadian. West of Ontario and north of the international boundary line is another thousand miles of the wildest and most barren wilderness on the face of the globe. Within its bosom may be mineral richness, but upon its surface is nothing growing capable of supporting human life. Between the settled portion of Ontario and the plains of the west, this is a far more effectual barrier than is the Atlantic, separating Europe from America. Nothing but the most arbitrary and artificial system of protective customs laws, and a strong, but necessarily transient, political sentimentality, can ever maintain even a seeming connection between these widely separated habitable portions.

Westward of the great fertile plains of Manitoba and "the territories," hundreds of miles wide, and extending to the frozen Arctic, stretches a range of mountains unequalled for ruggedness and impassability, except, perhaps, by the Himalayas, so long the protectors and guardians of India. The remaining part, the Pacific slope, is narrow, and is so isolated from the

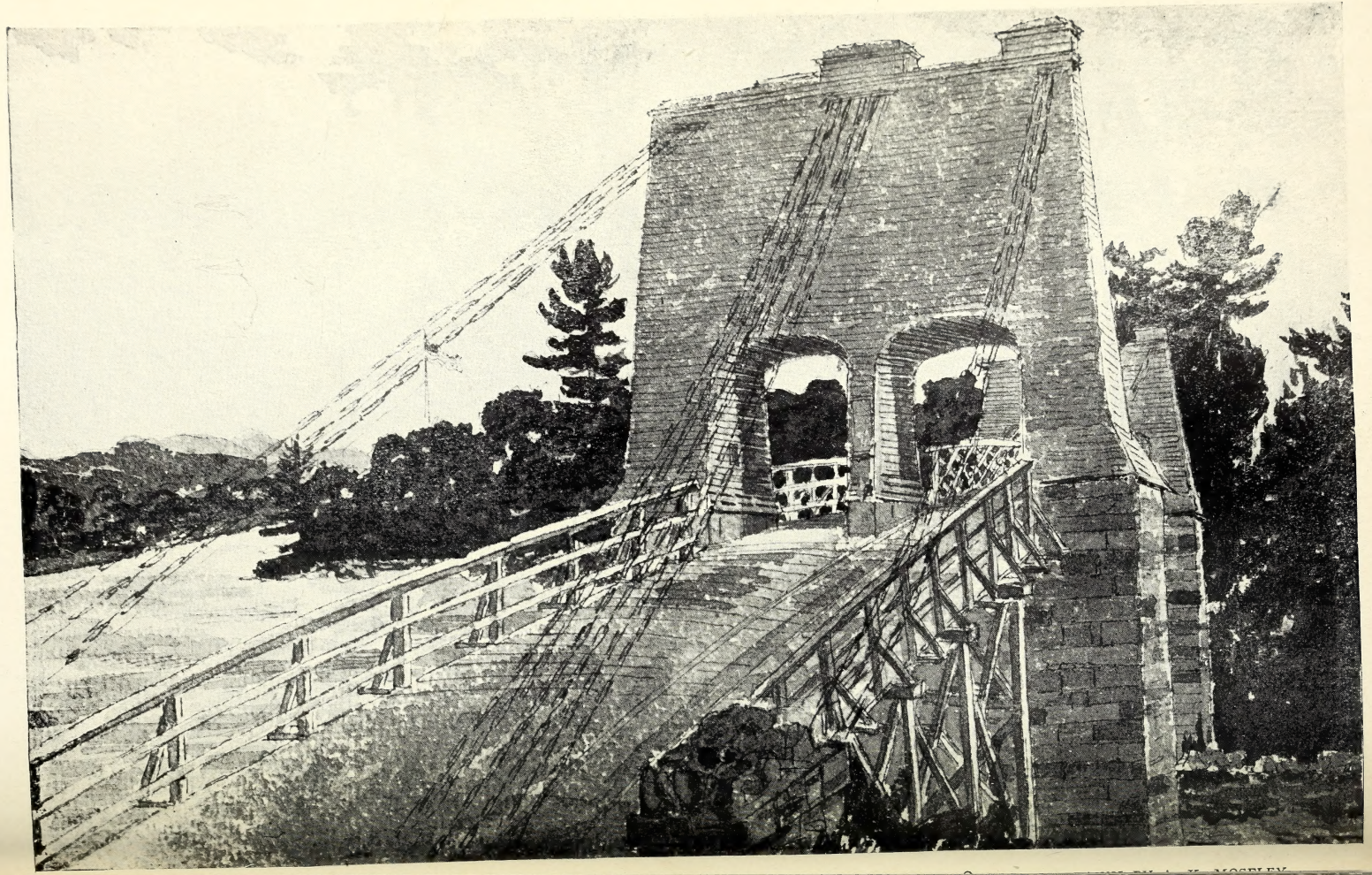
rest of the Dominion that it might, almost, be as well politically attached to New Zealand or Australia, as to Canada. Is there any hope, therefore, of welding these widely detached fragments, separated not only by geographical barriers, but also, in the east, by the most powerful kind of political sentiment, into a compact nation?

Common sense and the whole realm of by-gone history say "No." Destiny, that product of natural causes, more powerful than kings, and which holds the foolish and misguided aims of statesmen in contempt, points to a different conclusion. The Pacific province and central West will gravitate to where they naturally belong, the republic to the south of them. The provinces by the sea, should they be fortunate enough to retain a preponderance of English, will follow in the same direction.

It is the valley of the St. Lawrence that is destined to show to the world a new, and, I believe, a flourishing and progressive nationality. Here lies the hope of the French people, perhaps not only of the New World, but also of the Old, and the result will not be accompished by force of arms; the Gallicization of Northeastern America is almost certain to be a peaceful and a natural movement.

Looked at from a philosophical point of view, and without regard to racial prejudices, this founding of a new nationality is not to be deplored. There is room in North America, north of Mexico, for more than one nation. It is true the evil of a multiplicity of sects and nations is always very apparent, but with this evil, there seems to be ever mingled a decided preponderance of good. Greece attained to the very acme of learning and culture, not in spite, but by reason of being composed of a number of competitive and rival states. She sank into quick decay the moment the country was consolidated into a political sameness. Rome, having obliterated all government but her own, died from constantly breathing her own vitiated atmosphere. Who shall say that Europe would have grown to her present commanding position had she been one vast political plain of either despotic or republican ideas? The United States only obtained real greatness after a terrific internal struggle, which, if it did not result in division, yet was the means of stamping out the evil of slavery, introduced and fostered in its beginnings, by an undivided Empire. France, herself, is probably the most homogeneous and compact nation in the world to-day. With a few trifling exceptions, from the Pyrenees to Belgium, but one language and one set of general ideas obtain, yet France seems to be fast sinking into mediocrity.

Hence, we view with hopefulness for the human race the advent of a new power in the Western world. Occupying, as we have seen, a geographical position, the most commanding on the continent, nurtured in the ways of British Parliamentary government; divorced, for generations, from European France and ideals which threaten to be that country's ruin, let us hope that when, in the fulness of time, this new nationality emerges from the womb of the ages, it will be for the betterance of mankind, and for the extension of the kingdom of righteousness.



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Historic Salem

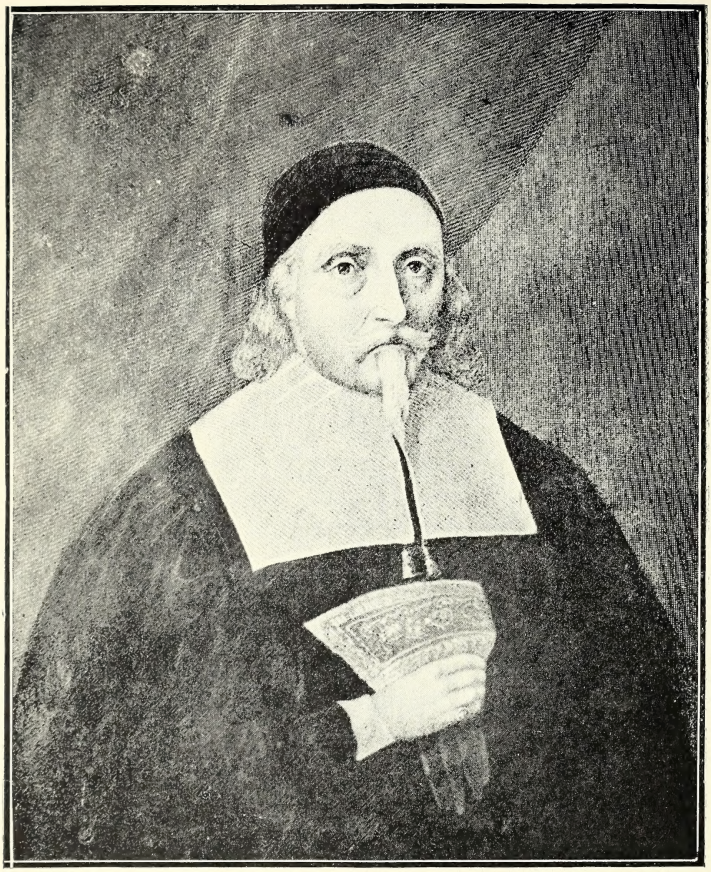
By MARY H. NORTHEND

THOMAS Wentworth Higginson, during a recent visit to Salem, Massachusetts, remarked that there was about the city a more distinct colonial flavor than about any other in New England. The annals of the past show that this remark is well founded. The complete history of our country perhaps can furnish no more interesting chapters than those relating to the settlement and growth of this famous, old town.

Salem is the chief city in Essex County, and it was here that the first permanent settlement of the old Massachusetts Bay Company was instituted. Roger Conant with a few followers came first to Cape Ann in the autumn of 1625, to establish a settlement for farming, fishing and trading purposes, and was made "governor." But his little colony proved a failure, and there was so much dissatisfaction among the settlers that, in the autumn of 1626, he led those of his little band who would follow him, further up the coast, and came to Salem, then called "Naumkeag," which name in the Indian tongue, like the word Salem, signifies "peace." About twenty-five followed Conant to Salem, and after looking over the land, they decided to locate upon a sandy strip near Beverly, which is now known as Bridge street, the early settlement following the course of the North River. This was the first permanent colony in New England distinct from Plymouth.

One cannot but admire the determination of men like these, who to win a foothold for civilization on these shores, and unswerved by the desertion of their followers, and by the entreaties of their comrades, remained firm at their post for two long years, "the sentinels of Puritanism on the Bay of Massachusetts."

But their long lane had a turning at last. On September 6, 1628, the good ship "Abigail" cast anchor in the land-locked harbor of Naumkeag, having on board John Endicott, the first Governor of the plantation, his wife and others. Roger Conant and his companions were waiting on the shore to welcome them. In their excitement and joy they even carried Endicott ashore



JOHN ENDICOTT

in their arms, so that he should not wet his feet. The two sets of colonists at once united to form the town of Salem. The spirits of the first settlers revived, and from this time on, in spite of adverse circumstances and lack of harmony between them and those who came over with Endicott, the little colony throve under the jurisdiction of a man of sound judgment and of stern principles. Governor Endicott was well fitted to advance the interests of the infant colony over which he kept a firm hand. He was sent to Salem by the "Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England" to govern the district lying "between three miles to the northward of Merrimac River, and in length within the described breadth from the Atlantic Ocean to the South Sea."

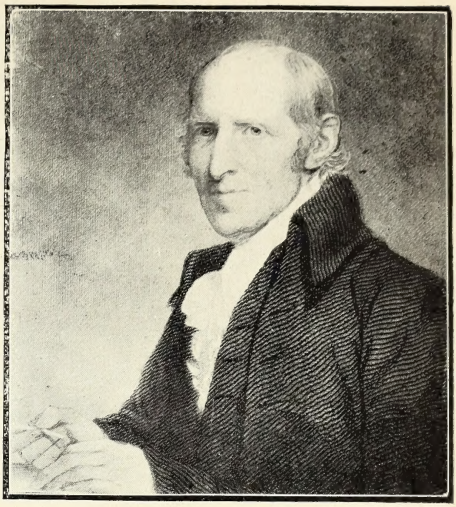
Interest in the plantation was awakened in England, and more colonists were sent over, among them the Rev. Francis Higginson, and the Rev. Samuel Skelton. They found "that Naimkeeke contained at that time about half a score of houses built, and a faire house newly built, for the Governor, also an abundance of corne planted." The little settlement then numbered about three hundred souls. On their arrival Governor Endicott set apart the twentieth of June, 1629, as "a solemn day of humiliation for

the choyce of a pastor and teacher at Salem." The vote was taken in writing, and resulted in Mr. Skelton's being chosen pastor, and Mr. Higginson teacher. A few weeks later "the confession of faith and covenant" was adopted.

In this year the first child was born in Salem, John Massey by name. His father, Jeffrey Massey, was a companion of Conant. At a church meeting, many years afterward, the old church Bible was presented to Massey as the "first town-born child."

The government of the company remained in London, till 1630, when it was transferred to New England, and John Winthrop was sent over to supersede Endicott. Winthrop first landed at Salem, but he was not well pleased with the town as a place of settlement. He founded a colony at Charlestown, and withdrew the seat of government from Salem to that place. This withdrawal, of course, was a cause of great regret to the people at Salem. They had hoped that the town would become the metropolis of the new country, and be the centre of trade. But they bowed in submission to the decree, feeling that the movement was for the welfare of the public. Endicott was made one of Winthrop's assistants. Later he became Governor, and removed to Boston.

For a time Salem increased very slowly, but fourteen or fifteen years after the coming of Endicott, the fisheries began, and all other towns were left behind in commercial enterprise. Roads were laid out, and houses built, one of which, still remaining as a landmark in the city, deserves more than passing notice. This is the Pickering House on Broad street, built in 1651, on land



COL. TIMOTHY PICKERING.

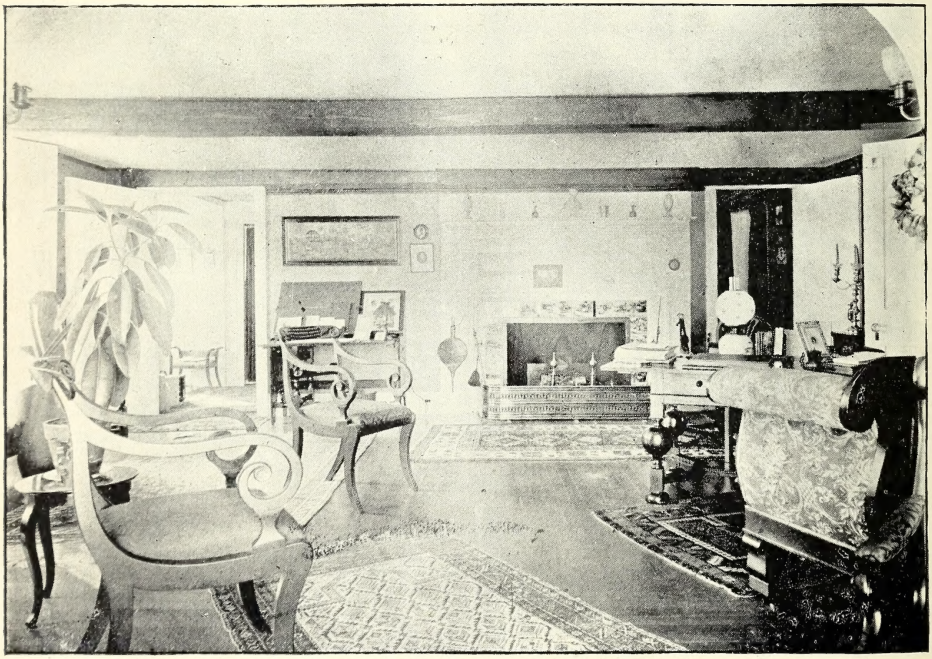
that originally belonged to Emanuel Downing ,who sold it to John Pickering, so tradition says, to pay for the commencement dinner of his son, Sir George Downing. Sir George was a member of the first class that was graduated at Harvard.

This house was the birthplace of Colonel Timothy Pickering, who was one of the most remarkable men that Salem has ever had. During his life he held scores of offices both civil and military. He was admitted to the Essex Bar, and became the leader of the patriots in Essex County. He also wrote and delivered the famous address from the citizens of Salem to General Gage about the Boston Port Bill, and he was the colonel in command of the troops at the North Bridge, when Leslie was repulsed. He served in the Revolution under Washington, and was made Adjutant General Later he served in three different positions in the Cabinet, and was made United States Senator. His local offices were innumerable. He was a warm, personal friend of

Washington who called upon him in Salem, when he was making his tour through the states. The locust tree to which Washington tied his horse is still standing.

When Timothy Pickering entered the Continental Army, his brother John took his place temporarily as Registrar of Deeds, with the intention of restoring the office to him on his return. But John became so accustomed to the work, that it was decided that he should remain permanently in the office. At one time he became, as it was thought, fatally ill, and his opponents began to canvass for a candidate for the office. On hearing this, and that his brother Timothy's name was not mentioned, John became so enraged that he announced that he needed no successor, and recovered straightway from his illness.

The Rev. Hugh Peters and Mr. George Corwin, a merchant of Salem, were foremost in encouraging the fishery interests, and for years it was the staple business of the town. The rivers and harbor abounded with fish, which were indeed so plentiful that they were used even as an enrichment for the soil. Winter Island, lying just off from Salem Neck, was for years the headquarters of the fishing industry, and it was also the centre of the ship-building business, which sprang up in the wake of the former trade.



INTERIOR OF SITTING ROOM AT PICKERING HOUSE.

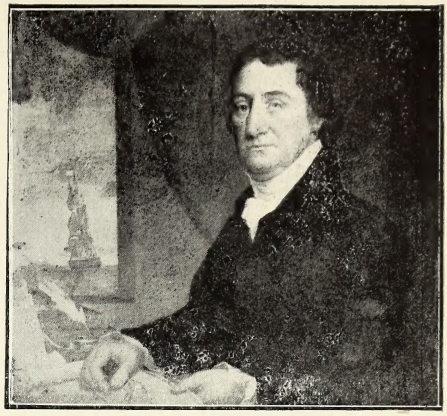
A little later began the commerce of Salem, which sent her ships into all parts of the globe, and brought prosperity and wealth to her sons. As early as 1664 there were some very rich merchants in the town. The first ship to circumnavigate the globe, a deed which was then con-

sidered something to marvel at, was the "Minerva," owned by Clifford Crowninshield and Nathaniel West.

The story of Salem's commerce reads like a bit of fiction. Her ships led the way from Cape Cod around the Cape of Good Hope, to the Isle of France, and to India, and China, and were the first to open trade with St. Petersburg. Her hand-made charts of unexplored coasts were employed for years afterward by those who followed the sea, and were used even in our navy on Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan. The sturdy seamen everywhere glorified the name of Salem by their daring deeds of heroism, whether attacked by pirates on the high seas or thrust into prisons in foreign lands.

Philip English was a good type of the early merchant. He came to Salem before 1670 and in less than fifteen years afterward he had prospered so that he had built a grand house on the lower part of Essex street. It was such a fine house that it was known for long after his death as "English's Great House." Besides this house, he owned twenty-one vessels, a wharf and ware-house on the Neck, and fourteen buildings in the town. So rich was he, and so elated were he and his wife over their good fortune that their spiteful neighbors accused them of being sorcerers, during the witchcraft craze. However, they were both acquitted of the charge.

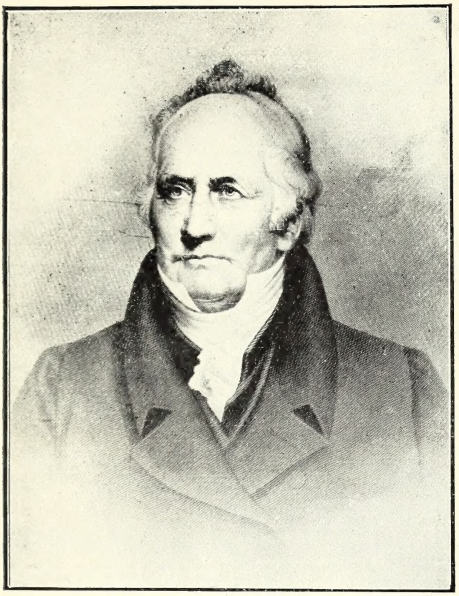
Then there was Richard Derby, who came a few years later. He exported fish and lumber to the West Indies, and brought back the products of those islands. He then proceeded to Spain, Portugal and Madeira with assorted cargoes of these same products, and came back with wine, fruit, iron, lead and handkerchiefs, to America. When one learns that these vessels rarely exceeded sixty tons burden, one begins to realize the dangers that beset such small craft, laden down with their rich cargoes, and a prey not only to the wind and wave, but to the buccaneer and to English and French cruisers.



ELIAS HASKET DERBY. FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES FROTHINGHAM.

But the commerce of Salem received its greatest impetus during the Revolutionary War, and from that time until the embargo preceding the War of 1812, the prosperity of Salem was at its height. The three most noted names in commerce were Elias Hasket Derby, William Gray, and Joseph Peabody. These three merchants owned nearly all the vessels of Salem, which sailed to every port, and brought back cargoes from nearly every country in the world. The Salem merchant was honored and respected the world over. In 1807, Salem had sixty ships, seven barques, forty-five brigs, forty schooners, and three sloops in the merchant service, and one hundred fishermen, and coasters.

With the Revolution, privateer-



JOSEPH PEABODY.

ing became the leading business of Salem. Mr. Joseph White, a merchant, was the pioneer in this. He with Mr. Cabot's assistance, bought a sloop, the "Come Along Polly," rechristened her "Revenge," fitted her out with ten guns and fifty men, and set sail in her himself as commander, to revenge the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of the British.

Every vessel that was strong enough, was made into a privateer, and people came flocking to Salem to engage in that exciting and profitable business. Rich cargoes were unloaded from the prize ships which would often extend from Naugus Head to Throgmorton's Cove, so large a fleet would be anchored at once in the harbor. But this golden era came to an end with the conclusion of the war, and gradually the commerce of Salem declined, for the "merchant princes" could not stand up against the competition that came in the train of great railroads. Their "mountain pile of wealth began to dwindle," and Derby street which once resounded to their footsteps, is now one of the poorer districts of the city, and the large colonial dwellings with their stately columns, have fallen from their high estate, and have become tenement houses.

These old merchants knew well how to build for both comfort and beauty. Their houses were square and stately edifices befitting their stately life and manners. The present Custom House stands where the elegant mansion of George Crowninshield once stood. This was a two-story, wooden building with heavy pilasters on its water front, and it was placed about sixty feet back from Derby street. It was surmounted by a cupola, on the top of which was a wooden image of a merchant in the dress of the prerevolutionary period, holding a spy glass through which he was scanning the horizon for his returning argosies. Back of the house were the stables and a luxurious garden.

Another of the same name, Mr. Benjamin W. Crowinshield, Secretary of the Navy in Madison's administration, also built a house on Derby street. This is the fine mansion now occupied by the Old Ladies' Home. When President Madison made his four days' visit in Salem in 1817, he occupied this house, and at a grand dinner given to him here, there were present Commodores Perry and Bainbridge, Generals Miller and Dearborn, Senator Silsbee, Lieutenant governor Gray, Judge Story, and other men of note.

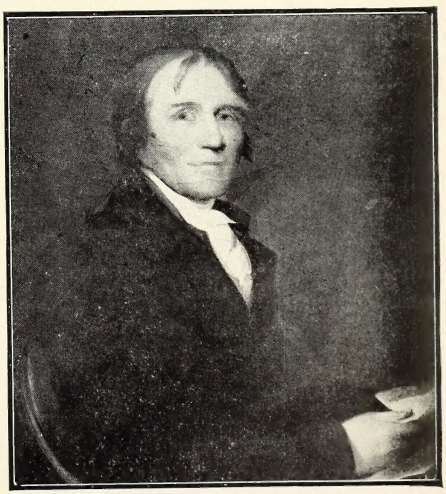
Nothing brings back to one the palmy days of Salem's commercial prosperity more than the Museum

with its store of curious treasures gathered from all parts of the world. The East India Marine Museum was organized in 1799, its membership having been confined to "persons who had actually navigated the seas beyond the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn, as masters or supercargoes of vessels belonging to Salem." It was the delight of the old sea-captains, when commerce was at its height, to add to the interesting collection, and they vied with one another to bring home strange and unheard-of treasures from foreign lands. Time was when the rooms in which the collections were formerly sheltered, were the daily haunts of these master mariners, who there exchanged stories of their adventures on land and sea, and spun sea-yarn after sea-yarn. But when Salem's commerce declined, this sturdy race of men disappeared from the old town, and they are now, "as scarce as hens' teeth," as one of the last survivors facetiously remarked.

In 1824 the present East India Marine Museum building was erected, and the accessions were numerous during the "following years." Then the membership fell off, and money was lacking with which to support the Museum. In 1867 Mr. George Peabody of London placed one hundred and forty thousand dollars in the hands of certain gentlemen, who purchased the hall, refitted it, and were incorporated as the Trustees of the Peabody Academy of Science. Since then the Museum has been systematically arranged, and is one of the most interesting institutions of its kind in the country.

Commerce naturally brought in its wake the Custom House. Previous to the erection of the present building in 1818, the customs were collected in various localities in Salem, and for a long period the customs officials transacted their business in their own houses, thus giving rise to the complaint of the old sea-captains that they never knew where to find the Custom House on their return from their voyages. It was in the present building that Nathaniel Hawthorne served for many years as Surveyor of the port. His time of service was when the commerce of Salem was at its lowest ebb, and his duties were evidently not arduous; for after he had relinquished the office, he wrote to his friend, Horace Ingersoll, "If I had stayed four years longer in the Custom House, I should have utterly rusted away, and never been heard of more!"

While Hawthorne was the Surveyor of the port, General James Miller was the Collector of Customs. There was no love lost between the two men, however, for it was General Miller whom Hawthorne caricatured in his prologue to the "Scarlet Letter," which ro-



HON. WILLIAM GRAY. AFTER STUART.

mance he tells us he found in manuscript in one of the rooms of the Custom House. The present edifice was built to accomodate the hoped-for increase in trade which even at that time was declining. It was much too large for the business of the city, even in its most prosperous days. However, the commerce of Salem, since the days of Hawthorne, has become a much more important item in the trade of the city. In fact, the amount of tonnage at the present time is larger than even in the days of foreign trade, and the beautiful harbor is often crowded with sail waiting for a fair wind. But the lumbering schooner has taken the place of the majestic ship, and instead of rich cargoes from the Indies, come lumber from Maine, and coal from Pennsylvania. Never again will Salem excite the wonder of the people living along the Mediterranean by the "beauty, luxury, and magnificence" of her floating palace, "Cleopatra's Barge." The good ship "Mindoro" the last in her line, lay rotting at Derby wharf—a fitting symbol of the past that is gone forever.

"'Square riggers' here came by the score,
Well laden with wealth in days of yore.
Mindoro! hail! good words to thee—
Type of the ships we used to see!"

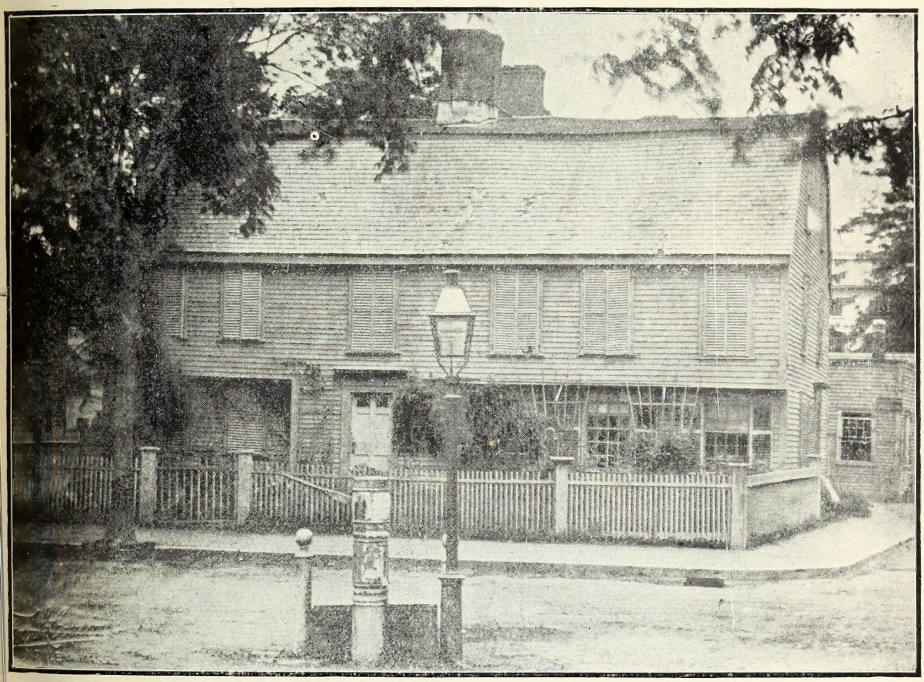
Returning to our colonists, we find that Salem slowly and gradually took on the semblance of a town. "Townsmen" were elected in 1633 who transacted the municipal affairs, and the first records of Salem, the "Book of Grants" and the "Town Records," a portion of which is in the handwriting of Governor Endicott, bear the dates, 1634 and 1636. Then a Town House and a Court House were built, and a Prison and an Almshouse. The pillory, the whipping post, and stocks were used as a means of punishment, and scolding wives were ducked. Also certain malefactors were hanged. Persons in those days were expected to walk circumspectly and in the fear of the Lord.

Recalling to mind the reason of their coming to this country, it would seem as if the persecution suffered in their native country would have taught the colonists a tolerance for the religious belief of others. But their stern and uncompromising natures could brook no difference of opinion in these matters. They banished Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson, and they fined, whipped and hanged the Quakers. These Friends began to arrive in the Colony as early as 1657. In the following year severe laws were passed against them, and people were punished even for attending their meetings. In 1661 eighteen Quakers were publicly punished. The colonists' idea of ridding the town of this "spiritual plague" seemed to be to whip and mutilate, while the Friends, in turn, glorying in persecution, returned repeatedly to suffer for righteousness' sake. The Society of Friends, though small, still lives, several of the members being direct descendants of those who suffered in 1658.

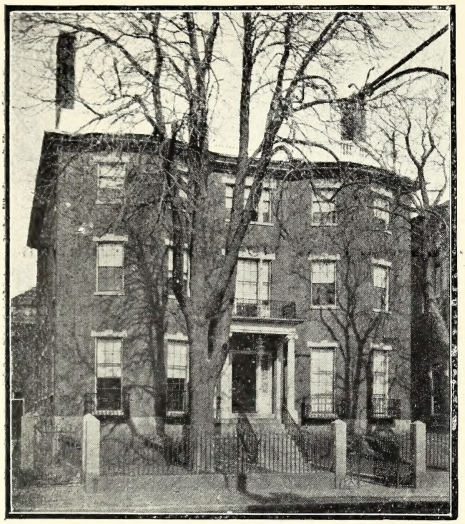
About thirty years after the persecution of the Quakers, there broke out in Salem, that strange delusion which made the year 1692 a most melancholy date in the annals of the town. During this period no less than nineteen persons were tried and executed on the charge of sorcery, while many others were thrown into jail on the same accusation. During the excitement which prevailed, men cast all common sense to the winds, and listened to every slight tale with credulity.

The witchcraft delusion began in the home of Rev. Samuel Parris, pastor of the Church of Salem Village. Here a party of girls, friends of his daughter, met, and practised the arts of fortune telling and magic, till they became very proficient in that direction. Then they began to act very strangely in public places, and often broke up the church services with their spasms, crying out that they were bewitched. And they accused certain persons of sorcery. These persons were arrested on this charge, tried, and found guilty, and many were hanged at Gallows Hill. The excitement began in February, and lasted until September of the same year; then the tide turned, and the delusion died down as suddenly as it appeared. The stern judges, John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, were divested of their power, and the new court acquitted all the accused. During this sad time, however, so many people moved away from Salem, that it lost fully one-fourth of its population.

During the troublous times preceding the Revolution, Salem was at the front, firmly maintaining that "taxation without representation" was illegal. When the duty on tea was imposed, Salem voted that none of that article brought from foreign lands should be used. But there was one woman who refused to obey that ordinance. This was Mistress Page who lived in that part of Salem which is now called Danvers. She was a Tory at heart, and saw no harm in drinking what her Mother Country had provided. But her husband, a strong patriot, had ordered that no tea should be drunk in his house. So in his absence she



OLD WITCH HOUSE, AS IT WAS IN 1854.



SALEM CADET ARMORY, FORMERLY COL. FRANCIS PEABODY'S RESIDENCE.

invited her Tory friends to go up to the roof of the house with her, and there she entertained them with the forbidden nectar. The bulk of the inhabitants, however, were good patriots.

The first armed resistance to the British was at Salem, and the first blood of the Revolution, though flowing only from a bayonet wound, was spilled here. On a Sabbath morning, February 26, 1775, Colonel Leslie at the head of about three hundred British soldiers sailed from Boston, landed at Marblehead, and marched to Salem, to seize some hidden cannon which had been loaned to the Provincial Congress. Met by the militia under Colonel Timothy Pickering, he was stopped at the North Bridge, where he found the draw raised to prevent his going on.

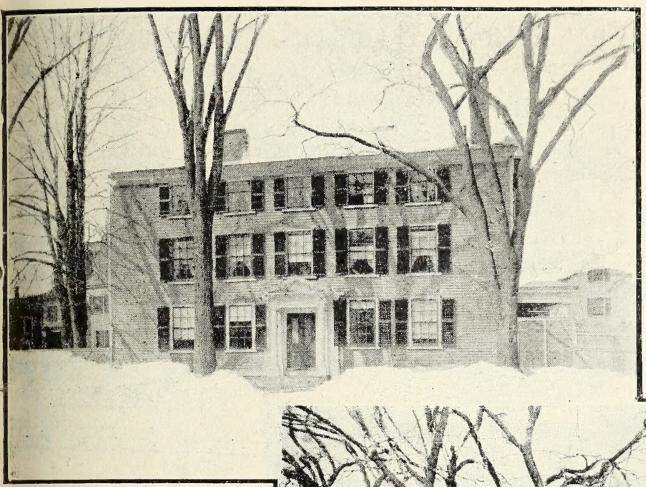
For the first time in the history of the colony, the British troops received a check; for the first time blood was drawn in strife between the colony and the mother counry. In a slight scuffle, Joseph Whicher one of the defendants of the bridge received a wound from a Britis bayonet, from which the bloo flowed. He was afterward ver proud of the wound. Others wer slightly scratched, and Colonel Les lie seeing that these men were de termined in their resistance, gav up his purpose, and returned t Marblehead without the guns.

Among the prominent men wh guarded the bridge, was Josep Sprague, Captain of the first uni formed company of Salem. His resi dence still stands on Essex street and is occupied by his great grand son, William Saint Agnan Stearns This old colonial home is filled wit many beautiful pieces of the ol furniture of which Salem is so proud much of it having been brought ove from England, and remaining in th family ever since. There is on relic here of more than ordinary in terest, a tortoise shell comb, toppe with gold, which was given by th Empress Josephine to Mr. Stearn grandmother, Agnes Saint Agna when the two were schoolmates t gether in Trinidad.

In 1789 Salem was honored by visit from "The Father of his Cou try," who was entertained for t night by Joshua Ward on Washin ton street. From the fact th Washington spent the night at th house, the name of the street w changed from Town-house Lane, the name it bears now. Gener Washington was also received t the home of Colonel Timothy Pic ering and of General Stephen Abb General Abbot's house is still stan ing on Federal street, and still co tains many of his possessions. He was the first commander of the Salem Cadets.

The second corps of Cadets we

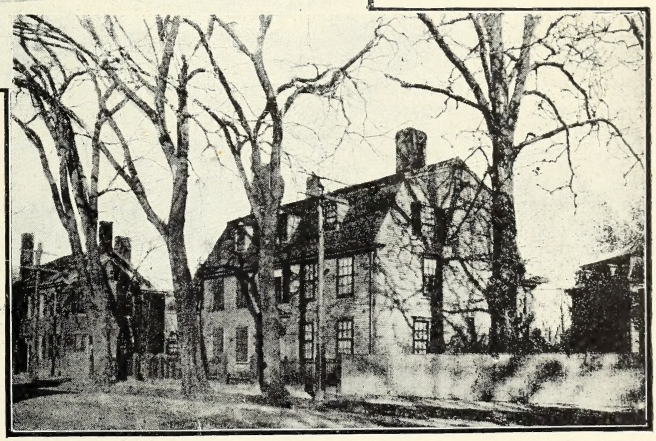
formed in 1785 at a tavern called "The Bunch of Grapes," located at the head of Central street. It came into existence just after the close of a bloody war, and during the Civil War it furnished one hundred and sixty commissioned officers to the Federal Army besides many non-



WILLIAM SAINT AGNAN STEARNS' HOUSE IN SALEM.

commissioned ones. Its headquarters are in one of Salem's historic old buildings, on land that was formerly occupied by the residence of Governor Simon Bradstreet, who was superseded in office by Governor Phipps, when the witchcraft excitement was at its height.

fashionable part of the city. With Downing, who sold it to John Pick- the prosperous days of Salem's commerce. The "Banqueting Hall" in mentioned. The design for the room is taken from one of the ancient chapels in Windsor Castle, and it is wainscoted with richly carved oak in the Gothic style of the Elizabethan period. On one side is a huge fireplace, into which one may walk without bending one's head, and look directly up to the blue sky overhead. Its Dutch jambs support a heavy chimney-piece, elaborately carved, and containing niches filled with statuettes. The central figure is Queen Victoria, with a mailed figure at either side. The whole is surmounted by a lion, guarded by a guardsman and a priest. Opposite the fireplace is a beautiful stained-glass window. Prince Arthur of England was entertained at dinner in this room in 1870.



LINDALL-ANDREWS HOUSE, RESIDENCE OF THOMAS BARNARD. BUILT IN 1775.

With the decline of commerce the court end of the town was changed, and for a time it was thought to make Bridge street the

fashionable part of the city. With this object in view several fine houses were built there. But land disputes arising, Bridge street was deserted for Chestnut street, and this is now one of the finest residential parts of the city. It is a beautiful street, with graceful elms arching overhead, and stately dwellings lining either side, in which descendants of the sturdy, first settlers still reside; while hidden behind the houses, not flaunting their wealth to the outside world, but conservative like the old town itself, are the lovely, old-fashioned gardens, so much in evidence in our grandmothers' days.

In 1714, it was voted that the spot "where trainings were held in front of Nathaniel Higginson's house shall be forever kept as a training field for the use of Salem." This Common was laid out from swampy land in 1802, through the efforts of Elias Hasket Derby, Colonel of the militia, and in the years immediately following, several fine houses were built facing Washington square as the Common is now called. One was erected by John Andrews, and is now the home of Mr. William O. Safford, one of Salem's prominent citizens. Tradition relates that the tall and stately Corinthian columns at the side were filled with rock salt, in order to give them strength. In this house Governor Johin A. Andrews often visited his uncle, and frequently remarked that it was his ambition to make his home in it at some future time—a wish never fulfilled, however.

Another house was built by the Hon. Nathaniel Silsbee, United States Senator from 1826 to 1835. This much altered, is now the property of Mr. Frank R. Kimball, a son of one of Salem's most prominent merchants. Here President Munroe was entertained when he visited Salem in 1817 ,and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster were guests there, too.

In the same year in which the Silsbee house was built, John Forrester also built a house on the Square. This was afterward the home of Mr. George Peabody, grandfather of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, who was a frequent visitor at her grandfather's house, and it is now owned by the Salem Club. At the entrance one is struck with the beauty of the doorway, with its beautiful fan lights and side lights, the porch being supported by dignified, Ionic columns. The interior is divided into large, airy rooms with elaborately carved woodwork, the work over the doors being especially beautiful. Back of the house, the grounds are laid out in formal flower beds.

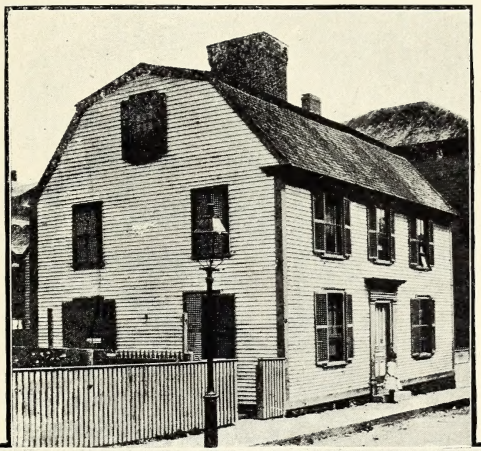
The First Congregational Society of Salem was organized in 1629 with Samuel Skelton, pastor, and Francis Higginson, teacher. But it was not till 1634, while Roger Williams was pastor, that a building for religious purposes was erected on the southeast corner of Essex and Washington streets. It was a small single-story structure. In 1639, it was enlarged and was used for thirty-seven years as a church. Then a larger one was built, and the former building was used as "skoole and watch house." In 1865 the supposed timbers of this first church were discovered at the foot of Gallows Hill, and were removed to the ground of the Essex Institute where they are now to be seen set up as near like the old place of worship as possible.

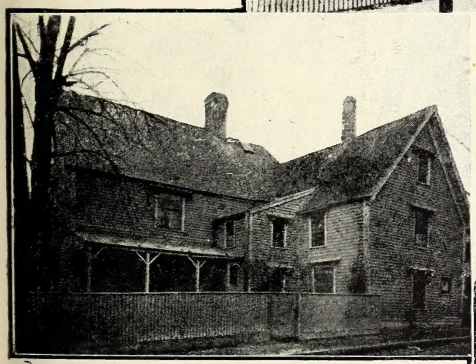
The first meeting-house was only twenty feet long, seventeen feet

wide and its posts were twelve feet high. It had but one room and had a gallery over the door. "No structure was built earlier for congregational worship in America." On the spot where the First Church was built, the First Unitarian Church of Salem still worships.

Not far from the spot on which the first church was built stood the Town and Court House from 1718 until 1785. This was the theatre of many stirring events. "Here Governor Burnet convened the General Court in 1728

HAWTHORNE'S BIRTHPLACE.





THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES.

and 1729. A town meeting held here in 1765 protested against the stamp act, and another in 1769 denounced the tax on tea. Here met in 1774 the last General Assembly of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, which June 17, in defiance of Governor Gage, chose delegates to the First Continental Congress. The House of Assembly was thereupon dissolved, and the election of a new House, to meet at Salem, was ordered by the Governor, but this by later proclamation, he refused to recognize. In contempt of his authority the members met in the Town House, October 5, and after organizing resolved themselves into a Provincial Congress, and adjourned to Concord, there to act with other delegates as the First Provincial Congress of Massachusetts." Town House Square was the spot where the



CUSTOM HOUSE WHERE HAWTHORNE SERVED.

bold Endicott cut the red cross, "the sign of Popery," from the banner of New England, for which act he was admonished and suspended from the office for a year. But the deed was



RESIDENCE OF GEORGE PEABODY. NOW THE HOME OF THE SALEM CLUB.

secretly approved by the principal men of the Colony.

Almost at the very beginning of the colony, the leather industry was started. John Endicott was above everything else a practical man, and in choosing his followers he picked out only those men who could work. Most of the men had already learned some useful trade. Shoes were essential to the life of the community, so shoe-makers, leather dressers, and tanners were among the ship's company.

Of course, at first the little colony had to depend upon their mother country for supplies, for domestic animals were too scarce and precious to be slaughtered for their skins. However, some leather was made from the skins of the wild animals with which the woods abounded.

In 1630, the cattle were increasing rapidly. Still skins were very expensive, and in 1646 the General Court passed a law punishing those who slaughtered cattle without saving their hides for tanning, and butchers were fined a sixpence for every cut made in removing skins.

Philemon Dickerson was the first man to engage in the tanning business systematically. In 1639, he was granted land to "make tan pits and dress goat skins and hides." Dickerson and all the early tanners sank their pits and plied their trade in the wet and marshy land at the east of Washington Square. Remains of ancient vats and sides of leather have been unearthed in this locality, although every other trace of the business has been effaced.

The tanner of those days was hedged in by numerous restrictions, and the town kept a close watch over the quality of the wares and the honesty of his workmanship. As early as 1635 John Marsh and John Kitchen were chosen sealers and searchers of leather, and "ould Thomas Eaborne was presented by them for wronging the country by insufficient tanning."

A century later, in 1750, an old Quaker preacher in Danvers, Joseph Southwick by name, improved the method of tanning, by grinding bark by a circular stone revolved by horse power. This was a great advance; then a still further stride was made in the business when in the early part of the eighteenth century steam and water-power were used in the most laborious parts of the process. The trade increased rapid-

ly then, and the number of tanneries grew from four in 1768 to twenty-four in 1836, and in that year 68,677 hides were tanned.

The old-time tanners were a sociable lot of men, fond of gathering together to discuss the topics of the day. There is still standing in the heart of the present leather district, on Boston street, a small one-story building where the tanners in "the hollow" were wont to assemble. This informal club was called "The Senate," and the sign over the door of the little building read:

JOSHUA B. GRANT,
DEALER IN CURRIERS' TABLES AND TOOLS.

There was no formality about these meetings—the different members just dropped in, and if the proprietor of the little shop were absent, and a customer appeared, the required sale would be made and charged up by some member of the "Senate."

The next industry in order in importance is the cotton cloth manufacture, which is carried on by the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, incorporated April 5, 1839.

Salem claims the honor of having the first glass works in New England, for as early as 1639 a "Glasse House" was erected in a field lying between Boston and Aborn streets. Glass slag has been dug up lately on this spot.

The first mill built in New England was also located at Salem. Captain William Trask, a planter erected a mortar for pounding corn on a small brook running into North River near the Lowell Station in Peabody. In 1692, the building was made over into a fulling mill, and it was afterward known as Frye's Mills.

In a community where the fisheries were the main industry, naturally much attention was given to ship-building. In 1629, six ship-builders came to Salem, and began to build boats at the Neck, which was for a long time the centre of the business. Salem became noted as one of the principal places in the Colony for building vessels, and many ship-wrights in Salem were famous for their skill. The majority of the merchantmen sailing from Salem were built there, and as many as two hundred vessels were turned into privateers and fitted out at Salem during the Revolution and the War of 1812. But as her commercial prosperity is at an end, so is her ship-building, and except for the building of an occasional yacht, her ship-yards are empty, and the rope-walks, the sail-lofts, and the ship chandlers' shops have disappeared.

Marine insurance in the olden times was conducted in a very different manner from the methods of to-day. To be sure there were insurance offices, but there were no organized stock companies. These offices were visited by the merchants and skippers and other individuals also. A printed policy of insurance was placed upon a desk in the office, giving the name of the vessel and the cargo, and other particulars, and any person who desired to take a risk in the venture wrote his name at the end of the policy, giving the amount he would risk. This person was called an underwriter. The proprietor of the office kept books, and had to satisfy the owner of the vessel that the underwriter was reliable. Later, in 1800, a joint stock company was incorporated as the Salem Marine Insurance Company.

Fire Societies or Fire Clubs, as they were called, were one of Salem's institutions, and were

formed as early as 1744. They did great service in their day. They associated on the mutual principle of aiding one another in case of fire, and every member was provided with a bucket and a bag. Many of these old buckets are still to be seen in the Salem houses, hanging in the hallways. They were in olden days kept under the staircase, or on some projecting cornice. In addition to the bag which was given to him as a receptable in which to take property from burning buildings, each member was given a bed key with which to take down the old-fashioned bed-steads. Most of the clubs had ladders at convenient places about the town. These were active and useful organizations in their day, but, of course, are now wholly superseded by the introduction of improved fire apparatus.

The old burying ground of the Colony is on Charter street. It was originally known as "Burying Point," as it was once on a bluff which projected into the South River. It was occupied before 1637. Here were buried Governor Bradstreet, Rev. John Higginson, Judge Lynde, and Judge Hathorne of witchcraft fame. Nathaniel Mather, a precocious, younger brother of Cotton Mather, has a curious epitaph here. It reads:

"An aged person that has seen but nineteen winters in the world."

The grave of one who came over in the Mayower, Captain Richard Moore, has recently been discovered here.

Another early burying ground is the Broad Street Cemetery, where was buried Captain George Corwin, a sheriff in the time of the witchcraft delusion. Colonel Timothy Pickering was buried here, too.

In the field of literature, of science and of art, Salem has held first rank. Since the early settlement it has been the home of men of note. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Jones Very stand preëminent in the world of letters, while William H. Prescott, as an historian, has made a national reputation. In science, Salem's brightest star was Nathaniel Bowditch who became known the world over as a mathematician and a maker of charts.

In art she has many names of which to be proud. William Wetmore Story made his fame as a sculptor by his statues of "Cleopatra" and "Semiramis." Of Charles Osgood, the portrait painter, Joseph Felt in his "Annals of Salem," says, "He is deservedly ranked among the first painters of our republic."

We have seen that Salem has had a career of unusual interest and importance, making it unique among the cities of America. Settled in 1626, four years earlier than Boston, for two centuries it has occupied the second place in prominence among the towns of New England. Twice was it the seat of government, first under Governor Endicott in 1628, and again under Governor Gage in 1774. It has always been a shire town.

And the Salem of to-day? She is filled with reminders of her past, replete with dear and old associations that hover about her quaint houses, her old-time gardens, and historic landmarks—reminders and associations that draw to her strangers from all parts of the Union with irresistible power. Her beautiful, Colonial architecture which groups itself especially around the Common and on Chestnut street, her fine libraries, and the accumulated treasures in the East India Marine Museum and the Essex In-

stitute—these too are features that give her claims to unique distinction among American cities.

But though her commerce, her fisheries and her ship-building have declined, Salem is by no means a nonentity in the busy, industrial life of modern times. Her business interests of to-day are many and important, her people thriving and prosperous, and though she looks back upon her past with pride, she is not subsisting on the husks of former glory. The present is for her an earnest reality, and the future full of promise.

(To be followed by an article on Salem of To-day.)

In the Nick of Time

By MILFORD W. FOSHAY

DAYLIGHT was well advanced when No. 35 completed its circle around the barns and came to a stop before the office door of the City Car Line Company. It was time for the second shift of men, and the new motorman took his place sounding the gong for a conductor. It was James Fanner's run, but he did not appear. Fifteen seconds pass, yet he is not at hand; then thirty seconds, with the same result.

"Guess you'd better go," the starter said.

"I can make up a minute, and you know Jim's got to take just one more look at the young kid;" and the motorman grinned.

"Time's up. Go."

Another conductor got on, the car swung round the curve and was well under way when Fanner rushed into the office.

"Has she gone?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yep. Awful sorry, Jim, but you know I can't help it. You're at the bottom of the list again;" and the starter looked his sympathy.

"Oh, no, of course not," Fanner responded dejectedly. "The youngster was sick all night, so when we got to sleep we kept right on. I don't know that anybody's to blame, but it's dashed hard on a fellow to be put to the bottom and take his chances for a car, when home expenses are increasing on the jump."

The first time he lost his place on the list was when the baby was born, but he did not mind it because the event was worth the consequence. He soon got to the top, and all went well until one morning he had to go for the doctor, and this put him on the lowest round again. He worked back to a regular run, when the circumstance was repeated. He began to wonder if this sort of thing was likely to keep up. Once more he got a regular car, but here he was at the foot again. He went slowly home, and gloomily entered the room where the mite of humanity was sleeping serenely, gathering strength to keep awake at night. Suddenly his wife stood before him, and his face cleared as he asked,

"Well, what is it? I see a question in your face."

"Jim, suppose you take the money we have laid by, and open a grocery store on Dane street?"

"Now, that's odd! I've been thinking of the same thing."

"Then it means that we are to do it."

"I don't know. Everyone has failed at that location."

"Yes, but our expenses would not be very heavy. The living rooms over the store are cozy, the rent is low because the stand is not considered good, and you learned something of the business when you clerked in the country store."

"Pretty good arguments! I didn't know I had such a manager to help me out."

"Oh, you're not half acquainted with me yet."

"Well, I believe I'll go down and see what the chances are."

The outcome of it was that he threw up his job with the car company and became a grocer. Rather, they became grocers, for his wife was actively interested.

During the first three months they lost money steadily. Not so very much, but surely. The place had no custom worth speaking of to start with, and it had to be won. In six months they were holding their own, while at the end of the first year they were making as good an income as when he was conductor—and he could be thirty minutes late whenever the baby cried all night, and yet hold his trade! The babe, however, was behaving very well, and if something else had not interfered the rosy hue that was appearing might have deepened.

The first cloud that arose came in the form of an absconding debtor. This threw him behind with his settlements at the wholesalers, and several other little events kept him behind until his creditors sent a courteous but firm statement that it would be necessary for them to receive larger payments. This demand he found impossible to meet, and he went about his business with the terrible foreboding that one of these days some person would step in and take charge of his store—the little store that was such a comfort to him and Maggie.

One day when they were seeing a blue haze over everything, a letter was received from an uncle with whom a sister lived who had brought up James. This epistle was characteristic:

"Your Aunt Amelia is dead and will be buried Wednesday. If you can spare the money, you'd better come to the funeral, because she expected you to, and left a letter for me to give to you."

"He's always thinking of what it costs," James commented, "and—" but here he stopped. After a minute he continued, "But he's right this time. Can we afford to go? The store will have to be closed, you know."

"It's a shame that we have to think of such a thing!" Maggie exclaimed. "I believe we ought to go, and if our creditors have to take the stock, anyone who is a man will say we did right and that he is glad there is that much less for him."

James had his doubts about his wife's interpretation of a creditor's state of heart, but he decided that it was right to go, for the country village was but a short distance from the city and the expenses would be light. They went on Wednesday morning, and, in the afternoon, as the procession wound its way to the neat little cemetery, the air of peace and freedom that seemed to rest upon everything showed James, as he never saw it before, how much more life in the country is to be desired than the worry and oppression of the city. However, since he had taken the latter upon himself he must now see it through.

On their return to the house, the uncle gave James a letter, saying:

"When 'Melia took sick she said there wasn't anything left for you here, so she'd write you a letter. She put it off till the last minute and didn't appear to finish it, for the pencil dropped out of her fingers while she was writing. Then was she sort of unconscious for a while, but held the paper tight. When she came to, she put it in this envelope and sealed it; so here it is."

James broke the seal and read:

"Dear Nephew:—I am going soon, and your Uncle Jerry will have everything here; but when you go home, if you will call on Mr. M——"

It ended abruptly. She had not completed what she intended to write, but it seemed to imply that there was something left for him in the hands of a person in the city. His uncle was watching him intently, so he said,

"You were right, the letter is not finished; but it tells me there is nothing here for me."

"Then she didn't leave anybody anything. I thought she had more."

"Of course there's plenty to defray expenses?"

"Oh, I guess there'll be enough for that."

When husband and wife were by themselves, James said: "I must try in some way to find out who this Mr. M— is, and learn what aunt meant. I have no doubt that she left uncle quite an amount, and if he were different I should try to borrow enough to keep the business going, but I know it is useless to try."

When James opened his store on the following morning, a man entered and made some inquiries that aroused his suspicions. After a little awkwardness, the visitor stated that he represented the creditors and had papers authorizing him to take charge of the stock. Although not entirely unexpected, James felt as if someone had dealt him a blow, and stood for a moment trying to think of a way of escape. He could think of none, and when his wife entered on an errand, he said to her,

"We've reached the end, Maggie. The store will have to go, and I shall have to try for a position with the car company again. This gentleman is here to take charge."

For once she had nothing encouraging to say, and there was a momentary silence. It was broken by a ring at the telephone. James answered, and after his "Hello" came the question,

"Am I talking with James Fanner?"

"Yes."

"I see by the morning paper that your aunt's funeral took place yesterday. When will you call for the settlement?"

"What settlement? With whom am I talking?" James asked, a little bewildered.

"Why-er, didn't she say anything about your coming to see me?"

"No. Have you some of her affairs to settle?"

"Er, ah, n-no." He hestitated, as if revolving an idea that had suddenly come to him. In a moment he added, hastily "No. I used to attend to her business, and was merely making a friendly inquiry."

"With whom am I talking, please?" James asked again.

No answer came. He repeated the question, but there was no response. He stood a moment at a loss what to do, then it came to him that perhaps this was the Mr. M— referred to in his aunt's letter, and that he, suddenly learning that James was not aware of how mat-

ters stood, was disposed to retain whatever was in his hands. Perhaps that man held what would save his store, and he might never get it! The thought was maddening.

He had been holding the receiver in his hand while these thoughts flashed through his mind, but now hung it up and immediately took it down again. To the central's inquiry he answered that he failed to get the name of the person with whom he had just finished conversation, and asked if they could supply it. The girl had so recently disconnected that she was able to reply,

"You were talking with Mr. T. J. Martin in the Bodley Block."

It *was* a Mr. M—!

He at once decided on a course of action that might get him into trouble, but he must see this Martin. Calling up the police station, he said,

"I have reason to believe that T. J. Martin whose office is in the Bodley Block is making preparation to leave the city with a sum of money belonging to me. It takes twenty minutes for the car to run over from here. Will you have an officer keep him in sight until I can get there?"

This was promised, and with a word of explanation to his wife, James started for a car, saying to the man in the store,

"Stay here without making any change, until I get back."

It was the longest ride he ever took to the centre of the city. A blockade occurred, a bridge was swung and every little thing that could happen in the way of hindrance took place, until he was nearly frantic. When he at last jumped off opposite the block he dashed ahead and nearly ran over a policeman standing at the entrance.

"Are you watching for T. J. Martin?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Yes, and he isn't here. The officer who was out first found him hastily leaving the building, and followed him to his rooms. I was then sent here, in case he gave him the slip. I guess there's somethin' up, all right."

"Where are his rooms?"

"Over there," and he pointed. "750 Ninth street."

It was four squares, and James hastened over. Inquiry showed that his man had left a few minutes before, carrying a grip. Running back to Bodley Block, James said to the policeman,

"Come with me. He's headed for a train."

They ran down a side street, and when they came out upon the main thoroughfare they saw a man walking rapidly, grip in hand, and followed by an officer.

"That's him!" the policeman exclaimed, excitedly, "for Dick's after him."

It took but a minute to overhaul the fugitive, when James rushed in front of him and called to the officers.

"Arrest him! He stole my money."

The man looked round quickly, then sprang forward, knocking James down with his shoulder, and started to run. But he was too late. An officer's hand brought him up with a jerk, and he was handcuffed.

A shrewd fellow, he took in the situation at a glance and made up his mind that he could get out of it.

"Take these things off," he said, quietly, indicating the handcuffs. "There are two of you against me—three, with this man who seems to think he knows me—so I'm safe; but I'd like to talk with you a minute, and don't want to attract attention."

Hsi request was granted, but the officers stood close to him.

"Now, see here," he said, "I want an explanation, or I'll make it hot

for you. Who is this fellow that accuses me of theft?"

James felt uneasy, but the only thing to do was to carry it through with a high hand, so he said:

"Come up to the police station, and we'll see who will make it hot."

"Not by your say-so. "I'll lose my train. Officer, what right have you to interfere with me in this way?"

"He says you stole his money, and it's our business to take you to the station, where you can clear yourself and do him up in any way you like. The quickest way out is to come along."

Protesting, he went with them to the station where James told the story of his aunt's letter, of the telephone talk with Martin and his consequent suspicions.

"Now," he concluded. "if I am mistaken, he can show it easily enough. If Mr. Martin has money in that grip which he can account for in any other way than that it is what my aunt left in his hands, then I'll own that I have got myself in a fix."

Martin laughed.

"Yes," he said, jauntily, "I have three thousand dollars here, but it is mine. I never heard of this man Fanner before."

"Will you go with an officer to your place of business, and show on your books where this money came from?" James asked.

"Not much! Whose business is it where this money came from?"

"I think the circumstances warrant an explanation," the captain in charge of the station said. "Your conversation over the telephone needs clearing up."

Martin's countenance fell, but he recovered in a moment.

"Well," he responded, lightly, "I don't see what I'm arrested for, anyway. If it's this man's money, haven't I the right to take it to him?"

"That won't do," the officer replied, impatiently. "You weren't going toward Mr. Fanner's. Your stories don't hang together. The whole thing looks crooked, and I'll hold you unless you settle with Mr. Fanner now."

Martin did not wish a closer investigation, and was convinced that this was the easiest way out for him. The money was turned over to James who gave a receipt and hastened back to the store.

He went in at the house entrance and hurriedly told his wife what had occurred, concluding,

"It's just in the nick of time. Come with me into the store."

They found the man who had been left in charge looking at things with the air of a proprietor. With much satisfaction James went to the telephone and called up the wholesale house, saying,

"If you will send for the man you have in charge here, I will go with him to your office and pay you in full at once."

The representative, who had acted in a somewhat pompous manner, listened to this with such a look of surprise on his face as severely to try James's gravity, as he said to him,

"Sorry to take your job away from you, but you are wanted here at the 'phone."

He received instructions to come with Mr. Fanner to the office. The latter volunteered no explanation for the change, further than that he had been able to secure the money for a settlement.

As the two stepped out to take a car, James walked on air, and from the platform he threw a kiss to the happiest-looking woman he had seen for many a day.

My Grandmother

By Margaret Stratton

WOULD it be possible to find anywhere, in this early part of the twentieth century, a grandmother like those so familiar to the children of a generation ago? A dear "old lady," though often not far past middle age, yet believed to have done her share of life's hard work, and now tenderly cherished by children and grandchildren alike. We cannot criticise the modern grandmother, with her many interests, and youthful appearance, for choosing to be "Auntie," or "Marna," or "Nanna" rather than "Grandma," when the first grandchild arrives. But do they not miss something of the sweetness and the tender love of the really old-fashioned "Grandma?"

My grandmother lived in such a quaint old house! Of course it was painted white, and had green blinds. It was set in the midst of a lovely garden of old-time flowers—tended and cared for by Grandma herself. Her violets always bloomed earlier than any others, and such great bunches of the beautiful flowers as we gathered in the early Spring! It was an event for us to spend the day with Grandma, for she lived just far enough from the city for a comfortable ride in the horse-cars. Sometimes, as a reward for "being good" on some special occasion, one of us was taken by the nurse in the morning and left with Grandma till late in the afternoon. Then such a long beautiful day as we had! Grandma would leave everything else and just entertain us. If it were spring or fall—most of the time would be spent in the garden. Our pleasure was hers, and it is wonderful that we did not uproot and replant all her choicest flowers. She could see no fault in any of us. If "Love blindfolded her eyes," perhaps it also helped us to try to live up to her idea of "Ellen's superior, well-mannered children," for I cannot remember that we were ever rude to her, or ever had to be corrected for misbehavior in her presence. Alas! that I cannot say the same for various aunts and cousins—for sauciness to whom, we were more than once sent to the nursery!

I wonder if all grandmothers kept always on hand gaily colored beads, bright pieces of silks, splendid pictures to cut out, and paper dolls—yes—real truly paper dolls—and always in need of new dresses that Grandma could make so beautifully. Nurse was always sure to come when I was just in the midst of stringing such a gorgeous chain for my doll, or I was trying to sew with a needle with so *many* points a new silk frock for a surprise to take to my little sister's doll at home. The day was always too short and we left Grandma with so many plans for the "next time I come."

The boys were always as delighted as the girls with the prospect of a visit with Grandma. She pleased them in ways that rather frightened me. Once when she was spending the day with us, my brother said, "Show the girls how you rocked the cradle for us when we were at your house." Grandma appeared very

much scandalized, and said, "Oh! dear, don't you remember that was our secret—and now you have told!" Sad to say, my brother did not seem a bit sorry, and said, "Yes, but I forgot, and you know the girls would think it such fun." So after much coaxing, she went to the nursery with us, allowing none but the children in the room. Then sitting upon the floor, and gathering her long skirt in her hands, so that she resembled a huge ball, (for my grandmother was the reverse of thin) she rocked back and forth to the great amusement of the boys. I was inclined to scream, for I feared lest she should lose her balance and go over backward. She would not only hurt herself, but surely would disarrange her hair—such a marvel of elegance to me. I did not know it then, but Grandma wore a wig, and her hair seemed always beautifully arranged.

Grandma's whole appearance was elegant. I do not remember having ever seen her in any but silk gowns. Always of black silk—but of various kinds—the most beautiful to my child's mind being one of watered silk, or moire, heavy and rustling. She always wore a belt, and had many beautiful buckles. Her belts were arranged to form a "V" in front, perhaps with a view to lengthening her waist. Her buckles were of shapes to apparently form a part of the belt. Beautiful cameos, and gold wrought finely in intricate design, are some of those I remember. Many of them were brought from foreign countries where she and my grandfather had travelled in their earlier days. She seemed, too, to have an unlimited store of fabrics from which to have her gowns made. Beautiful soft silks, as well as more elegant, rich ones, that she had brought from abroad. Her laces, too, were fascinating to me. She would have scorned any but the real laces that she had selected in other lands. She always wore some bit of lace at her neck, fastened with some unique brooch, and delicate laces always edged her wrists.

Many grandmothers now do not wish to be disturbed by the troubles and illnesses of their grandchildren. I do not know what my mother would have done without Grandma during the various sieges of measles and whooping cough. "Grandma would know just what to do," and so was immediately sent for. Upon her arrival, she immediately assumed charge of the nursery, often sending Mother for a nap, or a drive, to get rested. At such times, she seemed to treat Mother almost like one of us. She and the old family doctor seemed to have a thorough understanding. If Mother seemed worried, they laughed at her and told her how many children they had seen come out of worse illnesses. No matter how tired nurses might seem, or fretty convalescent children might be, Grandma always kept bright and cheery. I wonder now how she had courage and strength to go through so much with us! Often have I heard her say to Mother, who had urged her to leave us and rest a little while, "Oh, cat's foot, Ellen. Don't you know I have been through this too often to get tired because a child has to be waited on a little when he is sick? You are nervous, and I am as fresh as the day I came."

Mother used to tell us that Grandma put on gold-bowed spectacles when she became Grandmother, and that was the reason why she could not see our faults. We were always interested to hear her tell us how

strict Grandma had been when she was a child. If one of us said "yes" instead of "yes, ma'am," she would say, "I wonder what your Grandmother would have said if one of her children had spoken so to her. We would not have dared to forget the "ma'am!" One thing we used to sometimes get *tired* of hearing was, "Mother always taught us that little children were to be *seen* and *not heard*." When little children had so many things to say! But Grandma must have forgotten all those dreadful things, for she never corrected us for anything.

I think grandmothers did not live so long then as they do now, for my Grandma seemed not at all old when we were taken to say our last "good-bye" to her. It was our first acquaintance with grief, and it was for a time very real. The blinds of the dear house were closed, making it look almost like a different building to our childish eyes. We were taken into the darkened room, one at a time. I remember going to the bedside. I had never before seen Grandma in bed. She wore a cap, making her look so different to me! "Dear child," she said, "Grandma loves you. Be a good girl. You have made me happy, dear. Kiss me, little one." For the last time I kissed the dear cheek, so familiar, yet now so strange. Awed and subdued, we left the house, which we were never again to enter.

A Rose for Margaret

By Cora A. Matson Dolson.

Who will remember, and who will forget?
Who has a rose for Margaret?

Mother and lover alike they wept,
Over the bed where Margaret slept.

Time has garnered a year and a day;
One has come, by her stone to lay
Rose of June with the teardrops wet;
Who brings a rose to Margaret?

Weeps the One where the maid sleeps fast;
One to the church with his bride has passed.

Democracy and American Poetry

By Ruth Elma White.

"I heard that you asked for something to prove this puzzle, the New World,
And to define America, her athletic Democracy,
Therefore I send you my poems that you behold in them what you wanted."

THESE are the words of "the good gray poet," and whether he himself has "solved this puzzle, the New World," or only added his large share toward making solution difficult, it is in any case true that in any attempt to "define America, her athletic Democracy," a careful study of her songs is not only helpful but essential.

It is safe to prophesy that in utter abandon of time-worn paths, and in absolute faith in mankind, American poetry will never get beyond the standards of Walt Whitman. One cannot, even in ages, get beyond the limit of that to which no boundary has been set, and America's advance on Walt Whitman must be in polish, ease, and grace, and never in dash and freedom. Between our earliest writers, to whom poetry was a servile imitation of superficial models, and this boldest of men who rides rough shod over models and traditions, one finds a diversity of ideals.

The first really inspired independence appears in the poetry of William Cullen Bryant. In Bryant's conspicuous lack of human interest he certainly does not represent this country whose vitality has consisted in its exaltation of the individual life. But in another sense Bryant represents us well. It is not freedom of humanity that inspires him, but it is freedom nevertheless,—the eternal freedom of the primeval forest. Indeed in this country where there were masses of unhewn trees and boundless sweeps of untrodden prairie, it seems most fitting that the earliest song should celebrate this, God's first gift to Americans, the inspiration,—who shall say how far?—of our strength and courage.

Bryant's verse, coming as it does before Longfellow's and Lowell's, is like the morning worship that precedes the earnest day. We love to linger with it;—to go back again and again to the anthem and the prayer; not only because it is worship, but because the temple is the first we knew, and the strong calm of Nature so fair an emblem of the national strength and poise which we hope after many years to gain.

These groves and woodlands are freedom's own, and we, too, feel that

. . . "They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss stains on the rock were new,
Beheld her glorious childhood and rejoiced."

It is the appointed lot of a new people in a new country that in their effort toward a distinctive civilization they break traditions. This is a necessity rather than a privilege. Iconoclasm in itself is not a virtue, and becomes an act of devotion only when it is done under the impulse of a better faith. It is a rare man who can supplant the old without declaiming against it, but merely by his clear presentation of the new.

Such a man was Ralph Waldo Emerson. It should be the pride of our country that its first and greatest apostle of intellectual freedom was a man whose culture and perfect sweetness were worthy of his high calling. It is no small thing that a land that has been called blatant could produce thus early in its history a man who seeing all about him the heavy knots of dogma, and having in his hand the knife wherewith to cut them, patiently untied them instead, and held up to his fellow men the loosened ends, that they might weave anew a fabric smooth and whole.

Like Bryant, Emerson is lacking in human sympathy. But instead of proclaiming as did Bryant, the freedom of earth and sky, Emerson speaks in his every line the freedom of the human mind. He closes his Fourth of July ode with these lines:

"For he that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man."

Emerson's verse, though lacking in musical excellence, has at least no superficial polish, and even the discords of his least happy strains cannot prevent our seeing that o'er him

. . . "Soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity."

Each man's own spirit is, to Emerson's mind, his only true guide. He, and every other man who is willing to think, becomes

. . . "The owner of the sphere
Of the seven stars, and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain."

We should search long for a more fitting expression of spiritual independence than is contained in these lines:

"Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
Thy churches and thy charities,
And leave thy peacock wit behind;
Enough for thee the primal mind
That flows in streams, that breathes in wind.
Leave all thy pedant lore apart;
God hid the whole world in thy heart."

Iconoclasm, as we have said, is not in itself a virtue. We Americans have not yet learned that there is a real sanctity of time, and a halo of tradition; and that while it is courageous to disregard the old, and heroic to inaugurate the new, it is doubly wise to select from the past that which can be adapted to the needs of the present. This is what our ablest statesmen have done for us in politics. This is what Longfellow has done for us in our poetry.

It is not fair to say that because Longfellow has done notning original he has on that account made no contribution to democracy. We should have saved ourselves much futile sacrifice of energy, and have left a fairer history behind us had we been able more often to remember that democracy is something better than revolt, that the truest freedom may be the most reverent. It is well for us to study our own literature, and right for us to be proud of it; but there is danger that in so doing we shall lose perspective. We are thankful for Emerson and Walt Whitman; but let us not forget that when we blow our tin trumpets before them, and cry out to our English brethren, "These men are ours, and not yours," we do by that very act surrender all our claim to Milton and Shakespeare.

And amid the bustle of life that at times is almost a din, we are indebted to Longfellow for bringing to our ears the echo of the distant footsteps "through the corridors of time." He loved the Old World culture, and knew it well; and gave

it forth again in phrase so simple and sweet that the humblest among us know it really by heart. Its melody is cherished by the men in whose spirit our rapid, heated American life has made simplicity all but impossible. His songs of other lands and times are on the lips of the many children who must know life always as a struggle for existence, and culture merely as a name.

This being the case, we cannot say that Longfellow has had no part in our democratic life, even though he has never declaimed from the mountain top.

We can say of him as he himself said of the greater Tennyson:

"Not of the howling dervishes of song
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the human heart!
Therefore to thee the laurel leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art."

Like Longfellow in his simplicity of treatment, but far more distinctively American in his choice of theme, is the poet Whittier. That the New England farmer lad should write his verses after the day's ploughing was done, and, later, should go from the cobbler's bench to take his place by the side of the cultured Longfellow, and the scholarly Lowell, is in itself a significant fact.

In intense patriotism, and in zealous hatred of tyranny and oppression, he is not surpassed by any of the more gifted poets.

He writes of country life, and it is the country life that is known only to the American boy:

"How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung."

"We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn."

He writes of freedom, and the passion he shows is that of the man who grieved for the way in which the New World treated her witches, and who boldly told her how to treat her slaves.

"For in two commandments are all the law
And the prophets under the sun;
And the first is last, and the last is first,
And the twain are verily one.

"So long as Boston shall Boston be,
And her bay tides rise and fall,
Shall freedom stand in the old South Church,
And plead for the rights of all."

He writes of patriotism, and it is a religious patriotism that must needs be the salvation of any people whom it pervades.

"Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old."

We feel that in tribute to Whittier's contribution to Americanism, we cannot speak of him more accurately than he has spoken of himself:

"Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

"O freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and peaceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine."

In Longfellow, we have a spirit of democracy so universal that it makes itself felt in spite of the Old World traditions that wrapped his thought. In Whittier we have the spirit of democracy so pure and strong that it makes itself felt in

spite of the lack of learning and culture which to one less inspired would have been fatal.

But in James Russell Lowell we have the culture of the scholar and the spirit of the American, reinforcing each other so strongly, speaking with tone so harmonious, that it scarcely occurs to us to ask which is the prevailing note.

In Lowell's special poems, such, for instance, as The Biglow Papers, and The Present Crisis, he certainly escapes his own condemnation, voiced in these lines:

> "They are slaves who fear to speak
> For the fallen and the weak."

The commemoration ode is the essence of pure patriotism, clad in the real poetic garb that befits it.

> "O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
> Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
> O'er such sweet brows as never other wore."

And if there is anything finer to say about the value of human life than Lowell has given us in Sir Launfal, I am sure it has not yet been said. The very poetry of democracy, the eye that sees the divine in the poorest of mortals,—from the beginning of poetry this comes to us, at intervals less and less rare, and is ever the sweetest note of the singer. It is only at critical moments that the Far-Worker of Homeric verse sends his winged messenger among men; in Sir Launfal, we have the eternal union of the human and divine. The leap from the hitherto height of self exaltation to the ultimate height of prostration before God in man,—beyond this we cannot go. Were this poem of Lowell's his only contribution to the literature of democracy, his place must be assured.

But when democracy and American poetry are mentioned together, it is not one of these men who comes first to the thought of the hearer. People are still quarreling as to whether or not Walt Whitman fairly represents democracy. The verdicts on both sides are sometimes in praise and sometimes in criticism of this same democracy, and the question will not be finally decided until both poetry and democracy have had further trial. But in the meantime, it will probably be true, just as it has been true ever since his bold song first fell on the unexpectant ear, that Walt Whitman, tacitly or avowedly, at first impulse or after careful deliberation, will be thought of as the American poet.

And why? Is it because he chose to write without rhyme and metre? We are accustomed to judge more carefully than that. Surely we are far beyond the whim of the child who tears his finest frock merely to prove that he is independent. And those of us who are most extreme in our abandon of literary canons, yet honor a tradition that has come down from Homer, by way of Shakespeare and Goethe. If we have come to admit, none too slowly, that poetry does not need the convention of metre, it is in spite of Whitman's verse form, rather than because of it. It is because, back of his verse form, is a surging, throbbing human life that knows no restraint.

We may like it or not as we please; we may prefer the intellectual pallor of the ascetic, or, at best the faint flush of the carefully tempered critic; but whether we like it or not, it is there,—the strong pulse, the bright red blood pumped from a hot human heart, an

whether we like it or not, such vitality will not soon die.

We do not altogether approve of him; we cannot forget his rudeness nor overlook his hopelessly uninspired strains; we do not like to admit that he is entirely American. Perhaps this is for the same reason as that we forget to consider the city slums or the humdrum life of the factory in our eulogies of American life. Perhaps it is for the better reason that we feel that it is the ideal which is eternal, and therefore essentially real; and that as such the ideal ought to be the only theme of poetry.

But whether our reservations are the result of wisdom or of prejudice, the best of Walt Whitman is the real Walt Whitman, and the real Walt Whitman and democracy are one.

"Keep your splendid silent sun,
Keep your woods, O Nature, and the quiet places by the woods.
* * * * * * * * *
Give me faces and streets—give me these phantoms incessant and endless along the trottoirs,
* * * * * * * * *
People, endless, streaming, with strong voices, passions, pageants,
Manhattan streets with their powerful throbs, with beating drums as now,
The endless and noisy chorus, the rustle and clank of muskets, (even the sight of the wounded),
Manhattan crowds with their turbulent musical chorus,
Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me."

There is no mistaking such lines as these. And if one calls them "barbaric yawps," then one must call the city throng barbarian.

Emerson in his rare New England atmosphere asserted the supremacy of mind, Longfellow looked into the faces of his University students, and declared that the human life can be divine. Whittier heard of the fettered negro in the South, and said that human life is sacred. Lowell revived a mediæval legend, and from it taught us an immortal lesson of human brotherhood.

But Walt Whitman went into the thick of the city street, had his ears filled with the din and his eyes and throat with the smoke of its motley life, was jostled and elbowed by the heedless throng, and exclaimed from the fullness of his great heart:

"Manhattan crowds with their turbulent musical chorus!
Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me!"

And yet we hesitate to call this man an American!

Hawthorne says: "Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall flowers need ruin to make them grow."

True enough that the ivy or lichen flourishes best on a gray and mouldering wall. But it is in the open meadow that the buttercup lifts its straight firm stalk, and turns its chalice full to the sunlight; and "the fragrance of the cedars" is strongest when farthest from time-worn battlement.

So, I think, we shall find that the poems of this new world have a freshness all their own, and an inspiration to which the untamed mountain stream, and the endless surge of Broadway have alike contributed.

Presumptive Evidence

By Louise Hardenbergh Adams

THE narrow, wind-swept street wore a deserted look. Hiram Axtill's sign, coupling his name, and "Attorney at Law," on its rust-eaten surface, hung stridulous at the end of a long iron rod above his office door. Rosine Trelut stopped to gaze fearfully up at it as she left the office; overpowered by the feeling that its insistent fret held a murmured echo of the lawyer's words, and in its half-defaced letters, she could trace a dim likeness to his life-lined, sagacious face.

Rosine had just listened so quietly to Hiram's explanation of her affairs, he feared that he had failed to make the matter plain. Now, as he peered out of his dusty window, and noticed the whiteness of her face, gleaming in the first graying of the twilight, he realized she understood the full significance of all that she had heard. The old lawyer read faces like books; feeling and motive were betrayed to him in each varying shade of expression as his keen eyes and astute brain worked in unison, and unraveled many a deep question.

Muttering a queer word, he grasped the lower edge of his heavy, brown linen vest and pulled it down with a jerk; then acting upon sympathetic impulse, a strange thing for him to do, he opened the door and spoke to Rosine. "Rosine! child!" he called softly. He had known her all of her life, and regarded her as half-grown. "Rosine, don't you worry; you're liable to find that paper yet, and its all we need to set the thing straight."

The wind caught the long white lock he wore brushed over his bald crown, and blew it about until it hung in limp wisps around his face. He threw it back with an impatient toss. "Rosine, I'll stave this thing off as long as I can," he said earnestly, "but I want you to search systematically through all your father's things again; and in every place he might have laid away that paper and forgotten it. Do that, and remember we won't give up until we have to."

Rosine laid her hand on the old man's arm and gave him a little push toward his office. "Uncle Hiram! you'll take cold if you stand out in this wind," she cried, lifting her clear, dark blue eyes to his face. "I'll do as you say, hunt through everything, but—oh," she sighed, "I've done it so often—and it's such useless, hard work."

Hiram jerked violently at his vest. Scrupulously careful to hide his feelings, in every way, his vest acted as a safety valve, or rather a danger signal, for his jerks indicated the perturbance of his mind, and woe to the witness he cross-questioned while he vainly endeavored to pull that garment from his person. There was a whispered story of its giving way during a protracted, hard-fought case. A story his friends denied. He turned to Rosine with a bright gleam in his sharp

gray eyes. "When's Evan coming home?" he asked abruptly.

Rosine's fair face flushed under his gaze. "I don't know," she answered, and with a quick "I must hurry, it's getting late," left the office.

"I'd like to drown that cur, Eli Hilp!" Hiram muttered as he went back to his desk. He leaned back in his chair and pondered long over the facts that he had just given Rosine, and at last arrived at the conclusion he reached after every brain-racking effort in the matter: unless Rosine could produce a paper belonging to her father's estate, it would take all of her small fortune to satisfy the claim of Eli Hilp was pushing, as agent for Evan Gill, asserting that he had full authority in Evan's absence to hurry matters to a speedy conclusion.

Hiram's old vest suffered as he looked angrily about him. He had hardly a shadow of doubt in regard to the whereabouts of the paper, but until to-day the first cause of Eli's agressive action had been a question with him. One look on Rosine's face, a shade of fear in her voice as she spoke of Eli's visiting her, with the excuse of business, made all plain to the man used to picking up tiny threads and weaving them into mighty facts.

Evan Gill's sympathetic kindness to Rosine during her father's long illness had been unfailing. Instinctively when overwhelmed by the desolation of her loss at his death she turned to Evan for comfort; then before she could realize anything beyond emptiness of her life, business complications called him away.

Rosine listened to his tender words of farewell, and significant allusions to his home-coming, with grief-dulled comprehension; later, memory interpreted his words and used them as a cordial in building up new hope and strength. Her faith in Evan never wavered, even when Eli taking advantage of his absence began a series of annoyances, culminating in his demand for the missing paper. Rosine had accepted it all as necessary vexations in the adjustment of her affairs until old Hiram's plain words filled her mind with doubt, and failing to understand Eli's motives, Rosine began to question Evan's regard, and to fear she had mistaken sympathy for love.

The bitterness of it all burdened Rosine's heart as she began her search in the quaint garret of her home, the morning after her visit at Hiram's office. She was kneeling before an old trunk, busily sorting its contents, when her cousin found her.

Eliza, who peered out on the world through a thick haze of selfishness, resenting the necessity of her climb up the steep garret stairs, and vexed to find Rosine busy with what she considered a useless waste of time, failed to see the beautiful picture the girl made, with the long narrow shafts of sunlight, from a row of tiny dormer windows, gilding her soft coils of hair, and clearly defining the sweetness of her womanly face.

"At it ag'in!" Eliza cried tartly. "Everythin' everlastin' upsot fur a bit o' paper. It'll be the death o' me yit, an' fur the life o' me I can't see what ol' Hiram Axtill means, an' if he ain't smart 'nough to make some sort o' paper in place o' that one, I ken never be thankful 'nough I didn't marry him when he asked me a few years back, when I was a girl." She folded her hands primly.

"Hiram's never got over it," she added, with a deep retrospective sigh.

As Eliza's few years counted up to fifty, and Hiram's comfortably round, happy old wife, was the wife of his youth, Rosine doubted the truth of Eliza's statement.

"Don't you go huntin' there an' touch my things!" Eliza said hatefully, pointing toward a row of trunks in a dim corner. "An' say, Rosine! can't you go down to the bank this mornin'?" she asked sharply. "I want you to bring me home my watch, so's I ken wear it to the social to-night."

The vault in "Trelut's Bank" held a few safe deposit boxes; one of them had belonged to Mr. Trelut, and after his death was given to Rosine. She seldom used it, but Eliza, who possessed an old gold watch with a heavy chain decorated at regular intervals by curious knobs ending in gold tassels, felt the importance of keeping her valuables in a bank, and insisted upon Rosine's carrying the watch back and forth to suit her whims; often wanting it at the most inconvenient times.

Rosine looked up from her work with a sigh. "Oh! Eliza! must you have your watch to-day?" she questioned impatiently.

"I ken stay to home!" Eliza said angrily, "fur it don't matter that I've lotted on goin', an' thought if you got my watch I'd scour up the chain a bit this mornin'. I ken stand it, fur I s'posed you'd want to keep me to home." Drawing her scanty skirts closely about her ankles she slowly descended the stair groaning deeply at every step.

The trip to the bank meant an hour at least out of Rosine's morning. She had begun to feel the zest of search and resented the interruption, but much experience in Eliza's ways taught her wisdom.

"The quicker I go the better," she thought, as she ran down stairs and hurried to the bank. Her safe deposit box was near the middle of a row of boxes. It was too dark in the vault to see the numbers, but the fastenings were primitive spring-locks, opening with the owner's key, locking by the closing of the door. Rosine unlocked her box and left its door open; then pulling out the inner tin box, carried it into the next room. All that the box contained was Eliza's watch; after putting that safely into her hand-bag, Rosine picked up the box, then hearing someone in the vault, and disliking an encounter in its semi-darkness, she waited a moment for them to pass out before she carried the box back to the vault. Then pushing it into the open space, she closed the outer box door, and hurried back to her work.

Eliza's grumbling acceptance of her watch was interrupted by a startled scream: "Rosine! Trelut! you've lost one of my tassels! my gold tassels! you go straight back an' look fur it!" She held up the chain with trembling hand and pointed to the empty space.

"It was in my bag all the way home!" Rosine cried wonderingly, "and how could I lose it?"

"Well, it's gone! lost, or stolen!" Eliza exclaimed in anger, "an' you'll jes' have to go back an' hunt fur it; but I know you can't find it, you ain't a finder—never was—or a keeper!"

"I know it," Rosine said sadly, "but I'm so sorry Eliza an' I'll do my best to find your tassel. Are you sure you didn't lose it the last time you wore your watch?"

"Sure!" Eliza cried, her eyes snapping with indignation. "Sure's I'm livin'! The losin' lays with you, Rosine; I know I give it to you all right, an' you ought to be 'shamed to try an' git out o' it. My! but you look dumb's a green squash! Say ain't you goin' to try to find it 'fore some-budy else does?"

"I'll try my best," Rosine answered. She realized fully the unending trouble before her if she failed, and hurried back to the bank with the hope that she had overlooked the tassel when she took the watch out of the box. She unlocked her outer box door, and in order to search thoroughly in the light, carried the box to the next room.

She lifted its lid and started back with a queer choking cry. The box held the paper of her search; just as she remembered it; just as she had longed and prayed she might find it, it lay there, snugly tied with its bit of old red tape.

A strange blindness overcame her. Her hands trembled. She shook from head to foot as she took up the paper and with murmured words of thankfulness gazed at the well remembered names written on its back. She dropped it into her bag and pulled its strings with a wild fear it would vanish. Mechanically she carried the box back to the vault and shoved it into the open space, closing the little door on it with a sharp bang. After a fearful glance about her she hurried into the street.

Hiram saw her coming; one look at her face enlightened him. He turned two disputant farmers out of his office with an abrupt; "Clear out, and come back this afternoon!" Then turned to Rosine eagerly. "Well! well! where did you find it? Sit down child!" he cried, pushing his own particular chair toward her. "Sit down and tell me where you found it!"

Rosine untied the bag with shaking hands and handed him the paper. "Is it all there?" she questioned with dry lips.

Hiram rattled the paper open and ran over its pages with a comprehensive glance, then brought it down on his knee with a mighty slap. "There! every word of it!" he half-shouted, tugging at his vest and pulling it up, not down, until his chin rested in its folds. A flickering smile danced over his face, wrinkling the corners of his lips queerly as he smacked them and cried: "Now! squirm, Eli Hilp! Squirm! Where did you find it Rosine?" he asked energetically.

"In my box at the bank!" she answered. "But oh, Uncle Hiram! how did it get there? for it wasn't there when I went to the bank and opened my box the first time this morning."

Hiram's vest came down with a jerk. His face wore a curiously tender look as he drew a chair close to Rosina. "Tell me all that you've done this morning." he said slowly. "Take your time, child, for I want to hear it all, even the little things you have seen or heard.

He leaned back and listened quietly as Rosine told him the story of her morning; when she finished, with the finding of the paper, he sprang to his feet. "Wait! I'll be back in a moment!" he cried, hurrying out of the office.

"Who has the safe deposit box next to Miss Trelut's, the one toward the street?" he demanded at the first window in the bank.

"Eli Hilp!" the man at the window answered.

Hiram muttered something ex-

pressive as he grasped the lower edge of his vest convulsively, with both hands. He hurried back to his office, and rushing in, surprised Rosine with his eager questions.

"Are you sure that you heard someone in the vault the first time you went there? Could you see who it was? Do you think that they saw you?"

"I'm sure someone was there," Rosine answered decidedly, "for I heard them moving, and the clink of their box as they closed it. I stood behind the door and kept so still they never saw or—"

Hiram interrupted her with a string of forcible exclamations. "The slimy! snub-nosed sarpent!" he snarled, working wildly at his vest. "The perfidious! double-tongued—lying—knave! The—th sneak—the—th—"

"Mercy! Uncle Hiram!" Rosine gasped, startled by his wild excitement.

Hiram looked whimsically down at his vest. "Never saw such rotten stuff," he laughed. "Well child, you can be thankful I've kept in the worst, for Eli Hilp deserves far more than I'm equal to with your sweet face before me." He trotted rapidly from one end of the office to the other, then seated himself close to Rosine.

"Now answer my questions," he began, "and we'll clear this thing up. Rosine has that—that pusillanimous cur Eli, been urging you lately to marry him?"

Rosine cast an astonished look at the old man. "How did you know it?" she asked nervously.

"Hi—m hi—m;" Hiram hissed, "and he told you Evan was urging him to get his claim against you settled, but if you'd marry him, Eli, he'd fix it up with Evan so you could keep your home?"

Rosine hestitated. Her face grew white.

"Yes? or no?" Hiram questioned sharply.

"Yes;" Rosine answered, with a sob. "Oh! Uncle Hiram! did Eliza tell you?"

"Was he working with Eliza for his rasp?" Hiram cried sternly.

"Uncle Hiram!" Rosine said, with an anxious little laugh, "Aunt Ann'll have a horrid time trying to mend your vest."

"Wish I could find the word I want," Hiram muttered. "Well, never mind, I'll find it when I see Eli. See here Rosine!" he cried with a sharp glance at her face, "he had that paper. I have always thought he stole it from your father's desk while we went to the funeral; presumptive evidence, but I was certain of it from a number of things. He kept it in the safe deposit box next to yours, and often looked to see if it was safe; thieves do such things. He was in the vault for that purpose this morning while you were in the little room, and in his hurry, for fear of being seen, he put his inner box in your outer one and closed your door, thinking it his, for in the darkness he never noticed both open doors. Then when you put your box away you put it in his outer one and closed his door."

"Oh! I understand it now!" Rosine laughed. "I simply robbed his box of my paper."

"Bless your chance, child, that you came back to look for Eliza's tassel," Hiram laughed facetiously. "Evan's on his way home, and when he gets here we'll close up this case; we'll hang Eli, or carry him out and bury him." He laid his hand on Rosine's shoulder with a tender

touch. "When Evan cross-questions you." he said slyly, "if you keep on saying, 'yes,' I won't charge you a cent for advice."

"Oh! Uncle Hiram!" Rosine cried, her cheeks aflame.

"It's all right, Rosine," Hiram said amusedly; don't you think an old lawyer sees how love plays its part in all our lives, and I'd known it without the letter I got from Evan to-day. Why! what is that caught in your cape?" He lifted the cape and disentangled from its heavy woolen fringe Eliza's tiny, gold tassel.

Hannah Upham, A Pioneer Educator

By M. L. Bumpus

TO rescue from fast approaching oblivion a name once well-known, to re-endow with something of its old-time graciousness and warmth an unusual personality, and recall to the generation of to-day the memory of one of the ablest pioneers of woman's broader education, is more than can be accomplished in a sketch. But if from the hundreds of lives quickened into higher living and usefulness by the guidance of Hannah Upham's master mind, there comes a responsive memory at the sound of her name, there may come also with it the revivifying power of her example to bequeath to younger generations. As propounder of a new Gospel of education, as friend, and as a mother to the hundreds of girls who came under her immediate supervision, there is no adequate memorial of Hannah Upham's work.

Before this generation shall have passed it seems imperative that some record should be made, however imperfect, to insure to her who stood foremost among the pioneers of woman's higher education, at least recognition as one of its primal forces. From the schools of which Miss Upham was principal for a quarter of a century, nearly three thousand girls went out into the world, each bearing the stamp of Miss Upham's wide and elevating training, and that her influence so productive of rich fruit in the lives of her pupils may not be entirely forgotten these facts were collected.

Arabella Willard, Mary Lyon, and Hannah Upham, three women of New England origin, were destined to become the fountain heads of collegiate life for their sex. The Willard Female Seminary at Troy still actively commemorates the name and ideals of her who gave it solid foundation. Holyoke, the work of Mary Lyon, flourishes, its beautiful buildings growing yearly into greater richness, like the elms that shelter them, and its teachings are steadfast as the hills it lies among. But of Hannah Upham, a memorial window in a modest chapel in Canandaigua is the only outward mark of recognition or remembrance. The long years of toil and endeavor, given by this broad-minded, great-hearted woman, live in the characters she moulded.

About 1819, the Ontario Female



MISS HANNAH UPHAM. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A FEW YEARS BEFORE HER DEATH.

Seminary of Canandaigua, New York, had been incorporated by the legislature of that state, and received under the care of the Regents, it being with the single exception of Mrs. Willard's "Female Academy" at Troy, the first institution of standing in the state established for women.

It will be borne in mind that at this period there was not a college in this country for the education of women, and few that would allow women to share in any measure the educational advantages given to men. This seminary at Canandaigua, New York, had long been declining; few sought its instruction, and the curriculum was meagre. In 1830 it was decided by the trustees to put it upon a more advanced basis, and for the infusion of new and vigorous blood, it was decided that a New England woman must be installed as its head. The most distinguished citizen of Canandaigua, the Hon. Francis Granger, well-known in the political life of Washington and of his native state, was deputed to search for this vitalizing force.

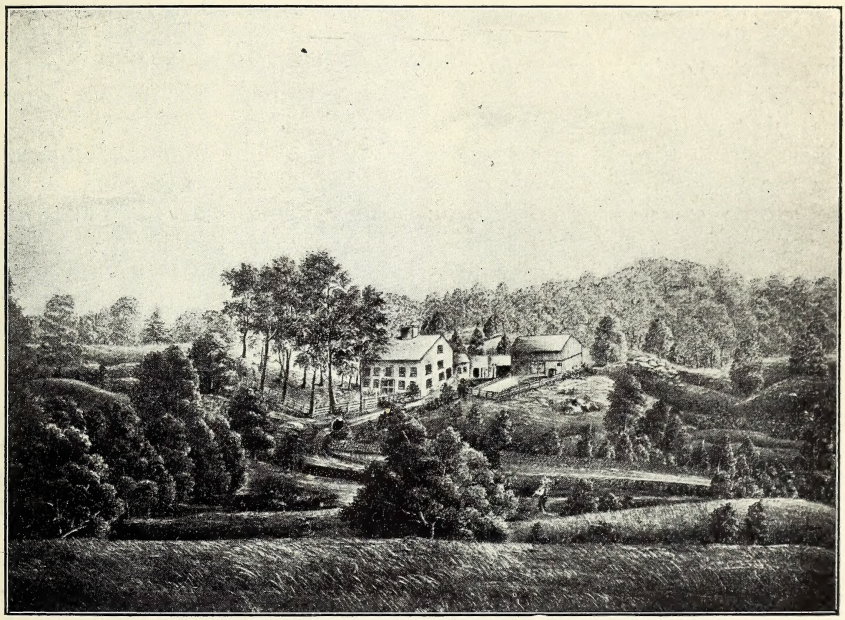
He proceeded to Boston, and was there recommended by his friends, Mr. Daniel Webster and the Hon. Jeremiah Mason, to interview a young friend of theirs, Hannah Upham, she being in their estimation a woman especially well equipped for such a responsibility. Her qualifications for so important a position, as estimated by her distinguished friends, were: her unusually broad education, the dignity and beauty of her character, united to distinguished ancestry, and the charm of her personality. This new field accorded with Miss Upham's aims, and she resigned her school at Newburyport to accept the trust.

To understand the extreme religious convictions and teachings Miss Upham brought into her new life, it is necessary to look back a little into her child life and girlhood. Hannah, born in 1789, was the only daughter of the Rev. Timothy Upham and Hannah Gookin, his wife. Mr. Upham was a graduate from Harvard College in 1768, and became pastor of the Congregational church at Deerfield, New Hampshire, in which ministry he continued until his death,—a pastorate lasting forty years. Hannah was the great granddaughter of Governor Wingate and Dorothy Cotton, his wife, whose father was the Rev.

John Cotton, 2d. From inheritance Hannah's veins ran strong with the militant blood of the Puritans. To her inherited claim of all that was best and purest in the colonial life and thought of New England, was added the zest that comes from the intimate companionship of intellectual men.

Inseparable from an invalid mother who died of a lingering and painful disease, she ripened rapidly under the example of patient and cheerful submission. At thirteen years of age she had reached the physical and mental stature of girls of eighteen. She was an enthusiastic companion of her brothers when they were at home, and full of intelligent sympathy with their broader outlook on life. With Hannah's earliest home recollections mingled always the remembrance of her mother's keen anxiety as to the careers of her sons, and her own ambitions were strongly moulded by her mother's aspirations for them.

The elder brother, Nathaniel, many years Hannah's senior, became well known as a lawyer, and by his success in the political life of his state. The younger brother, Timothy, was an officer in the regular Army, serving with distinction through the war of 1812. Miss Upham's earliest girlhood received a vigorous impress from intimate contact with these two ambitious brothers. She longed for the education that had been theirs, and her father gauging her capacity, taught her Latin and mathematics. She became not only his disciple, but led him far afield in metaphysical research. This quality made her later the favorite disputant of her nephew,



HANNAH UPHAM'S BIRTHPLACE, DEERFIELD, N. H. FROM AN OLD INDIA INK SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

Thomas Upham, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy of Bowdoin College. Her mother superintended Hannah's study of the English classics, and many a stent in committing to memory kept busy the active brain of the girl, while her taper fingers drew in and out the silk threads of the tapestries she loved to work. In this manner she learned the whole of Paradise Lost, many of the plays of Shakespeare, the Book of Psalms, and great portions of the New Testament, by which she acquired an unusually rich and pure vocabulary.

The high white wainscoting of the sitting-room in the old parsonage is the same to-day. The locust trees have grown gnarled and decrepit; the roses of the deserted garden flaunt their untrimmed luxuriance about the window where Hannah once sat, the old Dutch clock bearing her company. Daily in this sunlit room with its sanded floor, the busy girl wove, with ravellings from her mother's wedding stockings pastoral scenes from the life about her, shepherd and shepherdess habited in the costumes of her own time. So good in composition were these untaught efforts, one longs to see what the girl might have accomplished with pencil and brush.

But it was in sterner fields her life work was to lie. Left motherless, her father continued Hannah's education; and it is to his deep interest and influence in her development, that in later life she became so successful as a teacher. She left home upon her father's remarriage, and entered Bradford Academy. She taught for a time at Rochester, New Hampshire, and then at Belleville, now a part of Newburyport, where she directed a "Young Ladies' Seminary." Hon. John James Currier makes meagre mention of Miss Upham's school in his history of Newburyport; yet it was to her efforts that the school became a success, and it was from here that she went to Canandaigua. Not satisfied with being an ordinary teacher, Hannah had passed a year with a French family in Boston, studying the French, Italian and German languages. While in her brother Timothy's home, she had become well acquainted with Daniel Webster and Mr. Jeremiah Mason, in their friendships unconsciously laying claim to her future work in Canandaigua.

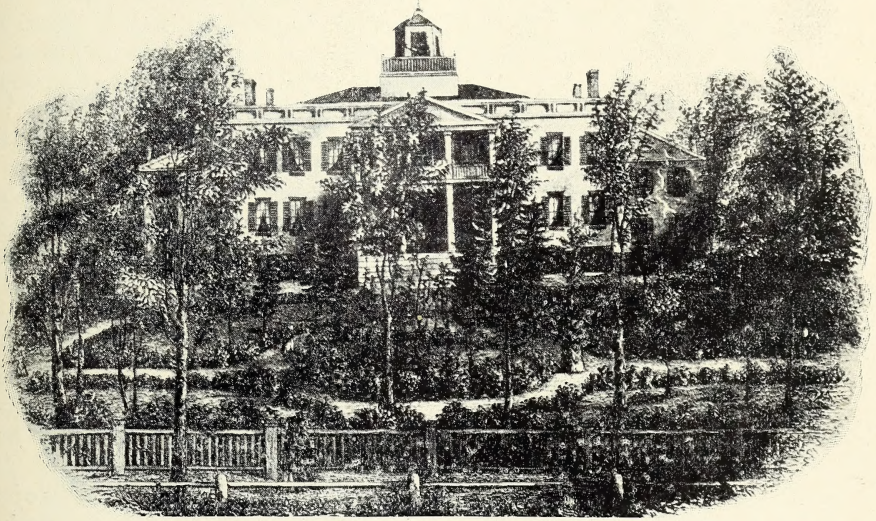
At the time Hannah Upham was called to her new field of labor, Canandaigua was considered in the West. There were no means of communication other than the mail coaches, and short distances by the Erie Canal boats. On leaving Boston for Canandaigua she took the midnight mail coach, and on the morning of the second day, she with other fatigued passengers, breakfasted in Northampton, thence on with fresh horses and short stops, night and day, until Albany was reached. From Albany to Canandaigua, the journey was by canal and stage alternately, ten days being consumed by the trip, that now is accomplished in as many hours. The great conpensation to her, for all the fatigues of the journey—which she often described with great spirit—was the beauty of the country their route threaded.

In the early part of the century Canandaigua as a town was celebrated for its beauty, as well as for the social distinction of its residents, remarkable in a place of so few inhabitants, and so far from any great centre. Situated on a gentle slope rising from the shores of Lake

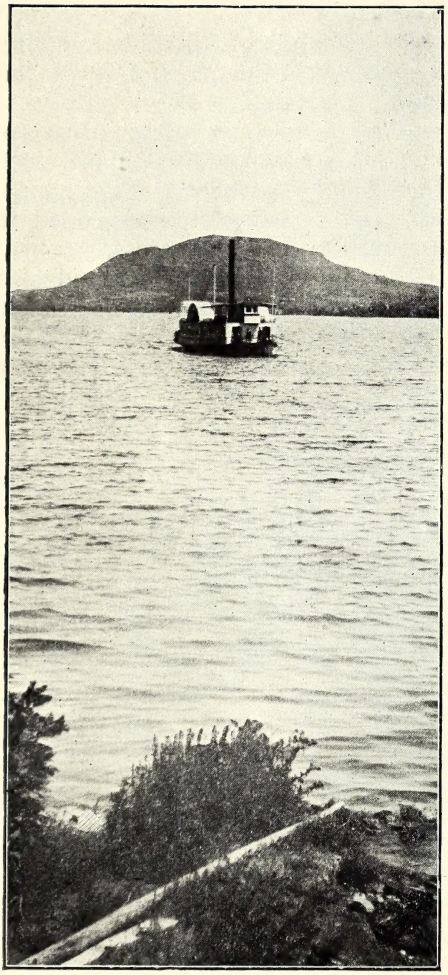
Canandaigua, its elm shaded streets caught lovely vistas of the softly rolling hills, enclosing the far stretching sheet of blue. On either side of its broad main street, were the dignified homes with their great gardens and park-like enclosures, indicating wealth, leisure, and the influences of foreign travel. Originally part of the Phelps and Gorham Purchase, the town suggested in its main features Mr. Gorham's native town of Hatfield, Massachusetts. It was natural that the Gorham homestead should be a reproduction of the old Gorham Manor in Westfield, Massachusetts. The home of Postmaster General Gideon Granger dominated the upper part of the town, with its great gardens and graperies. In close neighborhood lived Mr. Duncan, later well-known as the London banker. John Canfield Spencer, the distinguished jurist, and Secretary of War, was his next-door neighbor, his home the gathering point of all the distinguished lawyers of the region. These were the men who welcomed Miss Upham to their midst, making her always their queen in any social gathering.

Arrived in Canandaigua, Miss Upham was at once introduced into the school, to which a large boarding department had been added in anticipation of her success.

The intense religious standpoint of her life and influence was at once borne in upon the trustees. For the formal opening of the Seminary Miss Upham requested one of the trustees to call upon some clergyman of the town to open the new school with prayer. The trustee declined, saying he did not consider it advisable to make the school subject to any especial religious influence. Miss Upham replied, "If the school is to have nothing to do with the Christian religion, then I am to have nothing to do with the school." Accordingly a clergyman was invited, and from that day on, the daily



ONTARIO FEMALE SEMINARY, CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.



CANANDAIGUA LAKE.

opening of the school with prayer, and the study of the Bible was an important part of the school routine.

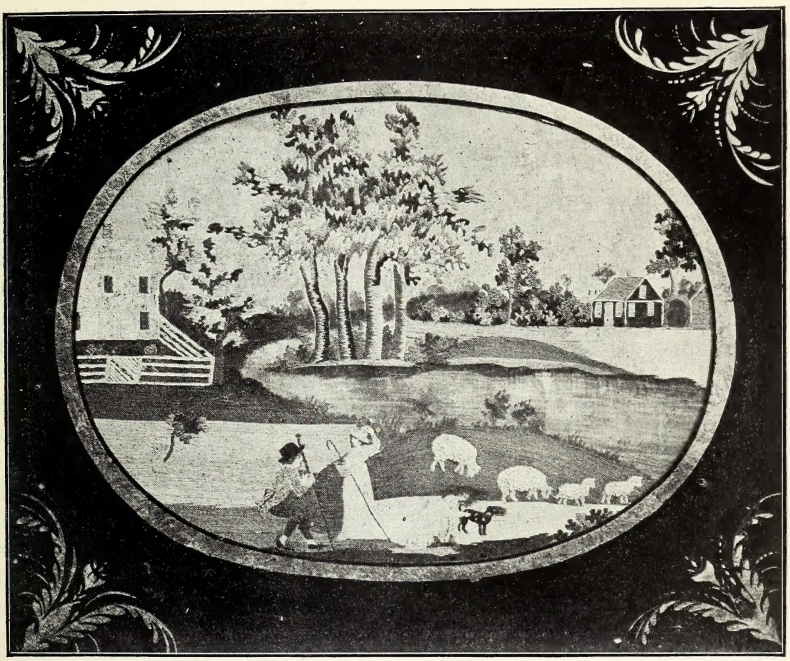
The personality of the woman taking this important place in the community was a strong factor in her favor. Taller than the average woman, her bearing was erect, and of stately dignity. Her broad comprehension of good will and love to all mankind spoke in every line of her face, making it tender and winning in expression. To a clear, dark complexion and brilliant color, frank blue eyes, and nearly black hair, was added the distinguishing adornment of a high white muslin turban. An extreme simplicity in dress emphasized her individuality. Fashions for her never altered. Her usual attire consisted of a black silk gown with full gathered skirt, a round bodice, over which a muslin kerchief was crossed, and a white turban. This in her later years declined into a cap tied under the chin, with wide muslin strings. Her greatest beauty was her hands. The slender fingers, with their pink, filbert-shaped nails, ever guiltless of rings, were the envy and admiration of her pupils.

Miss Upham's first important move was to secure the services of five young, alert, well-trained New England teachers. Having no aptitude for business, or domestic economy, she associated with herself a keen business woman, also from Deerfield, New Hampshire, as Vice-Principal. Miss Arabella Smith's practical management and good business sense soon placed the school upon a firm basis.

The children of clergymen of all denominations were received at half rates, and always on the school lists were many whose poverty secured from Miss Upham such consideration that no bills of any sort were ever presented. To this lavish generosity Miss Smith was a needed restriction.

In 1830, when Miss Upham had been called to the charge of the Ontario Female Seminary, it was in a bankrupt condition, and with few and ever diminishing pupils. In 1835 the school catalogue reported one hundred and eighty pupils, of whom seventy-five were from Can-

andaigua, the remaining one hundred and five representing fifty-two localities in six different States and upper Canada, the States being Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, Ohio and Michigan. The school continued to increase to such an extent that another wing was added, and still it was impossible to accommodate all who wished to enter. The school buildings situated in the centre of the town, occupied a large piece of ground shaded by fine trees, and decorated with old-fashioned flowering shrubs. At the back were the gardens and orchard, and a space given up to exercise. Quoting from a catalogue printed in 1836, we find this course of study in the primary department: reading, spelling, mental arithmetic, plain sewing, geography, penmanship. On being promoted through oral examination by the teacher, or any member of the faculty, or visiting parent so inclined, the girl entered the first class. If the pupil did not successfully pass her examination, she was made to review the subjects in which she had failed, until she could prove herself fitted for promotion. On promotion the above course of study was continued. To that was added practical arithmetic, composition and history. Great attention was given by the teachers to rousing a spirit of interest and inquiry. The children also were made to feel the necessity of understanding what they were required to learn. Miss Upham impressed upon them "their accountability to God for the wise improvement of their time and talents."



EMBROIDERY DONE BY HANNAH UPHAM WITH RAVELLINGS FROM HER MOTHER'S WEDDING STOCKINGS. (SEE P. 544)

On promotion to the upper room,

the studies were: Third Class—arithmetic, grammer, geography, penmanship, reading and spelling; Second Class—arithmetic, grammar, geography, botany, natural philosophy, chemistry and use of the globes.

Again came the excitement, and often severe trial, of the public oral examination when the successful candidate was promoted to the First Class. The studies were: grammar, algebra, trigonometry, Smellie's Philosophy of Natural History, rhetoric, Paley's Theology and Evidences of Christianity, astronomy (Olmstead's College Edition being used). The pupils were required to calculate an eclipse, by the nautical tables, and to demonstrate tough propositions in higher physics, a higher class of work than most of the colleges required of their graduates. An advanced class attended a review, and continuation of the above, together with Kames' Elements, Intellectual Philosophy, etc. After one of these examinations Miss Upham received from the instructor of mathematics at West Point a letter expostulating against "vitiating the womanly character of her pupils by such masculine attainments."

French, Spanish, Latin, music and drawing were attended to through any part, or the whole, of the course, as the parents directed. Later German was added, and for these languages the best-equipped teachers were employed. Music was given unusual attention. It will be noticed how specially important recognition was given to English grammar and composition through all the grades of the school, from lowest to highest.

The schoolroom itself was interesting, and an important factor in the life of the pupils. On the raised platform Miss Upham sat, her mild gaze never losing sight of any informality in the conduct of the pupils. A lady who remembers only in a childish way the short period she was under Miss Upham's care, remarked that "her sumptuous motherliness" was the strong impression left. If a girl were mischievous, restless or idle, she was invited to share the distinction of Miss Upham's platform. This same pupil remarked that Miss Upham never realized that she offered a premium to naughtiness, adding: "We always managed to be on the platform some time during the week to enjoy the caressing kindness of her reproofs."

With the mental development of her pupils went hand in hand the training of their spiritual lives, not only of the young under her immediate charge, but of those whom social contact brought to her. She little realized that an invitation to her sitting-room was the signal of alarm to irreligious souls, who dreaded her searching questions. She believed everyone to possess her own intense faith and joy in the spiritual life. A West Point Cadet, member of the family, when on a visit to Miss Upham, was asked to say "Grace" at table. With a readiness for the situation, which in later life made his success as a commanding officer, he complied. Joked about it by a brother officer who had witnessed the affair with a sense of its effrontery, the lieutenant replied: "I would rather pray any time with, or for, Aunt Hannah, than have her ask me about my soul."

Miss Upham encouraged many of her pupils to train as missionaries. Stories of the sudden mating and flight of an earnestly religious girl,

chosen as helpmate to some missionary to foreign lands, linger like a romance told from mother to daughter. One of these devotees became world-known, through the consecration of her life in India, and the horror of its close in the Sepoy rebellion.

Social life and accomplishments were far from neglected in Miss Upham's school. The departments of music and French, under exceptionally cultivated teachers, contributed in a marked degree to the success of the many functions, arranged for the social development of her pupils.

She wished her pupils to shine in the world by beauty of soul and intelligence. Unconsciously to herself, she fitted several ambitious young women for conspicuous positions in international social life. No man or woman of any note ever visited Canandaigua without calling upon Miss Upham, and friends thus made seldom forgot her. One visitor, Mary Lyon of Holyoke, was long remembered. Miss Lyon having insured the success of her school at Holyoke, decided to duplicate her educational venture in the West, and visited Canandaigua for that purpose, taking with her one of her most efficient teachers. She was invited by Miss Upham to remain for a few days in the seminary, and while there Miss Lyon learned by observation that all claims in an educational line for the middle West had been preëmpted by Hannah Upham. She returned to Holyoke impressed by the beauty and vigor of Miss Upham's character, and with a deep respect for her as instructor, and as a woman.

Canandaigua Seminary continued to grow in importance and prosperity, and the financial returns were so satisfactory that Miss Upham decided, after eighteen years in the



MEMORIAL WINDOW TO MISS UPHAM PLACED IN THE CHAPEL OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, CANANDAIGUA, BY HER PUPILS.

school, to retire to private life. This she did in 1848, at fifty-nine years of age, with her faculties in full vigor. The school was sold, and Miss Upham returned for some years to the home of her brother, General Upham, at that time living in Charlestown, Massachusetts. Here she resumed many of her early friendships.

During this period of rest a Gothic cottage was built in Canandaigua, to which Miss Upham removed on the marriage of a favorite niece to a resident of Canandaigua. This niece with her children became, on the death of their father, residents of the Upham cottage. Miss Upham's home became the Mecca of the town, its hospitable doors always open, its simple refreshments always ready. Here each Sunday night, after service, the clergymen of the Congregational and Episcopal churches met to discuss their work and aims, each certain of his cordial welcome and appreciation. The family physician, and judges of the court, Canandaigua being the county seat, were frequently of the gathering. The sounds of interested conversation, often of sacred music, and the odor of wine and cakes filled the senses of the alert, and unseen trio, white-robed and night-robed on the stairs, with a longing, not spiritual, to be of the gathering. Her gifts as instructress never left her, and to these grandnieces and nephew, who shared her home, she was an unfailing incentive, as she had been to an earlier generation. Alas! these children were too young to know that an angel walked among them. They only saw without the slightest wonder that each Sunday as the great-aunt grew older some strong arm was given to aid her in her short walk to the House of God. Neither inclement weather nor slight indisposition ever kept her, and doctor or lawyer each felt it an honor to be her escort. The wives, younger and stronger, walked behind, yielding, as a matter of course, to her who had been to them a spiritual mother.

In this simple and loving intercourse, under the protecting care of all who had shared her guidance, she passed her declining years. Her death was widely mourned.

Her works and words, as those of the poet "whose name was writ in water," carry from shore to shore, each ripple propelling another, until generations yet unborn, shall struggle into fuller womanhood through the heritage that came through the woman whose name another generation shall cease to remember.

Fighting Prairie Fires

By George Ethelbert Walsh

FIRE-FIGHTERS the world over are heroes, risking everything to save life and property. Only in the methods of fighting is there a difference. The tragedies of fire are greater than those of almost any other form of death and destruction,—fully equal to the calamities of either war or flood. Property loss by fire surpasses all other known methods of accidental destruction.

Fire-fighting on the prairies has its tragedies; its little dramas of human pathos and sorrow; its fearful moments of peril when heroes rise to supreme tests of physical courage and prowess; its scourging seasons of desolation when human skill and effort seem without avail. There is a long history of calamities in prairie fires which carry one back to the fifties and sixties when emigrant trains battled with the living walls of fire, and went down before the fiery fiend; back to the even more remote time when countless herds of buffaloes stampeded before the rolling clouds of smoke, and struggled in vain to find some lake or river of water to protect them.

A prairie fire in those early times was a thing to be dreaded more than any other horror. There was a truce called between man and animal when the flames swept across the plains of dried grass. Even the Indian put aside his weapons, and joined with the pioneer whites to fight the fire fiend.

The early Indians appeared to have little system or method in extinguishing prairie fires. When a fire started they sought to get to the leeward of it, or to the windward of a stream of water, buffalo wallow, or even on the sheltered side of a herd of fleeing animals. Sometimes they turned the stampeding buffaloes toward the approaching flames, driving them against the wall of fire to trample it out.

The desolation in the wake of a prairie fire was one of the sights which made the early emigrants shudder. More terrible were the marks of its visitation than the bleaching bones of dead cattle strewn on the trail, or the scalped victim of the Indians rotting in the hot, arid, sun-dried plain.

Animal tragedies from fire on the plains persist to-day. They represent a phase of cowboy life that has rarely been pictured or described. The redistribution and settling of the prairies have in part minimized the danger of such conflagrations; but on the other hand the property risk in cattle has increased almost proportionally to the restriction of the feeding area. The destruction of cattle to-day by fire is a real and constant danger that requires strict attention to duty to prevent.

The cowboys of the plains have thus found it necessary to adopt the calling of expert firemen, and in emergencies they display courage and prowess of an unusual nature. Those who have studied the firemen of the different metropolitan cities,

and compared their methods of fighting fire, admit that the "firemen of the Northwestern forests are entitled to favorable mention along with their professional brothers of the town. The only other class of fire-fighters that are at all comparable to them are the sturdy woodsmen of the northwestern forests, who in the dry autumn season find themselves face to face with the most difficult problems of the age. With the great woods ablaze—a wall of fire fifty feet and more high, approaching before a strong wind, sweeping down upon their homes in a semi-circle ten miles or more in length—the forest fire-fighters must be resourceful, brave, and indomitable of will. Thrown back from one line of entrenchments, they take their stand at the second, retreating only when driven back by smoke and flame that no human being can face, and hope to live.

There is no form of fire-fighting that quite equals this in spectacular effect and in the deadly outcome of the tragedy. Whole towns are circled by the fire, and wiped out of existence. Train-loads of fleeing people are caught in the awful vortex, and quickly roasted to crisp cinders. Battalions of sturdy woodsmen go down before the flames, hoping to the last to check the onward rush of the wall of fire. Thousands of small and large animals are burned to death, and birds are smothered on the wing as they fly across the tops of the woods. Every fall unknown tragedies of this nature mark the progress of forest fires in the great lumber districts of the Northwest.

A prairie fire is only in a lesser degree terrifying and disastrous. One's first experience in such a fire leaves vivid impressions that the mind cannot eradicate for many years. At night time in the autumn, when the glory of the plains is at its height, with millions of stars twinkling overhead, and thousands of acres of tall, dry grass waving and rustling in the gentle breeze, the thought of danger seems far from the slumbering campers. The dying embers of the camp fires glow dully, and look like the flash of fireflies in the distance. The song of the cowboys, or the twanging of some banjo, echoes somnolently across the wide waste of space, dying away gradually as slumber spreads from one camp to another. The herds of cattle sleepily and contentedly chew their cud, and then drop their heads listlessly upon the cool earth.

A spark from some fire suddenly rises on the wind and is carried to a bunch of inflammable dry grass. A blaze bursts up and spreads with alarming rapidity. The wind fans it into a flame that quickly lights up the heavens. Some restless steer smells the smoke and tosses its head in the air, bellowing an alarm that is quickly taken up. Within a few minutes a wall of flame is sweeping across the plains, urged on by the breeze that has fanned it into a conflagration.

The alarm of some restless cowboy arouses the campers to a realization of the perilous condition of their cattle. Scarcely a fraction of a minute passes before every sleeper is hustling to make preparations for a struggle that will require every ounce of nerve and strength at his command. The horses corraled nearby are quickly saddled, and the camp is riding in the saddle ready for the desperate encounter.

The "firemen of the plains" are drilled in fire-fighting so that they know their places almost instinc-

tively. The natural leader of the group takes instant command. The fear of stampeding the cattle first demands their attention. Once stampeded before a prairie fire it is difficult to turn or check the herd until scores are injured and killed. Yet it becomes necessary in many instances to start the cattle moving in the right direction. It may be possible to drive them around one end of the wall of flames, and thus get them in the rear of the fire, or an open part of the plains near the camp permits of a loop-hole through which they can be urged without injury. If there is any river bottom or water course nearby which offers protection from the flames, it is comparatively easy to drive the leaders in this direction, and the cattle can be trusted to save themselves.

But when a wide wall of fire is sweeping down upon the camp before the wind, there is only one thing to do. The cattle must flee before it, while the cowboys make a desperate effort to put out the fire in their rear. The hardest part of fire-fighting on the plains then begins. Without fire apparatus, water or any sort of chemicals, the cowboys must turn upon the fire and extinguish it. Otherwise the stampeding cattle will run until they fall down exhausted to be consumed by the fiery fiend.

Mounted on their ponies that appear nearly as intelligent and heroic as their riders, the few daring fire-fighters follow close in the rear of the cattle. An unfortunate steer may stumble, and offer up its life as an unwilling sacrifice to save the herd, or, if not, one of the number is shot in its tracks for the purpose. The victim must be obtained early in the struggle, or its life will be sacrificed in vain. Instantly the cowboys dismount and begin to cut up the carcass. With knives and hatchets from the camp supply, they cut the animal in half, severing the body quickly and skilfully from head to rump. With the two halves spread out flat on the earth, two other firemen attach the ends of long ropes to the hoofs, and mounting their ponies start toward the approaching fire with the half of the carcass dragging between them.

This is their simple fire apparatus,—fire engine, water-tower, hand grenade, chemical engine, and hook-and-ladder truck all combined. On it they must depend entirely for extinguishing the approaching wall of flame. The desperate character of the assault becomes apparent at once. Not one cowboy pony in a dozen will stand the ordeal. One must face the fire and leap across the blazing grass. The two riders, dragging their queer fire extinguisher on the ground between them, must watch for their opportunity, and take advantage of the first lull in the fire or race up and down the line of flames to find a favorable opening. Where the grass is tall and dry, no horse and rider could pass through the fiery furnace unscathed.

Here and there on the prairies the grass is shorter and thinner, and when the fire burns low at one of these places, the cowboy who is to make the daring dash into the flames, shouts sharply to his comrade:

"Here we are, Hank! Lend a hand quick!"

Both horses are spurred to their top speed. Racing down the line, they suddenly turn sharply to the

right, and come up face to face with the blazing grass. Close behind them follows the rest of the cavalcade, each ready to step in and take the position of danger if necessity demands it.

The leader urges his horse forward, blindly and furiously now, giving him no time to turn or stampede. Straight for the flames he dashes, and then, with nostrils distended, and eyes staring at the crackling grass, sudden fear seizes the animal. Willing, broken to obey his rider's slightest behest, and never before afraid of man or beast, the quivering creature suddenly balks, halting and rearing on hind legs as never before. The dread of fire has proved too much for his mettlesome spirit.

This is no time to break refractory ponies or to urge them on against their will. The moments lost might prove fatal. Already the flames have gained upon the stampeding cattle, and the wall of fire is extending rapidly far to the right and to the left. Chagrined and mortified, the rider of the balking horse, turns and quits the post of danger and responsibility.

"Here you are, Bud!" shouts another rider close behind. "Give us the end of the rope. Now, you speckled devil, go it!"

The last, addressed to his horse, is accompanied by a lash of whip and dig of spur. The horse springs forward, forced to the very edge of the fire. The grass tangled around his feet flares up in bright flames and lights up the distended nostrils. The scorching heat of the flames blisters skin and hair, burning and singeing the latter until it smells rank in the keen, cool prairie air.

The danger line is too close for the second horse to retreat, or, born of better parents, and accustomed to the work, he plunges straight for the fire. Beyond the wall of flame there is a blackened smoking area which seems to offer relief, and thitherward the horse goes in a mad gallop. Men go down in this plunge, dropping straight in the fire, and horses go wild with pain and terror, racing across the plains in a mad stampede that the best rider cannot check. Smoke-blinded and scorched with the heat of the flames, the cowboy must still cling to his seat, and guide his charger back to his line of duty.

The horseman holding the other rope keeps to the windward of the flames, and then the two follow the line of fire in a fierce gallop. The bloody half of a carcass dragged along the grass extinguishes the flames better than a fire engine could. It smothers the flames, and beats them down to the earth. A few sparks may escape, but in the rear of the two plunging riders come the rest of the cowboys, using their rolled slickers to dash out any remaining sparks.

The dash for the fire line is an exciting experience. With wild whoops and yells, the daring firemen race, holding firmly to the ends of the rope, and choking and gasping for breath at every step. In vain the ponies try to run away from the fire, kicking, rearing, and cavorting. But they are held in iron grips, and their heads are always kept straight down to the fire line.

"Pull her in, Hank! Pull her in!"

Hank on the burnt side of the line rushes closer to the fire to give his companion a chance to fall back from the clouds of smoke and flame. After all the cowboy who does not

make the daring ride through the wall of flame has the worst of the bargain. The wind is sweeping the smoke and flame toward him, and at times he is nearly overwhelmed by them. When the wind is blowing hard the flames leap ten and twenty feet through the air, and banners of blazing prairie grass float through the air to strike one on the hands or face.

Tightening and shortening the rope, and then running it out to its full length, the firemen continue their frenzied flight. Now they're overwhelmed by smoke and flame; then a lessening of the wind enables them to gather new strength and energy for the struggle. A horse stumbles and falls before the flames. It is too late to save him, and the fire rushes over him to stifle his screams of pain and fear. Sometimes it is the rider who sways blindly in his saddle and pitches headforemost to the ground. Half a dozen mounted cowboys rush to his assistance, and drag him to a place of safety.

During a prairie fire in Garza county, Texas, a few years ago, two cowboys were unhorsed, and were so burnt that they died from the effects within a week. Six horses were killed before the fire was extinguished, and a score of fire-fighters were so burned and blistered that the skin peeled off their hands and face. Only two years before this a prairie fire raged through the unsettled counties of Garza, Kent and Crosby, destroying nearly twenty thousand head of cattle, and innumerable ranches and settlers' cabins. A dozen years ago fires were so frequent and destructive in the lower Pandandle country of Texas that it was unsafe in the late summer and autumn for detached cowboys to ride across the plains. Overtaken by the fire alone death was the only thing they could expect. Loose herds of roaming cattle were equally at the mercy of the flames. Tens of thousands of dollars' worth of cattle were then annually destroyed by fire in that region.

Wierd and grand a sight as a prairie fire is at night time, it carries only dismay and fear to the hearts of those who understand its full meaning. It is only by concerted and systematic action of the cowboy firemen that the fires to-day are made to do less destruction. Before the present method of fighting the flames was adopted, the emigrants and cowboys fought the flames with wet sacks. If the camp was pitched near running water, a water brigade was quickly formed, and the flames were attacked with wet tow sacks. Wagons were run from the river or spring along the line of fire-fighters, supplying them with wet sacks to extinguish the blaze. Sometimes cowboys galloped back and forth from the river to the fighting line, renewing the hot, dry sacks with new ones soaked in the water. The excitement ran high at such times, for the fury of the flames fanned by a strong wind was not easily overcome. They would leap over the heads of the firemen at times and start new fire lines in their rear. Thus retreating and advancing, the men would fight to extinguish the blaze, joined in by other cowboys who had seen the fire in the distance. The first signs of a prairie fire is the signal for every cowboy and camper to pick up his goods and hurry to the front to lend assistance. At such moments every cowboy is a fireman, and he must exert himself

to control the flames even though he has no direct property loss to sustain. It is one of the unwritten laws of the plains, which, to ignore, is to excite the general wrath and dislike of all comrades.

East and West, or North and South, the firemen work with their two drags, each made of the half of a beef, and gradually they grow indistinct in the distance as they gallop in opposite directions. They generally cross the line of fire at the same point, and then begin operations in opposite directions, working rapidly toward the end of either wing of burning grass. The cowboys divide up into two squadrons to follow, and they do not meet again until the fire is burnt out. Possibly the next morning, following the line of burnt, charred grass, one returning company hunts up the other.

"How is it, Joe? Anybody hurt?" comes the shout across the plains when they sight each other.

"Nothin' much! Bud's done up for a week—burnt on hands an' face—an' Bill lost his horse. Anybody burnt yer way?"

"No! Jest two horses, an'—yes, Hank got a cinder in his eye, an' lost most of his hair. No cattle lost."

"Waal, grub's ready. Let's eat!"

And they eat to satisfy appetites that have been mightily stimulated by a night of fire-fighting. Of such stuff are the cowboy fire-fighters or firemen of the plains made.

Nantucket in the Revolution

By ARTHUR H. GARDNER

THE decade preceding the Revolutionary period had been a prosperous one for Nantucket. In the century which had elasped since John and Richard Gardner had migrated thither from Salem and cast in their lot with Thomas Macy, Edward Starbuck, Tristram Coffin, Peter Folger and others of that little band of pioneers, a thrifty township had sprung up on this island wilderness and held high rank—third it was claimed—in commercial importance among the maritime ports of the colonies.

From its remote and isolated location, its circumscribed limits and other natural conditions, it early became apparent to the settlers of Nantucket that their chief resources must be drawn from the ocean rather than the soil, and they applied themselves to the development of an hitherto untried industry—the whale-fishery. Beginning by pursuing in boats from the shore occasional whales which ventured in sight of land, they later employed small vessels to go in search of the leviathan at greater distances and encouraged by the success of these early undertakings, gradually fitted out larger craft and extended their voyages until Nantucket's whaling fleet numbered upwards of one hundred and fifty vessels manned by

more than two thousand men. The prosecution of the business on this extensive scale necessarily carried in its train and tributary to it numerous other industries. Rope-walks, candle-works, coopers' shops, and sail-lofts were hives of industry, blacksmiths, boat-builders, carpenters, painters, draymen, in fact, all classes of artisans and mechanics found steady employment, the air resounded with the hum of activity and the town was prosperous and thriving.

Such was the condition of Nantucket when the clouds of political discontent, aroused by the oppressive acts of the Mother Country, began to gather in the colonial horizon. Ere long rumblings of the approaching conflict were wafted across the waters. Of the three tea ships whose cargoes were unceremoniously dumped into Boston Harbor on that memorable night in December, 1773, the "Dartmouth," Captain Hall, and the "Beaver," Captain Hezekiah Coffin, were owned by William Rotch of Nantucket, and thither they returned immediately, bringing the disquieting news. Of the fate of these two famous ships it may be interesting to know that in April, 1774, the "Dartmouth" was sent to London with a cargo of oil and foundered at sea on her return trip in November of that year. The "Beaver" went to Brazil Banks, filled with oil, and in 1774 sailed for London, where Captain Coffin died and the ship was sold. The "Beaver" was built on North River in 1772, about the same time as the "Bedford," another Nantucket whaler owned by Mr. Rotch, and destined to become equally famous in connection with events incident to the struggle for Independence, and of which mention will be made later.

One of the earliest acts particularly affecting Nantucket was the passage by the English parliament in 1774 of the "Massachusetts Bay Restraining Bill," the operation of which was to prevent trade to any save British ports, and to prohibit the Newfoundland and other American fisheries. On petition of English Friends, or Quakers, representing the bad effect of this rigorous law on Nantucket, the island was exempted from its provisions, whereupon the Colonial congress, to prevent the Newfoundland fishery being supplied with provisions through Nantucket, passed an act prohibiting the exportation of provisions to that island from any of the colonies save that of Massachusetts Bay, and on the 7th of July, 1775, further ordered

"that no provisions or necessaries of any kind be exported from any part of this colony to the Island of Nantucket until the inhabitants of said island shall have given full and sufficient satisfaction . . . that the provisions they have now by them have not been and shall not be expended in foreign but for domestic consumption."

Of course the effect of this order was to kill the Newfoundland fishery and deprive the islanders of one of their means of support.

Meantime the war cloud which had hovered over the colonies had burst, and open hositilities begun. Blood had been shed at Lexington and Bunker Hill. While the echoes of that "first shot heard round the world" reverberated over the country and quickened the enthusiasm of the colonists, they carried consternation and

dismay to the inhabitants of Nantucket, a large proportion of whom were Quakers and opposed on religious principles to bearing arms. The situation of the island was peculiarly unfortunate. Lying thirty miles from the mainland, exposed to inroads of either belligerent and with neither able to protect her, cut off from supplies and with all business at a standstill, a common distress fell upon all her brave hearts. The whaling fleet, representing a large part of the wealth of the island, was necessarily much at sea, liable to capture, while there was scarce a family but had some member on shipboard, for whose safety the keenest anxiety was felt. Most of the whalers, however, arrived home in safety, the English government directing their efforts in the early part of the conflict to land operations, and neglecting until later to send out their cruisers in great numbers. Each whaleship which arrived, however, added to, rather than lessened the embarrassment of the islanders, since it increased the number of consumers of their rapidly decreasing stores, while furnishing no means of replenishment.

In September, 1775, the Selectmen of Sherburne addressed a letter to the General Court, setting forth the distress occasioned by the order cutting off their sources of supplies and requesting that it be so far modified as to suffer the necessaries of life to be brought them. Whereupon a resolve was adopted authorizing the committee of correspondence for the town of Falmouth to grant permits to the inhabitants of Nantucket to purchase supplies in specified quantities. The resolve also made the members of the committee a kind of spies to watch over the islanders. In December the General Court became suspicious that the islanders were importing more provisions than were needed for domestic consumption and supplying the same to the enemy, whereupon they called for an accounting and ordered the withholding of any further of provisions, fuel or necessaries, and the printers of the colonies were instructed to publish this order in their newspapers. As a result of this public proscription great suffering ensued among the islanders, who were brought to the verge of famine. Early in 1776 the Selectmen of Sherburne succeeded in satisfying the General Court that their suspicions were unfounded and the prohibitive order was suspended.

Whaling having now ceased, the wharves and shores were lined with vessels stripped to their naked masts. The necessities of the inhabitants compelled them to turn their attention to developing such resources as were within their immediate reach. Some engaged in farming, others in fishing near the shore in boats. Cut off from all kinds of imported goods, they dispensed with those that were not absolutely essential, while necessity invented substitutes for others. Little advantage from their fishing could they derive without salt, while the difficulty of importing it rendered its price almost prohibitive. To meet this exigency salt works were established at various points on the island and its manufacture attempted after a crude fashion. A considerable quantity was thus obtained, but not enough to compensate for the expense in-

curred, and the attempts were finally abandoned. The failure was attributed to the prevalence of fog keeping the air moist and preventing the water from evaporating as rapidly as required.

Meantime the merchants, whose ships and commodities were lying idle, conceived the idea of clubbing together and dispatching a few vessels to the West Indies laden with oil, candles, etc., for which good returns were certain could they elude the enemy, and by a number joining in loading one vessel the individual loss in case of capture would be less severely felt.

By order of the Provincial Congress, all vessels sailing to foreign ports without colony permits were lawful prizes if captured by privateers. From the records in the office of the secretary of state it appears that some six or eight applications for permits were filed by Nantucket merchants early in 1777, and orders were issued to the Naval Officer of the port of Nantucket to allow these vessels to proceed on their voyages, they being manned wholly by Quakers. The few which returned in safety made very profitable voyages, but the risk of capture finally became so great in consequence of the increasing number of British vessels which thronged the American coast, that the enterprise became too hazardous to continue, not so much on account of pecuniary loss, as of the sufferings of those who were captured, many of whom languished and perished in English prison ships established on the coast. Cut off from this meagre source of supply, and rendered desperate by privations and sufferings which daily grew more and more intense, a number of the inhabitants ran open sailboats to Connecticut and elsewhere to procure provisions, making their trips by night, and selecting dark and stormy ones even in winter to pass the ports held by the enemy, preferring the danger of foundering at sea to falling into the hands of the British and incarceration in the dreaded prison ships.

By these means and with what bread stuff was raised on the island the distress of the inhabitants was in a measure relieved, though many were barely saved from death. The risk attending the trips was great and many lost their lives in them. Even then provision was scarce and dear. Corn was frequently $3 a bushel and sometimes more. Flour was $30 a barrel and other breadstuff in proportion. The suffering for clothing, however, was inconsiderable throughout the war, for immediately on being cut off from the supply of English manufactures the women in each family engaged in weaving cloths of various kinds for their own household. Twelve or fifteen thousand sheep roamed over the island, subsisting on the herbage which its soil produced and they furnished wool in abundance, which was carded, spun and woven. A considerable quantity of flax was raised yearly, dye stuff was readily obtainable, and by the industry of the women the members of each household were thus kept supplied with comfortable homespun clothing.

Prior to the war the inhabitants had depended on the mainland for their wood. This source being now cut off, recourse was had to such fuel as

was obtainable on the island. Several swamps outside the town were found to abound with peat, and general permission was granted by the owners for the public to dig therefrom, without charge. Many availed themselves of the privilege, while others went up harbor in boats to Coskata, some six or eight miles from town, and cut firewood, while still others used the scrub oaks on the "commons" or brush from the swamps. All these were hard, tedious and laborious methods of procuring fuel, but the inhabitants eagerly and thankfully availed themselves of them.

Meantime the island was often visited by English cruisers who would threaten to sack or burn the town, and this kept the inhabitants in a state of constant apprehension, although the enemy never carried their threats out to any considerable extent until one day in the early spring of 1779. On the sixth of April a fleet of eight vessels came down to the bar, where all but two anchored. The latter entered the harbor and made fast to the wharf. About a hundred armed men landed and proceeded to plunder the stores and commit other depredations. They were expostulated with by leading citizens and finally desisted, but not until they had destroyed and carried away property to the value of $50,000 or more.

The inhabitants now determined to no longer submit without protest. A town meeting was convened and it was voted to apply to the General Court for permission to send a committee to the British commanders in New York to represent the situation at Nantucket and solicit redress and protection. Permission was granted and Benjamin Tupper, Timothy Folger, Samuel Starbuck and William Rotch were appointed. So well did they execute their mission that written orders were issued by Sir George Collier, commander-in-chief of the English naval forces, forbidding any further molestation of the inhabitants of Nantucket under severe penalties. Sir Henry Clinton fully united with these orders and gave verbal assurance to the committee that they should be obeyed.

Meantime the colonial government, though unable to protect the helpless islanders, watched with jealous eye for the least symptoms of disloyalty. Early in 1778 a resolve was adopted by the General Court of Massachusetts "for making enquiry relative to supplying the enemy by way of Nantucket." What was the result of this does not appear, but the action of the town in memorializing the British commanders was duly reported to General Gates, who called it to the attention of the Massachusetts legislature with severe strictures. Thereupon that body, notwithstanding it had sanctioned the procedure, went through the farce of an investigation, and adopted the following resolution June 23, 1779, the very day that the order exempting Nantucket from British aggression was issued at New York:

It appearing by sundry intercepted letters that Several Inhabitants of the island of Nantucket have been discovered in a design to carry on a correspondence and trade in an unjustifiable manner with the British troops at Newport and New York to the injury of the cause of the United States. And the town of Sherburne as a town on said island appears in some

measure guilty of a violation of their fidelity to said States by sending a committee to convey their Memorial in an unwarrantable manner to the British troops at Newport and New York, ... the said inhabitants are hereby strictly forbidden to send any memorial or have any communication with the enemies of these United States without first obtaining leave of this General Court.

Following close upon this reprimand and injunction by the home government came the disquieting information that a squadron of English armed vessels was preparing to leave New York for Nantucket for the purpose of sacking and plundering the town, and of burning it should any resistance be made. It was soon learned that the fleet had arrived at Martha's Vineyard and was waiting a change of wind, then at the eastward, to proceed on its mission of destruction. Consternation reigned. There seemed to be nothing to prevent the coming of the enemy but the continuance of the prevailing east wind. Meantime the inhabitants improved the opportunity to secure a portion of their property. Carts, boats and men were employed day and night carrying goods out of town, or depositing them in scattering houses which it was supposed might escape the conflagration. Some buried their valuables. A constant look-out was kept in anxiety and dread for the appearance of the fleet, but day after day the wind remained unchanged. At length the commanding officers of the fleet wrote to the people of Nantucket, under date of September 16, 1779, charging them with having signalled an approaching vessel, thus preventing her capture by an English cruiser lying in wait for her within the harbor, and of having molested and hindered his Majesty's servants on divers occasions in the discharge of their duties, and they threatened that unless immediate and sufficient explanation was made to commence operations against them. To each and every charge (despite the prohibition of the Provincial Government against holding communication with the enemy) the town, through its committee, returned a full and explicit denial, supplementing the same with a statement of unprovoked injuries and insults to which the inhabitants had been subjected. On their return the committee reported that they

"found the gentlemen much dissatisfied but on a thorough inspection of the matter aud our producing to them the votes of the town of Sherburne, disavowing every such proceeding, they were satisfied so far as to commence no proceeding against the town without the future conduct of the inhabitants should make it necessary."

During all this time, and until the fleet returned to New York, the wind continued to the eastward, which it is probable alone prevented the immediate execution of the enemy's designs, and many people were inclined to regard it as a miracle wrought by Divine Providence in behalf of the islanders.

In July, 1780, the town forwarded another memorial and petition to the British authorities, setting forth their distressed condition and asking permission for twenty fishing boats to fish around the island, four vessels to be employed whaling and ten small craft to supply the island with wood and provisions. This petition ultimately resulted in securing in part the desired relief, though not until it had been several times renewed. Toward the latter part of 1781 a number of

whaling permits were issued by Admiral Digby, the British commander at New York.

When it became known that some kind of indulgence had been granted by the enemy to the people of Nantucket it created considerable dissatisfaction in some quarters, but the colonial government, knowing the situation there, inclined to condone rather than condemn the acceptance of favors from the British. Several vessels whaling under these permits were taken by American privateers, and carried into port, but in every instance when it was found that the permits were used for no other purpose than that for which they were granted and that the vessels had not been engaged in any illicit trade, they were immediately released.

At the time of the Revolution Nantucket had fifteen London packets. One of these—ship "Somerset," Captain Alexander Coffin—was on her passage from London when she was captured by Commodore Paul Jones. Captain Coffin had dispatches from Franklin to the Continental Congress announcing the treaty and alliance with France, and these papers were subsequently forwarded by Jones.

Despite outward show of neutrality and public disavowal of acts in violation thereof, the people of Nantucket at heart were in sympathy with the colonists in their struggle for Independence. Indeed, in March, 1775, before hostilities had actually begun, two donations, one of £26—16—9 from the Congregational parish, and one of £90—9 from persons unknown, supposed to be the Friends' Society, an aggregate of over $500, were forwarded from Nantucket for the relief of the inhabitants of Boston and Charlestown "suffering from the operation of that cruel act of the British Parliament, commonly called the Boston Port Bill," and during the war, by a preconcerted arrangement of the mill vanes on the hill, many a vessel which would otherwise have fallen a prey to British cruisers in the harbor was warned of their presence by wireless telegraphy.

While prudence dictated the policy of neutrality and non-resistance generally observed by Nantucket, it was in accord with the Quaker principles which prevailed. There were, however, not a few restless spirits, whose hearts, fired by patriotism or stirred by indignation, chafed under the restraint imposed by the more sober-minded majority. Some of these joined the Continental army, others engaged on board privateers. Among the latter was Captain Benjamin Bunker, who early in the war enlisted as an armorer in a South Carolina privateer, was captured by the British and confined in the Jersey prison ship. After his release he returned to Nantucket. One day an English privateer which lay off the Bar sent two boats to intercept an in-coming schooner. The crew of the latter succeeded in beaching her and cut away her mainmast before the boats captured her. Captain Bunker hastily manned two whaleboats, retook her and made prisoners of her captors. Returning to the wharf, he took a small schooner, put all his men below but two to navigate her, and ran out to and alongside the privateer, when his men swarmed aboard and captured her without strik-

ing a blow. Captain Bunker also captured another privateer in the Cod of the Bay near Great Point. Running down to her with a small vessel and a four-pound gun, before the Englishman could comprehend the situation, the gun was fired, killing one man and smashing a boat, and the privateer was grappled, boarded and taken. Captain Bunker conveyed all his prisoners in safety to the continent and delivered them to the colonial authorities.

Just how many Nantucketers entered the American service can never be ascertained for the reason that many enlisted to the credit of towns on the mainland or otherwise concealed their identity out of consideration for the avowed neutrality of Nantucket, but it is known that at least twenty-one men were enrolled at one time under Captain Paul Jones on the "Ranger" in 1777, and many of them followed him through the war, or until they fell in action—one of them, Reuben Chase, being the "Long Tom Coffin" of Fennimore Cooper's "Pilot." So far as is known not a man entered the British service. Many captured seamen were given their choice of joining a British vessel or confinement in the prison ships, and invariably chose the latter, despite the horrors in store. It was Captain Nathan Coffin of Nantucket who, when captured by a British admiral and told that he must go into His Majesty's service, or go into irons, made that memorable reply recorded by Bancroft: "Hang me if you will to the yard arm of your ship, but don't ask me to become a traitor to my country."

Heavy taxes were imposed on Nantucket by the colonial government, but owing to the impoverished condition of the people, but a small portion was collected, and the balance was remitted after the war. In addition, requisitions for supplies for the continental army were made from time to time. In 1777 Nantucket was required to furnish 59 blankets. In 1778, and again in 1779, 158 pairs of shirts, shoes and stockings. In 1780, 111 shirts, pairs of shoes and stockings, 55 blankets and 77,292 pounds of beef. In 1781, 88 shirts, pairs of shoes and stockings, 44 blankets and 20,976 pounds of beef. It has been stated that Nantucket was exempted from military drafts, but I find from Colonial records that on January 25, 1782, the town of Sherburne having signified its readiness to procure another man to fill the place of one furnished the previous December, who had proved to be a deserter, was granted ten days in which to do so and the state treasurer was directed to suspend his execution accordingly. Again, on a Resolve adopted March 7, 1782, for raising 1,500 men to serve in the Continental army three years or during the war, Nantucket's apportionment is designated at sixteen men.

Near the close of 1782 the old Quaker merchants of Nantucket received private information that peace was coming. Among the whaling fleet in the harbor was the ship Bedford, before alluded to. She had been one of the last of the whaling fleet to arrive during the war, returning from Brazil Banks in March, 1777, full of oil, and had lain at Nantucket ever

since. She was immediately fitted for sea and dispatched to London, and was the first vessel to carry the American flag into a British port. She arrived off Trinity, February 6, 1783, flying the stars and stripes, and her appearance caused such comment and excitement as probably no other vessel ever did, before or since. Her arrival was thus chronicled by an English magazine of the day:

The Bedford, Capt. Mooers, belonging in Massachusetts, arrived in the Downs the 3d of Feb., passed the Gravesend the 4th and was reported at the Custom House the 6th inst. She was not allowed regular entry until some consultation had taken place between the Commissioners of the Customs and the Lords of the Council, on account of the many Acts of Parliament yet in force against the rebels in America. She is loaded with 488 butts of whale oil, is American built, manned wholly by American seamen, wears the rebel colors, and belongs to the Island of Nantucket in Massachusetts. This is the first vessel which has displayed the thirteen rebellious stripes in any British Port.

About the same time William Rotch dispatched sloop "Speedwell" to St. Domingoes. She was taken by the British and carried into Jamaica but immediately released when it was learned that the war was over, and she showed that the first United States flag there On her return to Nantucket she was loaded with candles and sent to Quebec, where she was the first vessel to display the stars and stripes to the wondering gaze of the Canadians. Thus it will be seen that Nantucket's vessels were the first to proclaim in foreign ports that England's American daughter had cut loose from her mother's apron strings and set up house-keeping on her own account.

At the beginning of the war there were more than 150 vessels belonging to Nantucket navigated by the youth and manhood of the island. Fifteen were lost at sea and 134 were captured. Of the crews, some perished miserably in prison ships, others lingered years in confinement and returned, broken in health and ruined in fortune to destitute families. Macy's history estimates that over a thousand lost their lives in consequence of the Revolution, but perhaps so large an estimate is not warranted. At the close of the war there remained only a few old hulks and the town resembled a deserted village. Colonial paper currency had been freely taken by the islanders and the failure of the government to redeem it still further impoverished them and added to their distress.

Thus it will be seen that Nantucket, though she furnished no regiments to swell the Continental army, fitted out no privateers to harass the enemy at sea, and witnessed no sanguinary conflicts within her borders, paid as dearly for the Independence of our country as any place in the Union.

A Literary Success

By Alice Louise Lee

SHE sat in the editor's office, the outer office, waiting to be admitted to the presence of the man of destiny who veiled his identity under the vague, unsatisfactory term, "The Editors." Back of her, behind a large desk, was a smiling, round-faced girl. Opposite, was the door leading into the editor's private office. She knew because the round-faced girl had just conducted thither a small man with a nervous manner and an annoying way of clearing his throat. When the girl returned, she had smiled at the waiting woman and announced cheerfully, "Your turn next, Miss Evans."

"Miss Evans" was not the woman's name, but the name signed to her unsuccessful stories. It was the name affixed to the manuscript now in the editor's office, the one which he had written her was a fine character sketch but a poor story. She did not need to be told why. She understood in advance what the suggestions would be for certain "additions which might render the sketch acceptable." They were not additions which she desired to make, but she had come prepared to listen docilly. She wondered how it would seem to be the writer of one successful story.

The rain splashed against the window beside her, and through the wet panes she gazed down on one of the city's squares and thought of the sketch. It was a simple story of life in a co-educational college: the story of a girl who rode the crest of the wave of popularity and scholarship, and of a boy who just missed the best things. The girl came from a home of culture: the boy from a farm back among the hills. She had been sought by all the college sororities, and had become a member of the best: he had been looked over by all the fraternities, and rejected as being uncouth and old. In fact, the term "boy" was his only by college courtesy, because, as a freshman, he was older than the majority of the seniors.

The girl led her classes: he worked twice as hard and dropped into the fifth place. He was undeniably slow, stupid socially, their classmates said, but the girl discovered that he was tender hearted and sweet spirited—the manner of man that Lowell touched: "His strength was as the strength of ten. Because his heart was pure." And she saw many things in college life which inclined her more and more toward the boy with his uprightness and manliness.

And so it came about that her mates laughed good-naturedly when they came on the two in the library of the chapter house studying together, and heard her with her nimbler wits appealing to him as they translated Horace together.

"At her mission work, is she?" these laughers remarked, and dismissed the matter as harmless, and so it proved—except to the girl.

At the end of four years there was

a sad little scene in the library where they had studied and talked together. The girl and three others had been elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and she undertook to soften the news to the boy who had worked so hard and just missed the honor. If the girl and four more had been elected, the election would have included him. He could not meet her eyes as she told him, but buried his quivering face in his arms and sobbed, great strangling sobs. And she sat by, wordless, while her arms were aching to pillow his big head, and her lips were longing to comfort him in a way he had never asked for.

When his uncontrollable grief had spent itself, he arose, his rugged face aglow with shame, and held out his hand. "I'm a failure," he said brokenly, "so much of a failure that I don't know enough to give up."

That was all. She went back to her father's home, and he?

The woman by the window sighed. She knew that the question mark must be removed in order to make a good story.

The door opposite opened, and the little, nervous man appeared, speaking to some one behind him. For an instant the doorway framed the Editor, a man with a big head and a rugged, kindly, serious face. Then the door closed and left the woman stunned and cold. It was her turn now. She must face him and discuss that sketch. Would he recognize her? He must not, she told herself passionately. He had not seen her in ten years, and time had not passed her by untouched. She arose mechanically and moved toward the door, the girl leading the way. She glanced down. Her suit was black, and her hat—with a quick gesture she drew the filmy black veil over her face. She had not worn black ten years ago. There were other changes also. Her yellow hair had darkened, and her face, no longer round and girlish, was a delicate oval with scarcely a suggestion of color.

No, he surely would never recognize her. But with the denial came a glow of humiliation. There was the intimate story of two lives, with scarcely a veil drawn over the reality.

The girl, with a last glance of approval at the costume she had been studying, opened the door and spoke to the Editor. The woman heard her pen name with a thrill of thankfulness. She was grateful, also, for the soft twilight caused by the rain of a late winter's afternoon.

The Editor stood at his desk fingering a manuscript, her manuscript. He turned to greet her with it still in his hand. He murmured the name which had been announced, scarcely glancing up, and indicated a chair near his own.

She swept forward silently. The culture and unconscious pride of generations of good blood were in that sweep. The man before her seemed more awkward because of the contrast. She drew the chair back in the shadow of the desk and sat down, her head poised high and a brave light simmering in the depths of her eyes.

There followed a moment's silence while the Editor looked through the sketch, and its writer caught her breath painfully and watched him. He had not changed greatly save that his hair was streaked with grey. He was still big, awkward in his movements, but the expression on his face was good to see. She found

Lowell's lines repeating themselves, "His strength was as the strength of ten. Because his heart was pure."

He sat down presently in front of his desk, his eyes still on the story. When he spoke his voice was business-like. "As I wrote you, you have a good sketch here," he began, "and one that I believe would make a very effective story if only the girl could be induced to take that boy's head in her arms." He smiled down half quizzically at the title page, and waited an instant, but the girl's author could not speak. Her mouth was parched, and the veins throbbing in her throat choked her.

The Editor turned to the last page, and continued. "If she could, we would all feel so much happier over it. He had worked so hard and missed so much. It leaves us with the heart ache to hear him sob and see him go away feeling that he has not only fallen short of the good things in his college career, but that he has missed the best thing in life—the girl's love."

The woman spoke then. Her voice was even, but there was an expression of fear and defiance in her eyes. "It seems to me that the story is perfectly clear on that point. He did not love her. In order to produce a contrary impression I must re-write the entire tale."

"Not at all." The Editor glanced up, met the defiance in her eyes and his own fell. "You have meant to be perfectly clear on that point and failed. I am glad you have. He did love her. She was his good angel stooping to him without a trace of condescention in her manner—but he could not forget that he was of the earth earthy, just an awkward, stupid, slow, overgrown man who never attained what he reached for, neglected and friendless in that college city save for her. If only you would re-write the end—if she would only give the boy the least glimmer of the idea that she—cares, it would leave the reader feeling happier."

The woman pressed her hand against her heart under her coat. Her tone was cold, collected. "That would be contrary to her ideas of womanhood. It would not be a satisfactory ending to *me*."

The Editor rested his elbow on the desk and dropped his head on his hand. Only his mouth and chin were visible. "Yes," he assented slowly, "it would be contrary to her nature. And as for the boy, as he sat there shamed and struggling with his disappointment, he lacked the courage to dream that she—cared." The Editor paused abruptly a moment. "Neither would it be true to his nature to end the story happily there through his initiative. Then, I think, that the only way out of it to gain the desired end, yet preserve consistency in the characters, is to carry the story on to other years and brighter days for the boy."

Suddenly the Editor dropped his hand and looked full at the woman. "Will you do that—Meb?"

"Oh!" she cried, and then sat very still. He knew her. That old absurd nickname she had not heard since their college days. It was all unreal, humiliating with that confession lying on the desk between them. "You knew me?" she faltered, and stopped.

The Editor leaned back and pushed the manuscript from him. His face was calm, but back of its rugged strength lay a tenderness invisible to the downcast eyes of the woman. "Know you?" he repeated,

and his voice had lost a bit of its steadiness. "I should have known you with my eyes shut, and my ears stopped. I knew you before you came."

She drew herself up proudly although her hand stole under her coat once more. Her voice had acquired the steadiness his had lost, although there was a strange burning in her eyes, and her throat ached with the tension of the muscles.

"It was unfair of you, then, to send for me." She arose with a proud gesture, and turned toward the door. "Throw it into the waste basket," she said with a sweep of her hand toward the manuscript. "I do not care to make any changes or additions."

"But I do." The determination in the Editor's voice made it unfamiliar.

She paused uncertainly and glanced back. He left his desk and stood between her and the door. His face was earnest and pleading.

"Meb," he began, "don't leave the boy to miss the best thing all his life—Meb!"

The wistfulness in his tone caused her heart to suffocate her, but the dignity of wounded pride was in her manner. A faint color crept into her pale cheeks, and her wide eyes looked into his with startled intentness.

"Often since you came to the city," he went on slowly, "I have walked past your home wondering if you had forgotten me, watching to catch a glimpse of you, promising myself that the next time I would enter—"

"But you never came." She interrupted him in an accusing tone.

He drew a long breath and looked at her hungrily. "My hand has been on the door bell, but the recollection of our college days overpowered me. The thought of you always brought back the poverty-stricken, stammering, toiling drudge who never succeeded. That side of me was all you had known."

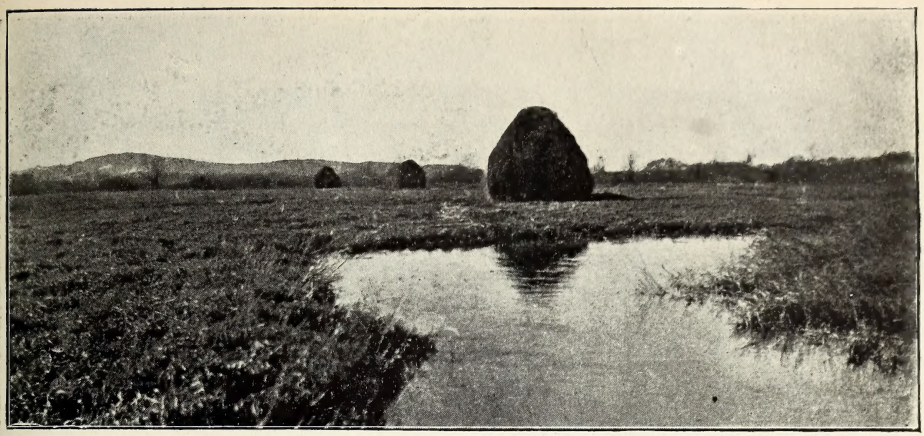
"Oh," she cried, "how little you know me or understand—"

"But I thought I understood, and I waited until the story came. Then I could wait no longer. I felt I must see you—must hear your voice." His own broke.

All her womanhood arose in a passionate protest. "And so you forced me to come to you—as you always did. It is unfair, unfair!"

The man started and looked at her with a dawning light in his eyes. A smile suddenly touched his lips. With a movement at once gentle and masterful he took her in his arms and raised her face to his.

"Meb," he said tenderly, "in the story's new ending you shall not have occasion to accuse me of that again."



THE MEADOWS

An Old House at Wayland

By Alfred Wayland Cutting

(Illustrated by photographs made by the author)

A NOTABLE example of the adaptation of an eighteenth century farm-house to the requirements of a modern summer home, in which all of the old features are preserved, and many others in harmony with its age and history added, is to be seen in "The Island" at Wayland, Massachusetts, the residence of the Misses Buckingham, the great-granddaughters of Mr. Joseph T. Buckingham, the founder of the New England Magazine.

In obtaining the results here achieved, the material available was abundant. Not only was there a fine basis in the original house, which contained in an elementary form the features desired, but its situation and natural advantages, combined with its associations and history, were such as to make possible an ideal combination of beauty and interest.

The house is situated about a mile from the village of Wayland, on what has long been known as "The Island" or "Heard's Island," so-called from the family who owned it for over a hundred years. This is a tract of some four hundred acres of hills and meadows, partly wooded, divided into four farms. Geologically described, it is a mass of modified glacial drift, rising to a low drumlin on the east, and containing no stratified rocks or ledges. In the westerly part are several fine examples of kames, known as Pigeon Hill, Five Rail Hill and Stony Point.

The Island is entirely surrounded by water. The Sudbury River sweeps around it on two sides, which with the wide spreading meadows and Pelham Pond on the west, encircle it. Over these meadows a willow bordered causeway leads from the town, crossing the river at the "Farm Bridge" and continuing over the Island, where on the west, the road skirts the forest-bordered



THE HOUSE IN 1884

edge of the lake for half a mile, forming one of the most beautiful roads of the town.

In the spring of the year the meadows are frequently flooded, forming a vast inland sea entirely surrounding the Island, the name of which is then apparent. In the old times, during these floods, the only means of communication with the village was by boats, and old residents describe the arrival of the "people from the Island" at church in this way. In the town records we read an order passed in 1801 "That a Committee of five be appointed to set out a sufficient number of willow trees on the Causeway, to answer the purpose of Guides in time of flood."

The house is situated in the westerly part of the Island on slightly rising ground, overlooking the lake, which has an expanse of some one hundred acres. A beautiful view to the west shows the Sudbury Hills beyond, the blue outline of Nobscot Hill being the central feature. The house stands on an ample lawn sloping to the lake and is shaded by three wide spreading elms over one hundred and fifty years old. The second of these is famous as being one of the largest in the state. At a height of five feet from the ground, its trunk measures twenty feet four inches in circumference, and the ends of its pendant branches touch the ground at a distance of sixty-five feet from the trunk, thus covering a space one hundred and thirty feet in diameter. A large chestnut tree rises nearly to the height of the elms on the east side, where a row of slender Lombardy poplars following a wall divides the house-grounds from the pasture beyond.

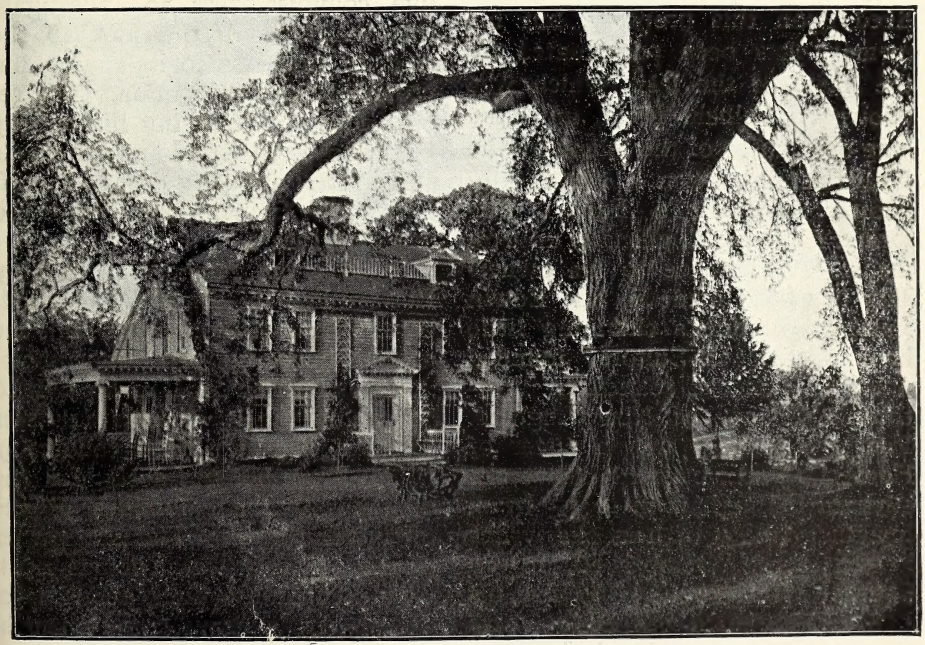
The old house, as it now appears, pale yellow, with white porch, window frames and Ionic columned verandas at either end, stands amid clumps of lilac and syringa bushes some four hundred feet back from the low woodbine-covered wall which bounds the road. The lawn follows the natural undulations of the ground, and is broken by groups of hawthorns and lilacs and smaller

trees, all of which are dominated by the giant elms. One of these in the course of its history has been badly damaged by ice, one-half having fallen, but it is still a mighty tree, holding its own with its fellows. A fenced garden at the east, with brick walks between the borders contains a profusion of the flowers of an old-fashioned country garden. The entrance drive-way has been placed at the west of the house in order not to detract from the sweep of lawn under the elms, and brick and flagstone paths lead from this through the shrubbery to the different doors and verandas.

The interior of the house is in perfect harmony with its age and character, every piece of furniture, mirror and brass being contemporaneous, most of which are family heir-looms. The wood-work is principally white, and old-fashioned landscape wall-paper is used in two rooms. A canopied four post bedstead in one chamber has descended from the great-great-grandmother of the present owners.

The house and locality are not without history. The Island was evidently the site of an Indian settlement, and relics of their occupation have been found in all parts of it. Especially on the sandy knolls or bluffs near the lake, stone axes, chisels and arrow heads have been dug up in great numbers. Recently near the shore a mass of chips and splinters of white quartz was found, among which were several imperfect arrow heads, showing where an Indian arrow head maker had plied his craft. Several ancient silver and copper coins, French and English, have been plowed up.

The Island in 1639, then a part of the town of Sudbury, was granted by "The General Court of the Massachusetts Colony in New England"



THE HOUSE TO-DAY



THE EAST VERANDA

to Herbert Pelham, in return for services rendered the Colony. Mr. Pelham came from England in 1638 and was elected the first treasurer of Harvard College, December 27th, 1643. It is not known that he ever lived upon this property, but his memory has been perpetuated by the name of the lake, which was known as Pelham Pond, until the long occupation of the Island by the Heard family, when it was locally known as Heard's Pond. The former name is still officially used on maps. A reference to his ownership has been made in Mr. Edwin Lassetter Bynner's charming little book "Penelope's Suitors," founded upon an incident related in Winthrop's History of New England. Penelope Pelham was a sister of Herbert, and married Governor Richard Bellingham in 1641. In an imaginary diary of hers she writes in the story, "October 16, 1639—Brother Herbert took us to visit his new plantation at Sudberry, where he hath a house already set up. Took along a servant and hamper, containing wherewithal to dine."

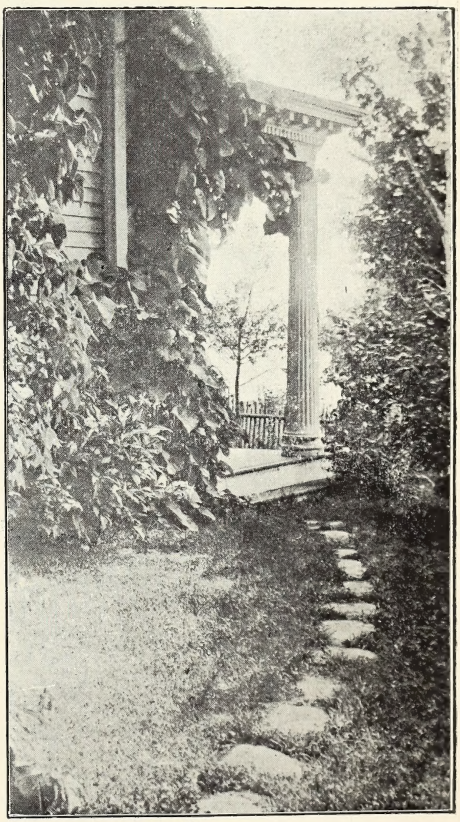
In connection with the flooded meadows of the Sudbury River it is interesting to note that in 1644 Herbert Pelham was appointed one of five commissioners to investigate this matter and to report to the General Court as to its causes and possibilities of mitigation. The report does not exist, but the remedy has never been found and the floods still prevail annually despite the efforts of the farmers for two hundred and sixty years.

In 1711 the Island was sold by Edward Pelham, son of Herbert Pelham to Samuel Stone, who built the present house in 1715. Its completion was hurried to allow his wife to be confined in it, and his daughter Tabatha was born there January 9, 1715. From her has descended one of the prominent families of the town, the Noyses. The next owner of the property was Thomas Bent, who planted the elms about 1750. They were vigorous trees when, in the early light of the morning of

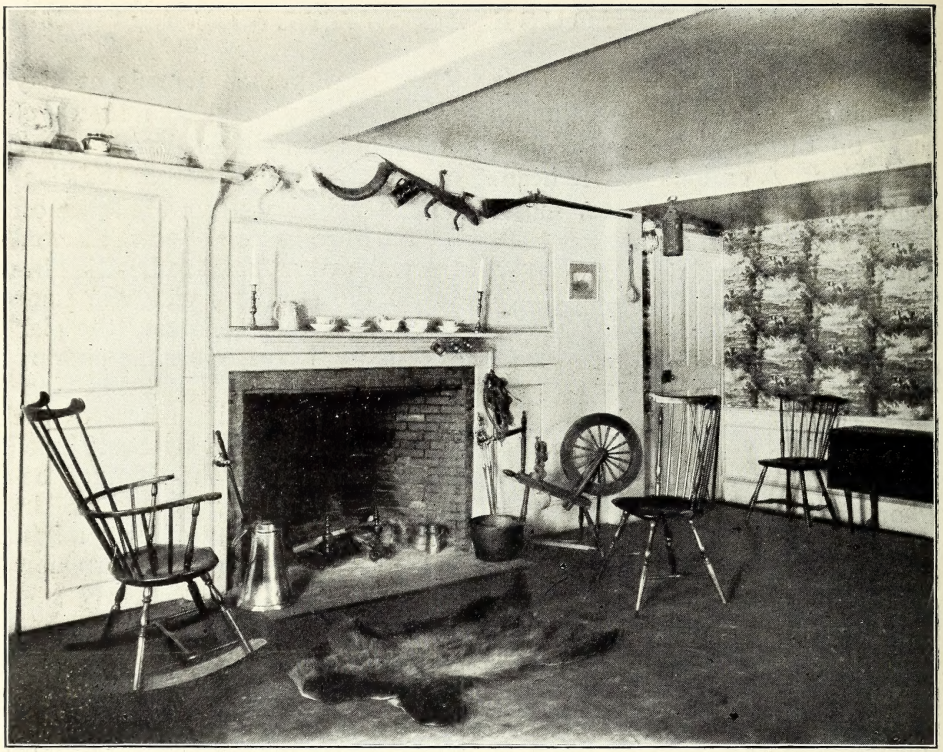
April 19, 1775, his sons, their muskets in their hands, passed under them on the way to Concord and Lexington. A curious double headstone in the old graveyard, moss-grown and sunken, states that both Thomas Bent and his wife died "Wednesday morning, July 26, 1775." There is a tradition that he died from a wound received at the battle of Bunker Hill, and that his wife died the same day, of sorrow.

In 1779 the Island came into the possession of the Heard family with whom it has been associated ever since. In 1884 the kindly old gentleman, Mr. Abel Heard, who for eighty-nine useful and happy years had lived in the house, died, and it came into the possession of the present owners.

The main body of the house is substantially the same as when it was built in 1715. The highway formerly passed nearer, between the two elms in front of the house and the one standing farther to the west. This last tree formerly shaded the barn, which stood across the road. The highway was relocated by the present owners, at the time of the renovation of the house. New rooms were then built at the rear, and the front porch and verandas added. The heavy timbers bearing the marks of the adze are to be seen in the ceilings and walls of all the old rooms. The solid window frames, mortised and joined by wooden pins are still in place, as are the wrought iron nails of the clapboards, each one hammered out by hand. The enormous chimney in the middle of the building has flues leading to fire places in all the rooms. This is built of extremely soft bricks, showing traces of very slight burning in their construction. They were probably made at clay pits near the pond, the traces of which are still visible. In the course of remodelling the house, the clapboards and sheathing were taken off for the introduction of new sills, and the walls were found to be filled between the studding with the same soft bricks, thus following the plan of construction seen in contemporary "brick and timber" houses in England with the addition here of the outside sheathing. A "treasure hole" was discovered in the chimney behind the panelling of one of the rooms, where a bag of coin might have been placed with a reasonable degree of safety in case of fire.



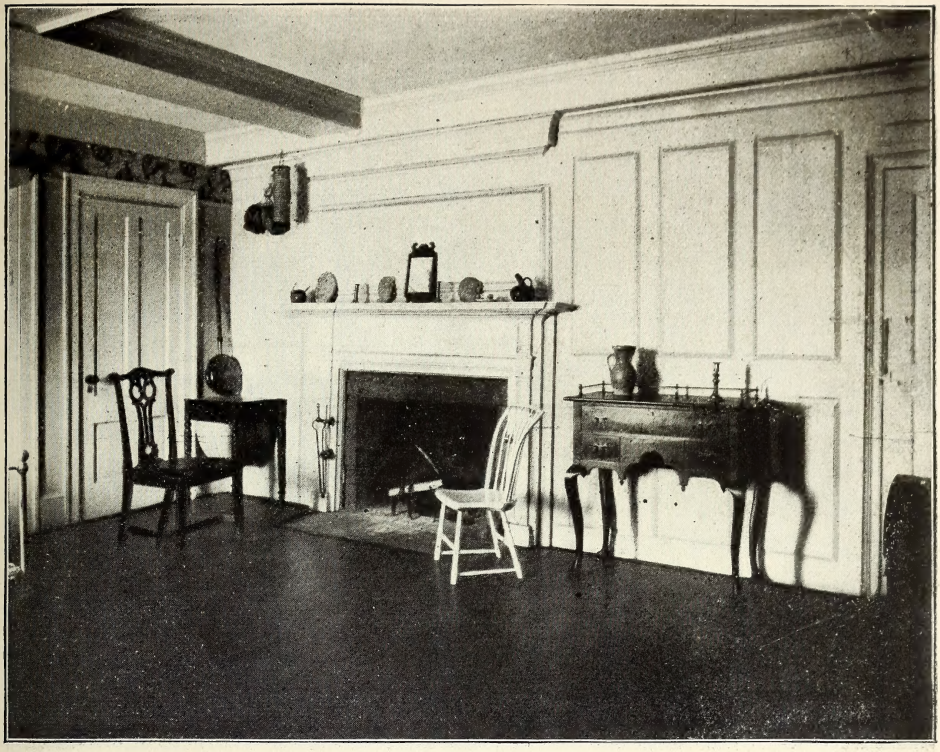
A CORNER OF THE VERANDA



PANELLED WALL IN DINING ROOM

The entire chimney side of two rooms, the east room down stairs and the west chamber upstairs and front hall, are panelled, the remaining walls being plastered. This panelling was found to be covered with seven layers of wall paper, and the wood-work when reached, was painted a dull drab, with a red border at the base some four inches wide.

At the time of the renovation it was learned that the old house in Cambridge which had been the birthplace and early home of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, was to be torn down, and that all of the old material was for sale. Acting upon this opportunity, the west door frame, with its fluted pilasters supporting the dentalled pediment, the mantel and fire-frame of a chamber, and all the dentals from the eaves were purchased, moved to Wayland and duly installed at the Island. Dr. Holmes in a letter written at the time, expressed his pleasure that these features of his old home were to be thus preserved. It is not inappropriate that the Island should be associated in this way with memories of Dr. Holmes, the lover of the great elms of New England. It is the same giant whose branches now fall over his porch, to which allusion is made in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." And in the "Poet at the Breakfast Table," he refers to this porch when he describes his old home "Where military consultations were held when the house was General Ward's headquarters, where the Provincial Generals planned the movement which ended in the forti-



THE HOLMES MANTEL IN WEST CHAMBER

fying of Bunker Hill, where Warren slept the night before the battle, and where President Langdon of Harvard went forth from the west door and prayed for God's blessing on the men just setting forth on their bloody expedition."

In the White Chamber at Cambridge, from which was taken the mantel now in the west chamber at the Island, Dr. Holmes says in the same book, "I wrote the first verses that made me known, with a pencil." It is unnecessary to state that this poem was "Old Ironsides."

For many years the Island, or "The Farm" as the whole locality was called, in the days of the Heard family's occupancy, was the home of merriment and good times. The great west chamber, extending across the whole end of the house was the scene of many a dance and spelling match in the winter time; and in the summer, where in the town was there such a place for a picnic as "The Farm?" There under the shade of the elms, the older people would sit looking off across the rippling waters of the lake to the hills beyond, while the boats and the pine groves of "Stony Point" claimed the young men and maidens. The lovable old couple who lived here so many years, were never so happy as when acting the hosts on these occasions, and are remembered with affection and respect by their many guests. Mr. Abel Heard was a pensioner of the War of 1812. He had a large sailboat on the lake and delighted to use it with his friends. This and the great chain swing hanging from



SPRING FLOODS

one of the elms, were institutions of the town. Dr. Thomas W. Parsons, the poet, spent many summers at the Island to which he was strongly attached.

The old place is now tenderly cared for and cherished. Although it wears a different garb than formerly, it is the beautiful dress of dignified old age. Whatever new features have been added have been carefully considered to this end, that it may stand amid modern life, a worthy representative of an old New England Homestead.

Berkshire

By Margaret Ridgely Schott

I KNOW not if when bridal mists of day
O'erhang the leafy forehead of thy hills
I like thee best, O place of flowers and May!
Or if when night fulfils

The whispered promise of her twilight dreams,
And folds thee sleeping, to her darkened side,
When stars, like fallen comets in thy streams,
Shine through the misty tide.

Or if when through thy sylvan solitude
Runs rioting the sorcery of spring,
And voice is given to every thrush's mood,
And life to every wing,

Thy lands are fairer—or when crowned with gold
And scarlet robed, the harvest wealth attained,
Thy woodland ways of flying flame unfold,
Flaunting the glory gained.

But whether blooming or deflowered hills,
The haunting image of thy gracious face
Heightens the laughing hours of joy, and fills
The hours of pain with grace.

Beneath the benison of alien skies,
In lands whose beauty would our love estrange,
Thy charm still holds the fancy, and defies
The subtlety of change.

A vision of the loveliness of things
To carry through the city's crowded mart,
A fadeless memory, that blooms and sings
Deep cloistered in the heart.

Hans Memling

By Mary K. Richardson

IT seems strange that so distinguished a man as Hans Memling, one of the finest representatives of the Flemish school of painting, should have left to posterity so little mention of his life. This great painter of the fifteenth century is supposed to have been pupil of van der Weyden, yet although he lived and worked in the Flemish town of Bruges, there is in that city no record of his birth.

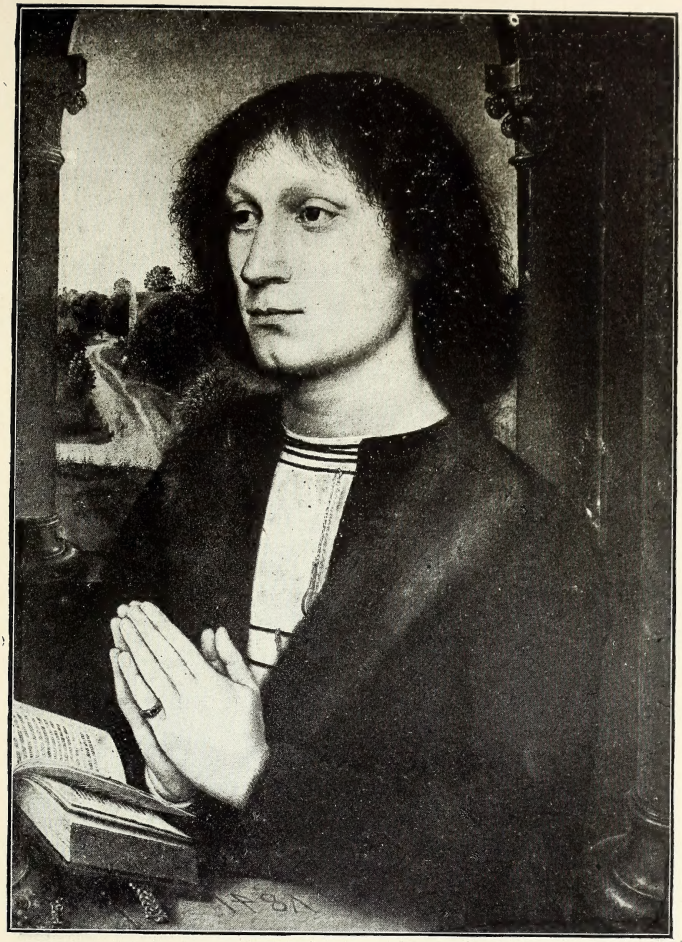
His style of painting much resembles that of van der Weyden, particularly in his later works, although he never quite equalled his supposed master in his figures with long brocaded robes, which still delight the eyes of all beholders. Hans Memling has improved on the coarseness of the usual Flemish painter in his portraits of women; and art critics descant upon his great feeling for beauty and grace, so well-known in his madonnas.

Travelers on reaching the ancient city of Bruges, in search of his master-pieces, are sent to the Hospital of St. John, for there are many of them to be found.

Tradition mentions Memling as beginning life as a soldier under Charles the Bold. Returning after the battle of Nancy to have his wounds dressed at the Hospital in Bruges, he remained there after his recovery, and painted for the institution, in token of gratitude for the benefits received, the great paintings which pass under his name, although few are marked with his own signature.

Generally made for churches, his pictures are religious subjects, full of fervor and devotion, all glorifying the beauty of holiness, as in the series of the "Life of Mary," where the madonnas are of a beauty more of heaven than of earth. A distinguishing mark of Memling's paintings is the background, in which pleasing landscapes are extended to represent successive scenes, following each other in date. The only two paintings signed with his name are found in the Hospital of St John, one a triptych, dated 1479, containing the Adoration of the Magi, the Nativity, and the Presentation in the Temple, of which replicas are found in Madrid. The legend of the Betrothal of the Infant Savior to Saint Catharine, showing him placing the ring upon her finger, with Mary enthroned, is the subject of the second painting of the same date.

Those who have once looked upon the famous "Chest of Saint Ursula," will not soon forget the beauty of this painting, in the chapel of the Hospital of St. John. Within a shrine of about four feet in length is the reliquary, enclosed by six compartments, on which are painted scenes in the life of this favorite and youthful saint, which are considered among the most interesting productions of early Flemish art. The arrival of the ship containing Saint Ursula, and her maidens, at Cologne,

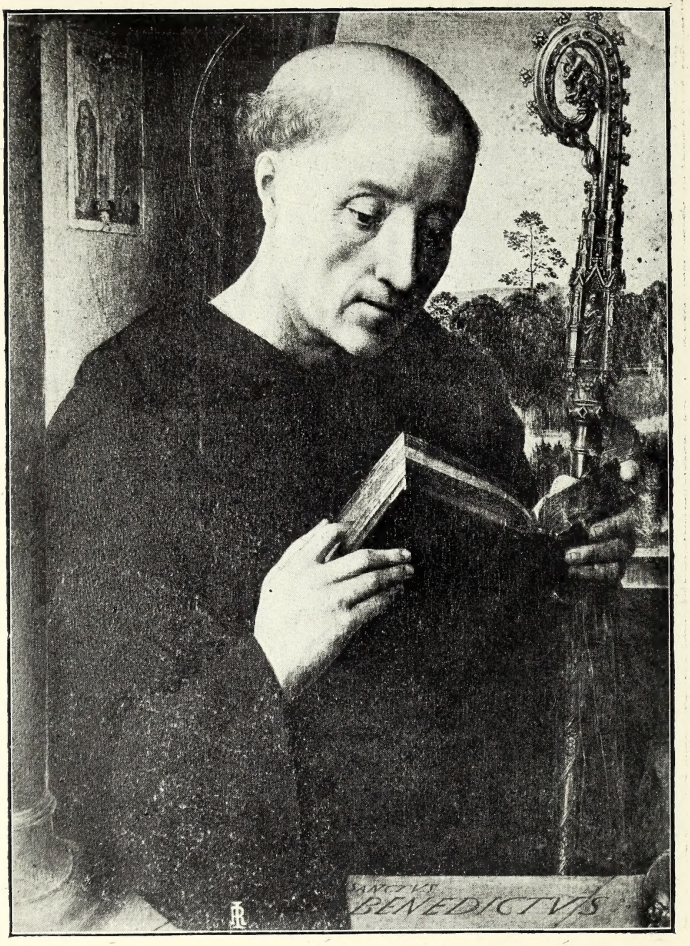


PAINTING OF AN UNKNOWN MAN, BY HANS MEMLING. ROYAL GALLERY OF UFFIZI, FLORENCE

their subsequent arrival in Basle and their return home where the martyrdom is accomplished, all are fit subjects for the artist's power, and are believed to have been painted after he had learned from experience the beauty of the Rhine.

Finally there must be mentioned one of Memling's greatest works, a triptych in Lübeck Cathedral, painted in 1491, representing scenes of the Passion and the Crucifixion, with the Annunciation and figures of saints on the side-panels, a work which has been said to represent the Flemish school in its highest perfection.

Toward the end of the century, however, Flemish artists began to feel their limitations in panel-painting and miniatures, and closer association with Italian art made them direct their studies to a greater knowledge of the nude, and a more life-like presentation of the human figure. Then Flemish painters no longer expressed "spiritual radiance by gorgeous raiment and glittering jewels," but portrayed flesh tints in clear and soft coloring, although

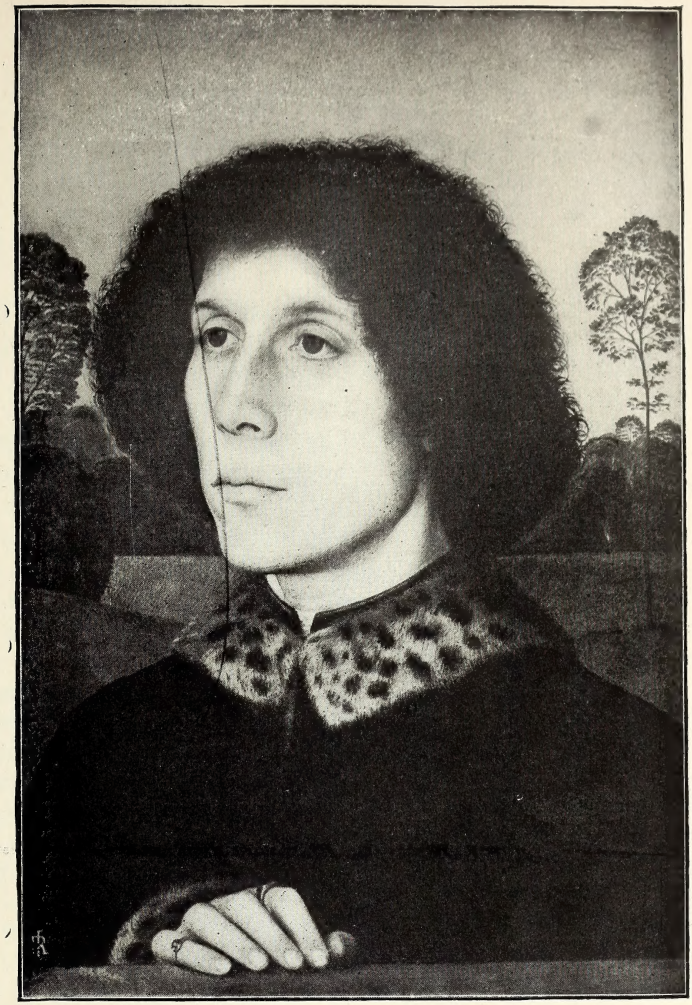


SAINT BENEDICT, BY HANS MEMLING. ROYAL GALLERY OF UFFIZI, FLORENCE

very realistically, unlike Italian artists who are said to have idealized even portraits.

In the Pitti Palace in Florence, placed on easels in the Dutch corner of the famous gallery, are two portraits which rivet the attention of all visitors, who there never fail to admire the smoothness of Memling's painting, and the delicacy and refinement of feeling which he displays in his work. Saint Benedict, Bishop of Cluny looks down upon the missal held in his hands, one of which surrounds a crozier, which in its Gothic beauty, might have been chiseled by the taste of Benvenuto Cellini. An open window of the cloistered cell shows a landscape background, tempting one to enjoy midsummer fruits and flowers, after a laborious day of thought. But the grave man wavers not in duty, for the crucifixion figures on the wall all remind him of abnegation and self-denial.

Scarcely less remarkable is the companion-piece in the same room, where an unknown figure sits with clasped hands over the open book which absorbs his thoughts, as he prays before a table, near a column of the quaint portico, with his back



PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN MAN, AFTER THE MANNER OF MEMLING.
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

turned away from the extensive park of an estate, where men and women laborers are engaged in husbandry, as they approach the lodge. His robe of black, trimmed with valuable fur,and the chains suspended from his under-dress of white, betoken the costume of a noble, and perhaps the artist has represented him as passing through the crucial struggle of his life.

The great Memling seems to have departed life in comfort, but as quietly as he entered it, with very little note of his public and private career. He left imitators, but no followers who could equal their famous master.

Paying Rent

By W. S. Rogers

ONCE in a while, at seemly intervals, Unc Sol went up to the Trendell mansion, with no money in his pockets and an empty market-basket on his arm, to see about his rent. He felt that it was the proper thing to do—and it was also profitable. For he had paid no rent whatever in all his life, and never expected to pay any; and he always came away from the big house with something or other new of the colonel's cast-off clothing to wear and a comfortable temporary supply of good provisions.

The colonel was a simple-minded, lovable old man—with a violent temper. He was a Southerner of the Southerners—of the old school that knew what a gentlemen ought to be, and declined to hold itself responsible for anything else under the sun. Unc Sol had been born in the old days on his father's plantation, and though he attempted to bully him for his own good, according to ancient and righteous custom, he was in reality quite fond of the old man—and he saw nothing incongruous or peculiar in having him call around every few months to enquire gravely after the particulars of an ever-increasing indebtedness, and departing a good deal richer than he came. But his daughter, Miss Sally, did. She contrived to be present on these occasions, and sat quietly, with a sometimes averted face, while Unc Sol and the colonel transacted their business. Unc Sol was grey and lean and long-legged, of pious deportment and grave demeanor. His negro brethren in the village scoffed openly at his grace, and challenged his ways and works. They said that he was a prodigious sinner, and were indignant at his manners and pretensions. But to Miss Sally he was simply a sublime old hypocrite—and she liked him.

"Well, suh?" the colonel would say. He always rose to his feet and received his visitor in a manner of curt discipline. And Unc Sol, depositing his basket casually at the door of the "office," would shamble into the room with his hat in his hand, bowing to everything.

"I 'low hit time I come see 'bout ma rent," Unc Sol usually remarked, as one gently asserting his rights.

"Well, suh?" the colonel confronting him in a peremptory fashion. "What about your rent?"

"I 'low hit time I come see 'bout datter rent," from Unc Sol, adding as a sort of afterthought, "Hit due."

"Yes, suh!" very fiercely from the colonel. "Your rent is due. It's ovahdue. It's a good deal ovahdue. Have you come to pay it?"

"No, suh," Unc Sol would explain in a mild indignation. "Not 'zac'ly to pay hit—I jess come see 'bout hit."

Whereupon the colonel after glaring at him for about a minute, would demand:

"Well, suh, what do you want to know about it? When are you going to pay it?"

Unc Sol would pause a little at the direct question.

"I wanter know how much 'tis—I 'low hit bet' to know how much de rent is," he would state.

"Well, suh," the colonel would reply, sternly and imperiously. "Your rent is considerable. And it is time it was paid."

He would go to his desk and dig around in his papers, and at about this time they both sat down, Unc Sol on the edge of a rocking chair, with his hat on his knee, blinking attentively.

The colonel usually stopped at least three or four times during his search to turn about and deliver moral reflections at short range. "Your conduct, suh, is extremely reprehensible." (Unc Sol made use of the big words afterwards). "You nevah have tried to pay your rent," or very emphatically, "You are the laziest niggah in the State of Kentucky!"

To all and more of which Unc Sol listened with an air of profound piety, winking steadily.

"Now, suh," the colonel would say at last, in very threatening style, "heah is your account. And I want it paid." He would read off the particulars in very firm tones, pausing between the sentences to glare Unc Sol out of countenance—an impossible thing to accomplish, however.

Unc Sol displayed quite a benevolent interest in the items and amount of his bill, asking extreme enlightenment, and well satisfied to be owing so much. He was proud of it.

"Now, suh," from the colonel, when the explanations were finished, "you are informed as to the amount of your indebtedness, and all the particulars, and I want to know what you are going to do about it? You have nevah paid one cent of rent since the day you were bawn, suh," very indignantly. "You have lived on the Trendell estate all your life, suh, and—and I demand to know the meaning of it!"

Then Unc Sol usually rose to his feet in a somewhat laborious manner and uttered something vaguely in regard to rheumatism.

"There's nothing the matter with you but laziness!" the colonel would snort. "You are a no-account trifling niggah, suh—that's what's the matter with you. But your trifling must be stopped. Do you understand that? Ah you going to pay your debts, suh?"

"Hit jess de trouble what I hev, wukkin' on ma min'," Unc Sol would generally observe. "Yassuh," he would say, after consideration, "Naix spring I calc'late I hev mo' money."

The colonel would glare at him. "You nevah had any trouble, suh!"

"Yassuh. Ma woman. Dat what bruk me speret." Unc Sol used a certain air of argument, shaking his head wisely.

"Your woman!" the colonel would snort. "Suh, your wife was a heap bettah than you are. She left you because you failed to support her. She left you because she got tired supporting you." The colonel would look on him most menacingly. "That was thirty years ago, suh. You were more shiftless when your wife was with you than you are now."

"Yassuh," Unc Sol would turn out, after a calm pause. "Seem laike I take ma 'sponsibility mo' to heart sence datter woman she gone. Yassuh. I 'low I do some bettah now she gone."

"Well, suh," from the colonel, after surveying him for some time in emphatic silence, "it's time you did bettah. You are a disgrace to the State of Kentucky, suh! Do you know that?"

And while Unc Sol blinked gravely over this proposition, "Now, suh," the colonel would finish, in threatening tones, "you go down to the kitchen, suh, and eat! And tell Aunt Polly to give you something to take home. Do you hear?"

"Yassuh," would slip out of Unc Sol, after a little meditation. "I 'low datter bes' t'ing ter do. Yassuh."

And he would shuffle out gravely, picking up his basket in the hall—and meander down into the kitchen to open negotiations with Aunt Polly.

"That niggah nevah intends to pay any rent!" the colonel would storm, glaring after him. "I don't believe he wants to pay any."

And then at about this point Miss Sally, bubbling over with suppressed mirth, usually came and hugged him. The colonel was always somewhat surprised at this, but highly gratified withal—and she smoothed him down at once.

"My dear," he would remark, quite gravely, while she stood regarding him with great tenderness and considerable mischief, "you are very beautiful. But go along and find some clothes for that niggah. And don't let Aunt Polly cut him too short."

This was hardly a necessary precaution, for Unc Sol knew his rights. However, it was true that Aunt Polly held great disdain for his presence and unmitigated scorn for his shortcomings—and a tongue wherewith to utter them. But Unc Sol merely grunted calmly under her treatment—or magnified unto her the scriptural admonitions concerning the wayward speech of woman. And he triumphed serenely.

Peculiar Traits of Russian Character

By Sigmund Krausz

Author of "Toward the Rising Sun" etc.

MOST superficial travellers in Russia and many readers on Russian subjects are impressed with the idea that, because the country of the Czar contains as many or more churches, chapels and monasteries than Italy, Spain or any other Roman Catholic country in Europe, the Muscovites must be a deeply religious people and a true Christian nation. The tourist especially receives this impression when he visits the ancient capitals of Russia, Kiev and Moscow. The first is a sort of Slavic Jerusalem and the latter has often been compared to the Eternal City and is frequently called the Russian Rome; a simile which is not unjustified when it is considered that Moscow is not only the seat of the metropolitan, but contains about 1600 places of worship. The population of either of these two cities probably shows as large a percentage of monks, priests and other ecclesiastics as the City of the Seven Hills and, in view of these facts, the prevailing idea that Russia is preëminently a religious nation is easily accounted for.

To anyone, however, who has sojourned in the country longer than the casual tourist does under ordinary circumstances, and who has paid more than superficial attention to the religious feature of Russian life, it must become obvious that the plethora of churches and icons, the latter of which may be found in the palaces of the rich, as well as in dram shops and houses of ill fame, is an erroneous indication of Christianity and that the seemingly fervent devotion of the Muscovites to their church is merely a matter of form and habit. This statement must not be taken as a generalization, for there are certainly many exceptions, but there is no doubt that the vast majority of the more educated subjects of the Czar are religious only in appearance and only because it belongs to the "bon ton" to appear so. They take their cue from the highest Russian society, which in turn follows the lead of the Czar himself, who, as head of the Greek orthodox church, is bound to observe—*nolens volens*—all its picturesque ceremonial. To most of these people the church attendance and the customary genuflexions and signs of the cross, when passing a place of worship or an icon, are merely mechanical performances which do not even mean as much as the lifting of a hat in saluting an acquaintance.

The mujiks and laborers in general perform their devotions in a less mechanical manner than the upper classes; their Christianity appears of a deeper dye, and it seems as if their religious fervor increases the lower their social status is and the poorer they are. These people are not satisfied with crossing

themselves when passing a church or chapel, and they frequently kneel in prayer before the icons in the streets. losing from two to five minutes for each devotional exercise. This custom can, perhaps, not be considered a waste of time in the case of mendicants and loafers who do not know what an honest day's work is, but it would be interesting to know how much, in the course of a year, the religious devotions of employees cost the employers of Russia, from whose time they are taken.

In spite of this apparent earnest and true Christianity of the poor, it is a fact that they barely have a conception of the real meaning of religion, and I do not believe that I go too far when I say that with the great illiterate masses of the Greek orthodox church, religion is, more or less, superstition clad in certain forms prescribed by a priesthood which exercises complete sway over the more than simple minds of their flocks. This is especially the case in rural Russia, where a great majority of the population are analphabets, and where the "popes"—as the priests of the Russian church are called—themselves do not stand, intellectually, much higher than the few itinerant country teachers who recruit themselves from discharged, drunken soldiers, former students and similar characters.

How little religion has to do with the moral character of the lower strata of Russian society is illustrated by the fact that even criminals are as devoutly attached to the church as any of the other classes, and perform their devotions in the same conscientious manner. I was told by a good connoisseur of the country that it not unfrequently happens that a thief and even a murderer, before executing a planned crime, will pray for its success at the shrine of his favorite saint, and will reward the latter with a gift of candles if his prayer be granted.

While I should not care to assert that this make-believe religion is at the bottom of the notorious official corruption in Russia and is entirely responsible for the low moral status of the Muscovite peasantry and the laboring classes, it still plays an important part in it. On the whole, however, social and economical conditions are chiefly to be blamed as causes of the prevailing degeneracy.

Official corruption pervades all ranks of the army, navy and civil government, and though, by reason of the fact that inferior officials and civilians in general are absolutely cowed and dominated by their superiors in office or society, exposures occur but rarely in times of peace, a war with a foreign power (see the present embroglio) generally brings to light scandalous affairs in the financial departments of the government, that strongly smack after conditions on the Bosporus.

The most polluted department of the government, however, is that of the police, one of the most important in a country ruled by an autocracy which is trying to smother the awakening spirit of liberty in the breasts of a people that has been galling under a tyrannical rule for centuries. Citizens of other countries have no conception whatever of the autonomous position of the Russian Hermandad, nor of the administrative power which a Muscovite chief of police may wield if it pleases him fully to exert it. Theoretically the officials of the public safety are subordinate to the ministry of the interior, and in the

large cities, where they are more or less under the eye of their ministerial superior, their unlimited power is naturally somewhat hampered, but a chief of police in a small town, or in the rural districts, has ways and means at his disposal to make himself a dreaded tyrant against whose rule no protest is of avail.

To improve these conditions would be a matter of extreme difficulty, as the police officials, like the "tshivarniks" (officials) of other departments, cling together and protect each other as much as possible against exposure of their crimes and arbitrary acts. Only to the existence of such conditions can it be ascribed that, for example, the notorious police-chief Shaffrov of Cronstadt—who, after prolonged efforts, was at last brought to trial some months ago—was enabled, during many years, to commit crime after crime without the population of the city being able to get redress. This worthy official of the public safety was, among other felonies, convicted of forgery, blackmail, sale of positions, embezzlement, fraud, protection of houses of ill-fame and other places of vice, etc.

Such exposures as the Shaffrov trial brought on are, however, very rare, and in still rarer cases do they lead to the desired results. Nevertheless it looks as if some improvement in affairs of the police force is sure to come, when it is considered that the all-powerful chief of police of St. Petersburg, General Kleygels, has lately been sentenced by the courts to the payment of 35,000 roubles damages to an ordinary citizen for exceeding his official powers. Such a sentence, in other countries, would involve some official disgrace. In Russia this is not the case, and General Kleygels was, shortly after this sentence, appointed by the Czar a general aide-de-camp in conjunction with his chieftainship of the St. Petersburg police.

Another branch of the government much affected by official curruption is that of the department of foreign customs. One would think that with the strict passport and customhouse regulations it would be well nigh an impossibility to cross the Czar's frontiers without a valid passport, duly signed by a Russian embassy or consulate; yet I know this to be the case. The smuggling of dutiable goods across the frontier is, in fact, an easy matter, especially for natives and such foreigners as have some knowledge of the Russian language.

I can illustrate the latter fact by an incident that has come under my own personal observation. Crossing some years ago the Russian frontier between Eydtkuhnen and Wirballen, on the German borderline, there was among my traveling companions a conspicuously stout lady whose artificial obesity any blockhead could recognize as neither her hands nor her face harmonized with the generous rotundity of her figure. Soon after leaving Wirballen she appeared in the compartment considerably reduced in bulk, declaring at my astonished inquiry, with a sly wink of her eye, that the Russian climate always had the reducing effect of a Banting cure on her. There is no doubt, however, that the remarkable effect was produced by nothing else but the power of the almighty rouble.

Somewhat more than for the official corruption, the lack of true religious feeling and teaching seems to be responsible for the low morals of the working classes in both ur-

ban and rural districts of Russia. This sad state of morality is, however, mainly the consequence of the degrading social and economic conditions in which this part of the Muscovite population has been living for centuries, and from which they have, as yet, not been able to extricate themselves.

Ever since Emperor Alexander I., by his ukases of 1816 and 1818, paved the way to the abolishment of serfdom, it was hoped that the mujik would improve his opportunity and soon rise to a higher grade of civilization, but even the entire emancipation of the serfs by Alexander II., in 1861, proved devoid of the expected results, and the Russian peasantry of today has reached only a slightly higher plane of culture than that occupied by it under Peter the Great and his predecessors.

Drunkenness and immorality are now rampant among the lower classes as they were before, and the authorities do not seem to make any efforts in the right direction toward the improvement of these conditions. True, they established large foundling homes (the largest in the world) which are managed on most humanitarian principles, but, while these establishments may be a preventive against one of the most nefarious crimes, that of child abandonment, they certainly do not tend to reduce immorality. On the contrary, their tendency is to increase it, and the best proof for this statement is the fact that the capacity of the great foundling homes in Moscow, St. Petersburg and Warsaw is not only taxed to its utmost limits, but their administrations are often forced to place their surplus wards with peasant women in the country.

The foundling home in Moscow, the largest institution of its kind, takes in annually from 12,000 to 15,000 little waifs without attempting to find out the names of the parents who are thus relieved of all responsibility. The person bringing a child simply receives a check with a number which serves as a receipt, on the return of which the infant may be claimed again. One can get an idea of the size of this home when I state that in its large courtyard are buried 5,000 Frenchmen who left their bones in Moscow during its short occupation by Napoleon I., in 1812.

The morals of "society" and the middle classes are, perhaps, neither better nor worse than those of the same classes in western countries, but in Russia one does not take the trouble to hide the shortcomings in this direction. Social hypocricy is not much practised, and it is an easy matter, even for a stranger, to get acquainted with this phase of Muscovite life. One does not have to go far out of the way to get an insight of it. Any hotel in which you stay offers this opportunity even to a casual observer, who is bound to notice the incredible liberties permitted to guests.

The latter are, in fact, so great—and I include here all Russian hotels—that in other European countries, even in such that are noted for laxity in this regard, and in the United States, similarly conducted hostelries would give the police sufficient cause for strict supervision. The same liberties prevail in a large number of public bathing establishments in all Russian cities, a condition which, elsewhere in Europe, I have observed only in Budapest.

Drunkenness is not regarded as a vice in the empire of the Czar, where everyone, from prince to mujik, drinks, and drinks much. The con-

sumption of high-priced wines, especially French champagnes, is proportionately greater in Russian society than in that of any other country, and as to "vodka," the national alcoholic drink, it figures among the best tax revenues, since the government has taken its manufacture out of the hands of the Jews, who formerly largely controlled it, and made it a state monopoly.

Whether the government, in taking this measure, simply intended to acquire an additional source of income, or, by regulating the liquor traffic and improving the execrable quality of the stuff formerly sold to the mujik, really had a decrease of drunkenness among the lower classes in view is not exactly clear to me, but I have not noticed any appreciable change in the relative conditions during a late sojourn in Russia. One may notice as many drunken laborers and mujiks as before in the streets, and vodka is still the cause of frequent drunks among the lower ranks of the Russian army who cannot afford to get intoxicated on champagne or other costly wines.

Speaking of the army officers, while the great majority are of the gentlemanly type of the average European representative of this privileged class, it is not an uncommon sight to see some of them in maudlin condition in restaurants and other public places; a fact which, in any other military state would inevitably result in the disgrace of the offenders. But, following the example of society which looks leniently on those of its members guilty of Bachian over indulgence, the army authorities take no notice of these weaknesses, and unless intoxication becomes habitual and too flagrant, it does not influence the career of an officer.

The common street drunkards of the lower classes of society are treated by the police, an otherwise not very gentle body of men, with true patriarchal kindness and consideration. I have never seen any of them arrested or in the least molested, unless they became abusive or started a disturbance. On the other hand I have, more than once, seen a "gardovoi" (policeman) gently pick up a sleeping drunkard from the sidewalk or the gutter and deposit him under the nearest protective recess of a gateway for the purpose of allowing him to sleep off his drunk.

The Challenge Cup

By Leigh Gordon Giltner

"THEN you're sure he stands a show to win?"

"Quite. He's never yet failed to do what I've asked of him and he won't now. We've eased up on his training a trifle, and though he's still pretty sore, he's game till he drops, and he'll do his best. You know what that is. I don't bet, you know, but if I did I'd back Strathmore to the limit."

There was a moment's silence, then the younger brother spoke slowly:

"It's a queer state of things, Val, when a fellow doesn't want his own horse to win, but that's precisely my case. In spite of all that's at stake, I tell you frankly I'd gladly see Strathmore lose. It's like this, Val. Young Fielding teased me for a tip till at last I yielded (like the chump I am!) and gave it to him—straight, as I supposed. I told him on the side that Strathmore was sore from a splint; that he wasn't taking his work well; that though you weren't saying a word, you looked a bit blue, and that personally, I didn't think much of our chances. The boy will bet, you know, and the best his friends can do is to try to keep the bookies from burning him up. He was bent on backing our horse, and as I didn't see how he could win, I felt that for Dorothy's sake I ought to give Ned the tip. I wish I hadn't. I hear he's put three thousand of his own and twice that amount of Dorothy's money on Lord Lovell, and if Strathmore wins, it will just about wipe him out."

A subtle change had come over the other's face.

"Do you mean, Laurie," he queried slowly, "that Miss Fielding has been foolish enough to entrust her property to the management of that spendthrift brother of hers, and that he's gambling it away as with his own?"

"Just that, Val. Women are so cursedly confiding, and though she ought to know Ned by this time, Dorothy goes on trusting him, letting him handle her money, and lending him sums she must know he can't repay. I hear he's pretty well run through with all their father left them, and if Strathmore takes the cup, it will leave them practically paupers. It's largely my fault. I wish I had refrained from putting in my oar, but our horse seemed sure to lose, and I didn't like to stand by and see the cub burn his own and his sister's money, so I steered him off Strathmore and tipped Lovell to win. You see my position, Val. Have you any suggestions to offer?"

"Have Fielding hedge. I know my horse, and I know what he's got to go up against. Strathmore's not so good as he has been, but take my

word for it, Laurie, he's good enough to win."

When Laurence Atherton returned from his mission his disgusted expression was eloquent of failure.

"It's no use, Val," he began, "I did my best—but you know Ned. Last week he couldn't see anything in the race but Strathmore; at present it's Lovell against the field. Christy's friends have been stuffing him; he's bubbling over with enthusiasm, and he wouldn't listen to me. I told him Strathmore was rounding to all right, that you thought he could win, and that you generally knew what you were talking about, but I couldn't convince Ned. He's taking heavy odds against Strathmore and putting all he can on Lovell. I feel responsible for the whole thing, and I wish I'd kept out of it. But when a man's in love he makes a fool of himself with and without reason."

There was a little pause, then Laurie burst out impetuously:

"The cup means as much to me as to you, val, but I'm glad you're the one to go after it. I'd try to drive to win, but the temptation to throw the race might prove too strong—oh, I know what you think of that, Val, but you don't know how it is, you old iceberg. If you'd ever cared for a woman as I care for Dorothy" (Val Atherton blushed darkly, then went a little white) "you'd understand that a score of Challenge Cups wouldn't weigh in the balance against her, while as for 'loving honor more'—well, as I said just now, I'm glad you'll be up behind the local favorite instead of your junior.

Atherton did not speak for an instant; then he said quietly:

"I'm sorry, Laurence. But I drive to win always, and—barring accidents—I think I'll turn the trick this time?"

The interest which centers in a matinee event differs strongly, if subtly, from that attaching to an ordinary purse race. Sentiment, which has no place in the latter, holds full sway in the former, where the personal element dominates the professional. The contestants in this, pre-eminently the pastime of the American gentleman, are actuated by the genuine sporting spirit rather than mercenary considerations; the entries are usually of the best, and their handling the most expert, while the spirit of friendly rivalry existing between the various driving clubs represented lends the requisite zest to the sport.

Certainly no event in the history of the local track had ever aroused more widespread interest and enthusiasm than that engendered by the third (and perhaps final) contest for the Challenge Cup, already twice won for the Raceland Gentlemen's Driving Club by Atherton, and wanting but the winning of to-day's event to be permanently secured to that body. The importance of the trophy; the quality of the entries; the standing of the clubs represented, and the distinction of the drivers—all reinsmen of more than local repute—combined to render the cup race an event of national importance.

The day and the conditions were perfect. The sky was cloudless, the air still, though not sultry, and the track lightning fast. Representatives of three cities were on hand to witness the victory or defeat of their champions; horsemen galore had forsaken the attractions of the Grand Circuit for this amateur event; society predominated over

the sporting contingent, which was, however, largely in evidence; the infield was crowded with smart equipages, and the grandstand was filled to overflowing. The most conservative admitted that no such assemblage had ever before gathered at the Raceland track. Strathmore was naturally the local favorite, though otherwise, by reason of his rumored lack of form, the least fancied of the three starters in the race; the talent liked Christy's phenomenally fast, though erratic, Lord Lovell; while Burlingham, owned and driven by Stallings, no less a power in the financial than the racing world, had a vast following.

As Atherton, tall, straight and slender, stepped into his speed wagon when the Cup race was called, the impassivity of his countenance was scarcely indicative of internal tumult. Yet, though it affected neither his steadiness of nerve nor the wonted perfection of his teaming, such a conflict of emotions was in progress beneath that calm exterior as his volatile junior had never experienced or even imagined. While Laurie cultivated and coddled his sensibilities to the point of sentimentality, his senior was generally regarded as emotionless, for the sole reason that his emotions were always perfectly controlled. It was popularly supposed, indeed, that Valworth Atherton held nothing "dearer than his horse"—in which, as sometimes happens, popular fancy went a trifle wide of the mark.

The tumult of applause which had greeted each of the visiting contestants for the Cup as he answered the starter's bell, swelled into a roar as Atherton appeared on the track with the local champion, the gallant bay's frictionless gait giving no hint of the pain each movement cost him. Atherton scarcely lifted his eye as he jogged Strathmore past the grandstand, yet, though but vaguely aware of the vast crowd following him with glances hostile or hopeful, according to predilection, he was somehow acutely conscious of a girlish figure on the club house verandah—his brother conspicuous in the group of men about her.

Stallings drew the pole and the local contestant the outside, yet confident of the quality and gameness of his horse, Atherton felt, as he faced the starter, that he had only to fear the strain on Strathmore's injured member of the terrific pace he knew Christy was sure to set him. Lord Lovell, in the course of his track career, had frequently exhibited such marvellous flights of speed as only the world's champion had equalled, but he was as unreliable as he was speedy—a fact upon which his opponents counted. In Burlingham, a fine type of the rugged, enduring racer, though no longer in his prime and lacking somewhat the bloom of perfect condition, Atherton felt that Strathmore had a rather more formidable rival.

On the third start the flag fell, and three as superb specimens of the trotting type as ever stepped a track went away neck and neck. As Atherton anticipated, Christy set the pace, his long rangy bay taking the lead at the turn with a burst of speed which made the spectators gasp. Burlingham trailed him closely, while Strathmore, his action as faultless, as measured as that of some perfect piece of machinery, struck a steady, even gait, so free and effortless as to mislead the onlookers as to its relative rapidity. At the half Lovell led by a length

or more, but as Burlingham began to close up on him, his erratic Lordship made an ugly break, pending which Strathmore, with a slight acceleration of his beautiful trip-hammer gait, came on, caught Burlingham in the lead and kept beside him without apparent effort, till they turned into the stretch, when he passed easily and went under the wire, winning by three lengths and with speed to spare. Atherton's confidence in the bay's quality was justified. He had responded gamely and generously to every demand made upon him, though an occasional wincing shudder stirring the silky, supple hide told its tale of pain and made Atherton feel himself a brute to call upon the gallant horse when so far from fit. The crowd yelled itself hoarse, though the time had not been phenomenal; the Raceland Club went wild, and Atherton was fairly overwhelmed with congratulations. Disengaging himself at length from his enthusiastic friends, he was turning toward the Club House in search of his brother, when intercepted by Ned Fielding. The boy's handsome, dissipated face wore a tense, strained expression; he had evidently been drinking a little; his eyes were bloodshot, and his speech rapid and incoherent.

"Look here, Atherton," he began hurriedly, "I know you don't talk, but your brother got me into this, and you've got to tell me—for God's sake, Atherton!"—as the other made an impatient movement forward—"just how good is your horse? I've put my roll on Lord Lovell and if he loses I'm all in. Give it to me straight, Val—I'll keep dark—and be quick about it. I've got to hedge if I can."

It was a well-known fact that Atherton seldom gave his friends a chance to quote him in reference to his races—so well known, indeed, that his acquaintances had ceased to interview him; and had Fielding been less desperate or less drunk he would have hesitated to approach him. There was an instant's silence, then, scarcely more to his auditor's surprise than his own, Atherton answered curtly:

"Back Strathmore to win. I'll stake you to any amount you care to play." Five minutes later Atherton entered the Club House, only to find that Laurence had gone to the stables, and that he had somehow missed him. As he crossed the crowded verandah, Dorothy Fielding detached herself from the group about her and held out her hand.

"I want to congratulate you, Mr. Atherton," she said, "though your gain is Ned's loss. He confided to me, as we drove out, that he'd backed Lovell heavily, and it seems to me he stands to lose. But for all that I should be sorry to have the local club lose the cup, and I hope you'll win."

Atherton's face had lost something of its wonted impassivity. He did not meet the eyes she lifted to his face.

"Thank you very much, Miss Fielding," he said, "I shan't give you the usual hard luck story, but Strathmore is really not in his best form today, and I can't say how he'll stand the strain. Not to be outdone in magnanimity, I promise to rejoice for your sake if Lovell wins—though that's rank treason to my fellows of the G. D. C., who are prepared to mob me on the spot if I lose."

The girl was smiling up at him, and because he could not courteously continue to scan the distant

horizon, he let his eyes rest for an instant on the vivid upturned face—and as quickly turned them away.

"That's quite too much to expect," she answered lightly. "Loyalty must take precedence of gallantry always—*loyale en tout*, isn't that the motto beneath the Atherton crest you're too aggressively American to use?"

Atherton winced sharply. "Loyal in all"—she could not know, he felt, how he needed that spur, how far short he had fallen of the spirit, though he had kept the letter of the phrase. He recalled with a smile, half amused, half tenderly reminiscent, how as a lad, he had secretly made his own the motto which to what Dorothy had called his aggressive Americanism it had seemed to savor of snobbishness to openly use; how he had striven to live up to the traditions of his house, how he had lived up to them indeed, loyal in all things—save one.

"Atherton," Davenant's voice called from within, "I hate to make myself obnoxious, but—if Miss Fielding will pardon me—I'd like to speak to you a moment." And Atherton lifted his hat and went.

The vast throng in the grandstand was keyed to a high pitch of excitement when the scoring for the second heat in the cup race began. Strathmore's easy victory in the first had put the crowd on edge; the local contingent were confident, the visitors correspondingly anxious; the cognoscenti smiled knowingly, while the masses were more or less at sea.

"Keep your hair on, Harkins," a sporty looking individual on the green was saying to a companion. "It's all right, I tell you. Fielding's backing Lovell to his limit and Fielding's 'in the know'—stands in with the Athertons—younger one sweet on his sister, I'm told. The first heat was a blind—Atherton's too sharp to show his hand on the start—but there'll be something doing this time, you mark me. These amateurs have got us bested when it comes to fixing a job. Keep your eyes open and you'll see a thing or two, my boy."

As the horses left the wire, Lord Lovell, swinging into his matchless stride, set the pace as before. Burlingham, admirably driven, moved like clockwork from the start, while Strathmore, at the pole, showed no sign of the lameness his owner feared for him. Round the superb track they swept, stepping with automatic precision, every splendid sinew doing its work, every muscle in the beautiful lithe bodies moving true to a hair. The beat of the flying hoofs sent a cloud of fine dust up into the blue, but the straining eyes of the mass of humanity in the grandstand and on the green lost no slightest movement of the splendid trio. A wonderful race it promised to be—a race worth witnessing and worth remembering—a battle royal between three such equine giants as had never before taken each other's measure on the local track. Strathmore's backers knew that if he won, it would be no empty victory, but a struggle stubbornly contested from start to finish.

At the half Lovell was a little in the lead, Burlingham at his throat latch and Strathmore, well in hand, hugging the rail, his owner holding all his power in reserve for one of the brilliant finishes that were Strathmore's long suit. At the three-quarter pole Strathmore was still holding back, Burlingham was tiring visibly, and Lovell looked an

easy winner. It was not until nearing the home stretch that Atherton called on the bay, and the cheers of Atherton's adherents rang out as the good horse responded. But an instant later the cheers died to a murmur; Strathmore was seen to falter, to stumble, to break. The murmur grew into a hoarse roar of rage and disappointment, as the horse's backers grasped the situation. Strathmore had stumbled on the strap of a loosened boot and thrown himself, going almost to his knees, to be righted by a wonderful piece of reinsmanship. But before Atherton could bring him fairly to his feet, Burlingham had shot by him and Lovell was under the wire.

Atherton, as a rule, accepted victory and defeat alike with equanimity. But a close observer might have noticed, as he left his place at the end of the second heat, that his lips were colorless and his jaws set as in a vice. A fancy that had flashed across his mind when Strathmore stumbled had become a conviction; a fatal phrase clung in his memory; a smarting sense of something worse than defeat made him set his teeth with the determination to win the next heat if he never won another while he lived.

In the interval that ensued, not once was Strathmore out of his owner's sight. He himself helped to reharness the horse, himself adjusted Strathmore's boots and scalpers, and personally tested every inch of his light racing gear. There should be no accident this time.

As he was crossing to the track for the third heat, Davenant, the president of the local club, stopped him for a moment.

"You must win this heat, Val—for more reasons than one," he said. "There's been crooked work somewhere. Strathmore's boot, picked up in the stretch, showed clearly that it had been cut almost through. That young fool, Fielding, drunk as usual, has been babbling openly about Strathmore's lack of form and his certainty to lose, and quoting Laurie as his authority. He's backing Lord Lovell heavily, and some lunatic's started the story that you and Laurie are staking him. In view of this, your accident was most awkward. You know my feeling for you, Val, and for Laurie as well, and I'm sure you'll understand my motive in mentioning this. Keep Strathmore to his work and he'll win all right. Luck to you, old man."

Atherton gripped the hand Davenant extended and turned into the track without a word. His eyes were stern and his lips set in a firm straight line.

However opinions may have varied as to Atherton's teaming in the first two heats, the most sceptical could scarcely have failed to be convinced that he drove to win in the third. Abandoning his wonted conservative tactics, from the outset he called upon Strathmore for every atom of speed he possessed, and the good horse responded generously, carrying his competitors to the half in 1.02 3-4. Lord Lovell, on his mettle, forced him to step his third quarter in 31 1-2 seconds; yet when he had accomplished that task, he had speed enough left to trot his rivals into the ground before they were half way through the stretch. Pandemonium reigned when the time was flashed to the spectators. Strathmore had lowered his mark and broken the race record of the local track. Atherton was literally lifted from his place, and the gallant bay nearly smothered by the throng that pressed around him.

Davenant was among the first to grasp the victor's hand.

"That's the time we turned the trick, old fellow," he whispered. "This ought to settle them, Val."

But Atherton, unsmiling, shook his head.

Davenant, prince of amateur reinsmen and best of good fellows, dropped in one afternoon rather less than a fortnight after the race, at the downtown offices of the Messrs. Atherton.

"I called by," he began, "to give you fellows the benefit of some Sherlock Holmes stunts I've been doing recently. Of course you are both aware of the unpleasant comment caused by the awkward combination of circumstances connected with last week's race. The cutting of that boot, taken in connection with Laurie's offering to assume young Fielding's bets on Lord Lovell did look a trifle queer, you must admit." (The senior Atherton turned quickly toward his brother. In the light of this revelation many things became clear. Laurie flushed hotly, but said nothing.) "Your own attitude in the matter, your refusing to encourage investigation or even to discuss the subject in any way served to lend color to the growing conviction that things weren't quite on the square. If I hadn't known you both for the thoroughbreds you are, I confess I'd have been inclined to suspect something myself. As it was, I jumped to the conclusion that there was someone you were trying to shield, and knowing Laurie's infatuation in a certain quarter it didn't take me long to decide that it was Fielding. Accordingly I had a little talk with that youth. The boy's straight enough when he's sober, and when I pointed out to him what Laurie's Quixotism (pardon the freedom of friendship, Laurie, but that's what it was) had cost him, he told all he knew about the matter—which, it appeared, was a good deal. It seems he'd passed on the tip Laurie was chump enough to give him to some of his sporty friends—you know the gang—and they'd proceeded to put all they could beg, borrow or steal on Lovell. When Strathmore showed his mettle in the first heat they took fright, and not having the wherewith to hedge, planned to put your horse out of the race. They chipped in a hundred and bribed your groom to fix that boot, on the chance of the horse's injuring himself. Fielding however, knew nothing of this till it was all over, when there seemed little to be gained by giving his friends away. I tackled Cooper promptly—nice, trustworthy party to have around!—and told him the game was up. He was scared sick and confessed the whole thing—admitting that he'd cut that boot under Val's very eyes. He's a slick one, is Cooper. (By the bye, you'll have to replace him, Val. I hear he's left town for his health.) I suppose these's no use airing the thing unduly, now that it's all over, but I'll see you fellows set straight. So long." And he was off.

An awkward little pause ensued, then Laurie spoke—rather affirmatively than interrogatively.

"You thought I cut that boot, Val, and were trying to shield me?"

Atherton flushed hotly.

"It's no use for me to apologize, I suppose," he said. "It's not easy to forgive a thing like that. But—"

"Don't say a word, Val. I don't wonder you doubted me—I'd said eonugh to justify you, though I didn't mean half of it. It's been a

comedy of errors all round. You thought it was I, while I suspected Fielding—and in our Quixotic efforts to shield the offending party of our respective fancy, we've gotten ourselves disliked. We've made rather a mess of it, between us, but Davenant will set it right. Davenant's a brick—and—and you're another, Val!" With the smile that had made him the best-liked man of his class in college, he held out his hand.

The winner of the Challenge Cup, in response to an imperative summons, presented himself that evening in the Fielding drawing room. He habitually avoided Dorothy—one may at least live up to the letter of one's code.

"I sent for you, Mr. Atherton," Dorothy began with unfeminine directness, "to thank you for what you did for Ned—and incidentally for me." Atherton squirmed. In common with the majority of his sex he hated the role of benefactor and he inwardly anathematized Ned for betraying him. "I only learned of it to-day," Dorothy pursued, "I don't think Ned meant me to know—in fact he said you'd sworn him to secrecy—but he mentioned it inadvertently and I would't be satisfied till I had the whole story. I want to tell you how much I appreciate your kindness, how sorry I was to learn what that kindness had cost you and how glad I am that it's all right at last."

Atherton flushed uncomfortably.

"Pray don't speak of it," he murmured, "Ned was acting on a false tip from my brother, and I—we—felt bound to set it straight."

"You were under no possible obligation," the girl protested, "except that of your too rigid construction of 'noblesse oblige.' Ned shouldn't have let you do it. It has placed him—and me—lastingly in your debt and I do not know how we can ever repay you. It was too much. I have no right to accept—"

"I am sorry that you should feel so," Atherton interposed, "I had fancied—hoped—that you had every right to avail yourself of such slight service as I might at any time be able to render. It was my pleasure I assure you. Nothing could make me happier, believe me, than to be allowed to be of use to you."

He spoke with unnecessary, though quite unconscious, fervor. He honestly tried to look at the opposite wall the while, but with Dorothy's beautiful, vivid face in direct line of vision this was difficult, and it was his misfortune, not his fault that his voice had a caressing quality that lent a tender value to its lightest utterance. A swift flush dyed the girl's cheek and her lashes fell.

"You—you are very good," she faltered, "but I—we—you've placed us under such heavy obligations—"

"It was rather a liberty, perhaps," he conceded, "but I felt privileged, as Laurie's brother—"

The girl recoiled as from a blow. The color faded from lips and cheek.

"Then it was for Laurie's sake? You did not think of me?" The words escaped her involuntarily. Before they were fairly uttered she would have given worlds to recall them.

A preconceived idea of long standing is not to be dispelled in an instant—and Atherton's mental processes were slow.

"I—I beg your pardon," he faltered uncertainly, "I thought—I supposed—" He was little versed in the ways of womankind and the words and look which to Laurie's wider experience would have been

illuminative told his senior nothing.

"Really," he stammered, "I fancied—er—I quite thought—" He floundered hopelessly for a moment, then suddenly he pulled himself together. "Miss Fielding," he said with simple directness, "will you answer an apparently impertinent and irrelevant question? You'll doubtless feel that I've no right to ask, but do you—pardon me—do you care for Laurie in the least?"

The girl's answer came unhesitatingly.

"Not in the least—in the way you mean." Atherton took a step toward her, but loyalty to Laurie intervened.

"You—you are quite sure?" he queried inanely.

"Quite." The girl's answer was scarcely audible, but he heard.

"Then—" He covered the space between them at a stride. With a little inarticulate cry she turned away her face, but he caught her hands and by sheer force of will compelled her to meet his gaze. Only for an instant—but in that instant the whole world seemed to change.

"Dorothy!" he cried, "Dorothy!" Try as he might he could not see the eyes her lashes hid.

"Oh," he breathed, "it can't be—you don't—it isn't—really?"

A faint glimmer filtered through the fallen lashes.

"Really," she said.

'Manda

PART III.

'Manda's Aspirations

By JEANNETTE PEMBERTON

"MISS MARY, have you got a minute to spare? I jest want to consult you about buying a new veil—"

"A new black veil, 'Manda?" asked Miss Mary, as she glanced at the samples of crape in her servant's hand with unconcealed surprise.

"Why, yes, ma'am. I've always calculated in my own mind to wear mourning for Mr. Knight till I felt like betrothing myself to another man. As long's I felt the inward pangs of grief, I'd show the outward badge of it. It seems fitting so to do; and I'm not ready to part with widow's veil, yet. Not to say, though, that I've no thoughts on the subject. And Joe Knight is the last man to interfere, or grudge me any chances of happiness! And I'll venture to say he'd be just as pleased, where he is now, to see me in pink as in black."

Miss Mary smiled with delicate and appreciative assent.

"But, still and yet, this crape is all I can do for him, and I'm not going to take it off, jest yet."

"But it seems a pity to buy a new veil, 'Manda, if you have any intention of wearing colors, soon. I noticed you were making a buff shirt-waist, last week."

"Well—yes. There are men that fancy buff—and I won't deny I'm having thoughts on certain subjects. And if it hadn't been for James Wil-

liam's antics I could have stuck it out with my old mourning till I'd decided. But he has made it out of the question; and all I want to know now is, which of these crapes is the blackest and mourningest. I like to do it right, if I do it at all."

It did not take long for Miss Mary to select the one most suitable to express a widowed heart; and after a little more comment on its merits, she said:

"Of course, you know, 'Manda, I don't wish to interfere, nor to grudge you happiness any more than your Mr. Knight, but it will be a sad sight for me when you announce your readiness to end your widowhood by a change of dress. I shall not know how to live without you!"

"My goodness, Miss Mary! You don't suppose I ever mean to leave you, 's long as you let me stay, do you? Where'd I ever find a home like this? Or an intellectual companion, just to my mind, like you?"

Miss Mary tried to make her involuntary smile a purely friendly one.

"Land sakes, no! I think it's pleasant to feel I'm some use to these men that hanker after my cooking and tidy ways; and the best way to exert an influence is to bear up cheerfully when they hang 'round, and promise to marry, sometime; but I ain't never had any thoughts of having less than several years probation for the best of them. I've always liked long engagements; they give you time to look 'round and make sure you could'nt do better, and form your plans for a kind of a future battle-field."

"Are the men always willing to wait your pleasure?" asked Miss Mary.

"Well—no. Men are selfish. You saw how that undertaker acted. But that jest proves my point—it gives you a chance to find out their character. This plumber, now; he's young and—well—I don't know. It all remains to be seen," she concluded, with fine maidenly delicacy. "But, anyway," after a moment's thought, "he's got more mind for poetry than the undertaker ever thought of having! We both belong to a society for Practicing Poetry in Every Day Life—"

"Now, I see trouble ahead, 'Manda," interrupted Miss Mary. "This is the first time I have heard of more than one member in your societies. If you and the plumber are paired in this way already, you'll hardly need to waste money on a new veil."

'Manda smiled with reticent dignity, and Miss Mary was about to leave the kitchen, but she found more advice was wanted.

"I'm thinking of doing a little good in the world," 'Manda began, briskly. "Here I am, day after day, just having an easy time, and laying up treasure in the bank where I've no doubt moth and rust can get at it, as 'twere; and no troubles to worry me; and it don't seem right. It don't seem as if I could defend myself on the Judgment Day when the Lord asks me what I did with all my opportunities. I don't know just what to decide on;—but I thought of asking you to rent me that old carriage-house—" Miss Mary gave a perceptible start of surprise—"oh, I won't hurt it. I want that nice upstairs room in it; I could clean it, and make it pretty. I'd like to be the means of helping boys—"

"Boys, 'Manda! Why not girls?"

"Well, there's something to be said on both sides. Girls are worth something—but I've often noticed boys come higher. Even in the

Bible, boys fetch better prices. And when I'm thinking of saving creatures from destruction, it's boys I dwell on. Jest now, there's a boy—well—the plumber knows him—he's only just let out o' jail, an' hasn't a soul to be kind to him, nor a cent o' money. He slep' in the plumber's shop last night—filled himself with sewer-gas and fever-germs I s'pose"—Miss Mary was about to ask if the plumber stored these essences in his shop, but 'Manda was too eager to pause—"and I want to get hold of him and snatch him from ruination." She waved her hand comprehensively in the direction from which the destroyer might leap out.

"But, 'Manda, you are not thinking of inviting him—a criminal—to occupy a room in my carriage-house?"

"Well, I reckon they wouldn't be any risks with me on the watch." She smiled with indulgent charity for the apparent forgetfulness. "I'd be on his tracks, night and day."

"I know you'd do your best, and I should like to help him, but I can't quite give him the carriage-house. However, you may clean and beautify the room, I'll give it to you, and you may be able to find other noble use for it."

So the old room became 'Manda's and was scrubbed and "tidied" and even decorated with the unique care and thoroughness of its owner. The plumber was invited to inspect it, when he chanced to drop in, a few evenings later; and his approval was most cordial in spite of the disappointment he may have felt in not being allowed to bring his protégé to its comfortable shelter. Its redemption from the dust and cobwebs of long years gave opportunity for the exchange of precious nuggets of thought between the two friends, but at the close of the evening, 'Manda shook her head and pursed her lips as if events had not quite fulfilled her expectations.

The next morning, as she brought in the coffee to her mistress, she said:

"I'm going to write and have my new veil sent up to-day."

"Why don't you wait and go yourself?" asked Miss Mary. "Won't you have time?"

"No, I'd rather not go, thank you. I haven't been down town since James William painted me; I don't like to be seen without my crape. I should have sent for it before, but I thought I'd wait till I'd had another interview with the plumber; for if things went one way I'd light out and spend my money on some pink and buff calico, and a book on plumbing. But since they've gone the other way I can get the crape to tide me over, and be resigned."

Miss Mary smiled with delighted appreciation, but asked, half-puzzled: "Why a book on plumbing?"

"Well, it's always been brought home to me that a woman that takes the trouble can teach a man lots about his profession. I've made a good many points on plumbing jest studying your pipes and my wants; but a book on the subject might learn me the words of their language, and I wouldn't be above talking it. You see nearly every one has a language, and the way to succeed with folks depends on knowing how to talk it. As soon as my eye lit on you, I knew we spoke the same tongue, and jest see how we've got on! Now when you come to a profession like plumbing 'tain't enough to understand—ah—your—friend's private language; you've got to know the society tongue, as 'twere.

Yes. I'll jest look over some good book for a spare minute or two, and be ready to puzzle the best of 'em."

She turned to go out of the room, but suddenly wheeled around again; "Oh, that boy, you know? The one I wanted to make a home for? He's run off, and taken ten dollars with him! Stole it. Well—I was ready to cast my bread on the waters, as 'twere; but he had no appetite for good bread, anyway. So it's jest as well I didn't take him into your house. But I am real sorry."

"Can't you think of some other way to use the room?" questioned Miss Mary. "It looks too pretty to waste."

"It certainly does," was the emphatic reply. "And I've had thoughts—well—you may have noticed I have some gifts?" She spoke with a half-modest hesitation quite new to the self-confident 'Manda, and not unbecoming. "Mr. Knight always told me I had command of language and great talents for acting. I have had ideas of going on the stage—oh, they are past, ma'am, they are past; you needn't jump at me!" she made haste to reply to the unconcealed amazement in her listener's face. "I shouldn't like the low set I'd have to associate with. But I've had thoughts of helping others who had talents like mine, and yet different tastes."

Miss Mary's amazement grew, but her patience was great, and she only said, "Yes?" with polite hesitancy.

"I might use the room to give lessons in—not exactly what you might call acting, but faces, and manners, and maybe words thrown in to advanced classes. 'Depicting the Passions,' Mr. Knight used to call it. Sort of making faces and attitudes—no, not bee attitudes, exactly. What would you think of the plan?" she asked, in the assured tone that seems already to know the answer.

"Well—if you think you could do it;" Miss Mary's tone implied much reserve, which passed quite unnoticed.

"Oh, I could do it all right. If only folks have sense enough to feel their need of what I'll give."

"Yes, certainly, that would be necessary."

"I should just let some girls—poor, you know—find out that I'm the one that can learn them what they need to know, and that I do it for nothing."

"Why 'for nothing'? Why should not you be paid for hard work as well as other teachers?" asked Miss Mary, pleased to the heart with the new picture of the faithful 'Manda as a dramatic instructor.

"Why that's the whole point, ma'am. I am doing good, so to speak. Giving my chances to other folks. You forget that I belong to a Society for Promoting Piety by Profitable Play."

Her eyes twinkled with suppressed mirth. Her societies were real to her, but amusing, nevertheless, and the ready comprehension of her listener was always a joy.

"Where do you find such pat titles for your numerous societies, 'Manda? I should find it difficult."

"Well, I've always been partial to language. Mr. Knight was. We used to write poetry and think up words together, and it gave me fluency that I'm real thankful for. Mr. Knight owned a dictionary"—with happy pride—"and he used to bring it when he came to call, nights, and we certainly passed improving hours."

"Yes, you must have enjoyed it;" Miss Mary wondered how it would seem to have a lover bring a diction-

ary for the evening's delight, while 'Manda's face grew soft with tenderly happy memories.

"But—what about your class?" finally asked Miss Mary anxious to hear further details of the novel plan.

"When I've got up the class, my idee is to show them that motions and making up faces are just as good ways as language to show what your feelings are—or maybe to hide 'em! This way, now—" She contorted her features with rapid changes, ending in a languishing droop of eye-lids and mouth which was irresistible.

Miss Mary threw her head back and lost herself in peals of laughter. Again and again she tried to speak and failed; until with tears on her cheeks and aching jaws, she felt faint and helpless.

"I'm very glad it pleases you, ma'am," said 'Manda with dignity. "What I showed you was—first 'Rage,' then 'Scorn,' followed by 'Pride,' 'Horror,' and 'Grief.' Those are some of the Passions. I can do it in motions, too."

Rage and Horror were endurable with the aid of mighty self-control, but Scorn and Pride nearly overthrew the spectator, and when 'Manda sank to the floor in what she described as the "crouching posture." with her sharp elbows squarely framing her distracted face, and her long limbs crossed tailor-wise, Miss Mary was again prostrated.

"It ain't exactly meant to be laughed at," explained 'Manda, after waiting a decent moment for her mistress to recover herself. "But I s'pose the room makes some difference. And I ain't just dressed for attitudes, either," looking quizzically at her short, scant, black skirt, gingham apron, and "Jersey waist."

"But, of course, I'll get up a costume for the class; and I guess when that's ready I'll try it."

Miss Mary looked forward to much pleasure when the costume should be finished; and murmuring in choking voice, "Yes, do try," she hastily left the kitchen, and retired to the piazza to finish her mirth in decent privacy.

'Manda "thought matters over;" wrote to some Physical Culture teachers and exchanged ideas; and even went to a very select and proper play with the plumber, in order to equip herself thoroughly for her new duties. The difficulty of the plan seemed to lie in finding people who needed its benefits; but she was patient and hopeful, and while she waited she comforted the suspense with choosing, making and trying on her "costume." It consisted of a full, but short, blue skirt with buff trimmings, a red waist profusely furnished with gilt buttons, and a pair of black slippers with pink stockings. These last were the crowning glory of the outfit, if one may speak of stockings as crowning. To Miss Mary's fastidious eye they seemed indelicately flesh-colored, but she kindly forbore to suggest her objection. 'Manda had been absorbed in the joy of gratifying her love for color, and had permitted herself, for this once, to forget her devotion to the late Mr. Knight, and abandon herself to the delight of these brief hours of Passion—why should she be disturbed with prudish criticism?

She often went to the carriage-house to spend the early autumn evenings in "practicing," and occasionally Miss Mary accompanied her. The practicing was more satisfactory with an attentive spectator, and was often, and indirectly, a

means of much grace to the spectator.

"I'm paying some attention to the pleasant Passions, now," 'Manda announced, one evening, just after finishing a charming depiction of Tenderness and Rapture. "But they ain't so popular. They don't seem to take hold of your very being like the fierce ones."

Time went on. September crispened into October, and still no pupils had been secured for the "School of Artistic Emotions." 'Manda was patient; "but they's no use waiting when they's nothing to wait for," she told her mistress, one rainy evening.

"I've got sense enough to know when a good scheme's no good to any one but yourself. This has done me good. It's freshened up all my emotions and my talents for depicting; and given me a tasty little costume that'll come in handy some day; and sort o' chastened my proud spirit into understanding that my ways of doing benefits to the world may not be the best ways. And I reckon it's done you good, ma'am, in some small measure—'Laugh and grow fat' may be true, for aught I know. But still and yet I must jest drop the thing; and now I've got a new idea. I belong to a Society for Big Views of Life, and I never was one to be downed by failures. There's James William Johnson, poor rascal! and his baby brother, and other little folks like 'em; and if I can manage it, I'm going to put pictures and playthings and the like o' that in the room, and get a lot o' children together, afternoons, and amuse 'em, and try to do 'em good. You know half the children in the world ain't got any parents worth mentioning—and I'll be their parents."

"But, 'Manda! it will be so difficult. Who will bring the children? And take them home? And one person can't take care of many." Miss Mary spoke with discouraging lack of enthusiasm.

"Oh, I'll fetch 'em and carry 'em home. Trust me for managing. A person that's got zeal for doing isn't apt to see lions in the way. I feel now jest in the humor for deeds like building lofty sky-scrapers!" She threw her head back and gazed at the ceiling. You can build up as high as you like, and not pay extra for room—" her bony finger seemed to pierce the ceiling and reach heavenward, while her eyes were fixed in an ecstasy of contemplation. "Up land is free as high as aspiration calls. If you spread your selfish soul over the earth, you'll have a pile of ground rent to pay—dirt-room comes high—but up, up, up is free to the lowest, and I long to spread my wings!"

Miss Mary was speechless with amazement; and, before she could recover herself, the orator stepped from her pinnacle, and, laughing, said, by way of conclusion; "But I guess I'll find my hands full with that brat of a James William!"

"Well! I've had my first day at it! The Rigmarolium is actually started," 'Manda announced one evening a week later, as she brought in the lamp to Miss Mary's sitting-room.

"Rigmarolium—yes—that's what I've decided to call the room. And while I don't say I'm one to weary in kind deeds, I'm free to confess that doing good to that Johnson family is an awful chore—it is indeed! If you could a'seen what I took that innocent baby out of today when I went to fetch the two, your stomach would have turned. I belong to a Society for Scouring

the Slums, but I'd have to invent some sort of purifyer stronger than any I've known yet to do the disinfecting for that old yellow house! But I kep' from telling 'em what I thought, and spent the whole living afternoon washing those children and mending 'em up. And its just as well I can't hear of any more babies needing me!"

"I thought you were going to amuse them, and do them good?" half-questioned Miss Mary.

"Well, if you'd been there you'd a'been the first one to say 'soap and water 'll do 'em more good than anything. And as for amuseing,' I couldn't get up spunk enough for anything while they smelt so. But if they come tomorrow, we'll have some fun."

Through the next week 'Manda seemed silent and even depressed. Miss Mary observed it with sympathy, but forbore to ask questions; she knew full details would be given in due time, and on Saturday, at bedtime, 'Manda poured out her trials with childlike abandon.

"Well—I thought I belonged to a Society for Bearing Bothers and Bruises, but I reckon I ain't ever been rightly initiated into it. My! but that second wife of Jim Johnson's is a caution! Here I've been slaving myself to take her rightful responsibilities off her shoulders for a week or so, and doing it cheerfully without a mite of thanks, and today I just felt I'd got to take a day off, and ride out in the trolley, and gaze on some scenery, and lift my poetic and beauty half out of the mire—A body can't be doing good practical works every minute! So I thought I wouldn't open the Rig jest for those Johnson's; and I got my kitchen cleaned, and myself dressed up, and was just starting off in my new veil and bonnet and my best skirt, when who should I meet at the gate but that Johnson woman, looking like all-possessed, with James William tagging on, and dragging a go-cart with the squalling baby in it!

"You're late, to-day,' she says, and she looked my clo'es over with the hungry kind of expression that I'd call breaking the tenth commandment, if I wanted to judge the poor weak thing.

"I'm early enough for what I can see to the contrary,' I says, and then I spoke politely to the children.

"Well, I've brought 'em, myself, this time,' she says, 'and saved you the journey.' "

"For about an instant that baby could a'knocked me down with its fist. I was so weak with amazement! And then I recovered myself.

" 'I can't quite believe I understand you, Mrs. Jim Johnson, I says, looking as haughty—a widow's veil helps a good deal in expressing emotions, and I was mighty glad I'd got my new one;—'I can't quite believe in such impudence; but if you've lugged your husband's children that you knew you'd have to nurse when you stood at the altar, and that you've neglected ever since more shamefully than a beast of the field would dream of doing, for me to cherish in the kind way I've been practicing for the last week, all I can say is that you'll lug them back again where they belong, and when I wish to receive them into my new Rigmarolium and learn them the foundations of life with decent folks, I will send for them. Till then, I'll pass on!"

"And I swep' past her like an insulted daughter of the Nobility. Good land! I never turned back, nor weakened one of my features,

but my legs wobbled so I could hardly climb into the trolley, and I hadn't a grain of repose to enjoy the scenery!"

"Well—I reckon I'll let that room rest for awhile, now. Maybe by next summer I'll have some new ideas on good works."

The Copley Society of Boston

By Jean N. Oliver

DECEMBER 1st, 1904, the Copley Society of Boston celebrated, with appropriate exercises, the twenty-fifth anniversary of its birth.

To those who, for the last ten or a dozen years have kept pace with the art doings of this country—but more especially of Boston—the name of the Copley Society—known for twenty-two years of its existence as the Boston Art Students' Association,—is not only very familiar, but suggestive of high ideals and of unique achievements in the service of American art.

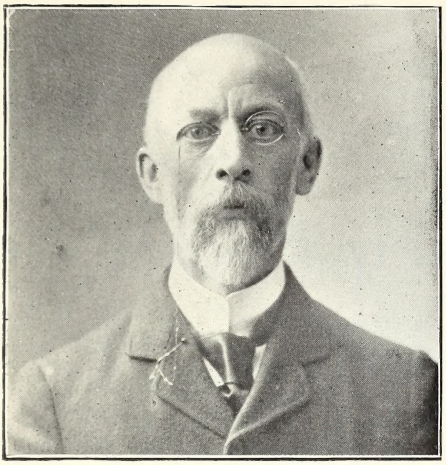
More than this, its fame is international. There could be no better proof of the society's standing abroad than the fact that at the time of the death of James McNeill Whistler, when the art associations of Paris, Berlin and London were making heroic efforts to arrange for a comprehensive exhibition of his works, it was the wish of the executors of his estate that this exhibition should be given under the direction of the Copley Society.

There is a strange fascination in going back to the beginnings of things; and we find it to be a curiously interesting and surprising bit of history—the manner in which this world-famous organization,—now numbering over 700 members, had its inception. *Cherchez la femme*—for it was a woman who was at the bottom of it all!

January 1, 1877, the art school connected with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts began its memorable and useful work. Among its first pupils was a young girl named Alice S. Tinkham. Two years went by, when one day it dawned in the energetic brain of Miss Tinkham that it would be a very sensible idea for the pupils of the school to form an "Alumni Association." Her idea met with universal approbation both from the men and women students and after the Friday Sketch Club of that week, Mr. Edward Simmons presided over a meeting which took the first steps to found what is now the Copley Society. Mrs. Francis Bacon, Miss Alice S. Tinkham, Miss Frances Osborne, Mr. William Stone and Mr. H. Winthrop Peirce were appointed a committee to draw up the constitution and by-laws.

For the first two years the association had but one meeting a year. The first president was Mr. H. W. Peirce. He has written an entertaining account of the "Early Days of the Copley Society," which was read at one of the society's meetings, and so highly thought of that it was afterwards printed by request.

The avowed object of the infant society which was then called "Boston Art Students' Association" was



MR. H. WINTHROP PEIRCE, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE COPLEY SOCIETY.

to supplement the academic training of the school of drawing and painting connected with the Museum of Fine Arts, to assist its members in their artistic career, to cultivate a spirit of fraternity among art students, and to promote the interests of art in the city of Boston. A large undertaking for a small association, but one that has been carried out in a manner to surpass the most extravagant dreams of even an enthusiast.

Mr. Peirce has written a frankly humorous account of the first picture show held by the organization. He says:

"Through a member who knew somebody in the government of the Art Club, we had the use of its gallery, then in a fine old dwelling-house near what is now the Colonial Theatre.

"I remember the sense of importance, responsibility, and helplessness as well, of the first Hanging Committee, not one of whom had ever seen an exhibition hung before.

"After much consultation we placed the biggest pictures in the middle of each wall, and hunted to find pictures of the same size and shape (regarding simply the frames) to balance.

"Late in the afternoon the frames were all hung to our satisfaction, and we sat down with modest pride to enjoy the result of our labor, and to congratulate ourselves on the way it balanced. Oh, yes, it *balanced,* but it did not look right.

"There was a lady in yellow in a black frame, and a study of a pineapple, which had killed everything else, until we put them in a dark corner to fight it out between themselves.

"While—as I said—we sat looking at our exhibition, a kindly member of the Art Club came in from the parlors to see what the young people were doing. We asked his opinion, which was: 'That *tone* was of more importance than *size* in the arrangement of pictures on a wall. If we took the yellow-green landscape away from the blue-green marine, and the yellow sunset from between the two snow pictures, etc., the exhibition would be improved.' We hung it all over again and finished by gaslight.

"I think it was at the second exhibition we were short one picture to make a good grouping. One of the contributors who lived near was looking about. We asked him if he had nothing more he could bring in. 'No, he had not, but he would run home and paint us something.' And he did, in three-quarters of an hour."

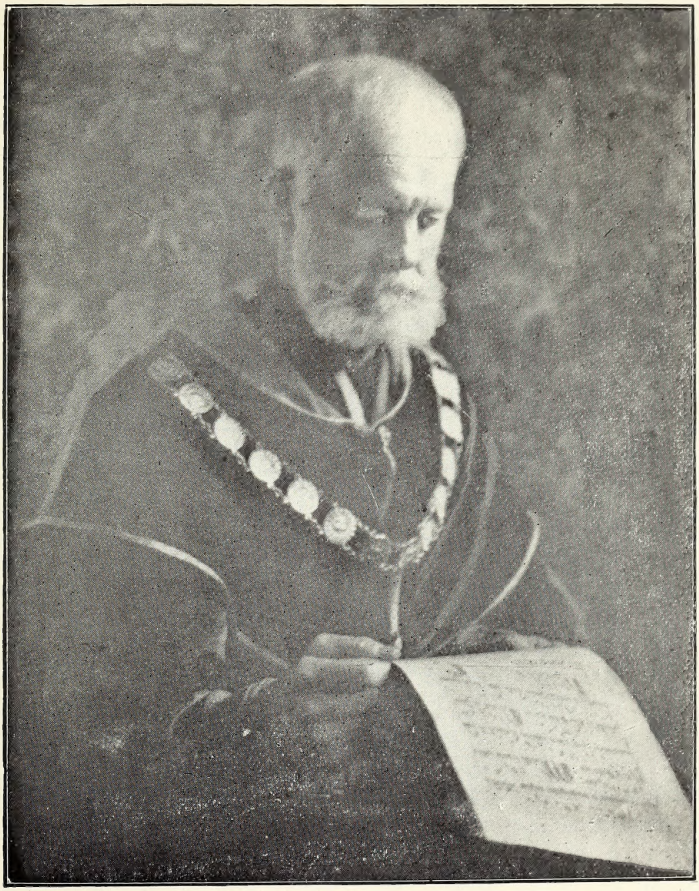
Surely the man or woman would have been thought mad at that time who would have predicted that the day would come, when in a stately hall of their own, these budding artists would offer to the public an exhibition of the importance of the Whistler show, or a collection of over one hundred pictures by that "king of portrait painters" John L. Sargent—or a historical Elizabethan pageant, or a dramatic interpretation of "Alice in Wonderland!"

Mr. Peirce held the office of president two years, and declined being a candidate for a third term, as he was to go to France for an indefinite period. He was succeeded by Mr. William Fosdick, who later achieved fame by creating the modern art of pyrography. A year later, Mr. Holker Abbott was elected to the presidency, which he still holds. There can be no doubt that it is almost wholly owing to the distinguished ability, the energy and untiring devotion of this man that the Copley

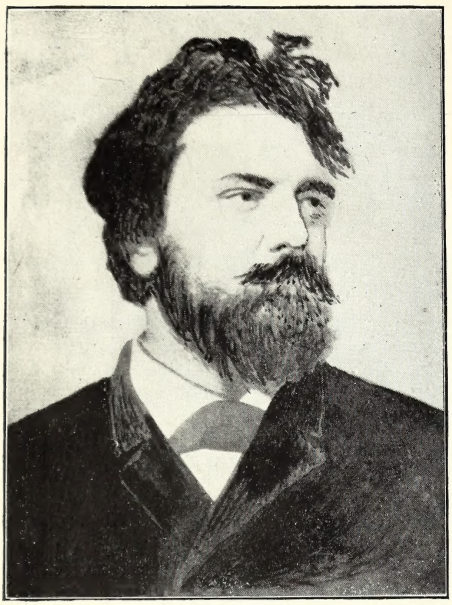
Society has become what it is today.

In the very early days of the society, business and social meetings were frequently held in the basement of the Museum, but later it was granted the use of the old Crowinshield Studio at the rear end of the lot behind the Museum of Fine Arts, where were not only held many lectures, costume parties, dances and jollifications, but where the more serious work of the association really had its beginning.

As the meetings increased in size and number, they began to interfere with the regular work of the Museum and plans were made for other quarters. One of these plans proposed a small building for which the Museum trustees offered the use of the land on the other rear corner of the lot on Trinity Place. A drawing and plan of this building were published in the newspapers in the summer of 1890 but efforts to raise the necessary funds failed, the building was never put up and the lot



MR. WILLIAM STONE, TREASURER OF THE COPLEY SOCIETY, IN MEDIAEVAL COSTUME.



OTTO GRUNDMANN, FOR MANY YEARS HEAD OF ART SCHOOL, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

still remains vacant. Occasional meetings had been held in a small building at 59 Branch street near Charles street built originally for a stable but used for some time as a studio by different members of the society and in the winter of 1891 and 1892 the society hired it and held there its meetings, exhibitions and classes until 1894.

Until the year 1890 the B. A. S. A. was composed exclusively of students and graduates of the school of the Museum of Fine Arts. With the admission of other artists and students the number of members in 1890 and 1891 increased rapidly, and the society enlarged its work.

The photographic engraving processes were then new and a large class was formed in composition and illustration, with instruction by J. B. Millett and in the theory of composition by Arthur Dow. Lectures also were given on the history of art, and there were evening life classes for men and for women.

A great loss was sustained by the society in 1890, in the death of Otto Grundmann. Mr. Grundmann came to Boston as head of the school of drawing and painting in the Museum of Fine Arts in 1876, and for fourteen years devoted himself to the interests of the school and the pupils.

At about this time, the Boston Art Students' Association began to plan for a home of its own. Contributions were solicited for a building which should contain studios for members, and rooms for meetings and exhibitions. By 1893, the building fund had increased to the decent sum of $8,000. The Winslow Skating Rink at the end of Clarendon street, next to the Providence Railroad, was offered for rent and the society boldly leased it for fifteen years, and with its eight thousand dollars proceeded to remodel the building for its own purposes at a cost of forty thousand!

Thus it was ten years ago that the Boston Art Students' Association, finally took possession of the remodelled Winslow Skating Rink, and found themselves the managers of Copley and Allston Halls, and Club rooms, and 32 studios—all known as the "Grundmann Studios." Then its responsibility and importance assumed large proportions, and cares and reputation grew rapidly. The many studios were eagerly hired by impatient artists, and the halls were in constant demand for exhibitions, lectures, balls, and dramatic spectacles. In its ten years of usefulness Copley Hall has seen itself in many disguises, but always its appearance of dignity, size, and Bostonese respectability has never been lowered.

Among the original tenants of this building were Ross Turner, H. H. Gallison, W. J. Claus, Arthur Dow, Wm. Paxton, Max Bachmann, Z. M. Plaisted, M. N. Richardson, Mrs. W. F. Parker, A. C. Nowell and Mary Greenleaf.

But of the diversified achievements of the Copley Society, its brilliant series of exhibitions have done the most to put it on a plane by itself, and to win for it an enduring fame.



FRONT OF GRUNDMANN STUDIOS.

In 1897 the first large collection of pictures was shown in Copley Hall. This was the loan exhibition of "One Hundred Masterpieces, which proved an interesting show, and one that the public cared to see. Previous to this time the organization had given small exhibitions only, of the work of its art student members. The first of these attempts to see each other's work was as, we have seen, through the ever friendly hospitality of the Boston Art Club, but later when the Grundmann Studios ceased to be a myth, and became an accepted fact, the adaptable seclusion of Allston Hall was utilized for the members' exhibitions. These unpretentious, small exhibitions were particularly interesting to the students, and of real help to them, as they furnished a stepping stone from the amateur to the professional shows.

Since those early days, however, nothing of the same kind has been attempted, and this has semed a de-



A GROUP OF STUDIO INTERIORS, GRUNDMANN STUDIOS.

plorable thing in a city of Boston's much vaunted reputation for advantages in art study.

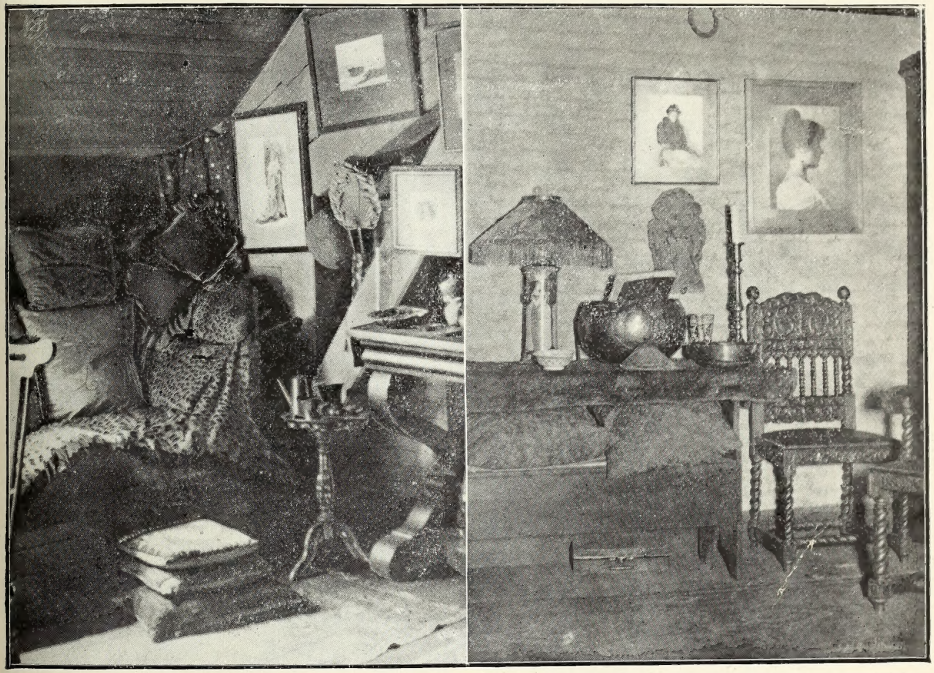
"Modern Painters" in 1898 was a representative showing of modern work, with such names as Corot, Chavannes, Degas, Duveneck, Troyon, Renoir, Sargent, Whistler, Vedder, Maure, Manet, Inness, and Monet to conjure with, it was no wonder that the exhibition was a great artistic success.

An exhibition which has hardly been overshadowed by the popularity of the recent Whistler show was the big collection of the works of John S. Sargent—the finest showing of his pictures ever brought together. Of the 113 pictures, the beautiful portraits of Lady Agnew, Lady

Laura Lister and of Miss Ada Rehan, and the wonderful character studies of A. Wertheimer and Robert Louis Stevenson are modern masterpieces produced by this greatest of portrait painters.

This exhibition was the first one to be of financial value to the Copley Society and it was said at the close of the exhibition that $10,000 was the amount received. The Mr. R. Hall McCormick of New York.

Perhaps the most cheerful exhibition ever given in Copley Hall,—an occasion when each contributor was sure of having his work accepted and well hung—was the immensely amusing "Caricature Show." Then each painter had a chance to point out to his brother or sister artist, faults in technique or com-



TWO GLIMPSES OF GRUNDMANN STUDIOS.

"teas" given during this exhibition were well attended by society people, and those who came to see them, prominent ladies assisting as hostesses, and the debutantes of the season, attired in their smartest gowns, serving the tea.

The McCormick Exhibition was held in 1900 and was a fine collection of paintings of the English school, most generously loaned by position, as he saw them. From the opening hour of the exhibition the show was well attended and at its close a delighted audience assembled to appreciate the *bon-mots* of Mr. Joseph Linden Smith, the artist auctioneer for the sale of these works of art. The prices ranged from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars and a decent sum was acquired for the society.

"The Portraits of Fair Women" was a popular exhibition in 1902, and brought together some exceedingly rare portraits, and valuable miniatures, both old and new. The year preceding this, an equally attractive "Fair Children" show was given, and although the children did not all prove to be fair, they were all interesting as types of childhood in different centuries.

"Pictures by the Old Masters" in 1903 were shown, and some very valuable paintings were exhibited to the public in Boston for the first time. The "Old Masters" were treated with respectful consideration, and the exhibition attracted the attention of artists and connoisseurs all over the country.

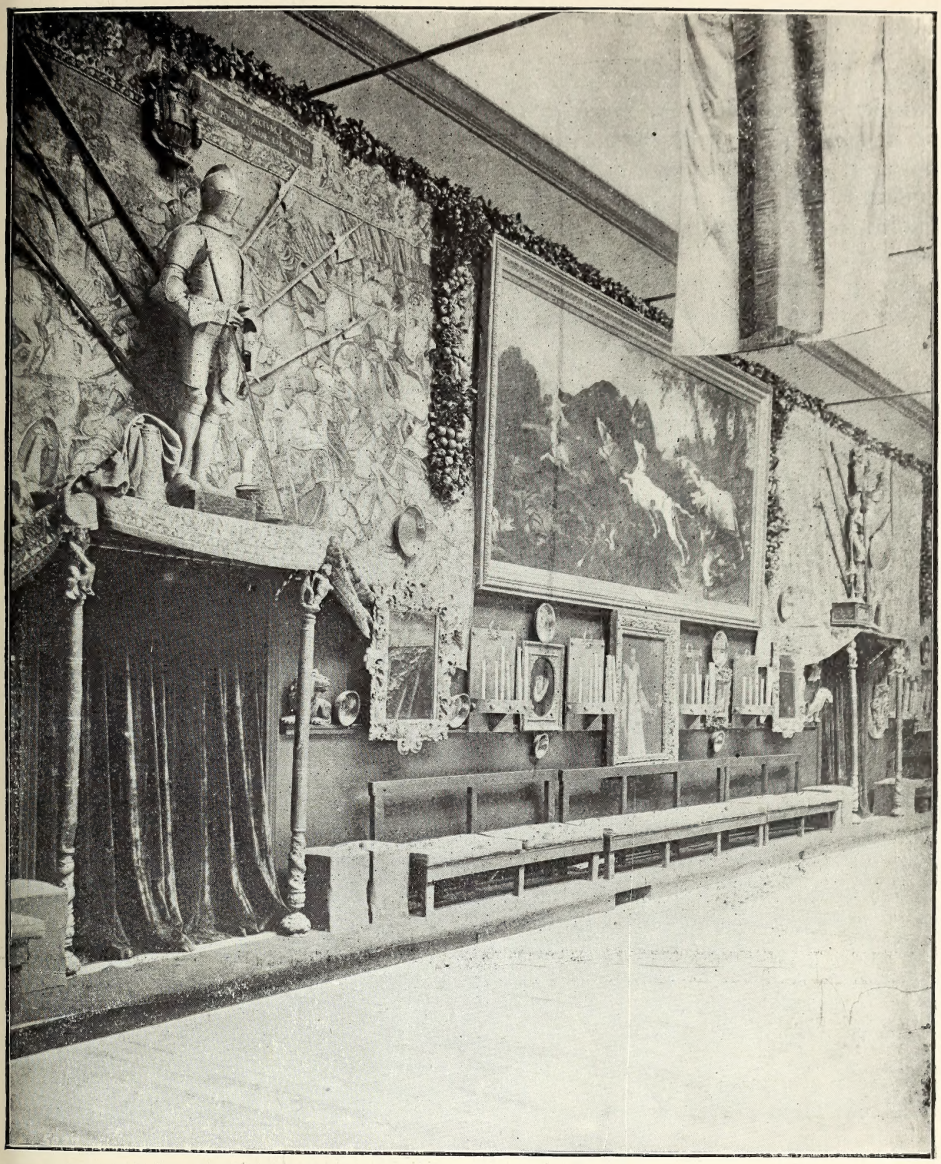
In the fall of this same year the second annual "Exhibition of Contemporary Art" was held and gave the modern man a chance to see what his neighbor in art was doing, at the same time showing to the world the latest work of well-known artists. A good many famous names were lacking from this show, but the exhibition was most creditable to the artists represented.

To look as far back as last winter is to remember as one of the important happenings of the year, the Whistler Show, the largest and most comprehensive collection of the works of James McNeill Whistler ever brought together. This exhibition contained 184 oil paintings and 235 etchings, including the world-known "Sarasate," "White Girl," Princess du Pays de la Porcelaine" and the fascinating, elusive nocturnes. The etchings alone,—those marvellous, intimate productions of the sensitive, erratic artist, would have made in themselves a notable exhibition. The Copley Society with enthusiastic hospitality invited to this exhibition all the artists and art students in the vicinity, while the different schools in the neighborhood were also given free entrance on certain days.

To the "Private View" came guests from many different states, including not only artists, but men of letters, society people, business men, musicians, actors, scientists, and in fact, all sorts and conditions of men—all alike, interested and eager to see for themselves what manner of painter this man might be who had ranked as the greatest of modern artists. The financial success of this show was also a most satisfactory proof to the organization that the public not only appreciated the painter and his work, but were willing to pay for seeing it.

But the fame of the Copley Society of Boston does not wholly rest upon its reputation as a giver of impressive art exhibitions, well founded as that reputation is. The elements in this organization of seven hundred members have always been a part of the important whole, and these elements, have at varying intervals, so to speak, combined and conspired, and the results have been the artist and dramatic spectacles known as "Artists' Festivals."

After a series of costume parties, which were at first little different from fancy balls, the Boston Art Students' Association blossomed out in its first memorable festival at the Museum of Fine Arts. This was very mixed as to period—extending all the way from a Greek priest with attendant maidens, to Napoleon Bonaparte, but was a very splendid pageant. The long procession in which the costumes of 2000 years were grouped in order, beginning



COPLEY HALL DECORATED FOR THE COOLIDGE BALL.

with ancient Greece and extending to the French Revolution and The Empire was a work of exceeding care and of great educational value as well as a most beautiful sight. Another festival was given, also in the Museum of Fine Arts, and this was devoted to the time of the Renaissance.

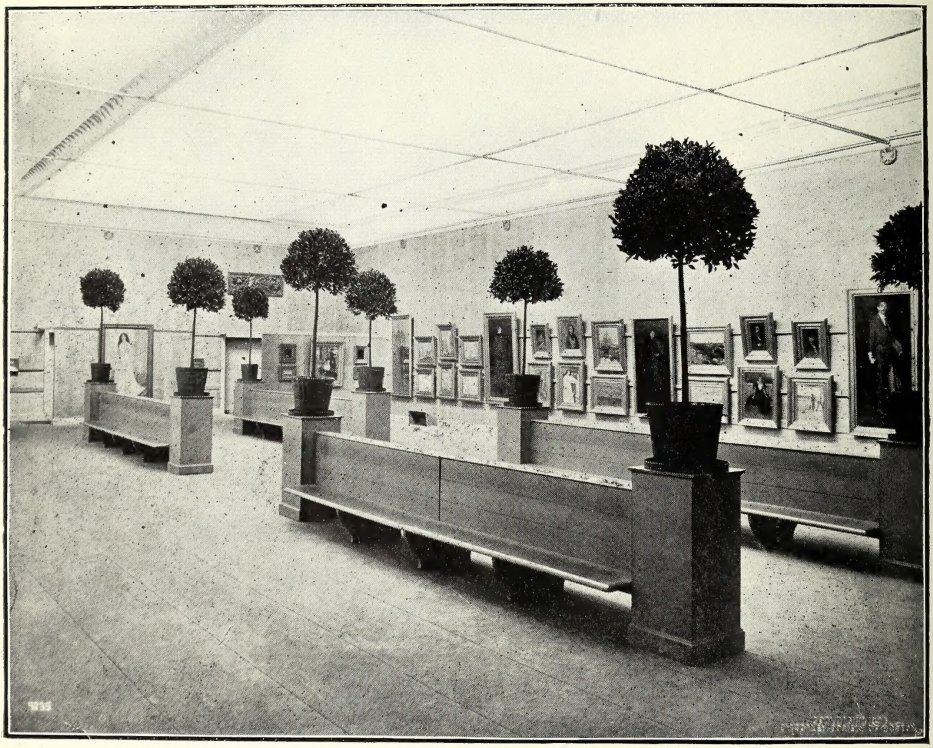
Other important festivals have been the Elizabethan one, when Lord Leicester's entertainment at Kenilworth for the Queen was given and Copley Hall. hung with tapestries, and mediaeval decorations became a magnificent hall, fitted for the use of the noble company.

For the fête of "The Return of

the Crusaders," the accomodating hall was turned into a splendid tent, the stage a noble park, and Allston room an arbor of roses. The art students appeared as peasants of the fourteenth century, and the old time tragedy of "Rosamond" was given.

The Tavern Club, on this occasion were crusaders, and the choir of Emmanuel Church led the procession, followed by the whole body of students. The "Arabian Nights Entertainment" was the first of the festivals to be given in Copley Hall,—the walls hung with canvas to represent a walled-in court, while above were gleaming towers and minarets. The evening's entertainment was a "Fête at the Court of the Caliph of Bagdad."

The last one of these festivals was in 1902, and the society abandoning for once history, turned to pure fun and romance, and gave the "Revels at the Court of Father Christmas." A procession of groups from all the fairy tales, beginning with "Parsifal," and descending to "Puss in Boots," filed before the hoary Father (Mr. Ross Turner)—



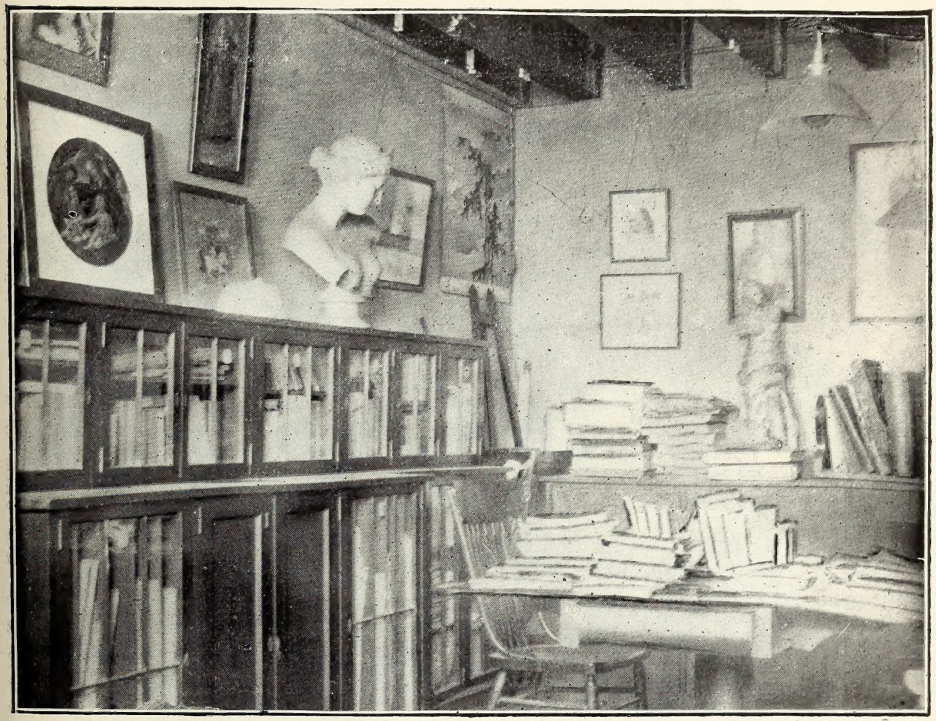
COPLEY HALL DURING THE WHISTLER SHOW, 1904.

the "fairies" of the Vincent Club, in diaphanous attire danced before the Court, the ancient and honorable farce of "St. George and the Dragon" was acted, maskers—Tavern Club men—and the celebrated "Forty Thieves," impersonated appropriately by members of the Architectural Club, made the scene one of great merriment.

The "Twelfth Night" celebrations

of the society have in the last few years increased in importance, and the festivity held last January in Copley Hall, approached in beauty the former festivals. The hall had been decorated on this occasion for a ball given a few nights previous by Mr. J. T. Coolidge, and represented a most beautiful Italian garden. A grove of evergreens encircled the space, with arbors of noble pillars and grape vines in each corner,—the grapes on the vines being real ones, as the guests soon discovered—while the stage disclosed a charming vista, with a colossal statue of the Winged Victory in the foreground. Games and sports appropriate to the season were given, a king and queen were chosen by the historic "bean in the cake," and after the massive cake was cut and eaten, the picturesque company devoted itself to dancing.

Except for its festivals, the Copley Society has been in no sense a dramatic club, but on a few special occasions it has shown itself able to produce creditably a play or a pantomime. Perhaps the most notable event was when the wonderful "Alice in Wonderland" was given under the direction of Mr. Holker Abbott, by a cast consisting entirely of men. Then, four years ago, "Nance Oldfield," an adaptation of Charles Reade's "Art," by Mrs. Daniel Addison, was given with Mrs. Addison in the title part. In 1903 the Browning and Copley Societies were joint sponsors in producing the Browning play of "The Re-



LIBRARY AND OFFICE OF THE COPLEY SOCIETY.



ARRAYED FOR THE TWELFTH NIGHT FESTIVITIES

A Wandering Minstrel. An Early Italian Costume.

A Brown Friar.

Flemish Gentleman 17th Century. A Dancing Girl.

turn of the Druses." This play was most appropriately staged under the direction of Mr. John C. Abbott, while Miss Charlotte Porter was the stage manager and general director of the whole affair. This production was most successful, and drew an audience of distinguished quality.

But there is a quieter and less pretentious, yet none the less useful, side to the Copley Society's activities, which the public does not see, and of which it seldom hears. Many art classes are held regularly under its auspices for the benefit of members. These, at present, include an evening life class for men, a portrait class for men and women, a women's life class, and a mixed class for the study of the draped model.

The library and office of the Copley Society, which was opened four years ago, supplies a much needed room for the use of members. There one may find a carefully selected collection of text books and histories of art, the newest magazines, and also information about exhibitions to be held in Boston and distant cities. But it is the collection of photographs of the works of the old masters and the new, that gives a distinctive character to the room. These photographs, numbering 1200, are arranged for circulation, on the principle of a lending library. They were collected in Europe from time to time by Miss Tinkham and other members of the society.

The library, a cheerful little room on the street floor, close to Copley Hall, is often the meeting place of members and friends who come there to look over the new publications or to chat about art doings, or to examine the big books of photographs of the different artists' festival groups.

These massive volumes of photographs will, in time to come, furnish a record of authentic costumes, for in each picture an historic dress (or costume) has been faithfully copied. To Mr. Notman great credit must be given for having made these artistic prints and presented them to the society.

In 1901 the B. A. S. A. voted to change its name, and to be henceforth known as the Copley Society of Boston, a most auspicious action, for under the old title, with its restrictive implication, the society had suffered from much public misapprehension. "Art students" the members certainly were and are, but not in the commonly accepted meaning of the term. The new name was dignified, comprehensive and eminently appropriate to an organization which included professional artists as well as enthusiastic amateurs, and whose aims and deeds in its particular field had given it an authoritative position in matters pertaining to art.

In view of the fact that the Copley Society has proved conclusively its right to live, in view of the services it has rendered to American art, and its educational value to the public, it is not unreasonable to wonder why some Carnegie or Rockefeller has not, ere now, thought it a worthy object to endow with a portion of his superfluous wealth.

That this great good fortune may come to it at no distant day, whereby, its energies entirely unhampered by financial considerations, its field of usefulness may be immeasurably enlarged, is the wish and hope of all those who have at heart not only its interests but those of American art.

The Major's Waterloo

By Eleanor H. Porter

THE great house, brave with marble steps and granite pillars, faced the Avenue. The small house, gray with age and lack of paint, faced the side street; and the side street found an ignominious end at the high green fence that separated the back yard of the great house from its more plebeian neighbors.

Life for the Major inside the great house was a thing of spacious halls and deferential servants, of luxurious couches and aristocratic seclusion. Life for the girl inside the small house was a thing of cheerless rooms and scanty food, of lessening joys and growing woe.

A tiny balcony just outside the Major's study window overlooked the narrow street, and there, as the spring nights grew mild and tempting, the Major sat and smoked. It was then that he first noticed the piano.

It was not a good piano and it was not well played. The thin, metallic notes were jerked out at the ends of wretchedly unskillful fingers —rag-time, but with the "time" all gone, and nothing save tattered rags of melody left.

The Major frowned and bent disapproving eyes on the small gray house below. The frown deepened as a thin, but cheerful, voice caroled forth in "Mr. Dooley." Gleeful shouts and cackling laughs followed the closing "Dooley—ooley—oo!" then "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," "Home Sweet Home," "Hiawatha," and "Nearer My God to Thee," came with disconcerting transitions, but impartial enthusiasm, from the little gray house.

The Major threw his cigar over the balcony railing with a snarl of disgust and beat a hasty retreat, closing the narrow glass doors crisply behind him. At the end of a week, when six half-smoked cigars had followed the first over that balcony railing, the Major sought his landlord; and two days later, at nine o'clock in the morning, he saw a furniture van standing before the door of the little gray house. With most undignified haste he reached the window and peered through the lace curtain's filmy mesh.

"By George! I thought old Tompkins would find a way to do it," he chuckled. "It's a disgrace to the neighborhood—such a confounded racket!" he went on wrathfully. "Jove—here she comes!" he exclaimed, a triumphant gleam in his resentful eyes as he watched the four men bend their backs and strain their muscles over an old-fashioned square piano which they were hoisting into the wagon. "O you villainous instrument of torture, never again will your hideous jangle set my nerves to tingling! But—I pity 'em where you're going. Ta—ta, by—by, and a kiss for you!" he finished, with an airy sweep of his hand toward the furniture van as it lumbered out of sight.

That night the Major was on his balcony earlier than usual.

"Well, this is something like!" he murmured contentedly, tipping back in his chair and setting blue-gray smoke rings to circling above his head. "It's as peaceful now as a country churchyard."

A long wail broke the silence and brought the Major's feet to the floor with a thud.

"Great Scott! What's broke loose now?" he cried.

The wail was repeated in a higher key; then came a sweet voice in earnest protest. A minute later a boy and a girl emerged from the little gray house and wandered disconsolately down the street.

Something within the Major twinged sharply, and he gave savage puffs at his cigar. The children were scarcely out of sight when two small girls came skipping around the corner and entered the little gray house with a bound. Two more wails, quavering and long drawn out, arose on the air.

It was fast growing dark, but the Major could plainly see other shadowy forms hurrying down the street toward the house, and soon there was a bedlam of wail and chatter. With a defiant imprecation he sprang to his feet, hurried through his apartments, out upon the street. He walked twice around the block before he turned hesitating steps into the little side street that found an end at his back-yard fence.

Just beneath the flickering gas jet he came face to face with a group of children, woeful and teary-eyed.

"Now what the Dickens is the meaning of this infernal commotion?" he demanded, trying to banish with ferocity the curious weakness that was stealing over him.

There was a scared silence, then a bit of a boy piped up aggressively:

"'Tain't a 'fernal commotion!"

"Beg pardon, but you must allow me to be the judge of that," returned the Major testily. "What's the matter?"

There was another silence.

"Come, come—what are you crying for? Anybody dead?"

A volley of shrill replies from half a dozen throats caused the Major to raise a deprecatory hand.

"Easy—easy—one at a time! Here, you tell," he ordered, pointing to the tallest girl.

"No, there ain't nobody dead; but I wish't there was!" replied the girl sharply; and the others gurgled their approval.

"Tut—tut—don't be so murderous! Who is this that has incurred such displeasure?"

"Huh?"

"Who is it that you wish was dead?"

"The man what swiped our pianer, sure."

The Major coughed and choked.

"P—piano!" he stammered.

"Yes; it's our'n, an' he hain't no business with it, now, has he?"

"Your piano, did you say?—your piano? Where was it?"

"Down there,"—with a jerk of her thumb in the direction of the little gray house.

"There!—do you all live there? Is it an orphan asylum?" gasped the Major.

His question was greeted with derisive shouts.

"Oh, g'wan! What ye givin' us? 'Course 'tain't!" tittered the tall girl. "The pianer's fur Nellie, though, an' she's a orphan all right. We buyed it—all of us."

"You bought it—all of you?" repeated the Major, stupidly.

"Sure, fur a month at a time,

'course. I give ten cents, an' Jimmy fifteen, an' Toot five, an' Chicken ten, an' Bill an' the others help some, an', well, Miss Molly, she makes up what's left, an'—an' now it's gone—gone, I tell ye, an' I jest hate him!"

"Him!—er—who?" faltered the Major, still blindly hoping for an absolution from guilt.

"Who?" flashed the girl indignantly. "Why, the man what's got ears so powerful squeamish that he jest can't let anybody breathe 'round him; the man what said we made too much noise ter have in the neighborhood; the man what—here, come on," she broke off suddenly, catching him by the hand, "come on, Miss Molly'll tell you!" And the Major, in spite of protests, was pulled by a dozen willing hands straight toward the little gray house and up the steps. Surrounded by a crowd of chattering urchins he arrived, breathless and red of face, in the presence of a slender young woman in a rusty black gown.

"Here, Miss Molly—Miss Molly—here's a man what wants ter know about the pianer!"

"Why, children, you—you shouldn't—" began the little woman, her face aglow with sudden color.

"I—er—really—I was only asking a few questions," apologized the Major miserably. "I—really, Miss—"

"Hathaway—my name is Hathaway," supplied the other hurriedly. "I am sorry the children said anything. It is nothing—I merely was given my choice—to go, or to let the piano go; and I couldn't move very well," she finished with a little break in her voice, and an almost imperceptible motion toward a cot-bed in the corner.

On the bed was a tiny creature whose somber eyes met the Major's perturbed gaze unflinchingly.

"Sick?" faltered the man.

"No—crippled," almost whispered Miss Hathaway; "my sister, Nellie."

"Yes, an' she can't go to no band concerts down't the square, now," cut in one of the children wrathfully. "An' she liked 'em awful well 'fore she was hurt, so we buyed the pianer an' we was havin' jest a bootiful time a-singin' to her ev'ry night, an' now that old heathen's spoiled it all, an'—"

"Tilly, Tilly, don't speak like that, dear," interrupted the woman agitatedly. "You mustn't mind the children," she apologized to the Major. "They were so disappointed, and, of course, they can't understand it. They've been so good to Nellie—they earned all they could, and with what little I could help, they hired the piano for a dollar a month—'twas an old one. Nellie didn't seem to mind the pain when they were here, and in the daytime, when it got the worst, she'd say, 'I don't mind it, dearie, I don't mind it, 'cause I've got my concert coming, and I just think how good it'll sound when they all get to singing—and it isn't but just a little while until to-night!' And sometimes, when she felt the strongest, I'd trundle the bed up to the piano, and she'd lie there so happy if she could just touch the keys now and then."

"You see, they'd sound so sweet," explained a thin, high voice from Nellie's corner. "Just one little note all alone was so pretty, and I'd listen while it got softer and softer until it faded away into nothing."

Miss Hathaway brushed the back of her hand across her eyes.

"I suppose we did make a good deal of noise, evenings," she said, trying to steady her voice. The

man who owns this place owns the large house over on the Avenue, and he said his people were complaining; that one gentleman threatened to leave if the—the 'nuisance wasn't abolished,' " she finished with a watery smile.

" 'Gentleman'! He wa'n't no gentleman," interposed Tilly scornfully. "He was a heathen!—now wa'n't he?" she demanded.

The Major coughed and grew very red.

"Er—ah—yes, he was!" he snarled suddenly.

"I hain't no use fur such folks," continued Tilly.

"Nor I!" snorted the Major.

"An' I do wish he was dead; don't you?"

"Er—well, not exactly," sputtered the man hurriedly; then, brightening, "Suppose we wish he'd get good and reform?"

"Reform!—not much he will," declared Tilly positively.

"Oh, come, now—I'm no such hardened reprobate as that," remonstrated the Major.

"Huh? You!"

"Er—ah—I mean—I mean I'm no such reprobate as to—to think so poorly of my fellow-man," he explained very distinctly.

"Oh!" returned Tilly, giving him a sharp glance. "Mebbe you know him," she hazarded.

"Well, as to that, I—I supposed I did, once; but I'm thinking of cutting his acquaintance hereafter."

"Oh, then you do know him," stammered Miss Hathaway. "What must you think of us! Really, please do not make any trouble about it. I—I shouldn't want to move, now. It wouldn't do for Nellie—I am sure it wouldn't."

The Major frowned and winked very hard.

"You need have no fear; you'll not have to move," he said shortly, covering the distance to the door with a long stride. "I will bid you good evening," he added with a low bow. "I—well, you will hear from me again."

Twelve hours later the Major visited a large piano salesroom down town, and twenty-four hours later he sat on his balcony, his hands clinched and perspiration starting from every pore.

"Great Scott! This is aw—I mean heavenly!" he exclaimed, as a babel of shouts from the little gray house resolved itself into a hilarious, but not tuneful, rendering of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" sung to a joyous "tum-tum-tum" of a piano. "By George! I'm going down there. Perhaps I can stand it better near to," he finished, springing to his feet and hurrying through the narrow glass doors.

As the days and weeks went by, the side street saw strange sights. First there was the beautiful new upright all Nellie's own, and for which Tilly and Jim and the others paid not a single cent. Then there was the wonderful doctor who came and touched poor Nellie's injured feet with skilled, yet gentle fingers, and who said that Nellie would one day walk. And again there was the span of prancing horses that so frequently whirled a softly-cushioned carriage up to the door of the little gray house, whereupon Nellie, and sometimes Jim or Tilly, with shining eyes would start for a marvelous drive through a fairyland of trees and flowers. It was not always Tilly or Jim with Nellie, however. Sometimes it was Miss Molly and—the Major.

More wonderful yet was the change in Miss Molly herself. Her

eyes were bright, and her cheeks, from which the hollows had fled, were flushed with a pretty pink. She wore her faded, rusty gowns with more of the grace and dignity that was hers in the days long since gone by, (days when she was the petted daughter of wealth and power) and they of the side street did not wonder that more and more frequently on those wonderful drives it came to be Miss Molly and—the Major.

Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story

A LARGE portion of the American public long ago expressed its belief in the innocence, and its heartfelt sympathy for the fate of Mrs. Florence Elizabeth Maybrick, the American woman who, after serving a term of fifteen years in an English prison on the charge of murdering her husband, has at last been released, and has returned to her native country.

Mrs. Maybrick's story is unusually pathetic. Through the bias of a mentally unsound judge, she was kept for all these years in an English prison in spite of the urgent remonstrances of eminent Americans, as Secretaries Blaine and Hay, and in the face of earnest representations by Presidents Harrison and McKinley through Ambassadors Lincoln and Choate. And now, having at last regained her freedom, she finds herself bereft of her children, who were taken away from her by the relatives of her husband, and of all her property.

In response to the urgent demand of the public for details of her trial and imprisonment, as well as from a natural desire to make herself financially independent, she has written a book, "Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story,"* a book of so deeply interesting a nature that the editors of the New England Magazine have decided to put before its readers a small share of its contents.

There is an additional reason why Mrs. Maybrick's story should interest New England readers—she herself is partially of good New England ancestry, being descended from the Ingrahams, the Phillipses, and the Holbrooks of New England, as well as from the Campbells and Chandlers of Georgia. Gail Hamilton, who was ever one of her most eloquent and steadfast champions, has written an account of her genealogy from which it appears that Mrs. Maybrick is the great-great-granddaughter of Rev. Benjamin Thurston, a graduate of Harvard College, who settled at North Hampton, New Hampshire, and of his wife, Sarah Phillips, who was the sister of John Phillips, who founded Phillips' Academy in Exeter, endowed a professorship in Dartmouth, and contributed funds to Princeton; and who was the aunt of Samuel Phillips, who founded Phillips's Academy at Andover.

The mother of Sarah Phillips was Elizabeth Green, and from her the name of Elizabeth has come down in regular descent to Mrs. Maybrick.

Mrs. Maybrick has made use of Gail Hamilton's account in writing the sketch of her ancestry, which

*Published by Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York and London, 1905

forms the first chapter of her absorbing story. Of the events of her own life, she writes as follows:

"I was educated partly in Europe and partly in America, under the instruction of masters and governesses. I was too delicate for college life. I lived partly with my maternal grandmother, Elizabeth Holbrook, of New York, and partly with my mother, the Baroness von Roques, whose home was abroad. When not with them I was traveling with friends. My life was much the same as that of any other girl who enjoyed the pleasures of youth with a happy heart. I was very fond of tracing intricate designs and copying the old-time churches and cathedrals. My special pastime, however, was riding, and this I could indulge in to my heart's content when residing with my stepfather, Baron Adolph von Roques, who, now retired, was at that time a cavalry officer in the Eighth Cuirassier Regiment of the German army and stationed at Cologne.

"At the age of eighteen I married James Maybrick, on the 27th of July, 1881, at St. James church, Piccadilly, London, and returned to America, where we made our home at Norfolk, Va. For business reasons we settled in a suburb of Liverpool called Aigburth. A son, James Chandler, was born to us on the 24th of March, 1882, and a daughter, Gladys Evelyn, on June 20, 1886."

The Arrest.

At this point Mrs. Maybrick plunges directly into the tragedy of her life, and tells the story of her sudden and astounding arrest on the charge of poisoning her husband, the father of her young children:

"Slowly consciousness returned. I opened my eyes. The room was in darkness. All was still. Suddenly the silence was broken by the bang of a closing door which startled me out of my stupor. Where was I? Why was I alone? What awful thing had happened? A flash of memory! My husband was dead! I drifted once more away from the things of sense. Then a voice, as if a long way off, spoke. A feeling of pain and distress shot through my body. I opened my eyes in terror. Edwin Maybrick was bending over me as I lay upon my bed. He had my arms tightly gripped, and was shaking me violently. 'I want your keys—do you hear? Where are your keys?' he exclaimed harshly. I tried to form a reply, but the words choked me, and once more I passed into unconsciousness.

"It is the dawn of a Sabbath day [May 12, 1889]. I am still lying in my clothes, neglected and uncared for, without food since the morning of the day before. Consciousness came and went. During one of these interludes Michael Maybrick entered.

"'Nurse,' he said, 'I am going up to London. Mrs. Maybrick is no longer mistress of this house. As one of the executors I forbid you to allow her to leave this room. I hold you responsible in my absence.'

"He then left the room. What did he mean? How dare he humble me thus in the presence of a stranger?

"Toward the night of the same day I said to the nurse, 'I wish to see my children.' She took no notice. My voice was weak, and I thought perhaps she had not heard. 'Nurse,' I repeated, 'I want to see my children.' She walked up to my bed, and in a cold, deliberate voice replied: 'You can not see Master

James and Miss Gladys. Mr. Michael Maybrick gave orders that they were to leave the house without seeing you.' I fell back upon my pillow, dazed and stricken, weak, helpless, and impotent. Why was I treated thus? My brain reeled in seeking a reply to this query. At last I could bear it no longer, and my soul cried out to God to let me die. A third dreary night, and the day broke once again. I was still prostrate. The dull pain at my heart, the yearning for my little children, was becoming unbearable, but I was dumb.

"Suddenly the door opened and Dr. Humphreys entered. He walked silently to my bedside, felt my pulse, and without a word left the room. A few minutes later I heard the tramp of many feet coming upstairs. They stopped at the door. The nurse advanced, and a crowd of men entered. One of them stepped to the foot of the bed and addressed me as follows:

"'Mrs. Maybrick, I am superintendent of the police, and I am about to say something to you. After I have said what I intend to say, if you reply be careful how you reply, because whatever you say may be used as evidence against you. Mrs. Maybrick, you are in custody on suspicion of causing the death of your late husband, James Maybrick, on the eleventh instant.' I made no reply, and the crowd passed out."

A Prisoner in Her Own House.

"Was I going mad? Did I hear myself accused of poisoning my husband? Why did not his brothers, who said they had his confidence, tell the police what all his intimate friends knew, that he was an arsenic-eater? Why was I accused—I, who had nursed him assiduously day and night until my strength gave out, who had engaged trained nurses, and advised a consultation of physicians, and had done all that lay in my power to aid in his recovery? To whom could I appeal in my extreme distress? I lay ill and confined to my bed, with two professional nurses attending me, and with a policeman stationed in my room, although there was not and could not be the slightest chance of my escaping. The officer would not permit the door to be closed day or night, and I was denied in my own house, even before the inquest, the privacy accorded to a convicted prisioner."

The Prayer by the Coffin.

Mrs. Maybrick demands and is accorded the opportunity of seeing her dead husband:

"With tottering steps, supported by the nurse, I was led into the adjoining room. Upon the bed stood the coffin, covered with white flowers. It was already closed. I turned to the policeman and the nurse. 'Leave me alone with the dead.' They refused. I then knelt down at the bedside, and God in his mercy spared my reason by granting me, there and then, the first tears which many days of suffering had failed to bring. Death had wiped out the memory of many things. I was thankful to remember that I had stopped divorce proceedings, and that we had become reconciled for the children's sake. Calmed, I arose and returned to my room. I sat down near a window, still weeping. Suddenly the harsh voice of a nurse broke upon my ears: 'If you wish to see the last of the husband you have poisoned you had better stand up. The funeral has started.' I stumbled to my feet and

clutched at the window-sill, where I stood rigid and tearless until the hearse had passed and was out of sight, and then I fainted."

Dragged to Court.

"The police were in such a hurry to prefer the formal charge, they could not wait until the doctors should certify that I was in a fit state to be taken to the court in the ordinary way. The nurse then told me that I must get up and dress. I prayed that my children might be sent for to bid me goodby, but I was peremptorily refused. I begged to gather together some necessary personal apparel, only to meet with another refusal. I was hurried away with such unseemly haste that even my hand-bag with my toilet articles were left behind. My mother implored to be allowed to say goodby, but was denied."

A Plank for a Bed.

"I passed the night in a cell which contained only a plank board as a bed. It was dark, damp, dirty, and horrible. A policeman, taking pity on me, brought me a blanket to lie on. In the adjoining cell, in a state of intoxication, two men were raving and cursing throughout the night. I had no light—there was no one to speak to. I was kept there three days, until the coroner's jury had returned their verdict."

The Trial.

The coroner's jury found a verdict of guilty against Mrs. Maybrick, and the grand jury held her for trial. During this period Charles Russell, later Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, was engaged as her leading counsel.

There was at first a very bitter feeling against Mrs. Maybrick among the people of Liverpool, aroused by the sensational press. She writes:

"The excitement ran so high that the Liverpool crowds even hissed me as I was driven through the streets. It was a mockery of justice to hold such a trial in such a place as Liverpool, at such a time, by a common jury; and it was a mockery of common sense to expect that any Liverpool common jury could, when they got into the jury-box, dismiss from their minds all they had heard and seen."

The Verdict Unexpected.

"However, as the trial proceeded, and the fact was made clear that Mr. Maybrick had long been addicted to taking large quantities of arsenic, coupled with the evidence, to quote Sir Charles Russell, (1) that there was no proof of arsenical poisoning, (2) that there was no proof that arsenic was administered to him by me, the prejudice against me gradually changed, until, at the close of the trial, there was a complete revulsion of sentiment, and my acquittal was confidently expected.

"When I stood up to hear the verdict I had an intuition that it was unfavorable. Every one looked away from me, and there was a stillness in court that could be felt. Then the Clerk of Arraigns arose and said:

" 'Have you agreed upon the verdict, gentlemen?'

" 'We have.'

" 'And do you find the prisoner guilty of the murder of James Maybrick or not guilty?'

"The Foreman: 'Guilty.'

"A prolonged 'Ah!' strangely like the sighing of wind through a forest, sounded through the court. I reeled as if struck a blow and sank upon a chair. The Clerk of Arraigns then turned to me and said: 'Florence Elizabeth Maybrick, you have been found guilty of wilful murder. Have you anything to say why the court should not pronounce sentence upon you according to the law?'

"I arose, and, with a prayer for strength, I clasped the rail of the dock in front of me, and said in a low voice, but with firmness: 'My lord, everything has been against me: I am not guilty of this crime.' "

She is Prepared for Death.

"I knew nothing of any public efforts for my relief. I was held fast on the wheels of a slow-moving machine, hypnotized by the striking hours and the flight of my numbered minutes, with the gallows staring me in the face. The date of my execution was not told me at Walton Jail, but I heard afterward that it was to have taken place on the 26th of August. On the 22d, while I was taking my daily exercise in the yard attached to the condemned cell, the governor, Captain Anderson, accompanied by the chief matron, entered. He called me to him, and, with a voice which—all honor to him—trembled with emotion, said:

" 'Maybrick, no commutation of sentence has come down to-day, and I consider it my duty to tell you to prepare for death.'

" 'Thank you, governor,' I replied: 'my conscience is clear. God's will be done.' "

The Sentence is Commuted.

"He then walked away and I returned to my cell. The female warder was weeping silently, but I was calm and spent the early part of the night in my usual prayers. About midnight exhausted nature could bear no more, and I fainted. I had barely regained consciousness when I heard the shuffle of feet outside, the click of the key in the lock—that warning catch in the slow machinery of my doom. I sprang up, and with one supreme effort of will braced myself for what I believed was the last act of my life. The governor and a chaplain entered, followed by a warder. They read my expectation in my face, and the governor, hastening forward, exclaimed, in an agitated voice: 'It is well; it is good news!' When I opened my eyes once more I was lying in bed in the hospital, and I remained there until I was taken to Woking Convict Prison."

Nine Months' Solitary Confinement.

Mrs. Maybrick was condemned to spend the first nine months at Woking Prison in solitary confinement.

"I followed the warder to a door, perhaps not more than two feet in width. She unlocked it and said, 'Pass in.' I stepped forward, but started back in horror. Through the open door I saw, by the dim light of a small window that was never cleaned, a cell seven feet by four.

" 'Oh, don't put me in there!' I cried. 'I cannot bear it.'

"For answer the warder took me roughly by the shoulder, gave me a push, and shut the door. There was nothing to sit upon but the cold slate floor. I sank to my knees. I felt suffocated. It seemed that the walls were drawing nearer and nearer together, and presently the life would be crushed out of me. I

sprang to my feet and beat wildly with my hands against the door. 'For God's sake let me out! Let me out!' But my voice could not penetrate that massive barrier, and exhausted I sank once more to the floor. I cannot recall those nine months of solitary confinement without a feeling of horror. My cell contained only a hammock rolled up in a corner, and three shelves let into the wall—no table nor stool. For a seat I was compelled to place my bedclothes on the floor."

The Cruelty of Solitary Confinement.

After giving a graphic picture of the deadly routine of this period, when even the daily exercise is taken in a stone-flagged, ugly, walled yard, " more like a bear-pit than an airing-ground for human beings," Mrs. Maybrick digresses in a characteristic manner most significant of her altruistic spirit, in order to voice some heartfelt observations on the indefensible cruelty of solitary confinement:

"Solitary confinement is by far the most cruel feature of English penal servitude. It inflicts upon the prisoner at the commencement of her sentence, when most sensitive to the horrors which prison punishment entails, the voiceless solitude, the hopeless monotony, the long vista of to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow stretching before her, all filled with desolation and despair. Once a prisoner has crossed the threshold of a convict prison, not only is she dead to the world, but she is expected in word and deed to lose or forget every vestige of her personality. Verily,

" 'The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But they grind exceedingly small.
And woe to the wight unholy
On whom those millstones fall.'

"So it is with the Penal Code which directs this vast machinery, doing its utmost with tireless, ceaseless revolutions to mold body and soul slowly, remorselessly, into the shape demanded by Act of Parliament."

Following solitary confinement came a "period of probation," of equal length. During this, the prisoner was permitted to see her fellows, but not converse with them.

Evils of the Silent System.

"No defender of the silent system pretends that it wholly succeeds in preventing speech among prisoners. But be that as it may, a period of four months' solitary confinement in the case of a female, and six months' in the case of a male, and especially of a girl or youth, is surely a crime against civilization and humanity. Such a punishment is inexpressible torture to both mind and body. I speak from experience. The torture of continually enforced silence is known to produce insanity or nervous breakdown more than any other feature connected with prison discipline. Since the passing of the Act of 1898, mitigating this form of punishment, much good has been accomplished, as is proved by the diminution of insanity in prison life, the decreasing scale of prison punishment, and the lessening of the death rate."

Mrs. Maybrick's Physical Sufferings.

"Let the sympathetic reader try to realize what it means never to feel the touch of anything soft or warm, never to see anything that is attractive—nothing but stone above, around, and beneath. The deadly chill creeps into one's bones; the bitter days of winter and the still

bitterer nights were torture, for Woking Prison was not heated. My hands and feet were covered with chilblains.

"Oh, the horrors of insomnia! If one could only forget one's sufferings in sleep! During all the fifteen years of my imprisonment insomnia was (and, alas! is still) my constant companion. Little wonder! I might fall asleep, when suddenly the whole prison is awakened by shriek upon shriek, rending the stillness of the night. I am now, perforce, fully awake. Into my ears go tearing all the shrill execrations and blasphemies, all the hideous uproars of an inferno, compounded of bangs, shrieks, and general demoniac ragings. The wild smashing of glass startles the halls. I lie in my darkened cell with palpitating heart. Like a savage beast, the woman of turmoil has torn her clothing and bedding into shreds, and now she is destroying all she can lay hands on. The ward officers are rushing about in slippered feet, the bell rings summoning the warders, who are always needed when such outbursts occur, and the woman, probably in a straitjacket, is borne to the penal cells. Then stillness returns to the ghastly place, and with quivering nerves I may sleep—if I can.

"What words can adequately describe the long years, blank and weary enough for all prisoners, but which are indescribably so to one who has been delicately nurtured! I had enjoyed the refinements of civilization; I had pitied, and tried as far as lay in my power to help, the poor and afflicted, but I had never known anything of the barbarism, the sordid vices of low life. And I was condemned to drag out my life amid such surroundings, because twelve ignorant men had taken upon themselves to decide a question which neither the incompetent judge nor the medical witnesses could themselves determine."

The Opiate of Acquiescence.

"I have been frequently asked by friends, since my release, how I could possibly have endured the shut-in life under such soul-depressing influences. I early found that thoughts of without and thoughts of within would not march together. I had to keep step with either the one or the other. The conflict between the two soon became unbearable, and I was compelled to make choice: whether I would live in the past and as much as possible exclude the prison, and take the punishment which would inevitably follow—as it had in so many cases—in an unbalanced mind; or would shut the past out altogether and coerce my thoughts within the limitations of the prison regulations. My safety lay, as I found, in compressing my thoughts to the smallest compass of mental existence, and no sooner did worldly visions or memories intrude themselves, as they necessarily would, than I immediately and resolutely shut them out as one draws the blind to exclude the light. But this exclusion of the world created a dark background which served only to intensify the light that shone upon me from realms unseen of mortal eyes. Lonely I was, yet I was never alone. But, however satisfying the spiritual communion, the human heart is so constituted that it needs must yearn for love and sympathy from its own kind, for recognition of all that is best in us, by something that is like unto it, in its experiences, feelings, emotions, and aspirations.

My Mother's Visits.

"Whenever my mother's visit was announced, accompanied by a matron I passed into a small, oblong room. There a grilled screen confronted me; a yard or two beyond was a second barrier identical in structure, and behind it I could see the form of my mother, and sitting in the space between the grilles, thus additionally separating us, was a prison matron. No kiss; not even a clasp of the hand; no privacy sacred to mother and daughter; not a whisper could pass between us. Was not this the very depth of humiliation?

"She crossed every two months from France to visit me. Neither heat nor cold deterred her from taking this fatiguing journey. Thus again and again she traveled a hundred miles for love of me, to cheer, comfort, and console; a hundred miles for thirty minutes!

"Almost before we had time to compose ourselves there would come a silent sign from the mute matron in the chair—the thirty minutes had passed. 'Good-by,' we say, with a lingering look, and then turn our backs upon each other, she to go one way, I another; one leading out into the broad, open day, the other into the stony gloom of the prison. Do you wonder that when I went back into my lonely cell the day had become darker? I went forth to meet a crown of joy and love, only to return with a cross of sorrow; for these visits always created a passionate longing for freedom, with their vivid recollections of past joys that at times were almost unbearable. No one will ever know what my mother suffered."

The Third Period—Hard Labor.

Mrs. Maybrick was now advanced to the third stage of prison life, that of hard labor. She was set to work in the kitchen. Here she came into contact not only with other convicts, but also with visitors to the prison. She relates a number of anecdotes which are significant of the callous, thoughtless, and even ludicrous remarks made by the latter. For example:

The "Homelike" Cell.

"A benevolent-looking old lady, having given everything and everybody as minute an inspection as was possible, expressed herself as being charmed, remarking:

" 'Everything is so nice and homelike!'

"I have often wondered what that good lady's home was like."

Mrs. Maybrick's Sickness.

During the winter the cells at Woking Prison were bitter cold. The bedclothing was so scanty that Mrs. Maybrick says she "suffered as much from the cold as the poorest and most miserable creature on earth." On rainy days she would come in from regular exercise with "shoes and stockings wet through." Since no change of footwear was permitted until Saturday, this often meant a week's suffering from cold feet, with the natural result of catarrh, influenza, bronchitis, and rheumatism, from all of which she suffered in turn. She was taken to the prison infirmary, where the misery of her lonely condition became most acute.

"To be sick in prison is a terrible experience. I felt acutely the contrast between former illnesses at

home and the desolation and the indifference of the treatment under conditions afforded by a prison infirmary. To lie all day and night, perhaps day after day, and week after week, alone and in silence, without the touch of a friendly hand, the sound of a friendly voice, or a single expression of sympathy or interest! The misery and desolation of it all cannot be described. It must be experienced. I arrived at Woking ill, and I left Woking ill."

At Aylesbury Prison.

Woking Prison was converted into a military barracks and all its inmates transferred to Aylesbury Prison. Here conditions were much better, more liberties were allowed, especially in the way of communicating with friends and receiving visits. Mrs. Maybrick's correspondence with "Gail Hamilton" (Miss Mary A. Dodge), her champion in America, was especially comforting, and a visit from her counsel, Lord Charles Russell, was of inestimable consolation.

A Visit from Lord Russell.

"Presently I heard the tones of a voice which I can never forget while memory lasts, though that voice is now hushed in death; a voice which, through the darkest days of my life, ever spoke works of trust, comfort, and encouragement. There stood the noblest, truest friend that woman ever had; the champion of the weak and the oppressed; the brave upholder of justice and law in the face of prejudice and public hostility—Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England. He stepped into my cell with a kindly smile on his face, and sat down on my stool, while the governor waited outside. He talked to me for half an hour, and I can never forget the beauty and grandeur of that presence. As he rose to leave he turned toward me, and, seeing unshed tears in my eyes, he took my hand in his, and in his strong, emphatic way said: 'Be brave, be strong; I believe you to be an innocent woman. I have done and will continue to do all I can for you."

Petition for Release Refused.

During this period adverse influences were working which successfully blocked the movements for Mrs. Maybrick's release. She states a case in point:

" A friend asked the Secretary of State for the United States, the Hon. John Hay, to interest himself in my case. Mr. Hay replied that he had been informed by the Home Office that I had been 'a disobedient and troublesome prisoner.' "

Report of My Misconduct Refuted.

"When I was told this at a visit I had my name entered to see the governor. I insisted that the governor should inform me when, and after what breach of the rules, such a report had been sent to the Home Office. After carefully looking through my penal record he could find no entry to that effect, and concluded by saying that I must have been misinformed. He said that my conduct was good, and that he had never made any report to the contrary."

Incompetence of Home Office.

Mrs. Maybrick gives many examples of injustice, originally perpetrated by the courts, remaining without remedy, owing to the

neglect and incompetence of the Home Office. The famous case of Adolf Beck is particularly instanced, and is joined with her own in supporting the demand for a British Court of Criminal Appeal.

Religion in Prison Life.

A new chapel was built for Aylesbury Prison while Mrs. Maybrick was an inmate, and she uses the event to hang thereon many profound and practical observations upon the effect of religion upon convicts.

"The humanizing influences can be brought to bear upon prisoners with beneficial results, in my opinion, only when supported by the advantages of religious teachings.

"A large amount of crime is due to physical and mental degeneration. Nevertheless, crime is also the result of lovelessness, when it is not a disease, and the true curative system should produce a spark of love in human souls. There is not a man or woman living so low but we can do something to better him or her, if we give love and sympathy in the service and have an all-embracing affection for God and man.

"If the future prison is to treat the criminal in a curative or reformative way, rather than by punitive methods, the means to this end must certainly be increased.

Effect of Prison Life on Girls.

Mrs. Maybrick especially deplores the debasing effect of the harsh prison régime upon young girls.

"The conviction of young girls to penal servitude is shocking, for it destroys the chief power of prevention that prisons are supposed to possess, and accustoms the young criminal to a reality which has far less terror for her than the idea of it had. Prison life is entirely demoralizing to any girl under twenty years of age, and it is to prevent such demoralizing influence upon young girls that some more humane system of punishment should be enacted."

Mrs. Maybrick's Self-Discipline.

The example of Mrs. Maybrick herself is an instance of the ability of a mature woman to rise above the debilitating influence of prison life, yet only by the exercise of most resolute determination and severe discipline.

"I felt it would be a humiliation to have it assumed that I could or would deteriorate because of my environment. I therefore made it a point never to yield to that feeling of indifference which is the almost universal outcome of prison life. I soon found that this self-imposed regimen acted as a wholesome moral tonic, and so, instead of falling under the naturally baneful influences of my surroundings, I strove with ever-renewed spiritual strength to rise above them. At first the difference that marked me from so many of my fellow prisoners aroused in them something like a feeling of resentment; but when they came to know me this soon wore off, and I have reason to believe that my example of unvarying neatness and civility did not fail in influencing others to look a bit more after their personal appearance and to modify their speech. At any rate, it had this effect: Aylesbury Prison is the training-school for female warders for all county prisons. Having served a month's probation here, they are recommended, if efficient in enforcing the prison 'discipline,' for

transference to analogous establishments in the counties. It happened not infrequently, therefore, that new-comers were taken to my cell as the model on which all others should be patterned."

Her Release.

"A life sentence usually means twenty years, and three months is taken off each year as a reward for good conduct. In February, 1903, I was definitely informed that my case would follow the ordinary course. I have been accused of obtaining my release by 'trickery,' but these facts speak for themselves.

"On Monday, the 25th of January, 1904, I was awakened early, and after laying aside, for the last time, the garments of shame and disgrace, I was clothed once more in those that represent civilization and respectability. I descended to the court below, and, accompanied by the chief matron and my escort, passed silently through the great gates and out of prison."

Arrival in America.

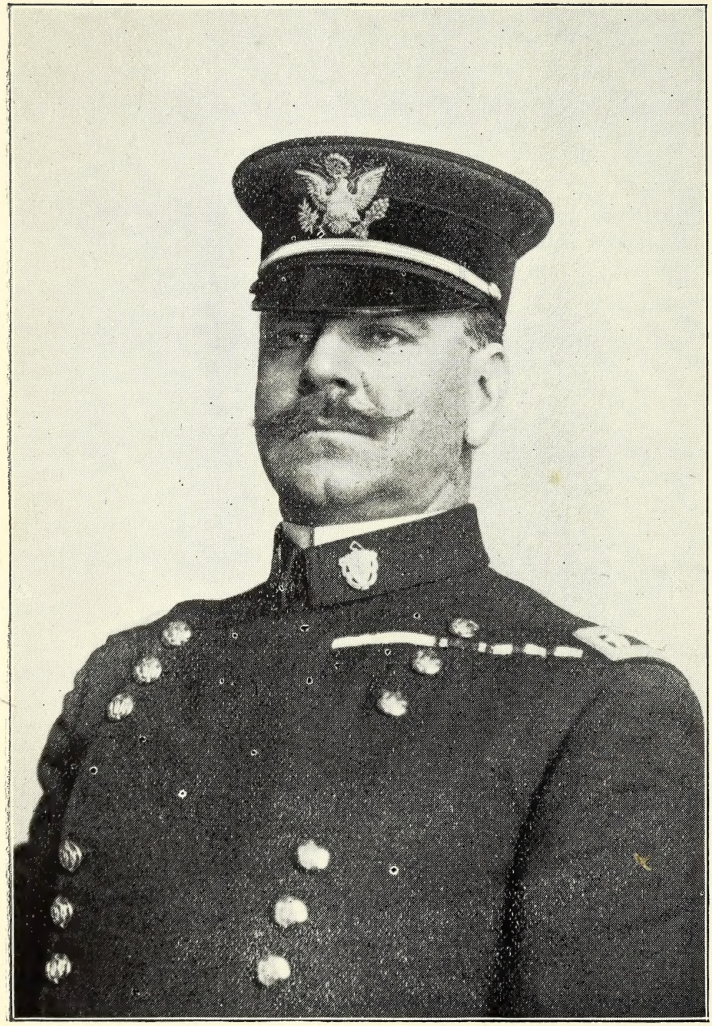
After a retreat of six months at Truro, Mrs. Maybrick decided to come to her native land.

"I sailed with friends from Antwerp on the Red Star Line steamship Vaderland for New York. My name was entered on the passenger list as Rose Ingraham, that I might secure more quiet and privacy; but when we were a few days out the fact of my identity became known, and with few exceptions the greatest courtesy, consideration, and delicacy were shown in the demeanor of the passengers toward me.

"When I first caught sight of the Statue of Liberty, I, perhaps more than any one on board, realized the full meaning of that word liberty, and I felt my heart stirred to its depths at the memory of what all my countrymen and countrywomen had done for me during the dark days of my past, to prove that they still carried me in their hearts, though the great ocean rolled between, and that I had not been robbed of the high privilege of being an American citizen."

The Lost Years.

"A time will come when the world will be forced to acknowledge the verdict which was passed upon me is untenable. But what then? Who shall give back the years I have spent within prison walls; the friends by whom I am forgotten; the children to whom I am dead; the sunshine; the winds of heaven; my woman's life, and all I have lost by this terrible injustice? Time may heal the deepest wounds when the balm of love and sympathy is poured into them. It is well; for if mental wounds proved as fatal as those of the body, the prison death-roll would be a long one."



MAJOR GENERAL, THE HON. WILLIAM A. BANCROFT, PRESIDENT BOSTON ELEVATED RAILWAY COMPANY

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The East Boston Tunnel

By FREDERICK RICE, JR.

THE significant fact regarding the sub-aqueous tunnel, which was opened to public travel on December 30, 1904, connecting the mainland of Boston with its island suburb of East Boston, is the part it plays in the great unified rapid transit system which engineering skill is building up in eastern Massachusetts. As a seven days' wonder the tunnel has been rather interesting. The experience of riding in a trolley car beneath the water of a great harbor alive with great ocean-going craft is no doubt worth journeying to Boston for. Still, most of us who have ridden through the great tube have found that after all, so far as one's sensations are concerned, there is nothing so very different in being ninety feet under the ocean from being sixty feet under skyscrapers and crowded streets. Of course the fact that the East Boston tunnel is the longest and largest work of under-harbor construction in America; that it is the first to be constructed entirely of concrete; that it has unique systems of ventilation and lighting; that its elevators at the Atlantic Chambers station are especially interesting because they do not run straight up and down but on a distinct incline—these and many other superlatives which the tunnel merits have given it very great value in the sight of newspaper writers. Yet its real claim to serious consideration grows out of the rôle it will play in drawing together the communities about Boston.

Into the general scheme the East Boston tunnel fits interestingly. The largest benefits to be derived from it will, of course, accrue to the island suburb of East Boston and Winthrop. The latter in particular, which is less closely built up than old Noddle Island, certainly has still great possibilities both for all-year and summer residents—possibilities that are likely to be realized now that the transportation thitherward has become uninterrupted and expeditious. Heretofore the beauties of Boston Harbor have hardly been properly appreciated by home-seekers. Henceforth, no doubt, the increasing number of nickels rung up between Winthrop and the Hub will doubtless attest the growing belief of Bostonians in the attractiveness of the arms of the sea that

make inland from the east of Deer Island on the one side to the junction of the Charles and Mystic and the great city, on the other to the Saugus marshes and Lynn. From the point of view of owners of real estate in Winthrop and Winthrop Head scarcely anything could have been designed more happily than the East Boston tunnel. The nearer suburb, too, will probably experience something of a boom.

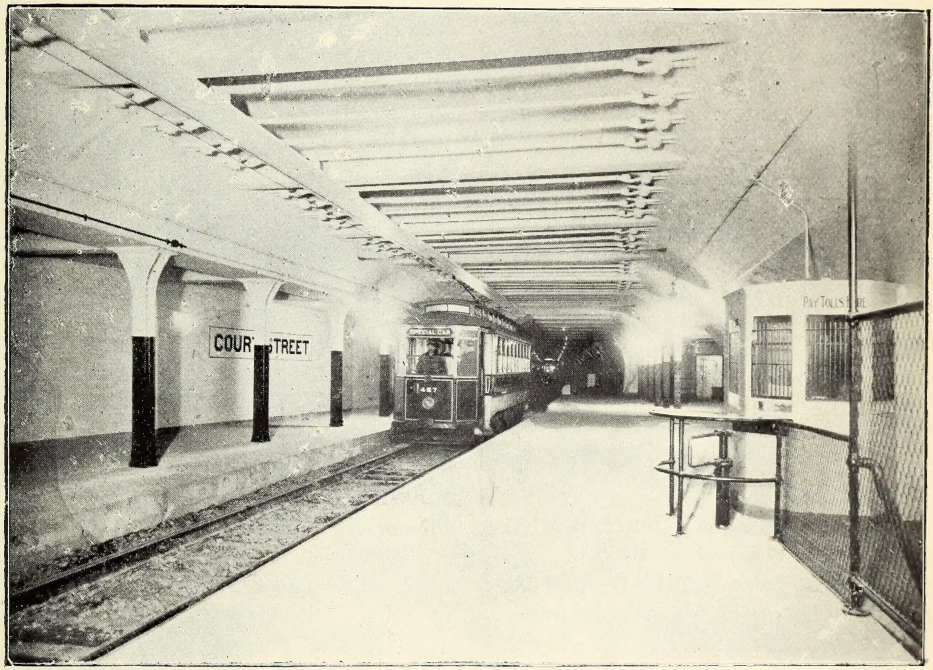
The transportation problem is a singularly important one for Boston. There has recently been organized a Metropolitan Improvement Association, composed largely of men of public spirit among whom are a number of landscape architects, painters and literary people. They are all specially interested in the æsthetic features of civic development. Yet when this association met to decide what feature of civic improvement had best be taken up first, the members agreed unanimously that a prime consideration was to determine the proper direction transportation routes in the outer districts of the Hub should take. In the thickly settled parts of the city the lines of steam and electric roads as well as the other main avenues of traffic were fixed long ago; but beyond these inner zones are great sections which the expanding city must eventually overflow and in which the right routes for the various kinds of traffic should be carefully chosen. This association of experts will find abundant scope for their studies in suburban regions where population is beginning to spread. They are likely to start from the fact that so far as the determination of the rapid transit routes in the immediate neighborhood of business centres is concerned the engineers of the Boston Elevated Company have for some time been working in accordance with a broad, comprehensive plan. In no other large American city has a network of transportation lines been developed with such regard for geometrical unity.

No doubt much of the good feeling toward the Elevated management which exists on the part of the public it serves is due to the flexibility of the entire system and the liberality of the company, particularly in the matter of free transfer privileges. Such eminently satisfactory conditions as obtain in this branch of the public service of greater Boston could hardly exist were not the whole of that service, except for one or two comparatively unimportant lines to the northern suburbs, in charge of a single corporation. In fact, the Railroad Commissioners of the State have declared in their reports that competition in the great public utilities is uneconomic, wasteful, and generally undesirable. That this theory has worked out satisfactorily in this case, at any rate, appears in the fact that no corporation anywhere, perhaps, has ever been more successful in securing to itself the important asset, and most difficult of all assets to acquire, public good will.

The system that is being built up in Boston is no patchwork or haphazard affair. Its development proceeds along the lines of a definite and well considered plan intended to provide not only for present needs but for the larger needs of the future. It is to be doubted if any other American street railway has ever been planned on equally comprehensive and broad-guage lines. The reason for the far seeing policy is no mystery but evidently and cer-

tainly is to be found in the character and capability of the men who control the affairs of the Boston Elevated Railway Company, most conspicuous of whom is the President, Maj. Gen., the Honorable Wm. A. Bancroft.

General Bancroft is as interesting and remarkable as the railway of which he is the chief executive. He is a man of tremendous force and



THE COURT STREET TERMINAL

persistence, a gentleman of education and refined instincts, and is eminent as a lawyer, a soldier and a public spirited citizen. His service in the legislature and city government of Cambridge, of which he was for four years Mayor, and his many years of experience in street railway management enables him to understand both sides of street railway problems—the public's side and the company's side. It is as inevitable as that effect will follow cause that the public policy of a railway management in such hands will be liberal, intelligent and progressive.

The general scheme of rapid transit lines upon which the engineers of the Boston Elevated Company have been working has been aptly compared to a cobweb. It consists of a central circuit—the subway-elevated circuit, with spokes—some of them elevated lines and some subway lines—radiating outward in every direction and interconnected by other filaments. As the core of the system there will always be the subway-elevated circuit which, but for the irregularities of the town, might have been drawn as a perfect circle. Extending outward from this will be various ele-

vated trunk lines of which the Charlestown and Dudley Street lines, running north and south respectively, were the first to be constructed, the East Boston tunnel being the third. The fourth will be the elevated line to Cambridge upon which work is to be started soon after the West Boston bridge now building is completed. Along the other main routes of traffic the surface lines will for the present be found to suffice for most of the incoming and out-going traffic.

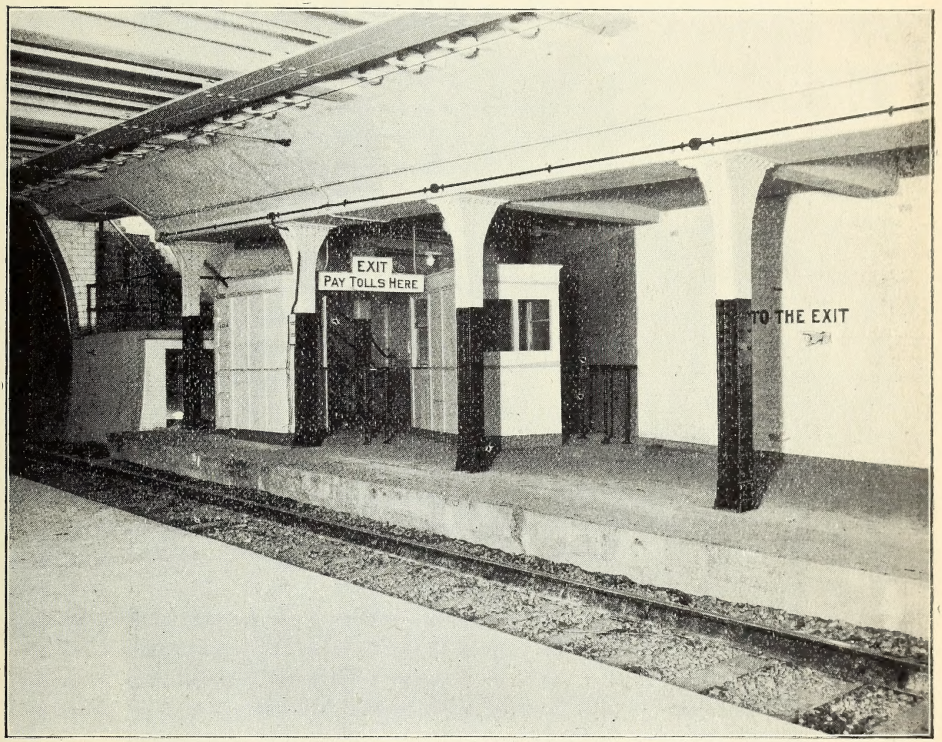
The East Boston tunnel is in one respect an exception to the theory of rapid transit which the engineers believe to be best adapted to Boston and, indeed, to nearly every American city. Because it has to pass under an arm of Boston harbor it has necessarily been built as a subway instead of conforming to the type of elevated construction by which traffic should generally be brought to and from the congested districts of a city. It is contrary to the best principles of engineering practice to construct long subways except in cases where, as in New York City, elevated structures have proved to be insufficient for the ordinary purposes of rapid transit over great distances. The idea which is being exemplified in the Boston transportation plans is that of a number of short subways, serving in a manner as elongated terminal stations. No one of these is much more than a mile or so in length, nor is it likely that any such will in the near future be demanded. The subway is, in fact, the last resort of the engineers to obviate traffic congestion.

This question of the relation of subways, elevated lines and surface lines is obviously one of great moment to every citizen of the greater Boston. In the old days the steam railroad engineers were compelled to follow the geographical layout of the Boston basin, passing the rock wall which surrounds it through certain definite openings. The Eastern road, for example, kept close to the shore, across the marshes of Revere and Saugus. The Western division of the Boston and Maine followed up through the break in the hills where Malden and Melrose have since grown up. The main division of the Boston and Lowell found the valley of the Aberjona offering an easy grade into the flat country beyond Woburn, while a smaller stream made a pathway by which Lexington and Bedford could be reached through Arlington Heights. The Fitchburg road, skirting the rock wall past Belmont and Waverly, made its way out through the valley of the Charles at Waltham. A little further south the Boston and Albany picked its way westward across a stretch of comparatively flat land. The Boston and Providence found a level course along the Neponset between the hills of Islington and Boston's little giant mountain, Great Blue Hill, while the Old Colony ran close to the Quincy shore and thus escaped the necessity of traversing the range which gave to Massachusetts its name. In every instance large towns have sprung up along the lines of the railways while the intermediate districts have, naturally enough, remained thinly populated.

But the trolley car is obviating the necessity for taking advantage of these natural openings in the surrounding ranges of hills, and through its usefulness in opening up new districts for residential purposes it has rendered imperative an

entirely different study of transportation routes.

That the East Boston tunnel will greatly assist the harmonious expansion of population in one section of the metropolis goes, therefore, without saying. To turn to its construction a comparison with some other famous tunnels shows that its exterior diameter is two feet greater



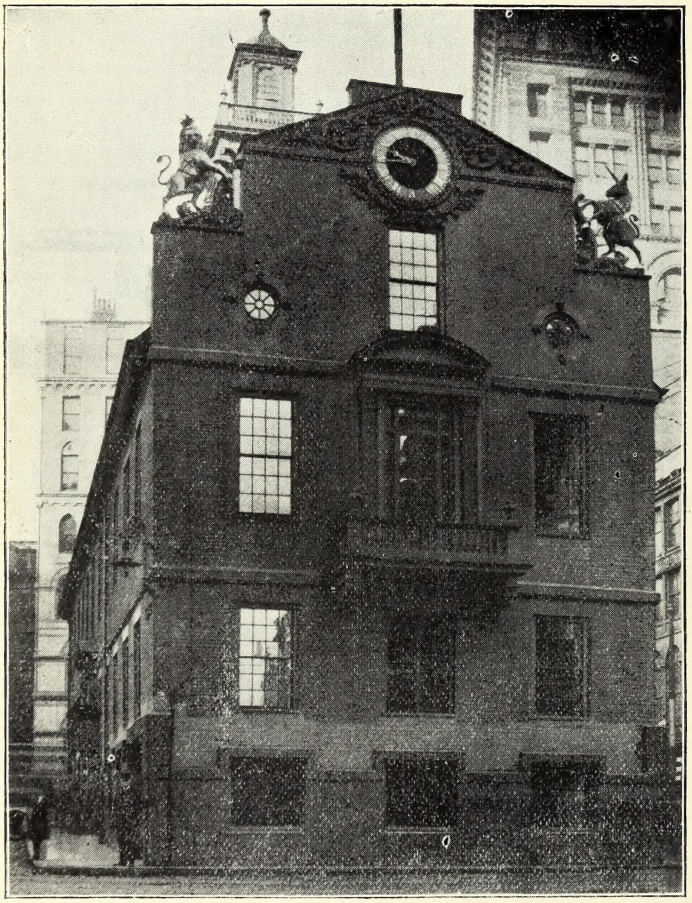
THE EXIT TO SCOLLAY SQUARE

The Arrangement by which all Passengers Through the Tunnel Pay One Cent Extra toward the Sinking Fund and as Compensation to the city of Boston is Indicated—The Boston Elevated Company acts as Agent for the city of Boston in Collecting the Tolls.

and its interior diameter about one foot less than that of the Blackwell tunnel in London. The interior diameter exceeds by about 15 per cent that of the St. Clair tunnel under the Detroit River and by 20 per cent that of the Hudson River tunnel now constructing in New York. The length of the Boston passageway—about one and two-fifths miles—is more than twice that of the Blackwell tunnel and considerably greater than that of the St. Clair or the shield-built portion of the Hudson River tunnel. The arch of the tunnel, which is nearly three feet thick, has been constructed entirely of the best grade of vulcanite Portland cement, of which about one hundred thousand barrels were used. This material will, of course, steadily grow harder as it ages.

A special system of ventilation had to be installed since the tunnel

penetrates to a depth of about ninety feet below the surface of the water at low tide. At the top of the tunnel there runs a large ventilating duct which has a cross section of about forty-eight square feet. It is formed by means of a diaphragm into two portions. The scheme by which the ventilation is away from the stations at either end is ingenious. Fresh air enters the tunnel from the portals at East Boston and through the station near Atlantic Avenue on the mainland. It moves



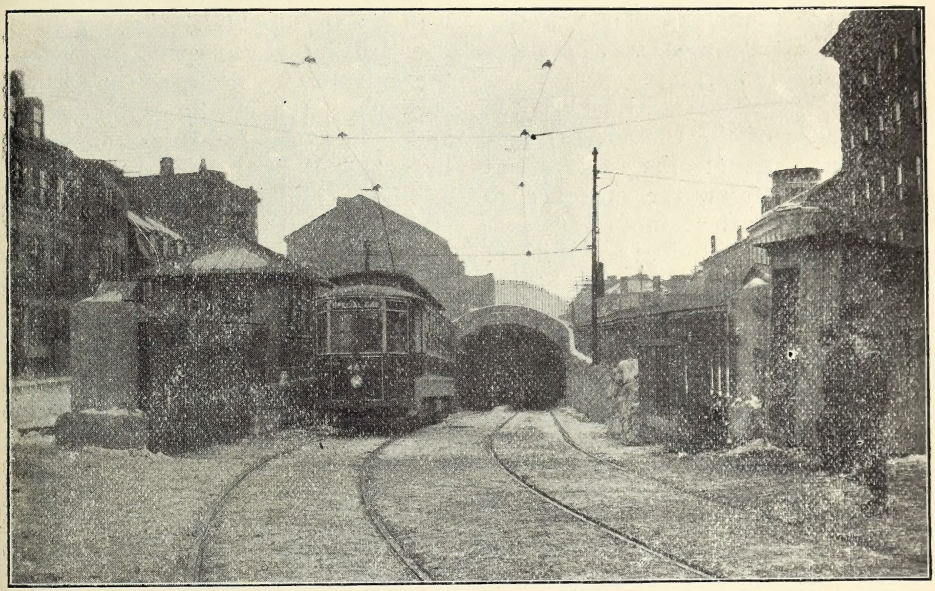
OLD STATE HOUSE—DEVONSHIRE STREET ENTRANCE AND EXIT OF EAST BOSTON TUNNEL

one inch thick, made of expanded metal and enclosed in cement mortar. This diaphragm is attached to the tunnel walls by steel rods and by plates which are themselves encased in concrete. A partition midway in the tunnel divides the duct in a steady stream down to near the middle of the tunnel where it passes through openings upward into the duct and is then drawn to the east and west by ventilating fans back to where it started from.

All under-water tunnels show a

certain leakage, much of which comes in from the entrances. The East Boston tunnel is regarded as being about as nearly watertight as is humanly possible, and with the hardening of the arch it will become still more so. Ample appliances for pumping the leakage have been installed. At the lowest point under the harbor, 2,129 feet from the entrance in Maverick Square, are the pump wells and pumping machinery. All water that gets into the tunnel drains down to these vats, one of which only has thus far been opened. Together the wells have an emergency storage capacity of 4,000 cubic feet, large enough so that even if both pumps should break down they could take care of the normal leakage for two and one-half days. Rain water, it should be said, cannot ordinarily get in from the East Boston end, since it is diverted by a dam across the tunnel invert.

The pumping machinery works automatically. Whenever the water in the well reaches a certain height a float resting upon its surface sets the machinery working. The pumps have a capacity of 32 gallons a minute each, or, altogether, about eight times the amount of leakage which the tunnel now shows, and which should be largely reduced in time.



THE EAST BOSTON ENTRANCE

The Cars of the Boston Elevated Company Come to the Surface at Maverick Square, a Focal Point where the Lines from Winthrop, Orient Heights and Chelsea Converge.

The power that operates the pumps is obtained from the power plant of the Boston Elevated Company.

A vital question in all subway construction is that of illumination. If the lights should all go out suddenly a panic is liable to ensue. It will be remembered that most of the horrors of the Paris diaster of a few years ago were due to the fact that

the electric lamps were extinguished together when a comparatively insignificant fire had broken out. In the East Boston tunnel the lighting comes from three distinct plants: that is, the Central Power Station, the Lincoln Power station and the Edison Electric Illuminating Company's system. The lamps are distributed in certain porportion throughout the tunnel. It is, of course, highly improbable that all three of the plants will ever break down at once, so that at each station and in the tunnel between stations there will always, whatever happens, be some lights burning.

There are three stations on the Boston side of the tunnel; the first at Court street; the second at Devonshire street, the entrance to which is under the famous old Massachusetts State House; the third at Atlantic Chambers on State street near the corner of Atlantic Avenue. At the last named station, where the platforms are about 56 feet below the surface, an elevator plant will be installed, consisting of four electric elevators running from the platforms to the street level, a vertical rise of about 56 feet, and to a landing about 14 feet above the street. Eventually a bridge will connect this landing with the present State street elevated station. The elevator cars travel from the platforms down below on each side of the tracks to a station which is in the middle of the street on the surface. In order to leave a roadway on each side of the centre station it is necessary, while the cars are traveling a vertical distance of 56 feet, that they should have a horizontal travel of about six feet. They will therefore run on curved tracks arranged to keep the car floors level at all times. The cars will have a maximum speed of 250 feet a minute. Each will have a platform area of about 60 square feet and a capacity of from 40 to 50 passengers.

From a popular point of view probably the most remarkable circumstance about the East Boston tunnel is the use that is made of the Old State House, the quaint building in State street which has been so intimately associated with stirring historical events. The venerable structure has always been useful as well as ornamental. To-day, surrounded by skyscrapers, it covers the entrance to the most important station on the newly opened route and when the Washington street tunnel shall have been built along another side it will occupy the strategic centre of the whole Boston transportation system. To commemorate the services to which the building has been put two bronze tablets have been prepared, to be placed in the passageway leading to the tunnel stairs. These read as follows:

1634
SITE OF PUBLIC MARKET PLACE
1657
FIRST TOWN HOUSE
BURNT 1711—REBUILT 1713
OCCUPIED BY
THE GREAT AND GENERAL COURT
AND
THE ROYAL GOVERNORS UNDER
GEORGE I-II-III.

1780
JOHN HANCOCK
SIGNER OF
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
WAS HERE INAUGURATED
FIRST GOVERNOR OF
THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
1780—1798
OCCUPIED BY
THE GENERAL COURT
1830—1839
BY THE CITY GOVERNMENT

The relations between the transportation company that is building up this remarkable system, in which

so great a piece of work as the East Boston tunnel is but a single item, and the people of its territory as they are represented in their State and local governments, are most interesting and instructive. The business of street railroading in Massachusetts, of which the Boston Elevated Railway Company is the chief exponent and the most carefully managed and regulated, has been put on a basis that embodies the best features of both private ownership and state supervision. While protection is afforded the Elevated company from meddlesome interference, political raids, and like setbacks to healthy development, there is, on the other hand, a distinct, well-defined obligation on the part of the corporation to render good service.

The corporation laws of the Commonwealth put stock-watering practically out of the question and so surround the handling of what should be great enterprises as to make them unattractive to financial pirates. When the Boston Elevated's charter, which is in the nature of a contract between the corporation and the Legislature, was drawn, the company was prohibited from paying dividends in excess of eight per cent annually on the invested capital and voluntarily agreed to a further provision that if its earnings should ever be sufficient to pay more than six per cent dividends the excess should be divided equally between its stockholders and the cities and towns of the community it operates in. This guarantees, for one thing, that money will always be spent ungrudgingly on improvements and extensions, and it is noteworthy that in the six years since the Elevated company succeeded the old West End Street Railway its earnings above cost of operation have averaged but little more than five per cent a year—a rate of interest that is certainly very moderate considering the rich and populous region in which the business is conducted.

Olive Culture in California

By Arthur Inkersley

MANY parts of California possess a climate resembling that of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean and are exceedingly well suited to the culture of olives. The lands contiguous to the foot-hills of the coast range or of the Sierra Nevada are best fitted for the olive-tree, which bears more abundantly and at an earlier age in the newer, stronger soil of the Pacific Coast State than in the old countries of southern Europe.

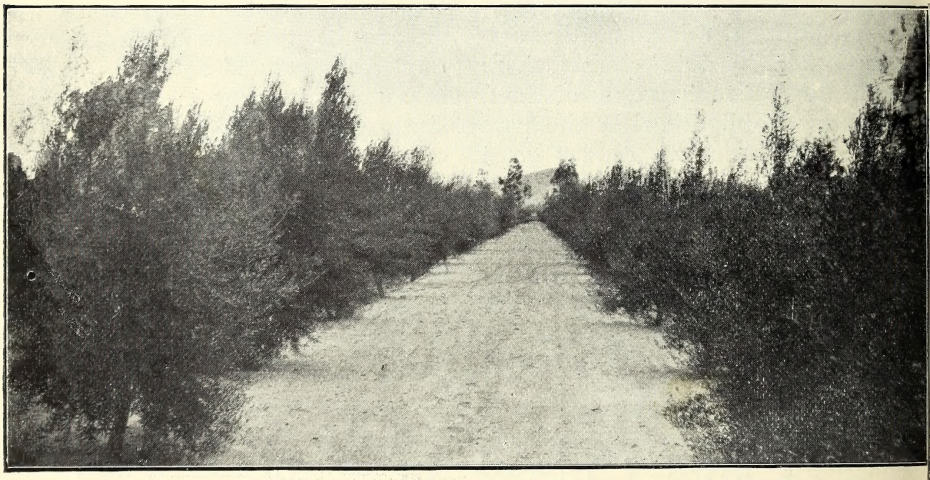
Though it is often said of the olive-tree that the worse it is treated the better it grows, this statement is true only with modifications. When young it requires considerable care, though, after it is well grown, it will thrive on poor, barren soil; and will withstand a great deal of neglect and abuse. The temperature of the regions where olives grow best does not fall below 14 degrees in winter, and does not remain long as low as that; snow

does not fall often and stays on the ground for a short time only.

In California a rocky, dry tract of land, with scanty soil, no fertilizers and little cultivation, will produce in five years an abundant and valuable crop of olives. The olive grows well on land where no rain falls for eight or nine months out of the twelve, but it does not flourish on low or wet land. On land suitable for wheat or other grain the olive would grow too woody, whereas it flourishes on a soil too barren to be used for other purposes.

wood has a color and grain that cause it to be highly esteemed by cabinet-makers. Olives are a valuable article of food, and children brought up in an olive-growing region soon learn to eat the berries and use the oil, both of which are very wholesome. As a proof of its nutritiveness it may be said that many southern Europeans subsist to a large extent on olives and bread.

Almost the only European countries that export much olive-oil are Italy and Spain. France produces a good deal, but has to import to satis-



OLIVE ORCHARD, SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

Inasmuch as the olive-tree is a slow bearer and does not yield quick profits, it has not been planted so widely in California as might have been expected. But, once an olive-grove is in full bearing, it remains productive for a century or two. Olives are a highly profitable crop. The fruit may be pickled, and the demand for the oil increases as people become better acquainted with its wholesome qualities. The oil may be kept for a long time, not only without deterioration, but with an improvement in its quality. The

fy the demands of her people. Portugal and Austria also import. The olive-oil of Greece is not used as food, but only in the manufacture of soap and lubricating oils. Olive-oil is used as a substitute for butter or lard in cookery; for preserving sardines and other fish; as an antidote for the bites of poisonous snakes, and as an ingredient of liniments, ointments, and salves. A pure olive-oil is scarce, many cheaper oils, such as peanut, cotton seed, poppy, and colza are used as adulterants.

For the grower, the olive has many advantages over other fruits. As the berry, until treated, is quite bitter, birds do not attack it, and the predatory boy does not steal it. The berries may be picked at any time between November and March, when laborers have little to do and will accept low wages. They may be pickled for the market, or crushed and the oil sold at any convenient time. Like wine, olive-oil improves with age.

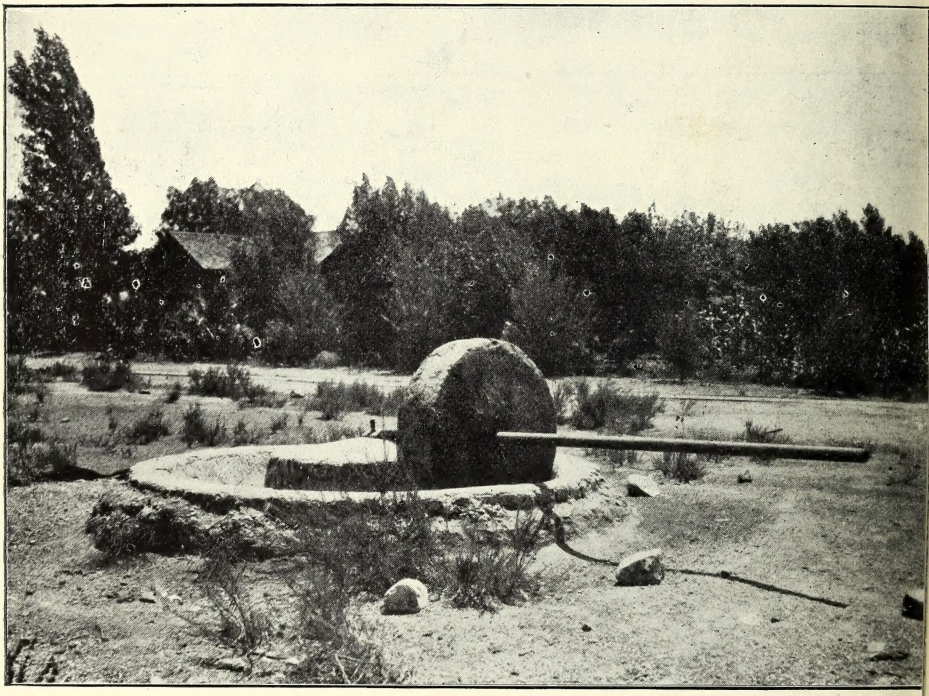


CHINESE PICKING OLIVES AT SAN FERNANDO RANCH

Among the best-known varieties are the Queen, the Manzanillo, and the Mission. This last is of Spanish origin, and was introduced into California by the Fathers who founded the string of mission churches that reaches from San Diego to a point a little north of San Francisco. The Manzanillo bears a large, well-shaped berry, but the oil being of an inferior quality, the berry is generally used for pickling. About the size of a black-heart cherry and, when ripe, of much the same color, it has a rich, oily flavor, which is much liked when the consumer has become accustomed to it. But, though people familiar with olives prefer the ripe olives pickled, most persons have become so used to the green olives that the dark, ripe ones do not attract them. Therefore, when intended for pickling, olives are generally gathered in a quite green condition, before the oil has begun to form in the berry, for, if any discoloration appears, they do not command a ready sale. The berries are gathered with care, so as to avoid bruising them. They are either raked from the trees on to canvas sheets, or are picked by hand and placed in baskets or canvas buckets. They are then graded according to their size and degree of ripeness. The berries in this condition are very bitter. To extract the

bitterness two processes are in use—the water process and the lye process. Both produce good results, but the lye process is much more rapid than the other. The berries are covered with a strong solution of lye in wooden vessels, and remain there for twelve hours. Then they are put into fresh water for nine or ten days, the water being renewed every twelve hours, in order to take the taste of the lye out of the berries. Last of all they are placed in brine in bottles or barrels.

For the purpose of extracting oil the berry is allowed to ripen, as the quantity of oil in the ripe fruit is much greater than in the green. Some of the presses used by the Mission Fathers were of a very primitive character, but they accomplished the work successfully and economically. The ordinary crushing-mill is a granite basin eight feet in diameter at the top and tapering to six feet at the bottom: it is two feet deep, and in it a granite roller about five feet in diameter, with a face of a foot or so, is made to revolve. In the primitive presses hand labor or the work of a horse, burro or mule was employed. The odors from an animal, however, are liable to be absorbed by the oil which is very easily contaminated.



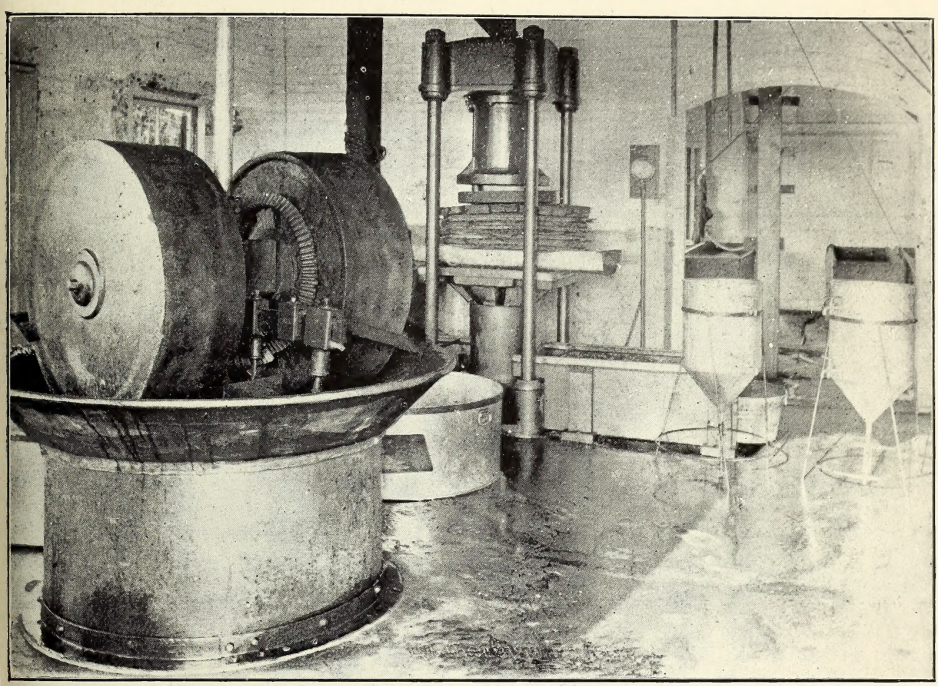
OLD OLIVE MILL AT SAN FERNANDO MISSION

To make olive-oil on a large scal requires considerable capital, as th improved modern drying-chambers hydraulic presses, filtering an clearing baths, to say nothing o the neatly corked and labeled bottle in which the oil must be put up fo the market, cost a good deal o money. The small grower, howeve

may sell his olives to a mill-owner who possesses the necessary machinery and buys from a whole district.

Nearly ten years ago the Los Angeles Olive Growers' Association was formed, and two thousand acres of land in the San Fernando Valley, about twenty miles to the north of Los Angeles, were bought. More than half this area was planted with olives, a hundred trees to the acre. The Nevadillo Blanco is exceedingly productive, its fruit being a little smaller than that of the Mission olive and ripening about November 1. It yields thirty-one per cent of oil. The Mission olive, one of the oldest and best-known varieties, ripens in December, and contains twenty-four per cent of oil.

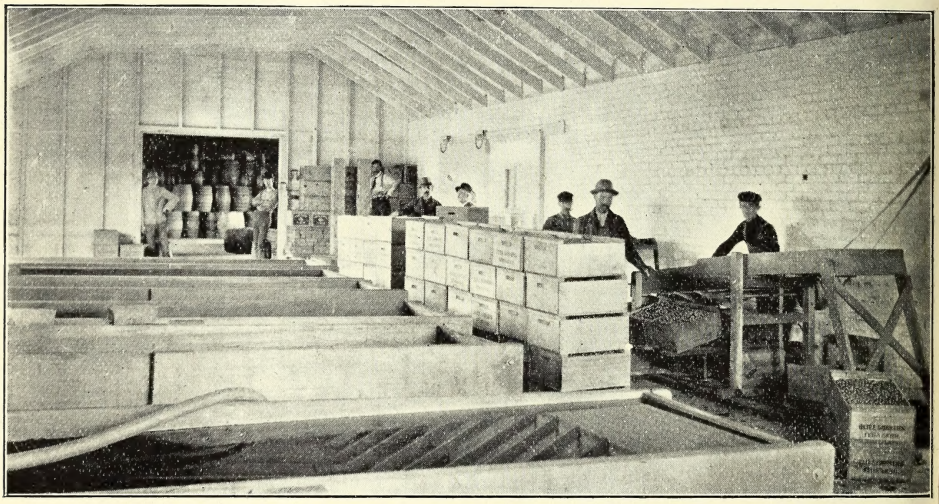
Olives are brought in from the grove in ordinary fruit-boxes, and



CRUSHER (IN FOREGROUND) HYDRAULIC PRESS AND FILTERING TANKS OF THE LOS ANGELES OLIVE-GROWERS' ASSOCIATION

As the Association intended to devote itself especially to the manufacture of oil, it selected three varieties of olives, which were found by actual test to yield the largest percentage of oil. These are the Mission, the Manzanillo, and the Nevadillo Blanco. The Manzanillo bears a berry of moderate size, which ripens in October, and yields thirty per cent of oil of high quality. are first taken to the fanning machine, which winnows out leaves, twigs, and other adventitious matter. Then the berries, which must be dry before the oil can be expressed from them, are taken to the drying room, which is supplied with abundance of fresh air. Here, for a period varying from five to fifteen days, the fruit lies in shallow trays, which are shaken from time to

time, so as to change the position of the berries and cause them to dry more rapidly. Near the end of the drying room is a hopper, a chute from which leads down to the cutter below. The chute has a door above and below: when the lower of these is opened the olives slide into the cutting-machine, which is provided with two steel cylinders so exactly adjusted that the berries are only slightly incised. The reason for this is that the stones, if crushed, tend to injure the quality of the oil. The cut olives fall into a pan below.



PICKLING VATS IN THE FACTORY AT SAN FERNANDO

The machinery is made wholly of metal that it may readily be kept perfecty clean and sweet—a highly important thing in the production of the best oil.

The pulp taken from the cutting-machine is made into flat blocks in shallow frames covered with sacking. At the bottom of the press is placed a grating, and on that a round plate of iron, perforated. On the plate is placed a block of crushed berries; on this another perforated iron plate; then another block of pulp, and so on. Seven or eight blocks of pulp are pressed at once, either by hydraulic power or in a screw or lever-press. The oil yielded by the first pressing is termed "virgin" from its perfect purity. The newly-expressed oil is thoroughly washed and then placed in a tank, so that any sediment present in it may be deposited. Afterwards it remains in settling-tanks, whence it is taken to the filtering-room. To render it still clearer and more brilliant, it is passed, drop by drop, through filter paper, into glass jars holding several gallons apiece.

Though the olive-tree in Europe bears a little at fifteen years of age, it does not reach its full productiveness until it is more than thirty years old. In the more genial climate and fertile soil of southern California, two gallons of berries have been obtained from a two-year-old tree, and as many as thirty gallons from a six-year-old tree. A gallon yields from a pint to a quart of oil. The San Fernando Valley ranch, which is believed to be the largest olive-grove in the world, having eleven hundred acres of trees in bearing, produced more than fifty thousand gallons of oil in 1903.

By Order of the Chief

By Elise Lathrop

THE Chief sat at his desk writing, as she entered his office in response to a summons, nor did he glance up until he had finished a paragraph, when he said abruptly:

"Miss Watson, we want a series of articles on the servant question, written from personal experience; some one must hire out as a servant for several weeks, and write her experiences. Do you think you can do it? If you make a good first article it will mean something for you."

Mildred Watson had decided upon the profession of journalism with all the enthusiasm of youth. Recently graduated from college, she was anxious to make a name for herself in literature, to which she regarded newspaper work as a necessary preliminary. It was only after haunting newspaper offices for weeks, that at last with the courage of desperation, she had penetrated to the sanctum of this very personage, the editor of "The Morning Star," and persuaded him to give her a trial, so however distasteful this her first assignment, she was not inclined to refuse it. Promptly she declared herself ready to undertake it.

"You may choose your own place from any that are offered you, you will need a reference, and may give Mrs. Dorr, the fashion editor. If you get enough material for the first article in a week, all right, if not stay longer. We want something good and snappy. 'The Trumpet' has been bragging lately about their advertisement results; put an ad. in it to-morrow, under 'Help Wanted,' and let us know how many answers you get. That is all, I think, except to send us word when to expect your first article."

Mildred left the office with a feeling of dismay. Save for a few lessons with a cooking class, housework was almost an unknown art to her. Still, she would have undertaken to report even a prize fight, so she inserted her advertisement in the rival paper, and went home to await results. Consultation with Mrs. Dorr, at whose flat she was to receive would-be employers, had decided Mildred to try first for a position as parlor maid, but fate ruled otherwise. By four o'clock the next day she had been interviewed by six women, but none would engage her. In vain Mrs. Dorr declared that only her departure from the city induced her to part with such a treasure. Mildred was in despair.

"People say that anyone can get a position as servant," cried she. "Just let them try it. What am I to do?"

"Learn to lie with more confidence, my dear," said Mrs. Dorr good-naturedly. "Or give it up."

Just then the bell ran, and an old woman, evidently from the country, with the kindliest face, entered. The usual preliminary questions asked and answered, she said:

"You look hardly strong enough to do housework, my dear. To be sure, there are only my husband

and myself. I have always done all my own work, but John thinks I am getting too old, and ought to have help. We live in the country, only twenty miles from the city, but three miles from the station. Probably you would not care to come."

"Oh, I love the country. I should not mind that at all," said Mildred, with courage born of desperation. "I am ever so much stronger than I look. Please do try me."

Mrs. Newman's kindly heart was touched. Perhaps the girl was in need. She did not like the other woman, who was so ready with her recommendations. Clearly she must help the girl. So it was with a pleasant smile that she said:

"Very well, child, if you like to try for a fortnight you may come back with me. I want you to promise to stay that long, for I am so tired of coming to town that I told John I would rather do my own work ten times over than come to this noisy city so often. Will you surely do so?"

Mildred agreed, and promised to meet the old woman at the station two hours later. Mrs. Dorr surveyed her in amusement as the door closed upon the visitor.

"I am distinctly sorry for you. Do you quite realize what you have promised to do? Not that she can compel you to stay two weeks, still—"

"Of course I shall stay with her, poor old dear. Did you ever see a sweeter face?"

"Wait until you have lived with her a week," said the other, cynically. "However, good luck!"

Mildred found Mrs. Newman already at the station, peering anxiously about her. The noise evidently confused her, and she surrendered the tickets to Mildred with relief. The new maid piloted her to the train, and found seats. She was about to take her place behind her new mistress, but the latter so plainly expected her to sit beside her, that Mildred did so. The trip was not long, and at their station an old man awaited them with a comfortable spring wagon, shook hands cordially with "Miss Watson," as his wife called her, and "hoped she would be happy with them."

After a long drive, they stopped at a white farm house, and the girl followed Mrs. Newman in at the back door. The kitchen, a large, cheerful room, was evidently the sitting room as well. She helped the old woman prepare supper, places were laid for four, and as they were sitting down, a tall young man entered, and took the seat opposite Mildred. He was introduced as "Mr. Tompkins," although the old people called him "Jim," she as "Miss Watson, a young lady who has come to live with us." From the conversation, she learned that he was the "hired man." His presence complicated the situation. Clearly she must let him see from the first that she wished none of the intercourse that might be expected from their similar positions. She had not agreed to study "hired men."

He disappeared after supper, and Mildred was alone in the kitchen, washing dishes, when he suddenly re-appeared, his arms full of wood.

"So you are the new girl!" he said. "The fourth in a week. I wonder how long you will stay."

Mildred's sole answer was a look which she intended to be crushing, but he seemed not to notice it, and continued:

"It is rather lonely out here for a girl, not much chance for company. The Newmans are dear old people, though. I have been here a week myself."

Still no answer from the sink, where Mildred splashed suds with unnecessary vehemence, but Mr. Tompkins made no further effort at conversation. Seating himself near the stove, he began reading a paper. She was about to leave the room, when she remembered that she had been asked to leave the kettle filled with water. The water bucket was quite empty, but she had seen a pump outside, and started for it, pail in hand. The hired man was at her side in a minute.

"Why did you not say you wanted water?" he asked. "I ought to have filled the pail," and taking it from her reluctant hand, he returned with it filled. She thanked him with dignity, and went to her room to unpack.

The next morning, hurrying downstairs in the grey dawn of a winter morning, with dreadful anticipations of a fire to kindle, she found one burning brightly in the stove, while a filled kettle was already simmering. Jim gave her a cheery "Good morning" as he passed through the kitchen, but she saw nothing of him, save at meals, until the evening, when work finised, they all gathered around the table. Old Mr. Newman had his weekly paper, his wife her knitting, but she seemed concerned lest Mildred be lonely.

"Do you play checkers, Millie?" she asked. "You and Jim might have a game. There is a board there on the shelf."

"Awfully sorry, Mrs. Newman, but I have an errand to do in the village," said Jim, before Mildred could reply.

"He need not have been afraid I would play with him," thought the girl, indignantly, nor was her resentment lessened when he asked her politely if she had any letters to send. She answered crisply in the negative, and soon they heard his cheery whistle dying away down the road.

One day followed another in the same routine. The work was hard to one unaccustomed to it, but Mrs. Newman was kindness itself. Mildred honestly tried to do her best, never knowing how often the old lady did her work over. The old couple treated her like a daughter, and Jim was the only thorn in her side. He called her Millie, quite as a matter of course, and several times she had been on the point of objecting, checking herself just in time. Why should she expect him to perceive a difference between her and any other servant. To her indignation, she had once or twice called him Jim, and fancied that he looked annoyed, though that seemed absurd. He rendered her many little services, but seldom talked to her now. He never volunteered any information about himself, though at first he had tried to question her. The first Sunday afternoon, an annoying incident occurred.

Jim disappeard for the morning, the old couple drove to church, leaving Mildred to prepare dinner, but as they sat at that meal, Mr. Newman said:

"Jim, if you like to hitch up the colt and take Millie for a drive this afternoon, you can."

The "help" were so overcome with consternation that even the old couple were dimly aware that

something was wrong. Jim was the first to recover himself.

"I shall be pleased to drive you to the village if you like, Millie," said he politely.

"Oh, thank you, I am afraid of the colt," said she, lying boldly for almost the first time in her life, but she flushed crimson as she suddenly looked up and caught an amused expression on his face, for she remembered that he had found her only yesterday in the colt's stall, feeding him apples. After dinner, Mrs. Newman, who was troubled at the unfriendly manner in which Mildred had received Jim's invitation, questioned her, and she was somewhat embarrassed to explain. She could not say that she, the maid, considered herself the superior of the hired man, still less admit that it was not his friendliness, but the condescension of his manner that irritated her. Had it not seemed absurd, she would have said that he was quite as disinclined to treat her as an equal, as she was to receive him on such a footing. The fact that she must walk to the village to send off letters did not tend to increase her amiability. She would not give them to him. She did not wish him to read the addresses, and comment upon them, so she must walk the six miles. He overtook her on the way home, driving the colt, and half checked him, but she walked on, her head in the air, looking off across the fields, so he drove on without a word.

Matters went on thus, until but two days of the fortnight remained. She had vainly tried to pluck up courage to announce her departure. The old couple seemed to have concluded that she would stay, Mrs. Newman often said how glad she was to have found someone she liked and foolish as she felt it, Mildred hesitated to tell them. Still, to remain longer was out of the question. She had in leasure moments written her first article, and she retired this night firmly resolved to delay the announcement no longer than the morning. She must simply find as kind an excuse as possible.

She had been asleep some time, when she was awakened by loud knocking. Throwing a wrapper around her, she opened the door. Old Mr. Newman stood outside, and even by the light of the candle in his shaking hand, she could see that he was frightened.

"Oh, Millie," he gasped, "Betsey is ill! I don't know what is the matter. Do come."

She followed him quickly down stairs, and found Mrs. Newman apparently unconscious, her eyes wide open.

"Had you not better wake Jim, Mr. Newman, and send him for a doctor?" The old man gazed at her helplessly, too bewildered to decide upon anything. She must take the lead. She hurried upstairs, and knocked at Jim's door. No answer! Again she knocked. Finally, in desperation, she shook the door violently, calling as loudly as she could. At last, a sleepy voice cried: "What is it?" Once aroused, he was equal to the situation. She had a lantern lighted for him, when he came down after a hasty toilet, and in a few minutes heard the buggy depart. She counted the time that must elapse before he could possibly return, even should he find the doctor at home, as she sat beside the sick woman. The old man crouched in a chair, ignorant as she of what they ought to do. It seemed ages before she heard the returning wheels, and

Jim entered, accompanied by the doctor.

"We were fortunate, Millie," he said, and for the first time she heard the name from his lips without indignation. "The doctor had just returned. How is she?"

"Quite the same. I am so glad you brought him. I am not used to sickness, and did not know what to do."

The doctor pronounced it paralysis, though by no means a hopeless case. He left medicine, and promised to return in the morning. Mildred was installed as nurse, quite as a matter of course. Indeed she never for a moment thought of anything else. Jim was very helpful in lifting the old lady, whose eyes followed him gratefully, though she could not speak. He even did housework and proved a fine cook. The old man did whatever he was told, but spent most of his time sitting beside his wife. Unconsciously Jim and Mildred almost fell into the ways of old friends.

It was three days later that Mildred was suddenly brought to realize the existence of the outer world. The doctor had pronounced a slight improvement in the patient, Jim had gone to the village for some medicine, and returning, found Mildred in the kitchen, warming some broth. He came towards her, a telegram in his hand. His manner was quite formal.

"Miss Watson, this is for you," he said, holding out the yellow paper. "I must apologize for having opened it. The station master handed it to me, saying there was an answer, and I did not discover that it was addressed to you until I had read it. I am very sorry."

"A telegram for me?" said she, but after reading it she gasped. It ran: "Where is promised article? Wire immediately." and was signed by the editor of "The Morning Star." This was Saturday morning! Her article had been promised for Friday at the latest, for the Sunday issue, and that article was now upstairs in her trunk! What was to be done? In her dismay, the paper slipped from her fingers. Jim stooped to pick it up, and their eyes met.

"I might have known you were no servant. What a fool I was not to guess!"

"What do you mean? Why should you think—?"

"The editor of 'The Morning Star' would hardly telegraph you for an article, were you what you represented yourself, Miss Watson. What are you going to do? Have you gotten yourself in trouble? If you had only told me—"

He paused, for Mildred eyed him curiously.

"Perhaps you will tell me how you happened to be so familiar with the editor's name. Who are you, if you please?"

"A reporter for 'The Trumpet'" said the "hired man" meekly, and then they both laughed, while the broth simmered unheeded.

"Did you advertise in our paper?" asked she. "And what are you doing here?"

"I was detailed to test the truth of the assertion that any able bodied man can get work in the country. I started as a tramp from the city. This was the second house where I asked for work, and certainly if all tramps had my experience, there would be no excuse for their continued existence. Are not the Newmans the dearest old couple?"

"You have been here some time?"

"Just a month to-morrow. After the first day, the old man agreed to

let me stay only on condition that I remained a month. He said he was tired teaching new men, and I seemed handy. I am country bred, so it was not hard to please him. I could not get material enough in one day, so here I am. But what are you going to do? Keeping back a special article is a serious affair, you know."

"I must telegraph, but I suppose my chance with the paper is gone."

"Shall you go back to the city at once?"

"What are you thinking of? Leave dear old Mrs. Newman alone in the house with you two men? Certainly not! I shall stay until she is better and I have found some one to take care of her. Are you going to-morrow?"

"For three days I have tried to find a new hired man. Yesterday I wired the office to get one at any cost. Certainly I shall not leave them in the lurch though."

"But your own position?" asked Mildred.

"I am more fortunate than you. I have sent off articles every week. Besides, think what a good story I could write up now! The fair young reporter from 'our esteemed contemporary' etc. We might have your picture in," he went on teasingly. "I have several snapshots of you, and a sketch as you struggled with the wash. What inducement will you offer me to keep it out?"

Mildred looked up indignantly, then catching sight of the twinkle in his eyes took courage. "'A fair exchange is no robbery!'" she cried. "What is to prevent me from appeasing my editor with an account of you? I, too, can take snapshots."

"We shall have to cry quits, Miss Watson. Heavens! How difficult it is to call you that! I used to wonder why you seemed so indignant when I called you Millie. I will try to square you with your editor. I know him well. If you will write a telegram, I will send it for you at once. I am glad you will stay until we can get a nurse."

Eventually Miss Watson, the promising young "Morning Star" writer, and Tompkins of "The Trumpet" reportorial staff arrived in the city. The editor consented to overlook Mildred's forgetfulness, in consequence of the general excellence of the belated article, which appeared the following Sunday and was declared to throw quite a new light on the vexing servant question. Nevertheless, Miss Watson's journalistic career was brief, and the first time that Mrs. Newman was able to visit the city, it was to attend the wedding of her late maid and hired man.

On Oriental Railways

By Sigmund Krausz

WHILE traveling on Oriental railroads does not offer the comfort of American trains, it furnishes the observing tourist with opportunities for gathering experiences that strongly illustrate the contrasts between the advanced transportation methods of the West, as compared with the primitive ways of the East. Perhaps more than in any other field, one has to come to the conclusion that, if culture and civilization have come westward from the cradle of humanity, they are bound to turn on their tracks.

Frequently these experiences are of an amusing character, and often they give an insight into the state of corruption which pervades the official circles of all Oriental governments.

The Turkish railroads in Asia Minor, which have their main starting point in Haidar Pasha, Scutari, opposite Constantinople, are a fair example of Eastern railway management. On one of these roads, a line of the "Compagnie du Chemin de Fer Ottoman," running inland from Smyrna, the largest port of the Asiatic part of the empire, I had an experience that brought these conditions home to me with force.

The company runs a daily train from Smyrna to interior stations that stops at the ancient ruins of Ephesus, where excavations take place which, during the tourist season, furnish a strong attraction to intellectual travelers. Ephesus is some forty miles distant from the old capital of Ionia, and it takes four hours by rail to reach it. The train leaves about eight o'clock in the morning, arrives at noon at the small station near the ruins, and, since another train passes in the opposite direction at four p. m., one has the comfortable margin of four hours to visit the site of the ancient city.

Conditions, however, must have been different when I visited the place. It was outside the tourist season, and the time table was evidently not strictly adhered to, for it took nearly five hours to reach Ephesus. The stops at the little stations were hardly ever less than ten minutes, frequently much more, and once or twice the train halted in the open fields, apparently for no other reason than to give one or the other of the Turkish crew a chance to run into a wayside house for water or other refreshments.

The slowness of the train was aggravating, for even the first class coaches of the "Compagnie du Chemin de Fer Ottoman" are by no means alluring vehicles to travel in. They are evidently second-hand purchases, as the line is not old enough to justify the badly-worn state of woodwork and upholstery, and the vermin and general filth in them is simply outrageous.

On arrival at our station, my guide found, upon casual inquiry,

that the only passenger train, returning on the same day to Symrna, was due in about half an hour. This put me in rather an unpleasant dilemma. I had not come to Ephesus for the pleasure of the trip, and there was no accommodation for a stay over night.

My guide, however, proved to be resourceful, and I myself was well acquainted with the power of baksheesh. After a first interview with the station official, he had secured the permission for us to use a freight train for the return to Smyrna, which was due in about two hours. But even this interval was not sufficient to enjoy the visit to the ruins, and I sent him back with instructions to secure, if possible, the holding of the freight train for an hour or two longer.

I had previous experience with Turkish officials, but doubted somewhat his ability to obtain the privilege of holding a train for two hours. I had underestimated, however, the power of baksheesh persuasion, for he smilingly returned with the assurance that the freight would be held for me until I could comfortably visit the ruins. "But, it will cost you ten shillings," he whispered to me impressively.

Before starting on the return trip, a heavy shower had soaked us thorougly, and, under the circumstances, the outlook of spending four or five hours on a freight train was certainly not inviting. Still less alluring was the possibility of staying a whole night in a dilapidated car, as the station agent had mysteriously hinted might be the case.

If the coming to Ephesus in the morning had been no joy, the return to Symrna was decidedly unpleasant. Darkness was fast approaching, the vermin was unusually active, and the smoky lamp on the ceiling spread hardly light enough for us to see each other. Through the interstices of the doors and the cracks in the board walls, a cold draft entered which, considering my damp clothing, was sure to be followed by disagreeable consequences.

We had traveled about two hours when an exceedingly lengthy stop induced me to send out the guide to ascertain its cause. He returned with the Turkish conductor and the information that a part of the locomotive was out of order, and that there was every prospect of spending the night at the little station.

Remembering the mysterious hint of the official at Ephesus, I suspected something crooked. My patience was also exhausted, and I used some energetic language. But I suddenly bethought myself again of the old Oriental panacea, as being superior in effect to cursing a phlegmatic Mohammedan. I called my guide aside, and slipping a half Napoleon into his hand, while I pointed over my shoulder to the conductor, I said: "You understand me. It is seven o'clock now; if we are in Symrna by nine, there will be five francs added." A few minutes later the train was moving, and promptly at nine o'clock we arrived at our destination. Five dollars had had the magical effect of holding a freight train over three hours for the accommodation of a passenger, and making it afterwards move at considerably higher speed than the time table provided for.

The Egyptian railways are under English management, but the crews

are natives. While they are far superior to those of Asia Minor, even offering the comfort of sleeping cars to Upper Egypt, there are many nuisances connected with the running of the trains, the handling of baggage, etc., and the lesser officials are almost as receptive in the matter of baksheesh as are the Turks.

One of the great nuisances is the closing of the ticket offices ten or fifteen minutes before train time, and the trouble one has with the checking of luggage is really annoying. It absolutely necessitates coming to the depot from half an hour to an hour earlier than the time of departure.

Another unpleasant condition of Egyptian railway travel is the fact that the native passengers, even of the third class, are permitted during a journey to walk through all the cars, from one end of the train to the other, in order to satisfy their curiosity. Unless you tip the conductor for a closed special compartment, you are disturbed every few minutes by some turbaned fellah poking his nose in to see what is going on.

Once I witnessed how, on such an occasion, a German traveler, provoked by the constant disturbance, crushed a finger of one of these inquisitive Arabs by the violent slamming of the compartment door. Had the dusky fellow not rapidly withdrawn his head, he probably would have been guillotined. As it was a few piastres proved a healing salve for his wounded finger and feelings.

Another time I had to throw off by force a dirty Arab, who insisted on mounting a first class coach, on the steps of which stood a couple of American ladies whom he tried to push aside, while the conductor stood close by. On my complaint to him, he shrugged his shoulders. Later on, this conductor, having received a baksheesh from the same ladies, bodily ejected from the train another Arab who had intruded their compartment.

In continental Europe one may often travel comfortably second class, but I should not advise anyone to do so in Egypt. During my first sojourn in that country, I was once induced to travel a short distance second class, and the memory of that trip suffices even this day to ruffle my temper. It was a warm day, and by arriving early at the station I had secured a seat next to a window. Soon after the car filled with a multitude of Arab and Greek merchants and farmers, who were apparently carrying with them a large part of their merchandise and other belongings, for not only did they fill all the space under the seats, in the aisle and on the racks above the benches with satchels, baskets, bags and bundles of all sorts, but most of the passengers carried pieces of luggage even in their laps. The conductor found it difficult to squeeze through all these obstacles when he came to control the tickets, but he seemed to be used to it and did not offer any objection whatever against this transformation of a passenger coach into a freight car.

Soon after the train started, satchels and bags were opened, and it did not take very long before every little space on the floor, not otherwise occupied, was covered with paper, empty bottles, banana and orange peelings, bones and other remnants of edibles. The fine dust penetrating through the closed windows, the thick smoke of cigar-

ettes, the odors of garlic and the sweaty evaporations from the passengers made the atmosphere in the car exceedingly foul. Luckily the trip was to last only two hours, and I soon left my seat and remained standing near the half-open front door, preferring to breathe dust-laden but pure air.

The East Indian railways are incomparably better managed than either of the two hitherto spoken of, but they too have many peculiarities which, while interesting, sometimes annoy the western traveler. There is no mixing of races in the cars, the natives being provided with separate accommodations, the main discomfort of railway travel being the whiffs of carbolic acid and other disinfectants that emanate from the carriages of the third class, which are fumigated and cleansed after each trip. An occasional plague inspection and hordes of famished beggars at some stations add sometimes to the unpleasantness of the journey.

The sahibs, as all white residents of India are called, travel only first class, and the railway management has tried by various devices to make their traveling in the torrid climate more endurable. Thus the first class carriages are provided with roofs which come half-way down over the windows and keep the sun out without preventing a free view of the country traversed.

A practical device is a straw wheel fitted into an open window. Under this contrivance a trough, half filled with water, is arranged so that the lower part of the wheel rests in the liquid. An occasional turn will keep the wheel moist, and thus the hot air coming in from the outside is cooled off to a pleasant degree. The only drawback of this device is that it does not work automatically, compelling periodical attention, and thus, at night, much or all of its usefulness is lost.

The first class day coaches on all lines in Central India have to serve as sleeping cars. There are, however, no berths, bedding or porters. One travels invariably with a native servant, and carries his own bedding. On boarding a train in the evening, it is the first duty of a servant to rush for a desirable space, and spread the bedding of his master on the seats which are arranged lengthwise without divisions. Their zeal to secure the best places leads sometimes to heated altercations among them, but they rarely get beyond mildly abusive epithets, as they are generally of a peaceable temperament. A great accommodation are the special compartments provided for the servants, in connection with the coaches, which enable one to have them always within call.

Native women travel in separate cars, and much care is taken by the officials that their privacy is not intruded. The lower class women mount them in the usual way, being deeply veiled; but it is an almost ludicrous sight to see the precautions taken when a high caste woman boards a train.

She generally arrives at the station in a palanquine or a sedan chair. Before alighting from this, her servants surround it with curtains which are stretched to the car steps and form a temporary closed aisle, between which her ladyship may mount her coach without being defiled by the gaze of the common crowd, and especially by that of the white sahibs.

Not unfrequently one may see a palanquine or a sedan chair carefully put into a box or on a flat car, in which case, if the curtains are drawn, a high caste woman is sure to be the occupant.

I was told that once, when a car, in which such a vehicle had been placed, caught fire, and its occupant was dragged out by a train man, the husband of the lady became very indignant. Since she was neither young nor comely, the railway officials, however, were not positive that the real cause of his indignation was the fact that she had been touched by a strange man.

Abigail's Blue Bonnets

By KEZIAH SHELTON

"I WISH to goodness, Abigail, that you would give up wearin' that old drawn satin bunnit! Nobody but you has b'en seen with a cottage bunnit on these twenty-five years! I'm clean ashamed on ye, for the young ones in the Sunday-school call you 'Old Blue Bunnit,' an' their mothers laugh at it an' never tell 'em to stop."

The ill-tempered married sister who came home every Sunday apparently for the double purpose of criticizing her maiden sister's housekeeping and to secure a good dinner without "heating herself up," as she had to do every other day of the year, now put her hands on her lap and waited to see if she had rasped her sister as much as she had hoped to do.

"Aren't you tired of harping on that? You've said it every two weeks since you went to live on a farm of your own."

Abigail's quiet retort, her better language, might have made some persons question the reality of their sisterhood, but she had escaped the roughening process of marriage with a lower-class man.

"Not on a farm of my own, by a long shot! The farm's his'n an' I'm one o' his machines, good enough for any of his odd jobs, but ain't looked after nor kept ch'ice like the mowin'-machine nor the tedder. But I ain't an ole maid, that's one comfort. An' I tell you ag'in, it's time you put some new stiffnin' in that bunnit cape,—if you will wear it,—for it hangs pretty loppy atween the pleats, and the strings want dampenin' an' rollin' on a bottle to dry; they're full o' creases."

Angeline could forget, temporarily, her own grievances, while finding fault with and offering advice to others.

Undisturbed, outwardly, by her sister's meddling, Abigail stood before a twelve-inch mirror and settled the cumbrous head gear over her abundant old-fashioned coil of glossy hair—all her own, or, as she would have said, "rooted,"— and tied the broad and creased strings into a pronounced double bow under her finely shaped chin, as she had done on Sundays for more than a quarter of a century. The year that it and her pale-blue summer bonnet were new, she never could forget.

"Abigail!—it's time we was a-startin', the fust bell is a-ringin'."

"I'm coming, Joel. Will I need rubbers?— Will you keep house, Angeline?"

For thirty years had Joel called up the stairway each pleasant Sunday, and his sister had called down and inquired about the probable need for rubbers, and every other Sunday had added the request addressed to her sister.— And this was life?

Their entrance into the bare, whitewashed meeting-house created its usual ripple of half kindly ridicule, as their combined old maid and old bachelor queerities had done for more than a thousand Sunday mornings. Life is so long and so full of emptiness in the Deadfield districts!

The first prayer had been made, a chapter from the Old Testament had been read, and two of Watt's hymns from the Carmina Sacra had been dolefully sung by the four pews full in the gallery, which comprised the choir. This choir was the pride of this special district of Deadfield, for neither ministers' nor deacons' sons and daughters were ever invited to assist this choir until Sister Ellyann, who presided at the melodeon, was satisfied that they could carry a tune and learn by ear.

The feeble-minded preacher whose feeble body suggested insufficient and too infrequent donation parties, had given out his text, and, like his type, was filling out time by several inconsequential repetitions of it in very slightly changed forms.

" 'Then shall two be in the field, and the one shall be taken and the other left'. Why should one be taken and the other left? Why this mystery of Death's power and of Death's choice? Why should one be taken from the fields and the other left? Why was your neighbor taken last Monday morning, before he had eat his breakfust, and you left to enjoy your'n? Why did good Sister Robbins be took yesterday, and so many left that we could have spore as well as not if not better? Why should the one that can't be spored be obleeged to go and the one that ain't no good be left? Oh, my friends, it is borne in upon my mind this morning that again two are in the fields and one shall be spored and the other left, and again I ask you, why—"

At this moment attention was distracted from the preacher and his words by the appearance, just inside the doorway, of a well known non-church-goer, who stood there as if not quite knowing what his next move ought to be.

"What can have brought him here? —a sudden conversion?" whispered one to another.

If there was a trace of awkwardness in his bearing as he realized the unusualness of his presence here and thought of his errand in connection with the preacher's words as he entered, he was gifted with a native directness of purpose that ever saved him from serious bungling.

He had never seen Abigail's bonnet in church, but he had been familiarized with its appearance at neighborhood funerals and quickly distinguished the glistening folds in the sunlight that streamed through a window nearby her pew. As if unconscious of the curiosity his presence excited, he calmly walked down the left hand aisle and paused before the door of the pew, whereon Joel's hand rested firmly as if to aid the metal button in keeping out intruders.

He leaned over Joel and spoke in a voice so low that the listeners in the next pew were none the wiser, though they had each turned their best ear toward him.

Joel never "liked to hear news the first time nor to be interduced to folks he wa'n't acquainted with." His mind ever worked slowly, if at all, and now he looked up to the speaker in a completely dazed manner. He had been told news, and needed time to take it in. The neighbors' verdict had long ago been given: "Joel's no fool; he's only slow." And he was not slow and sure, but just slow.

The blue bonnet covered a far quicker brain, and as it leaned forward the message was repeated in low tones again. Abigail's face paled, but she arose calmly and motioned to Joel to leave the pew, but his dull intelligence was not yet awakened and he sat motionless and continued to stare stolidly at the non-meeting man.

Abigail next tried to crowd past him, but he kept his feet and knees in her way. Then she placed her hand on his shoulder and almost, if not quite, gave him a shake, but it did not avail, so she quietly stepped over his huge Sunday brogans and opened the pew door herself. At this, Joel aroused enough to rise and follow her out of the pew and down the aisle out of the meeting-house. With such men the most modest women are forced to "always seem to hold the reins."

The man of the fields followed, and as they reached the door the poor preacher once more reminded his hearers that, "One shall be taken from the field and the other left, and who can say why?"

The curiosity of the congregation was so completely aroused by the episode that the preacher's words failed to impress them with any feeling of personal alarm as to whether, individually, they were to be taken or "spored."

Meanwhile, Abigail and Joel were driven toward their home in the messenger's market wagon as rapidly as the age, health and habit of his horse would admit. During this drive the neighbor informed them that he and father Perkins had been doing a little Sunday work, just looking over their adjoining lots and planning to make a common cartpath to get to some woodland that each owned "over beyont."

"And your father said, all to wunst, that he guessed old age was a-creepin' up a-hind him; any haow he was a-feelin' mighty tuckered aout with our tramp and he guessed he'd set daown on a rock and rest a spell. And afore he could do it he fell all in a heap. Some sort of a stroke, I guess. I got him home, with some help from some chaps who, lucky for us, come along a-gunnin', and then I started right after you. Angeline don't amount to a row of pins, only to fuss and sputter. I never see such diff'runces as there can be in sisters."

* * * * * * * *

"I'm going to see if something can't be done to help father so't he can speak if nothing more. We'll have a doctor out from the City hospital, for I think Dr. Sparks is so sure there's no help for him that he don't even try."

"He may live six hours, six days or six years, —you can't tell in these cases,—but he'll never speak nor move again," had been the old doctor's first opinion, and he did not alter it later.

To Abigail he had said, not unkindly, "If 'tis your own father, he ain't never given you no cause to tire yourself all out taking care of him; he can't drive you beyond your limit no more, thank the Lord. And now the best thing for you to do is to let me find some woman who goes out, and send her up here."

Abigail appreciated the doctor's kindness and availed herself of the services of the woman who "went out," but she was not satisfied to let her father lie helpless and make no effort to relieve him.

But Joel was "close" as well as slow, and said, "City doctors! Where's the money comin' from? You ain't got it, an' I ain't got it. Father's got enough, but we can't touch it now, no more'n we could when he's alive—I mean, when he's up round."

"You've got plenty of money, and you know you have, Joel. You ought to be ashamed of yourself; you're as tight as ever father was! I'm sorry I said that about poor father. He couldn't help being near; his father and mother were so before him. He was brought up to split cents. But, Joel, you ought not to begrudge him a doctor. He's paid you wages ever since you were twenty-one, because you were a man; and because I was a woman, my day's work has only paid my board. There's justice for you! I have never had a red cent, from you nor father, for all the cooking, washing, making and mending I've done for both of you and helped you two to lay up money. I worked as many hours inside as you did outside, but when you two could go to bed and lay there a-snoring, I had to still sit up and braid, or sew straw-braid into bonnets, at less than half a cent a yard, to earn my clothes and to lay up enough in the savings bank for my funeral expenses, so you wouldn't groan too much over the cost of losing me if I died. But I haven't a dollar in the bank now that's too good to be taken out to help my poor old father with," said Abigail with a sob in her voice.

"It's a clear waste of hard earned money, and of the doctor's time, but women are the forgivingest critters," said Dr. Sparks to his wife, while struggling at the desk preparing a message to be sent to the City doctor.

"They need to be—to live with men-folks," retorted his appreciative wife.

* * * * * * * *

Dr. Sanborn came the very next day, a tall, handsome man, somewhat stout in figure but as hale looking as men of fifty-five have a duty to look if they have lived conscientiously at the same time that they have lived well. No besotted days or nights had sapped his mental or physical strength. He was still a *man*, though fifty-five, — a man who could say with truth, "Here I am as *God* made me and my own honest purpose has kept me."

When introduced to the new doctor by Dr. Sparks, Abigail neither noticed his name nor his features. Her whole mind was filled with the question, "Can he do my poor father any good?"

After a thorough examination, Dr. Sanborn turned away from the invalid's bed and said, "I would like to see Miss Perkins, alone." He did not mention Joel, nor ask for the presence of Angeline.

Abigail led the way to the parlor below, leaving the woman who

"went out" with her father and Dr. Sparks.

"I take it for granted that you would like the plain truth, Miss Perkins?" said Dr. Sanborn with true professional bluntness.

"Yes," replied Abigail in a strained, husky voice.

"It is a hopeless case, and fortunately the heart is so nearly worn out that all will soon be over. It is best for him, and best for you. Be strong and brave now, as you always have been,—Gail," and he reached out toward her. But she was not falling; she quickly steadied herself.

"Gail!" There was but one who had ever called her that.

"Hiram! —You? I did not notice your name, and you are so changed. I should never have thought 'twas you. You were so thin and slim then, and your hair so brown, when—"

"When your father turned me out of doors, because I would go to college instead of following my father's footsteps on the old farm. If I am changed, you are not. I should have known you anywhere. You'd have only to put on your pale blue, summer bonnet, or the dark blue winter one, that you wore the last summer and winter of our happy days, to look the same Gail that I loved then, and now."

"I have never worn any other bonnets. I felt so much less like an old maid, when Sunday came and I could wear one of those blue bonnets that you used to say became me so much."

"Then you have remembered and cherished those memories, as I have done. Abigail, we are old, but I want you to promise me now that just as soon as your father is gone—"

The door was thrown open, with an underbred woman's forceful bang and lack of warning, and the shrill, rasping voice of the woman "who went out for her living" fell sharply upon their ears. "Miss Perkins—Abigail,—he's gone."

* * * * * * * * *

The Sewing-circle could hardly bear the blow. "Why, I thought Abigail was as safe and sure as any of us," murmured an old classmate.

"Seems to me the wedding's coming a mite close after the funeral; if I'd waited as long as she has, I'd a-managed to spun along a few months longer," and the mother of ten children drew her thread taut so suddenly that she broke it short off right in the middle of a buttonhole.

A pretty, good natured maiden, dreaming of her own trousseau, exclaimed, "But she's got the most beautiful blue broadcloth coat, skirt, and bonnet to match, and the daintiest pale blue louissine waist, trimmed with lovely white lace. Coat and skirt are trimmed with grey krimmer, and she'll wear grey gloves."

"You don't say so! Blue, blue, dark blue and light blue, forever! Well, if she won't change the color, it will be a relief to know that we'll never see that same old blue satin bonnet going down the meeting-house aisle again."

The neighbors were all bidden to witness the ceremony in the old white-washed church, and went home chattering in this wise:

"Well, if that wa'n't a setback, to see Abigail coming down the right-hand aisle in her dark blue broadcloth and grey-mixed fur trimmings, and a-leaning on Dr. Hiram's arm,

a-looking as happy as a sixteen-year-old that didn't know what trouble was named for, but—oh, my land of mercy!—a-wearing that everlasting, old-fashioned, blue satin bonnet! Do you s'pose she's so tickled to death that she's gone clean crazy? She's been queer a good many years, now."

But Dr. Sanborn would have it so. "Do this to gratify my whim, just for luck, dear, and you shall have new bonnets as often as you like hereafter."

Paradise

By Aloysius Coll

IN Bagdad, when the desert wind
Was blowing hot and fleet,
Death smote the brow of Mullah Ru,
And felled him at his feet.

Death smote—and Mullah's light went out!
But stronger, brighter eyes
Were given to his ghost, and showed
Him passage to the skies!

He came unto a gate of gold!
He entered Paradise—
What thing he was in glory shone,
Revealed unto his eyes!

Only the goodness he had done
Had reached the happy goal;
The ill of all his days had lost
The stairway of his soul!

"Allah be praised! I am not dead!"
The blessed Mullah cried;
"For Paradise is but the good
In life that has not died!"

Albert Hopkins and Williamstown

By Grace Greylock Niles

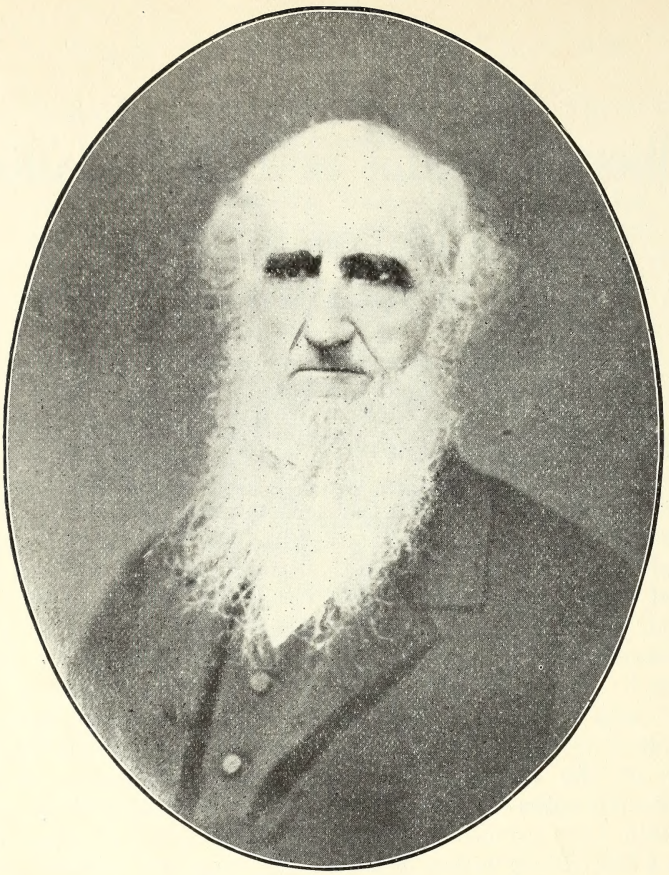
Illustrated with photographs by the author and Mr. Kinsman

PERHAPS no other name in Northern Berkshire is held in such reverence as that of Albert Hopkins,—moralist, philosopher and divine. From Stockbridge to Bennington he was welcomed in the early years of the past century for his earnestness as a teacher and preacher of right living and thinking. "The Mountains and the Months: Sketches from White Oaks, Scenery and Scenes in Northern Berkshire," was a title which Professor Hopkins intended for a book descriptive of the Hoosac Valley. He had collected notes while making the Mountain Day excursions with the Alpine Club, which he led to the summits surrounding the college town of Williams, and was arranging for a series of photographic views with which the work was to be embellished when he died. No one knew the grandeur of these mountains and their changing beauties during the passing months better than he; and the world has missed much by his failure to carry out his cherished plan.

He was the youngest of three sons—the only children of Archibald and Mary Curtis Hopkins,—born in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, on July 14th, 1807. His early boyhood was spent upon his father's farm, and attending the district school, which was a mile and a half from his home. During 1823 or 1824 he entered the Sophomore Class of Williams College, after preparing under the tutorship of his uncle, Rev. Jared Curtis, at the Stockbridge Academy. Although but nineteen years of age, the youngest member of the graduating class of 1826, he was abreast with its foremost scholars, and at Commencement delivered the Philosophical Oration entitled "Caloric." This was one of four honors then considered equal, and given to the four leading students in the class.

After graduation, young Hopkins was engaged to survey a route by which it was hoped the Boston and Albany Railroad might pass through Stockbridge. During the winter following, he became seriously ill and in the days of convalescence he turned his mind toward the ministry, and an ultimate career as missionary in foreign lands. Meanwhile, destiny was shaping a future for him: he received an invitation to become tutor in Williams College, thus drifting into his life-work as Professor of Mathematics, Natural History and Astronomy.

His ministerial tendency however, made him a leading spirit among his colleagues, and an inspiration and encouragement to those who were preparing for missionary work. His classmates say of him that whatever characterized him most at College centered in his religious life, "founded upon that strictly moral and amiable course which appeared in him from childhood," and that "he



ALBERT HOPKINS, MORALIST AND PHILOSOPHER, HOOSAC VALLEY. 1823-1872

had no gross vices or little meannesses to subdue." Though not regularly ordained until December 26th, 1869, he often delivered religious talks and from his early student life, he made every move in his career a subject of earnest prayer.

He was also a great lover of Nature. Dr. Mark Hopkins, his eldest brother and former President of Williams said of Albert, "that when just able to run alone he was missed, and having been found by his mother half a mile from home, and being asked what he was doing, he said he was 'looking at the great treeses.' " As he grew up, this love of Nature became intense, expressing itself "in the line of beauty and of science." He gave much of his attention to flower culture and landscape gardening about the College grounds in Williamstown, and about White Oaks Chapel. He also founded the Natural History Society of Williams, and encouraged the students in their researches to study "the thing itself," rather than to depend upon mere theory. It was this principle that led him to build the Astronomical Observatory on the College grounds almost wholly at his own expense. It was the first building of its kind on our Continent.

During June, 1834, it was decided by the College that Professor Hopkins should sail for Europe to investigate and procure the most improved astronomical instruments

for his observatory. Steamers were unknown in those days, and the trip across the ocean in a sailing vessel was beset with many perils. But the thought of danger never deterred the intrepid Professor from an undertaking in which his conscience or his love of science was engaged.

On September 16th, 1834, he sailed from the Battery on the Hibernia, a packet-ship bound for Liverpool. Many letters to his parents give an account of that voyage, and his travels about Europe, where he remained during the winter,—returning to America the following May. He remained in Stockbridge with his parents for a few days, mourning with them over the loss of his brother Harry, who had died as Albert was about sailing for Europe. Later in May he returned to his College duties; and during this eventful summer he organized and conducted a Natural History Expedition, the first in this country sent out under the auspices of any College. He was accompanied by Dr. Emmons, the discoverer and founder of the Taconic System in geology, Tutor Simeon Calhoun, afterwards a missionary to Syria, and a number of young men from College. They were absent four weeks, during which time they visited the Bay of Fundy, St. Johns, and Halifax. A full account of this first Natural History journey afield, was published by Professor Hopkins in three papers in the *American Traveler*, commencing in the issue of November 13th, 1835, under the title: "Scientific Expedition of Students of Williams College, from Boston along the eastern coast of St. Johns, New Brunswick, Halifax and Windsor, Nova Scotia."

President Paul Chadbourne, in 1872 said: "Such expeditions are comparatively common now, when travel is easy, and the necessity of field work in Natural History is well understood. But that such an expedition should have been planned in a College among the Berkshire Hills, and successfully carried out nearly forty years ago, when as yet it was necessary to travel a hundred miles to reach the railroad, shows that the organizer of the expedition was one of those minds that see in advance the demands of science, and have wisdom and energy eonugh to adopt the most efficient means for its advancement."

These exploreres along the shores of St. Johns, and off Point Laprian in latitude 45 degrees met extreme danger from the bold and slippery ledges of rock along this coast, in one instance making a sudden tack only in time to save their whole crew from instant death. The rocks were not more than twice the ships length distant at the critical moment.

Previous to his sailing for Europe Professor Hopkins formed a Gardening Association, the principal object of which was to give exercise of a needful kind to the students. About three-fourths of an acre of land, where Kellogg Hall now stands, was given by Professor Kellogg; and its clearing, fencing and laying out occupied the tutor and several students through the season. Professor Hopkins after seeing the beautiful grounds surrounding foreign Universities, called the students together, and re-organized this Association for Landscape Gardening for the purpose of improving the entire College grounds. Rocks were blasted, trees were planted, walks were laid out, making Main street of Williamstown a park-like thoroughfare of great



THE HOME OF PROFESSOR HOPKINS, (1870) WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

beauty. The labor involved the physical energies of the young men into healthy, normal channels, and the Professor said, promoted great moral improvement among the young men.

On November 30th, 1836 we find the Professor in Northeast Mountain, quarrying stone with his own hands for his Astronomical Observatory. The stone work of this building was finished June 29th, 1837.

In a letter written to his mother on November 16th, 1838, we find that he is relieved somewhat from his College duties, and filling the pulpit of the First Church of Williamstown then vacant, as well as directing service two-thirds of the time in South Williamstown, and in the outlying district shoolhouses. Also at this season he was occupied in mounting the telescope. He wrote: "I have sent for a mirror, and expect it on next week. It is intended for a telescope ten feet in length; this is to be put into the dome. How I shall get along with all my expenses I don't know; however, as I get the mirror at a reduction, I think I shall be able to pay for it. When this instrument is mounted, I shall expect a visit from you and father. . . . I have often feared, since commencing this building, and finding to what an extent it was involving me in a pecuniary way, that I was not justified in going forward; but having begun, I have not felt it my duty to desist. The worst of it is, there seems to be no stopping place—when this instrument is up there are others I want."

He thought, at one time, of preparing a course of lectures to defray the expenses of instruments. With such numerous demands upon both his time and purse he feared that he should not be able to carry out all that he had planned for the progress of his scientific work.

The Observatory seems to be

modeled after the plan of the ancient Greek Tower of the Winds. The main part is octagonal, facing the eight winds, with a dome above. On each side of the main hall are small one-storied, square wings, used in recent years as dormitories for students not able to pay for the more expensive halls. Inscribed on marble tablets over each entrance of the Observatory are Scriptural texts. Above the north door are the words: "Lift up your eyes on high and behold who hath created these;" and above the south door: "For thus saith the Lord, yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land."

Near the south door, where the sun shines all day, he placed a marble tablet with a bronze sun-dial. In the soft marble is another inscription, now dim with erosion:—

"HOW IS IT YE DO NOT DISCERN THIS TIME."

and each day as regularly as this dial indicated that the sun had come to the meridian, the Professor laid aside all labor to attend the noon prayer-meeting.

Hawthorne was in the Valley during 1838. In visiting the marble quarry at the Natural Bridge on Hudson Brook, he saw this same marble table, which was to support the sun-dial, although before it was mounted. Hawthorne was a frequenter of the College town and attended the Commencement exercises that season. He was too late to hear the opening address of the Astronomical Observatory by Professor Hopkins on June 12th, 1838. This sojourn in the Hoosac Highlands by Hawthorne when so much interest and energy was being expended in promoting science and the mind of man, must have been an impetus to the author's great soul in his literary work. The fact that the original of Eustace Bright was a student at Williams, reveals Haw-



THE CAMPUS OF WILLIAMS, MAIN STREET, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

thorne's interest in the College, and he must have known a good deal of Professor "Al" as the students called their Professor of Natural History.

In those early years of the past century, the eyes of both the religious and literary world were directed toward this corner of New England. Williamstown was the birthplace of American Foreign Missions, and its College was considered foremost in sciences and literature; it had sent forth the poet Bryant, the Homer of the New World, whose singing clothed death with dignity and beauty. Thanatopsis is supposed to have been inspired by Nature's decay observed by the poet in Flora's Glen which lies among the western hills of the town. Hawthorne, Thoreau, Emerson and Dr. Holmes were attracted to this centre of learning, and spent some time in its vicinity.

Professor Hopkins, in the truest sense the "Father of Astronomy," and of Nature Study afield on our Continent, says in part in his oration on the opening of his observatory for the study of astronomy: "Freedom from a narrow and selfish bias is to be secured not so much by particular precepts, as by the application of a system calculated to give to the mind expansion and enlargement . . . prepare yourself for action, action, the beginning, middle, and end of all that duty will require or society demand . . . To preside over these influences which mould the general intellectual features, to select, combine and apply them in a manner suited to subserve the purposes of a perfect scheme of mental training is the province of a philospher, involving more acquaintance with the real object of knowledge and of the adaptation of means to ends, in the way of elevating the human mind to that standard which constitutes the limit of its attainments—a philosophy, in one word, more deeply read in the science of what man is and what man may be, than has perhaps ever fallen to the lot of a single individual. Indeed the superstruction of a rational system of education has grown up by piece-meal; and he who adds a stone turned at the proper angle will deserve well in the commonwealth of mind, though the place which it occupies may be undistinguished, in after times, among the materials which it serves at once to cement and support.

"Newton the Prince of Philosophers owed his success, at least in his own estimation to his untiring perseverance, rather than to any superiority in respect to natural gifts. Franklin also was not prevented by the pressing cares of a diplomatist, from 'stepping aside, often, to converse with Nature.' Why, I repeat may we not all become philosophers, in the best sense of the word—observers of Nature, with a view to elicit truth, by habits of close attention, to improve our discriminating powers, to mature the judgment by careful balancing of possibilities—to wean ourselves from vitiating tastes and frivolous amusements; by furnishing the mind with an exhilarating and dignified object of pursuit, during those hours which both inclination and duty appropriate to relaxation from severe toil—to identify ourselves in some measure, with the shifting scene of Nature—whose stability, amidst incessant Change, serves to remind us of our immoral being . . . and to elevate our thoughts toward that fathomless fountain and Author of being, who has constituted matter

and all its accidents as lively emblems of the immaterial kingdom.

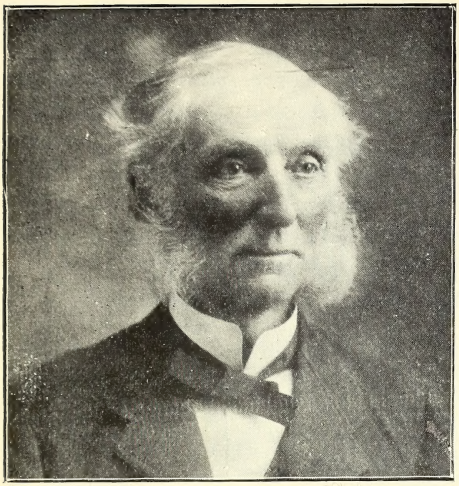
"It was with views similar to those above suggested, in relation to the effect on the mind of different modes of study, that the idea of this building was conceived . . . the first, it is believed, on the Continent designed exclusively for such an object."



THE CLASSICAL SHADES OF WILLIAMSTOWN, LOOKING EASTWARD FROM FIELD'S MEMORIAL PARK, SITE OF THE OLD FIRST CHURCH

During Professor Hopkins' vacation in 1840, he took a walking tour through the country to Boston, "attending meetings every night as he went along." He at that time contemplated marriage with Miss Louisa Payson, sister of Elizabeth Payson-Prentiss, author of "The Home at Greylock," "Stepping Heavenward," etc., both daughters of Rev. Edward Payson, D. D. of Portland, Maine. On August 25th, 1841 they were married; and on July 22nd, 1843 a son, Edward Payson Hopkins, was born. Professor Hopkins' life, for the next twenty years is full of sad and sweet events. However, little of his home life appears in his journal. His wife was an invalid during the rest of her life, after the birth of their only child.

In 1854 Professor Hopkins suggested to the College Alumni the purchase of the land surrounding the place where Samuel J. Mills, the "Father of Missions," held the prayer-meeting in 1806 that proved the fore-runner of the American Missionary movement. And this



DR. JOHN BASCOM, A COLLEGIAN AND FRIEND OF PROFESSOR HOPKINS, WILLIAMS COLLEGE

suggestion led to the laying out of Mission Park,* then designated Mills Park—in the following season. These grounds are immediately north of the Congregational Church, and consist of ten acres, partly laid out, and adorned with flourishing maples, elm, arbor vitae, pine, and various other native and foreign shrubs. There are many winding paths and drives leading toward the circle where "Haystack Monument," which commemorates the birth of American Foreign Missions, declares that "The Field is the World." The name "Haystack" came from the fact that Mills and his fellow students were forced to take shelter beneath the eaves of a haystack near during a shower, in order to continue prayers. The Foreign Mission movement was widespread throughout the New England States in those early years, and the erection of a marble pedestal supporting the world is a symbol of significance in the history of the world's enlightenment.

On September 23d, 1855, Professor Hopkins began to beautify these grounds with his own hands. And here, during the afternoon of Baccalaureate Sunday, each year, a Missionary Prayer-Meeting is held on the lawn encircling the monument.

Many missionaries have gone forth from Williams, and returning to the Alumni meetings, they found the Professor's home a haven to which, as by special privilege, they were welcomed. Thus he kept in step with the broad sphere of Missions, and helped to kindle with enthusiasm the missionary spirit in the College.

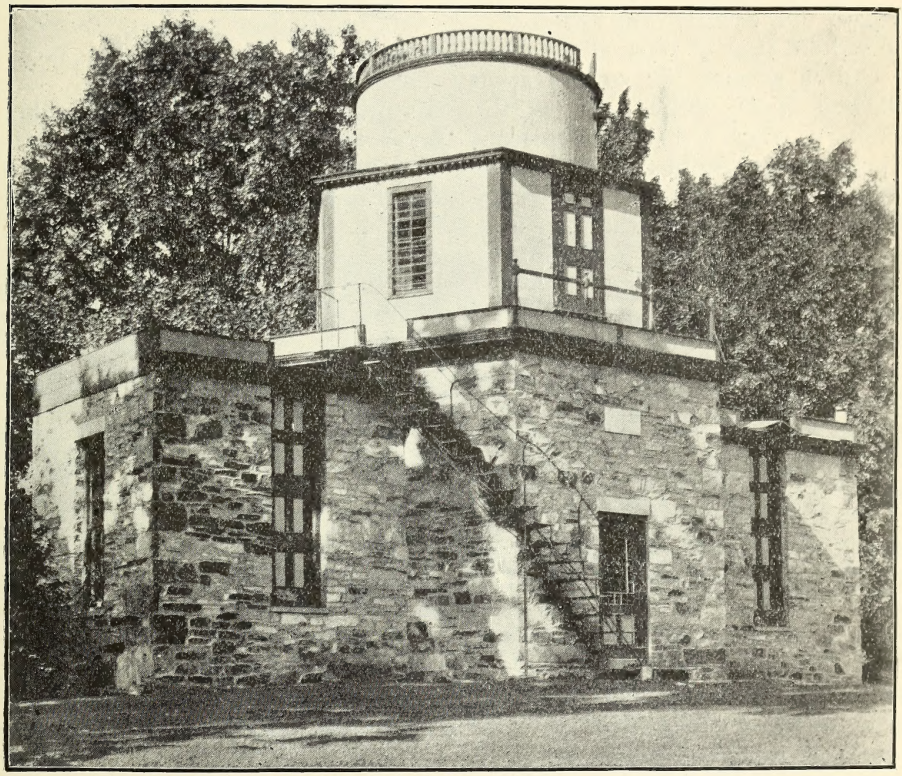
At one time previous to 1864, there was a scheme for Colonizing New Granada, South America. Dr. Emmons and Professor Hopkins were proposed by several students as leaders of the movement to carry into the new country "Bibles, plows, and laymen; in fine all our good New England civilization and Christianity."

On January 24th, 1862, the Professor's wife passed away, after long and patient sufferings, and in 1864 he lost his son in the Civil War. This son, Edward Payson Hopkins, the pride of his father, had given great promise as a naturalist. Previous to entering College, when about sixteen years of age, he was engaged with Professor Wilbur in an expedition exploring the State of Illinois, under the State Natural History Society, from which he received a diploma of membership. He entered College with the Class of 1864, and soon became President of the Lyceum, and an active member of the expedition which the Society sent to Greenland. When the Civil War broke forth he enlisted, with others of his class, and was

*Proceedings of Missionary Jubilee, August 5th, 1856, Williams College.

mustered into service as First Lieutenant of the First Massachusetts Cavalry. On January 6th, 1864, he took his command in the Army of the Potomac, and on the morning of May 11th, 1864, four months later, he was shot from his horse and instantly killed while leading, under Sheridan, a cavalry charge at Ashland, Virginia.

The people in our valley during those days of warfare will remember the Professor's sad journey to Ashland in June 1865, to recover the body of his son. Side by side with the bodies of five comrades killed in the same charge, it had been buried by negroes, without coffins or shrouds, in the trenches of a swampy field, and under a very shal-



THE HOPKINS ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY, THE FIRST BUILDING OF ITS KIND ERECTED ON OUR CONTINENT (1838) WILLIAMS COLLEGE

A message of this fatality was sent to his father on May 22nd following, and the whole College town was hushed in mourning. The grand old man, notwithstanding his philosophy, felt keenly the loss of his noble son, and mourned at times that God had left him no living memorial in the coming generation.

low depth of earth. The disappointed father was not able to distinguish one body from the other.

When the Professor returned to Williamstown he appeared to have aged ten years during this journey. But later on, during the autumn of 1865, he learned that there were means of securing his son's body,

and he went South again, this time aided by the authority of the Government officials, attended by soldiers, and a surgeon; and he succeeded in identifying his son's body. He spent Christmas Day 1865, in disinterring and interring the dead in those swampy trenches at Ashland. He now carried the sacred dust of his son, Northward, arriving at Williamstown on the following Friday. On Sunday, the last day of the sad old year of 1865, at the close of church service the congregation followed their philosopher to the cemetery, where a brief and solemn tribute was rendered at the burial of this hero of the war by Rev. Henry Hopkins, a cousin of the deceased, and present President of Williams College. The young man was laid beside his beautiful mother, and there: "They rest well. To this spot let those hereafter come who would ponder the two-fold lesson of life—the lesson of patience and valor—of submissive suffering and willing sacrifice."

During the summer of 1865, Professor Hopkins welcomed to his home the sister of his wife and her merry children, and opened his study to a neighboring school of young ladies, interesting himself in their studies and sharing their delights in the study of Nature. He organized a society known as "The Alpine Club," of which he was himself the chosen leader. The object of this Club was the study of Natural History far in the recesses of our mountains. The Professor was an enthusiastic botanist and geologist. Among the members of the Alpine Class were the nieces of Professor Hopkins, daughters of President Hopkins, Mary Griffin, daughter of President Griffin, and not a few students from Williams College, including Rev. John Dennison, Horace and Samuel Scudder, two brothers whose names are familiar to the world of science and literature today. Two youthful members were allowed to follow on these journeys when not too long, and they were christened the "Cis-Alpines."

The Professor was familiar with every glen, cascade, ledge, boulder, or great tree for miles about, and every trail leading mountainward was as well known to him as the thoroughfares of the town. East Mountain, the Greylock Brotherhood, and the beautiful swells of the Taconics west of the town attracted the members of the Alpine Club on their "exploring tramps." The present names of many summits in our highlands originated with Professor Hopkins, or through his suggestion to the Alpine Club. "The Heart of Greylock," sometimes known as the "Inner Hopper," "Wabeck Falls," "The Dome," "Laurel Glen," "Bear Spring," and "Bozez and Seneh" are summits and cascades of the Hoosac Valley named by Professor Hopkins, and his followers.

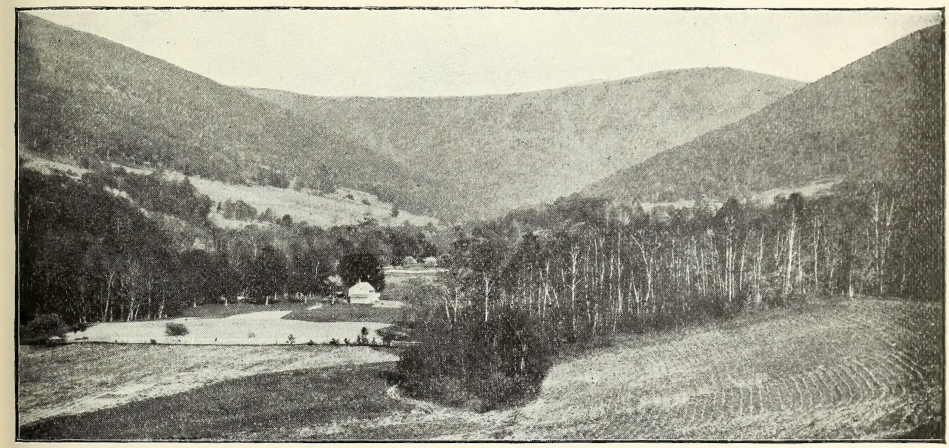
In the awful stillness of the Hopper, far beyond the wild meadows of Bald Mountain's summit, and in the shadow of old Greylock's brow, is the beautiful camping ground of the Alpine Club, originally chosen by Rev. John Dennison, and occupied each season by families who wish to live awhile in "God's out-of-doors." Professor Hopkins, who delighted in the wilderness, was the inaugurator of these camp excursions.

During a winter's walk in 1871, the Professor met two of his parishioners, hauling a great hemlock log to mill, and impressed with its size, requested a section from the largest end. This he carried to a carpenter,

who planed it, thus enhancing the clearness of the concentric rings, indicative of the age of the tree. He covered one-half of the section with paper, and for a series of evenings entertained the members of the Alpine Club, by studying the great events in the history of the world which had taken place since this tree began to grow. These he inscribed on the paper against its appropriate ring in the incurved half of the section, and when the whole was finished he presented it to the White Oaks Chapel, where it remained until during some recent repairing of the Chapel, it was removed to Williamstown, and all traces of it were lost.

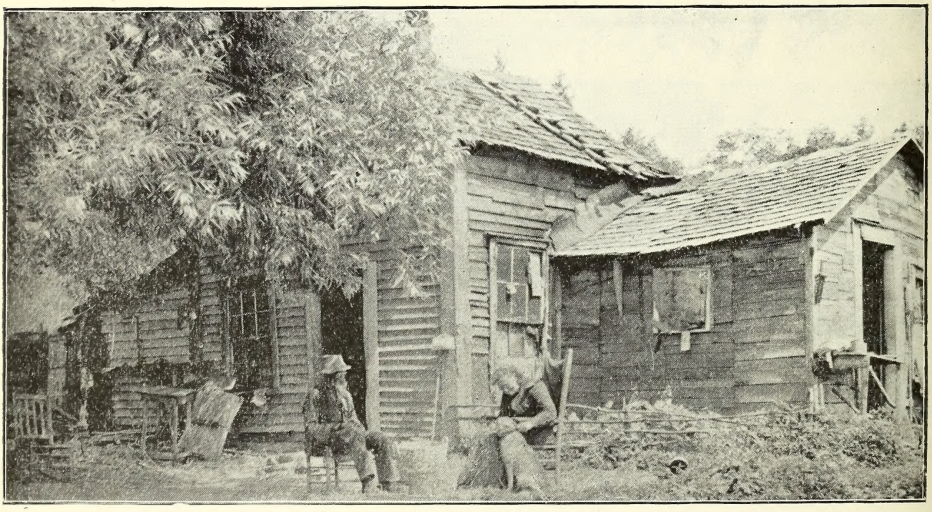
There were three-hundred and sixty-five rings, showing that the tree began its life in the virgin forests of these Western Wilds, in the year 1506,—fourteen years after Columbus discovered this New Continent in 1492. At the time the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth it was one hundred and fourteen years old; and when the American Colonies declared their Independence from the mother country, this venerable monarch of the Berkshire Highlands, had been in existence for two hundred and seventy summers. Counting outward from the heart of this section, the Professor found that it began to grow only eleven years before Luther nailed his Thesis to the church door in Wittenburg.

Professor Hopkins married Miss Elizabeth Kilby, December 30th, 1868. This lady had nursed his former wife during her illness through all her married life. She was a great help to him in his work at White Oaks, which absorbed a great deal of his attention at this time. The place at that time, was noted for its poverty and moral degradation. It was settled by a poor class of whites, and fugitive slaves who had sought refuge in this region during the last years of 1700, and the early years of 1800. Here they built shanties and reared their families under their former master's names. The George Adams' cabin, which stands opposite White Oaks Chapel, is the only shanty now in existence. These



THE "HEART OF GREYLOCK," HOPPER REGION, NORTHERN BERKSHIRE

negroes earned their living principally by gathering huckleberries from the mountainous plains in summer, and by making white oak baskets in winter, and from various jobs for the College students. It was the custom of these negroes to "help themselves" to the abundant white oak timber, with no respect for the property rights of the owners of the woodlands. The hand of the law seemed unable to govern these dusky intruders in their thefts, since the result was "sue a nigger and take a nigger for pay!"



THE GEORGE ADAMS' SHANTY, THE LAST OF THE NEGRO CABINS IN WHITE OAKS

The Professor had frequently held prayer-meetings from house to house in this region, along the Hollow Road, over "Nigger Hill," and especially in the schoolhouse in the extreme portion of White Oaks, at the base of the Domelet. He now purchased a small farm in the neighborhood—now owned by the Rev. William Redfield Stocking—believing that by a common local interest with this people of Broad Brook Valley, he would the more readily gain their confidence.

A little later Professor Hopkins, felt that the time had arrived to cement his early teachings in White Oaks by erecting a permanent place of worship. On February 5th, 1865, a meeting was held to consider the building of a chapel. All of those present were desirous of such a place, but when the problem as to the means of building it was proposed, no answer was forthcoming. Yet the Professor believed that where there existed a real desire for an object, a way would open toward its accomplishment. He said "that the people who were to use this chapel, must of all others, be interested in its erection, or they would not love it." He suggested that the grounds could be adorned with little outlay of money. Labor, lumber and luncheons could be donated; and the poorest man among the parishioners could give the work of his hands for a few days at least. Thus with the same energy and inspiring enthusiasm with which he builded for science, he laid the foun-

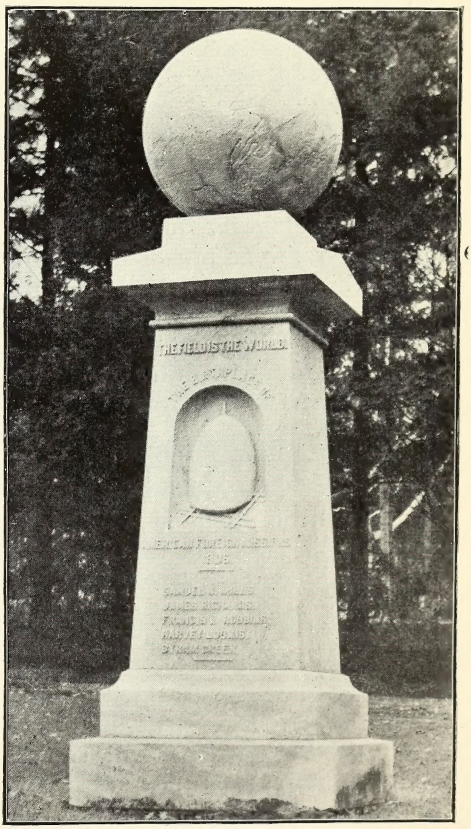
dations for divine worship in White Oaks.

On February 18th, 1866, we find him in the forests near the Forks on Broad Brook, superintending the work of getting out lumber for the chapel. The very first stick was christened in the cutting with a quiet ceremony that stimulated the ambition of all who witnessed it. The Alpine Club helped to choose the grounds upon which the structure was to stand and all Williamstown became interested in the building of this church. Shade and fruit trees and a grape arbor were donated for the chapel's garden, and a sundial graced the south side of the lawn.

On April 18th, 1866, the first stakes were stuck, followed with the laying of the corner-stone of the chapel on May 10th; and on May 26th—the building was raised. From this time on the work progressed without interruption until the church was satisfactorily finished and furnished. The bell in the belfry was given in part by Rev. Mr. Rodman, whose voice had failed him in his work. The bell bore this inscription: "The tongue of the dumb shall speak."

On October 25th, 1866, the sweet-toned bell rang forth for the dedicatory service, opening this building for divine worship. A portion of the Professor's text was: "He will comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like Eden." And the work begun by this good man some thirty-eight years ago in this valley is still prospering. A beautiful parsonage now stands on an eminence above the chapel, and the "waste places" on the hillsides are adorned with cottages and gardens, and the thrift of the valley is everywhere evident. The fugitive slaves have died out, and their children moved away to broader and busier fields of labor.

During 1872 the Professor's health failed and the time came when he was unable to officiate at the chapel service. During this two months' illness, his last sermon was sent to his people together with a highly polished agate which was afterward mounted and framed; this memorial now hangs beneath his portrait on the eastern wall of the chapel, above the place where the pulpit originally stood. The text of this sermon was:



THE "HAYSTACK MONUMENT," MISSION PARK, WILLIAMSTOWN. THE BIRTHPLACE OF AMERICAN FOREIGN MISSIONS, (1806). "THE FIELD IS THE WORLD"

"And such were some of you." He said in part:

"In every human breast there is a gem,—rude, sin-incrusted, more intractable than agate. To polish this gem, to bring out the infinite delicacy and beauty of its interior structure, exceeds all Nature's power. The hand of a Divine Artist alone can accomplish this.

"And such were some of you. 'Look,' says the prophet, 'to the rock from whence ye are hewn.' Look not backward, but forward, and see those gems differing from each other in brilliancy, but all brighter than the noon-day sun."

On the last day of his life the Professor expressed his wishes, and gave minute directions for the beautifying of the chapel grounds; and in his farewell to his followers, he said: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." He closed his eyes with calmness of spirit in the twilight hours of May 24th, 1872.

Dr. Bascom,* a pupil and later a fellow Professor, said of his life: "He was very little indebted to external circumstances for his influence. A thousand lives of equal opportunity and exterior interest are lapsing, almost fruitles, about us . . . Men, some brilliant in action, some daring in thought, but with blood full of the fretful fever of the world, may well seek correction, repose, and encouragement under the shadow of this calm, serene spirit. Wherever else the Alumni of Williams College may wander for great men, their eyes will turn lovingly to him as their type of Christian Manhood."

Had Albert Hopkins written down his inner thoughts as he lived and uttered them, he would have been a Thoreau and an Emerson combined in faculties. In his expressive action, and what he has accomplished for the world in advancing science and a higher civilization he has excelled them.

The people of White Oaks bore him reverently, as a father, to his grave; and the children gathered arbutus, violets and fern from the glens he loved best, and strewed them over his last resting-place. It was a peaceful scene in the College Cemetery on this showery afternoon in May; and as his body was being returned to the earth a glorious rainbow appeared, spanning the whole Valley from mountain to mountain. In the tower of the Congregational Church near by hangs a bell, the gift of an unknown person, bearing the inscription:

"IN MEMORY OF ALBERT HOPKINS,
DIED MAY 24, 1872.
HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH."

Professor Hopkins' journal is interesting in its bearing upon his ministerial career. It produces the impression that he was Bishop of the entire Valley. On his thirty-second birthday, July 14th, 1839, he records that he was enabled to preach three times in Williamstown, and once in Pownal. During the year 1842 he held service in many private homes, and almost every district schoolhouse in Williamstown and Pownal. Students often accompanied him in his long walks to these meetings and part of the service was "talked by the way."

It was a saying of the students, in College at this time that: "If you wished to see Professor Hopkins in

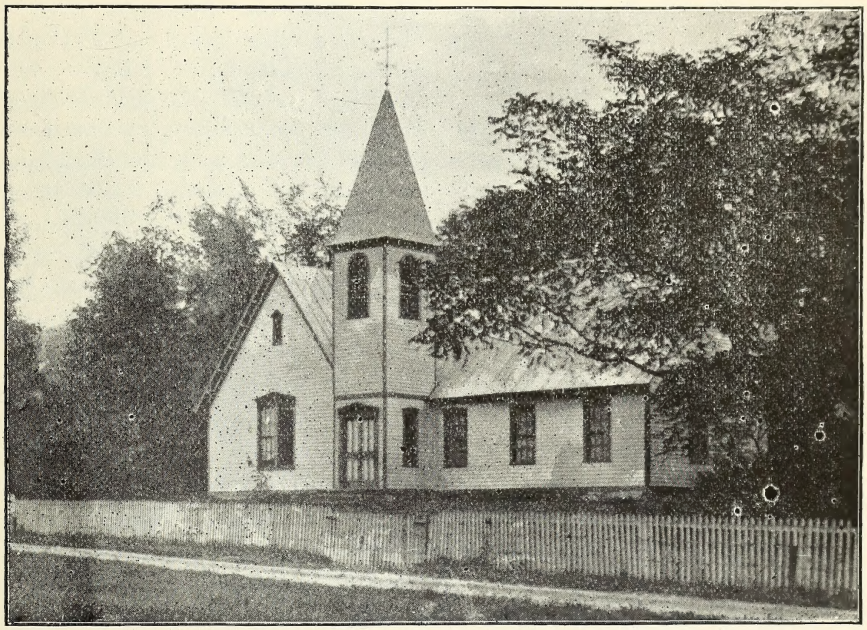
*Dr. Bascom in *Bibliotheca Sacra*. Williams College.

his glory, put him in a schoolhouse with two tallow candles and a rough assemblage. On great occasions, when much was expected of him, his finer inspiration did not seem to come."

"The religious history of the College," writes Dr. Bascom, "for two years previous to 1840, had been marked by great indifference and wickedness . . . None can appreciate the profound impression

diffidence in his intercourse with any. He passed from one grade of society to another with the utmost freedom. With quiet composure, as a matter of course, he conversed with the most intelligent. or led the least intelligent. He was not embarrassed by any, neither did he embarrass any."

As a result of the question in College during the summer of 1832,—"What corrective can be thrown in,



THE ALBERT HOPKINS CHAPEL, WHITE OAKS GLEN, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

the Professor was wont to make in revivals unless they remember how thoroughly it was supported by his entire life, character, and manner. Nothing which he did ever had the appearance of art, or bore the least taint of stage effect. Nothing could be more alien to the man, or to his method, than a study of effects. The force was first in him, and, then in us who listened to him . . . There was neither cold seclusion nor

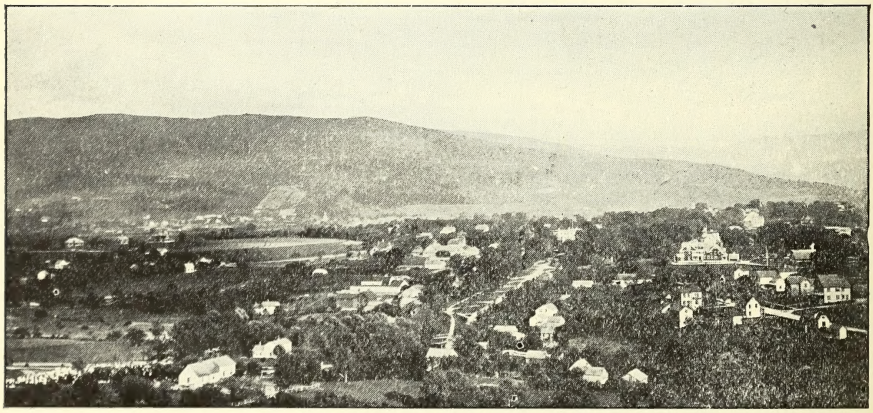
what stimulus, to excite us forward in an unwavering, onward course of Christian action,"—the first noon prayer-meeting of this country was established by him, and for more than thirty years he attended it with the regularity of the sun coming to the meridian.

Of the influence of the noon prayer-meeting, Dr. Bascom once said: "It was the most firm, persistent, and steadily influential

means of religious life that I have ever had occasion to observe." It led to similar services throughout the whole world.

For more than forty years Professor Hopkins was connected with Williams College. Rev. Albert C. Sewell, in a sketch of the Professor's life, has likened him to Luther in his struggles after justification and sanctification in his inner religious soul. Professor Hopkins held the Bible as a book of divine inspiration, yet he regarded theology as an improvable science. He studied the Scriptures, therefore, with a broad and independent view—believing it to be a privilege and the duty of all to do the same. In a letter to a friend, in 1871 he contended that: "What the great and good have generally assented to ought to be accepted . . . and that the great formulated creeds of Christendom should be considered with profound respect."

Of the Professor's eloquence Dr. Bascom says: "In exhortation and preaching his chief characteristic was positiveness of feeling, sustained by clear realization and vivid imagination. This produced sudden outbursts of assertion that at once swept away all indifference and opposition. For spasmodic power, that shot out instantly from the depths of conviction, he was unsurpassed by any whom I have met. It was not sustained argument, it was not proportionate prepared eloquence; it was a sudden leap of the soul toward truth, startling and awakening all who beheld it, that made him a prophet from another world."



Williamstown.

A Clergyman of Old

By NATHAN N. WITHINGTON

NATHANIEL NILES was a well-known name in New England during the war for independence and for some years afterwards. He was descended from John Niles who emigrated from England and settled in Braintree, Massachusetts, with which town the family was connected during many years. The first Nathaniel died in Braintree in 1727 at the age of eighty-seven years. The son of this Nathaniel, Samuel, was settled as the pastor of the Second Church of Braintree from 1711 till his death, May 1, 1762, and he was the first of a trio whose successive pastorates covered a period of 156 years. They were in the order—Niles, Ezra Weld and Richard Salter Storrs, Sr. This Samuel Niles was held in high esteem so that it used to be said that if any one in Braintree were suddenly wakened in the night and asked who made him, he would reply: "Father Niles." He kept a diary for sixty years which is still extant, and which contains a full history of the town during the period it covers.* He was also the author of several published works and among them "Tristiæ Ecclesiarum, a brief and tearful account of the churches," which was a noted publication in New England in its day.

Father Niles was a great admirer of the fair sex, as would appear from the fact that he married three wives during his long life, the burial of the first being the earliest known in the old graveyard at Braintree, where their monuments are still to be seen. On the stone erected to this wife, after the record of her many virtues is inscribed "peculiarly lamented." On that of the second the inscription reads only "lamented," with no intensifying adverb, while on that of the third is merely the record, apparently lamentation over such regular loss having become monotonous.

Father Niles had a son also named Samuel, who was graduated at Harvard College in 1731, and died at Lebanon, Connecticut, at the age of ninety-two, having removed thither after he had passed the active period of his life. He represented his native town of Braintree for a number of years in the General Court, was for many years judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Suffolk county, and was held in high consideration as a legal adviser by eminent men. Judge Samuel Niles married his cousin, Sarah Niles of South Kingston, Rhode Island, and what in the family are considered Niles traits were intensified in their children.

The eldest of these and the subject of this sketch, Nathaniel Niles, was born in South Kingston, Rhode Island, April 3, 1741. He did not re-

*This diary was in the possession of the late Judge Asa P. French of Braintree.

main long in the nutmeg state, as appears from a story he used to tell of his earliest school days in Massachusetts. He was the youngest lad in the school, and some of the larger boys, as is not infrequent, undertook to impose upon and abuse him, until this was put a stop to by the oldest scholar, the son of a substantial farmer, deacon of the church, and selectman of the town. The name of this boy was John Adams, who succeeded Washington as president of the United States. There seems to have been much friendship and respect upon the part of Adams for the father of his protegé, since somewhat later Judge Samuel Niles was for a considerable period his legal adviser.

Having received the usual preparation young Niles entered Harvard, where he remained but one year, not liking the management, though in later years he did not tell the cause of his dislike. Perhaps it was that the president in those days disciplined the pupils by flogging, or that his name did not appear in a place in the catalogue which pleased him, the custom being to print them in the order of the supposed rank of their parents. However this may have been, he left Harvard and went to Providence, Rhode Island, where he engaged himself in the employment of an apothecary of that town. With him he remained until his unpaid wages amounted to $300, for which sum the apothecary gave his note.

Judge Niles, the father, agreed with his son to take this note and in return to pay the young man's expenses at college. The bargain was not of pecuniary profit to the father, inasmuch as the Providence druggist very shortly after was tried on the charge of forgery, was convicted, sentenced to be hanged, and was actually executed, according to the harsh laws of the time. This little tragic comedy, however, did not shut the doors of Princeton college upon young Niles, for, with his father's promised aid, he entered that college where he was graduated in 1766, at the age of twenty-five.

In college Nathaniel Niles won the name of "Botheration Primus" from his acute argumentativeness, his brother Samuel, who was two years later than he in Princeton having been "Botheration Secundus." A story is related in the family concerning Botheration Primus illustrating the characteristics which fixed the title upon him, and though it has been told of other students in other colleges since, yet is it apt. The tradition is that Niles was in attendance upon a lecture of the professor of philosophy who was discoursing upon the subject of identity, and particularly what constitutes identity. He argued that parts of a whole might be substracted and other matter substituted, and yet the whole would remain the same, and instanced the fact that every part of our bodies is changed in seven years, and yet we are the same that we were seven years ago. Niles asked the professor if he understood him aright, that all the parts of a whole could be successively changed and yet the whole remain identical. The professor replied that the position had been rightly stated. "Then," said Niles, "if I had a knife and lost the blade and had a new

blade put in, it would still be the identical knife." "Certainly," was the reply. "Then if I should lose the handle from the new blade and have another handle made to fit it, the knife would still be the same?" "That is so," said the professor. "Then, in that view," said Niles, "if I should find the old blade and the old handle, and have the original parts put together, what knife would that be?"

During or immediately after his college career, he taught school in the city of New York, and the only record of this period is that of his attending at the hanging of three men, and the impression made upon him by public executions. He said that they hardened the hearts of the spectators and it was a pernicious spectacle, and to illustrate, he added that these three men were hung on a cold, snowy day for the offence of picking pockets, and that under the gallows ten pocketbooks were stolen. How the spectacle brutalized was shown by the fact that as soon as the wretches were swung off a shower of brickbats and snowballs was aimed by the crowd at the bodies as they swung.

Soon after graduating he went to Bethelehem, Connecticut, and studied divinity with the celebrated Dr. Bellamy, in whose family a tradition has been preserved which is probably true, as I first heard it while my grandmother was alive, and she was the oldest child, which further illustrates the intellectual quality which won him the name of "Botheration." Dr. Bellamy admonished his novitiate, that he must divest his mind of all preconceived notions. Having read what was put into his hands, according to the custom, he was examined by his teacher as to something relating to God. The pupil declared that he had as yet found no evidence that there was any God. The good doctor was greatly astonished and somewhat indignantly asked Niles what induced him, an atheist, to study divinity. The youth replied that he had always held a profound conviction of the existence of God, but as he had been instructed to divest his mind of all preconceived notions, he had done so to the best of his ability, and nothing that he had been told to read had restored the conviction he had previously held. This discussion did not end his studies with Dr. Bellamy, although it impressed the latter with the thought that he had an extraordinary youth for a pupil.

Having finished his studies, Niles was licensed to preach and incurred debt for a horse for use while he was a candidate, but he was destined never to be ordained, though he preached often until he was a very old man. He used to say that his father had been ordained but did not preach, while he preached though he had not been ordained. Another saying of his was that he had had seventeen distinct calls to leave.

His first attempt at preaching was somewhat interesting, and characteristic. He was in hope that his hearers would not know that he was a novice, but on his arrival at the house of the minister for whom he was to preach, the neighbors were invited in to meet him, and they were told that they were to hear a young man for the first time that he had ever delivered a sermon. He was rather embarrassed at this and feared for his success. The ser-

mon was written out in full, and he followed the manuscript closely for a time until a thought struck his mind which was not on the paper, when he left the manuscript altogether. This was the only sermon he ever wrote, although he preached so many times, and although he was a facile writer, and left a great collection of manuscript beside his published works. Thereafter he jotted down the heads of his oral discourses, and trusted to inspiration.

His voice was not strong though it is said he could be distinctly heard, and perhaps it was this lack which prevented his settlement. Certainly it was not greediness for money, since he was very careless in this respect until after he had a family to be provided for. In the parishes where he supplied, and in a time when the law required every man to pay his proportionate tax for the "support of the gospel," whenever he heard from the collector that any man was unwilling to pay his tax, Mr. Niles returned the money to the reluctant tax payer. He collected some books, and as long as he could have them he seemed to care very little about money for other uses.

His first sermons were delivered before a society in the eastern part of Norwich, Connecticut, and he continued preaching in various places until about 1775, when his health became so impaired that he was obliged to give up the regular practice, though he continued it occasionally. At Norwich, he formed the acquaintance of a young lady, Anne Lothrop, daughter of Mr. Elijah Lothrop of that town, a rich and highly respected man. Her he married in 1775. At about this time he entered upon a notable undertaking in which he displayed remarkable inventive powers and great courage. The troubles with Great Britain were coming on, and the Americans wanted many things which the English had been wont to supply and had forbidden them to make for themselves. Among these articles were the cards for carding wool and flax and the wire for making the cards. The manufacture of wire had not been before attempted in the colonies, and the whole process was to be studied out and the apparatus created for making it from bar iron by the use of water power. Mr. Niles, after expending a good deal of money in buildings and machinery, succeeded far beyond the fears or hopes of his friends.

The first specimen of his manufacture, a few pounds drawn to the size of card-wire, was exhibited to the Connecticut legislature which was then sitting at Hartford, and the interest which this infant manufacture excited can hardly be appreciated in these days. It was a Declaration of Industrial Independence of Great Britain. The legislature voted a loan of £100 for a term of years without interest to enable him to enlarge the establishment and meet the expenses already incurred. The money was punctually repaid according to the conditions of the loan, and this Niles was enabled to perform because the business was quite profitable both from the sale of the wire and the wool cards made therefrom. It continued a profitable enterprise until the close of the Revolutionary war, after which the

importation of foreign made wire became so great that the factory was closed.

The year 1775 was a marked one in the life of Nathaniel Niles. It was the year of his marriage, of his invention and establishment of the wire factory, and during it he produced a poem which was as stirring to New England patriotism as was the *Marseilleise* to the French revolutionist. The difference between the two songs is characteristic of that between the two peoples. When Mr. Niles heard of the battle of Bunker Hill he composed the following poem, which he entitled "The American Hero: A Sapphic Ode," in the measure of Sappho's Hymn to Aphrodite. It has been often published and mutilated, but it is here given as it was originally written. It was sung during the Revolution very generally to the tune known as "Bunker Hill," which was composed for the words by General Absalom Peters, of Wentworth, New Hampshire, father of Rev. Absalom Peters, the promoter and founder of the Home Missionary work.

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage, where blood and carnage clothe
The ground in crimson, sounding with death-groans?
Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors;

Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

Infinite wisdom teacheth us submission;
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings;
Never repining, but forever praising
God our Creator.

Well may we praise him. All his ways are perfect.
Tho a resplendence infinitely glowing
Much hides the glory from the sight of mortals
Struck blind by luster.

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder;
Mercies and judgments both proceed from kindness—
Infinite kindness.

O then exult that God forever reigneth!
Clouds that around him hinder our perception
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name and
Shout louder praises.

Then to the goodness of my Lord and Master
I will commit all that I have or wish for.
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up
When called to yield it.

Now, War, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars
Bursting from bombshells, roaring from the cannon,
Rattling in grape-shot like a storm of hailstones,
Torturing Æther.

To the black heaven let the spreading flame rise,
Bursting like Ætna thro' the smoky columns,
Lowering like Egypt o'er the burning city,
Wantonly ruined.

While all their hearts quick palpitate for havock,
Let slip your blood-hounds, named the British Lyon,
Dauntless as death-stares, nimble as the whirlwind,
Dreadful as demons.

Let ocean waft on all your floating castles,

Fraught with combustion horrible to Nature:
Then with your sails filled by a storm of vengence
Bear down to battle.

From the dire caverns made by ghostly miners
Let the explosion as volcanoes dreadful
Heave the broad town with all its wealth and people
Quick to destruction.

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven
Never advance where I'm afraid to follow.
While that precedes me, with an open bosom,
Mars, I defy thee!

Fame and dear Freedom lead me on to battle,
While a fell despot grimmer than death's-head
Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Medusa's,
To the encounter.

Life for my country and the cause of freedom
Is but a cheap price for a worm to part with;
And if preservéd in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled.

Although the Lothrop family was not entirely pleased at the marriage of Anne to a preacher without a parish, Nathaniel Niles gained the good will, respect and confidence of Elijah Lothrop, his father-in-law, in spite of some jealousy and hostile feeling on the part of his sons. Niles was both magnanimous and independent, and was unwilling to be the cause of dissension in the family. Accordingly, having bought 600 acres of land at two shillings six pence an acre in what was called the Coos County, he removed thither with his family in 1785. This tract was about twenty miles north of Dartmouth College on the west side of the Connecticut River in what is now the town of West Fairlee, Vermont.

Before moving he had employed a number of men to clear the forest and prepare the fertile soil for agriculture. When about to settle in Vermont he built a log house for the reception of his family, many miles from any other human dwelling, as there were at that time but three families in West Fairlee, living in log cabins in the extreme parts of the town. Here he lived until his death October 31, 1828, and he saw it advance from a wilderness and dwelling place of wild beasts, to the condition of a well cultivated agricultural community, with many good farms, commodious houses, his own which replaced the log house being one of the best, a meeting house, settled ministers, and a population numbering in 1830, 841.

The change of residence and climate was unfavorable to the health of his wife, who died from consumption, and two years later he married Miss Elizabeth Watson, daughter of Hon. William Watson, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, the second wife surviving her husband for several years.

Previous to his removal to West Fairlee, Mr. Niles had represented the town of Norwich in the General Assembly of Connecticut in 1780, and after his settlement at his purchase he was almost continuously in public office in Vermont. He was often the representative of the town in the General Assembly, and was speaker of the House; he was a delegate to the convention which framed

the State constitution, first representative to Congress under the administration of Washington after the state had been admitted to the Union, a number of years State Councillor, and for years a judge of the Supreme Court of the state. He was also six times a presidential elector, and in 1772 Harvard conferred upon him the degree of A. M., and he received the same degree in 1791 from Dartmouth, of which institution he was a trustee from 1793 to 1820. His connection with Dartmouth is memorable from the fact that he was the principal defender of the rights claimed by the corporation in the famous Dartmouth College Case, and engaged Daniel Webster as counsel for the trustees, and at that time formed a friendship with him which lasted until his death.

Beside these public offices he preached in his own house at West Fairlee for forty years, and I have seen the door sill worn in hollows by his feet where he stood while he addressed his audiences, who looked up to him with as much reverence as the people of Braintree had felt toward his grandfather, Father Niles, their minister for fifty-one years. He was the physician of the town, having studied medicine, and was the general adviser in all difficulties, and so honored and prospered he lived to nearly the age of eighty-eight years, leaving at his death a comfortable provision for his family, indeed what for the time and place was a large fortune.

Having thus given the principal events of his life, let us now consider in more detail what kind of a man Judge Nathaniel Niles was. In politics he was always an ardent lover of liberty as is indicated in his Sapphic Ode. Before the war he was an enthusiastic Whig and favored independence, and as presidential elector he voted for Jefferson whom he always regarded as more friendly to popular liberty than Alexander Hamilton. He was logical in this respect, and applied the maxims of liberty to black as well as white. On the fifth of June, 1774, he preached two sermons in the North church in Newburyport, the pulpit of which was then vacant, Mr. Marsh, the pastor, having recently died. The morning discourse was on "Civil Liberty," which is remarkable for its vigor of thought and of expression, and even more remarkable as probably the first practical abolition sermon preached in the colonies. Not less remarkable was the effect it produced. One of the leading men of the congregation owned a slave, and the next morning after hearing the sermon he asked his negro if he wanted to be free. "Yes, Massa, I wants to be free." "Well, then," said the master, "you are free. After hearing the sermon I heard yesterday I can't maintain fighting for our liberties and keep another man in bondage." The slave was so pleased that he took the name of Niles, and there are descendants of his of that name now living in New York.

Here are some extracts from these sermons:

"We have boasted of our liberty and free spirit. A free spirit is no more inclined to enslave others than ourselves. If then it should be found upon examination that we have been of a tyran-

nical spirit in a free country, how base must our character appear! and how many thousands of thousands have been plunged into death and slavery by our means."

"When the servant had nothing to pay and his master had frankly forgiven him all, and he had gone and cast his fellow servant into prison, there to remain till he had paid the last farthing, the master justly punished his ingratitude and severity with the like imprisonment. Hath not our conduct very nearly resembled the conduct of that servant? God gave us liberty and we enslaved our fellow men. May we not fear that the law of retaliation is about to be executed on us? What can we object against it? What excuse can we make for our conduct? What reason shall we urge why our oppression shall not be repaid in kind? Should the African see God Almighty subjecting us to all the evils we have brought on them, and should they cry to us, 'O, daughter of America, who art to be destroyed, happy shall be he that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us; happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones;' how could we object? How could we resent it? Would we enjoy liberty? Then we must grant it to others. For shame! Let us either cease to enslave our fellow men, or else let us cease to complain of those that would enslave us. Let us either wash our hands from blood, or never hope to escape the avenger."

Here is another passage:

"But if we will risk our country for the sake of a few superfluities, posterity may curse our pride and luxury, and the present generation may find that blood and carnage may terminate their folly. And should this be the case, we must charge the horrid scene to our misconduct. If any should say, it is in vain for them as individuals to be vigilant, zealous and firm in pursuing any measures for the securing of our rights unless all should unite, I would reply; ages are composed of seconds, the earth of sands, and the sea of drops too small to be seen by the naked eye; such is our state, that each individual has a proportion of influence upon some neighbor at least; he, on another, and soon, as in a river, the following drop urges that which is before, and every one through the whole length of the stream has the like influence. We know not what individuals may do. We are not at liberty to be dormant until we can at once influence the whole. We must begin with the weight we have. Should the little springs neglect to flow until a general agreement should take place, the torrent that now beats down all before it would never be formed. These mighty floods have their rise from single drops from the rocks, which uniting creep along until they meet with some other combination so small that it might be absorbed by the traveller's foot. These unite, proceed, enlarge, till mountains tremble at their sound. Let us receive instruction from the streams, and without discouragement pursue a laudable plan. It is great, it is glorious to espouse a good cause, and it is still more great and glorious to outbrave the reproach of the base. Should all our countrymen forsake us perseverance would be an honor, and this honor will rise as the number of our adherents is diminished."

Some notion of his political principles may be gathered from this brief record and the extracts. In religion he was a Calvinist, and almost a fatalist, as appears in one of his published writings entitled "A Letter to a Friend," directed to a young man who had studied with Dr. Emmons, and concerning the doctrine which teaches that impenitent sinners have natural power to make themselves new hearts. He holds in this letter to a total inability of the sinner to do anything acceptable to God, and one might infer that the sinner was irresponsible for his guilt.

A story illustrating his hold of this doctrine is told in the family of him and his second wife while she yet held the same opinion. They were visiting a sinner who was under "conviction," and after some talk the penitent said that he would seek divine aid in prayer. "No," said Madam Niles, "that will never do. The prayers of the wicked are an abomination in God's holy sight. The Judge and I will pray for you."

Yet he was an independent thinker in the domain of theology. I have an unpublished manuscript essay of his upon miracles which is much more in accordance with the present view of the universal reign of law than would at first view seem possible in a Calvinistic preacher born in 1741. In this paper he argues that there is no such thing possible as a suspension of divine law in the spiritual or material world, and that the supposed suspension in miracles, as they are called, were phenomena produced by persons who had a deeper knowledge of the law than was possessed by the spectators.

The widow of Judge Niles left on record some interesting reminiscences of her husband, and here is what she has to say of his theological opinions. Before her marriage she had corresponded with Dr. Hopkins, whose followers were called Hopkinsians, and she had adopted these views. She says:

"Although my husband did not coalesce in everything with Dr. Hopkins, particularly in his notions of the duty of a willingness to be damned, should the glory of God require it, as involving an inconsistency, yet by my long acquaintance with him I found my mind more deeply imbued with sentiments verging toward fatalism. At length after a series of providential discipline, when I was above sixty years of age, my speculative foundation received a shock, and I found my intellectual stand nowhere. The scheme on which I had relied with as much firmness as on any demonstrated truth, fell in fragments before me—my mind reduced to chaotic confusion! One truth remained—that there was a God, and another connected with it—that I knew nothing. O! how thankful I should have been to the merest child could it have led me to one divine truth. One of the first openings was from Fletcher's "Check to Antinomianism." This did more toward clearing my mental vision than anything I had read. I was perusing his works from time to time for about a year. My husband used to pass through my summer room to his study, and observe me reading Fletcher with evident expressions of pain, and he once said: "I have no idea of that religion which can be gratified by reading Fletcher."

"I used to select passages and carry into his room beseeching him to read. He desired me to lay it down and he would attend to it. I waited sufficiently and returned with the inquiry, what he thought of it? 'I have not read it.' 'But did you not say you would attend to it?' 'I have read as much as I wish.'"

"Thus I groped my way alone for three years, then light gradually fell upon my mind, and my views at length became what I call Scriptural—as all being involved in love—love to God and love to man. Sectarian denominations all came down together—the peculiarities of each were all lost in the ocean of love. His anxiety on my account was great. He knew not to what point I was tending. He tried to alarm me, and once said: 'We do not worship the same God.' I said: 'I believe you are mistaken. However, I cannot be certain what God you worship, but I have an inward witness that I worship the God of heaven.'"

"I used to remonstrate with him on account of the fatalism involved in his prayers. I told him that when he adopted

that strain of thought my heart recoiled and sank within me, and when he slid thence into a recognition of gospel truth, my heart instantly coalesced and ran in unison with his. After a while, as I fully believe, he evidently saw the effects of my views were salutary and meliorating, he gradually lost his prejudices and we were prepared to spend the remainder of our time in the sympathies of kindred feeling."

Mrs. Niles says also in her reminiscences of her husband, that the evidence of his somewhat toning down his fatalistic views, as she regarded them, was not so much in anything he said as in what he did not say and in the modified expressions he used in his prayers. It is somewhat remarkable that while Judge Niles was so rigidly logical a Calvinist, his wife should have departed so far from that stern creed, and that my grandmother, his eldest child, should have been a Unitarian, a member of the Unitarian church in Newburyport. It is one evidence that Mrs. Niles was right in her belief in regard to him, that in his old age he softened somewhat in creed, the fact that his relations with his wife and eldest daughter were always to the last loving and in large degree sympathetic.

Some authentic anecdotes of Judge Niles have been preserved which may throw further light upon his personality. He was an abstemious man in times when abstinence from wine and spirits was rare. His son, afterwards minister of the United States at the court of Victor Emanuel, was a doctor of medicine, and had been in Paris. After his return while visiting his father he very respectfully and kindly urged the old gentleman to make free use of good brandy, which would promote vitality and prolong his life. Having thus argued for some time, his father listening with much patience, the latter replied: "My grandfather lived to be more than ninety years old. My father and mother each attained the same age, and my uncle lived to be very old. Their maxim was that abstinence is the parent of vigorous health and long life. Now, Nat, produce a family which has adopted your plan, and which has enjoyed such uninterrupted health and has lived as long, and I will consider it."

Mr. Walcott, comptroller of the U. S. Treasury and afterwards Democratic governor of New York, once was making a friendly call upon Representative Niles in Philadelphia, and expressed surprise that a man of such high moral principles as he should so often vote with unprincipled Southern members. The Judge pointed down the street and said: "Mr. Wolcott, if I had business down that street, and on my way should fall in with a person going in the same direction, and on looking down should see that he had a cloven foot; would it be my duty to turn about and leave my business unfinished merely because the devil happened to be going in the same way?"

At one time he was taking dinner at Judge Davis's in Boston, and mentioned that he was going that evening to hear Judge Clay preach at Dr. Baldwin's meeting house. At first Judge Davis proposed to accompany him, but recollecting that a company of gentlemen who came together at each other's houses for literary conversation were to meet with him, he

was, of course, unable to go. On Judge Niles's return from the sermon he was invited in to meet the D. D.'s, judges and lawyers, all of whom he knew except the son of his old school mate and friend, John Q. Adams, to whom he was introduced. When the company was informed as to where he had been, Judge Niles was asked how he liked the preacher. He replied that they could better judge if he were to repeat it than they could from his opinion, and he proceeded to rehearse Judge Clay's sermon, which had consisted principally of conversations between Clay and a negro man of his who had converted his master.

When Judge Niles had concluded, one of the D. D.'s remarked: "I do think that such things are beneath the dignity of the sacred desk."

After a short pause, Mr. Niles answered: "If a stranger who was passing through this town should be invited into one of the pulpits, and should tell a story of a poor woman who had lost one of ten five-cent pieces that she had, and how she swept her house and searched diligently for it, and after much anxiety had found it, and then in an ecstasy of joy had rushed to her neighbors and asked them to rejoice with her over the five cent bit which she had lost and had found, I apprehend that such a story would be viewed as beneath the dignity of the Boston sacred desk."

The company said nothing, but recalled the college name of "Botheration Niles," until Mr. Adams relieved the silence by remarking: "I don't know but that I relish the figures and beauties of the English language as much as any man of my talents; but when a man comes to me with a message from my maker, I care very little in what dress it is clothed so long as I can understand it." Thereafter Judge Niles used to say that this speech and the manner of it convinced him that John Q. Adams was a man of independent mind.

At one time Judge Niles was calling upon President John Adams, when the latter declared his disbelief in a special Providence. He argued that the Almighty exercises a general supervision over the great concerns of the Universe, but that he does not belittle himself by stooping to direct the minutiæ. The small things are beneath his notice. To this characteristic argument Mr. Adams's old school fellow replied by supposing that there was imminent danger of war between this country and some European power in which immense treasure and thousands of human lives would be lost. To prevent this everything depends upon President Adams's being at the seat of government when Congress should next be in session. His absence might cause the ruin of his country. A mosquito, an insignificant insect, has bitten his leg. Inflammation and gangrene have set in, and by reason of this he is unable to attend to his public duties, and our country is plunged in desolation and ruin, all by a mosquito bite. Can we call such a thing small, or accidental, or beneath the notice of Divine Providence? From Mr. Adams's point of view the argument was unanswerable. At least he did not answer the parable.

One more anecdote which was re-

corded of him by his son, William, in a letter to his sister, the wife of Dr. Nathan Noyes of Newburyport, will further illustrate his character. He had a daughter Betsey, who was at times insane. In one of her periods of insanity she was brought home to her father's house from Windsor. It was late at night and he was asleep, but she loved him fondly and was determined to see him, and accordingly the Judge was wakened. After mutual greetings, Betsy said she had one question she wished to ask.

"What is it, Betsy?"

"I wish to know, sir, whether you can receive me into your house, not from natural affection and because I am your daughter, but from pure love to Jesus Christ?"

"And what if I cannot, Betsy?"

"Then I will go out into the road and lie there."

"All our mercies are from God, Betsy, and because you do not receive them in precisely the way you choose, are you determined to reject them?"

The poor, deranged mind was enough like that of her father to feel the force of what he said, and she was quieted.

Judge Niles was a man of such dignity that his children stood in awe of him, and notwithstanding, he was of such kindly and benevolent heart, that they talked with him with perfect openness and confidence. His logical keenness has been sufficiently set forth, but he also had a fertile imagination, and was a graphic story teller. He was benevolent and charitable, notwithstanding his high Calvinistic theology, and was always ready to excuse a fault, especially one committed against himself. He was a very handsome man of imposing presence, and all who met him felt instinctively that he was an extraordinary one. Before his marriage he was remarkably free from the love of money, and when he had a family to provide for, though he was very easy with those indebted to him, he was prudent, and accumulated a competence. He was hospitable, and though studious, was ready to lay aside his books to entertain a guest, and this he could do with rare gifts, whether it were one of the neighboring farmers or the most distinguished men of the time, with most of whom in all parts of the country he was acquainted.

He was interested in foreign missions and educated at his own expense a native of Ceylon, who took his name, and his memory is thus preserved to the present day in that far-off land. He has also many descendants of his own in this country scattered from New England to California. He left at his death a large collection of his writings in manuscript, beside his published works, which are as follows:

1. "The Remembrance of Christ. A sermon, the substance of which was delivered at Medway, West Parish, October 31, 1771. 42 pp. Boston. 1773.

2. "Secret Prayer Explained and Inculcated in four discourses on Matthew vi:6." Published for several of the Inhabitants of Medway, West Parish. 82 pp. Boston. 1773.

3. Two discourses on "Confession of Sin and Forgiveness." 1773.

4. "Two discourses on Liberty, delivered at the North Church, Newburyport, on Lord's Day, June 5,

1774." 60 pp. Newburyport. 1774.

5. "The American Hero: A Sapphic Ode." 1775.

6. "The Perfection of God, the Fountain of Good." 1777.

7. "A Sermon on Vain Amusements."

8. "A Letter to a Friend who received his theological education under the instruction of Dr. Emmons, concerning the doctrine which teaches that impenitent sinners have natural power to make themselves new hearts." 40 pp. Windsor. 1809.

The manuscript writings left by Judge Niles are largely upon metaphysical subjects, which is the more remarkable from the fact that he had taken so large a part in practical affairs, both public and private.

A Clever Fraud

By W. S. Rogers

WHO would pity a pawnbroker? A pawnbroker is fondly supposed to be a Jew, an extortioner and an enemy of the human species, surviving by the law of the unfit, and subsisting chiefly on the tears of widows and orphans. Also, a pawnbroker is considered to be generally immune and aloof from the ordinary chances and uncertainties that beset the lives of people engaged in other and legitimate and decent branches of commercial enterprise—a pawnbroker takes no risks. And a man who takes no risks must pay for it. A pawnbroker advances money on small articles of value—one-fifth, one-tenth, one-twentieth of the value—and the article itself he holds as his security. As things go, in a wolfish business sense—or any kind of a business sense—the pawnbroker's system is perfect. And he is therefore to be railed against and despised. Why not? He takes the money of the poor, and he takes it directly, and it is known that he takes it. Therefore he is a robber, an usurer, and in ill-repute. His trade is a mean one, and if—if he should sometimes be taken in, swindled, basely used and defrauded, the world will only grin—it will only be amused and say that it served him right. A person whose only troubles are supposed to be with policemen seeking the location of stolen goods—whose own sharp eyes are up and down, whose ways are of guile and practice, and whose thoughts are not the thoughts of mercy—such an one, when the innocent-looking stranger works him evil, hurting his self-esteem and carrying away his money, invites no sympathy, but stands forth to be extremely mocked.

Mr. S. Luski was a fair young pawnbroker of assured manners and a curling black mustache He kept an obscure little pawnshop in an unfashionable part of the avenue, with an assortment of clocks, jewelry, swords, pistols and playing cards in

his window; and lived in the rear end of his store, behind a tawdry curtain. He possessed trunks and fly-specked traveling bags for sale, and "unredeemed pledges" in the shape of all sorts of personal property, from pantaloons to umbrellas, from hat-pins to high-heeled shoes—and watches, musical instruments and bicycles without number. His place looked neat—yet somehow rather begrimed, as if it affiliated with its locality, or the calling bore fruit—and touched with gloom despite of the daylight. Ghosts in it, probably. He dressed fittingly and with becoming neatness, wearing a vermilion necktie and light-colored shoes—and went in his shirt sleeves winter and summer, with elastic bands above his elbows to hold back his cuffs and his cuff buttons. Divers cigars he smoked, standing in the doorway of his little shop with his hands in his pockets and his hat on the back of his head—a clean young man without apparently the least thing in the world to worry about. But Fate is abroad, giving out lessons.

One day, while it rained, there came a German—an old man, bent with grief and ill-usage, carrying a parcel under his shabby coat. He did not slouch in, but he walked listlessly—as one whom Life has beaten. And to the eyes of Mr. Luski he was as grain that has been gathered and in the hand. He came to the counter and laid down his package and wiped the rain from his beard. He drew off his hat and negligently smoothed back his long grey hair, which the wind had fluttered about his ears.

"You buy dot?" he said.

It was an old, time-tanned violin, done up in a copy of the "Anzeiger." Our hero turned it over carelessly in his hands. He shook his head disapprovingly.

"No good—no use," he said, and stood back, with his hands in his pockets. His cigar, however, went up into nearly a perpendicular position, along the side of his cheek. But how shall a dim-eyed German, whom time has nearly battered to pieces, read the language of a cigar?

"You buy dot?" said the German, his wrinkled face displaying no emotion whatever. "All—all dot is left." He touched the violin slightly, and seemed to be almost muttering it to himself. "Mein fater's violin."

Mr. Luski shrugged his shouledrs. His cigar went up and down. He picked up the violin and turned it about carelessly. He rapped smartly on the back of it with his knuckles.

He grunted his strong disapproval. "No good," he said, and laid the violin down.

"Good violin," said the old man.

Mr. Luski snorted and pushed the violin violently from him.

"No," he said. "No!" he cried, indignantly.

"Fine violin," said the old man, without displaying the least interest. "Mein fater's violin. You gif forty dollar."

Mr. Luski gave a prodigious snort of contempt, and glared at his visitor with clear intent to show that he considered him insane.

"Mein fater's violin," said the old man. "You gif forty dollar."

"No. No!" said Mr. Luski, greatly scandalized. He strode a pace back and forth behind his counter

with his cigar in the air. "Forty dollars! You cer'nly crazy. What you think I am?"

"What you gif?" asked the old man, in the same lifeless manner.

"I do' want that violin," said Mr. Luski. "Wudden have it. No. No." He shook his head very decidedly.

"What you gif on the violin?" asked the old man.

"Um—m." Mr. Luski paused and screwed up his features doubtfully. "Hadn' oughta take that thing at any price," he said. "No." He meditated, and finally seemed to come to a sudden virtuous resolution. "Now I tell you what I do," he said, "I give you two dollars on it." He stared at the old man in sharp expectancy. "I wudden buy it. No." He put the idea from him with a mighty gesture. "But I loan you two dollars on it."

The old man reached out his hand.

"Wait," said Mr. Luski.

He picked up the violin again and examined it all over very carefully. He asked some questions. Then he cautiously got the money and a ticket, and took the old man's address.

The old man dragged himself out—and Mr. Luski sat himself down to take more particular stock of the old fiddle. Finally he laid it down on the counter and regarded it steadfastly for a while with pursed-up lips as if awaiting spiritual enlightenment as to its probable value. His cigar went out. He lit it again, and hung the old violin up on the wall.

And in the same hour there entered, sad to relate, another German, a casual, well-appearing man of promise, in good clothes, wearing a watch charm on his honest, rotund stomach—of creditable behavior and the manners of prosperity. He was looking for a pipe—a suitable Meerschaum pipe; and Mr. Luski trotted out his ware. The stranger considered; and asked questions. He seemed not exactly suited with the pipes, but he looked about at other things. Mr. Luski's stock was varied and it was a pleasure to glance it over. Then he chanced to spy the violin—and his mouth remained open for a moment while he looked up at it, standing with his hands on his hips.

He turned upon our hero a benevolent and somewhat eager visage, and pointed to the violin.

"Now, vot haf you here?" he asked, as one who is perhaps making an important discovery. "Could I see dot fiddle vunce?"

"Not for sale," said Mr. Luski, grandly. "Yes, I show you that." He climbed up in a chair and reached down the fiddle. "Very fine violin. Old. Valuable." He drunk in the man's behavior eagerly. "Ah—h, m' fren'—"he was about one-half the German's age—"what you think of that?" He handed over the violin and stood by expectantly.

The German sat down with the fiddle on his lap and examined it all over very carefully.

"Not for sale?" he enquired at last, peering over the fiddle in the direction of Mr. Luski.

"No," said our hero. "Not for sale. Pledged."

"I beleef," said the German, slowly, while he turned his attention again to the violin—"I beleef, uf it was for sale, I beleef I buy dot fiddle."

Mr. Luski's hands were deep in his pockets, and his cigar went up and down.

"Ve—ry valuable," he said, and strode a pace. "M' fren'." he added suddenly, in quite cautious accents, "how much—how much would you give?"

"Ah!" said the German, with animation. "You haf address of the owner—not? Maybe he would sell—Yes?" He rose excitedly to his feet.

Mr. Luski laid a very detaining forefinger on his arm.

"I get the violin," he said. "How much, m' fren'—how much you give?"

"Oh," said the German, as if it were not of much importance. "I do not know. How much?—vun hunder dollar?—vat you think?"

Mr. Luski looked at him commiseratingly.

"M' fren'," he said, sadly, "you can' buy no fiddle like that for hundred dollars. No. You be s'prised," he said—"I tell you that—you be s'prised if I tell you how much simply I loan on that fiddle."

The German stood regarding him with every appearance of a great and momentous interest.

"Vell," he said. "Vat you think—how much?"

"M' fren'," said Mr. Luski, lowering his voice mysteriously, and giving a cautious glance up and down his store—"m' fren', I tell you what I do. I get you that fiddle—cheap!" He became extra impressive. "One hundred twenty-five dollars—you get the fiddle." He stepped back to note the effect.

They surveyed one another steadily for a moment, and then the German sat down to re-examine his prize.

"Vell," said the German, presently, "I take it. Ven?"

Mr. Luski speedily consulted his books. He came from behind the counter, rubbing his hands genially.

"You pay me something down—to guarantee," he caroled, gently, "an' to-morrow, m' fren'—this afternoon," he benignly corrected himself, "you come an' get the fiddle."

The German had laid the violin down, and he now held out a five-dollar bill.

"That is all right—that will be very satisfactory," said Mr. Luski, folding up the bill neatly. "This afternoon you come." He graciously accompanied the German to the portals of his emporium and bowed him out.

Then a few minutes later he had put on his coat, and having locked his doors, went in quest of the owner of the violin. And he found him, according to the address, not far away—near the roof of a squalid tenement building. Mr. Luski, attended faithfully by the voice of an Irish lady who skillfully directed his steps from the third floor below, knocked on the cleanest part of a certain door, and was told to come in. And he turned the knob and entered, and the owner of the violin was before him, sitting cross-legged on the side of his bed, for it was all the furniture he seemed to possess. He was in his shirt sleeves, humped up dejectedly. But he was smoking a pipeful of good tobacco—Luski's tobacco, probably, bought with his two dollars. Mr. Luski stepped briskly inside and advanced to the bedside in a condescending and propitiating manner.

"Sixty-five dollar," said the old man, apathetically—and hardly looking up.

Mr. Luski heard with consternation and considerable pain. He had calculated rather on opening the

conversation himself. He stood staring for a moment—and the old man only pulled at his pipe.

"Now, here," said Mr. Luski, resolved to begin cleanly at the beginning and ignore the apparent vagaries of a disordered mind. "I come make you an offer on that violin. I do' want it—no." He became very earnest. "But I may have chance to sell—you see? That violin—I give you," he said, advancing and rubbing his hands impressively, "I give you—" he said, magnanimously, "I give you twenty-five—dollars."

He straightened himself up and looked at the old man expectantly.

But the old man was utterly unmoved.

"Mein fater's violin," he said, listlessly. "Seventy dollar."

Mr. Luski looked astonished for a moment—blank; and then somewhat outraged. His fine features began to express a mixture of indignation and disgust.

"You understand what I mean?" he ventured to repeat. "Twenty-five dollars for that old violin?"

The old man smoked.

"Seventy dollar," he remarked, as one not in the slightest degree interested.

"No!" said Mr. Luski, as one who refuses to believe an absurdity. "It is not possible." He gesticulated vehemently. He stared close at the old man, breathing hard. A moment elapsed. The old man seemed practically heartless, however,—he merely pushed down the ashes in the bowl of his pipe, and smoked steadily. "What you say?" demanded Mr. Luski.

"Seventy dollar," said the old man.

Mr. Luski looked extremely shocked.

"No!" he cried, in great aversion. "No!" He shook his head violently. He studied the old man searchingly. "Say!" he cried suddenly—"now I tell you what I do." He laid a finger on the old man's shoulder, and paused impressively. "I give you thirty dollars for that old violin," he said.

"Good violin," muttered the old man. "Seventy-five dollar."

Mr. Luski took a step backward. A great and righteous wrath began to show in his countenance.

"Say, what you think I am?" he asked. "First you want forty—then sixty-five—now seventy-five for that bum violin. Say!" he said. "You can' ask more than forty. You offered me that violin for forty!" he blustered.

"Seventy-five dollar," said the old man.

"You offered the violin for forty. You have to take forty!" wailed Mr. Luski, in great indignation.

But the old man was obdurate.

"Seventy-five dollar," he repeated, as drearily as ever.

"I won't give it!" declared Mr. Luski, righteously. He started towards the door. "You're a robber—that's what you are," he said, indignantly. "Say!" He stopped abruptly and faced half about. " You want fifty dollars for that old thing? You speak up now."

"Eighty dollar," said the old man.

This sensitive young man nearly collapsed. He stood there looking unutterable things. But finally, without another word, he took out his pocketbook and retraced his steps. He counted out the sum of seventy-eight dollars and laid it on the bed. He drew forth someone's fountain pen, and handed the old

man a receipt to sign. This he put firmly in his pocket; and still without a word. At the door only he turned back and uttered some scathing rebukes against the sin of highway robbery and burglary. But the old man put the money in his pocket, and merely went on smoking. There was a difference, however; now he clasped his knee in a firm attitude and blew out the smoke in long rythmic wreaths.

As for my friend Luski, he has an old violin on his hands which he desires to lose some money on, and will sell cheap.

The Dorothea Dix Hall in Boston

By Margaret Storrs Turner

SAINT CHARITY is become a lady of fashion. Bazaars, fairs, dances are held in her honor, and her votaries go bravely clad and move in the very best society. The right hand can no longer plead ignorance of the left hand's doings, though for form's sake one wonders aloud—"How do these things get into the papers?"

Philanthropy fares forth with a flourish of trumpets and a bodyguard of millionaires. Almost must one own to a certain staginess about her progress; a suggestion of artificiality, a limelight glare about her larger activities, inevitable perhaps in these days of "over-civilization," but perhaps a thought bewildering to the recipients of her bounty. Even the gospel of the simple life, preached to the tenement dwellers, requires "arts and crafts" door knockers and Morris rugs for its proper expounding.

Boston, naturally, is well to the fore in social reforms and institutions replete with all modern improvements and every advantage of artistic setting. Yet here and there, untouched by the spirit of Back Bay culture, unpatronized by the cream of smart society hides this or that good work of the modest struggling order, hard to find, but worth the visiting, if only for their growing rareness.

Such a one, quiet, little known, almost shabby in its entire lack of outward show, is the Dorothea Dix Hall, whose little inmates have (so ironical is fortune) lived almost from their cradles amidst the tinsel glitter, the exaggerated emotions, the makeshift splendors of the theatre world.

About the name there is a stately promise, belied by the Spartan simplicity of this home-school, a tiny backwater in the rushing stream of stage life with its treacherous cross-currents and greedy whirlpools.

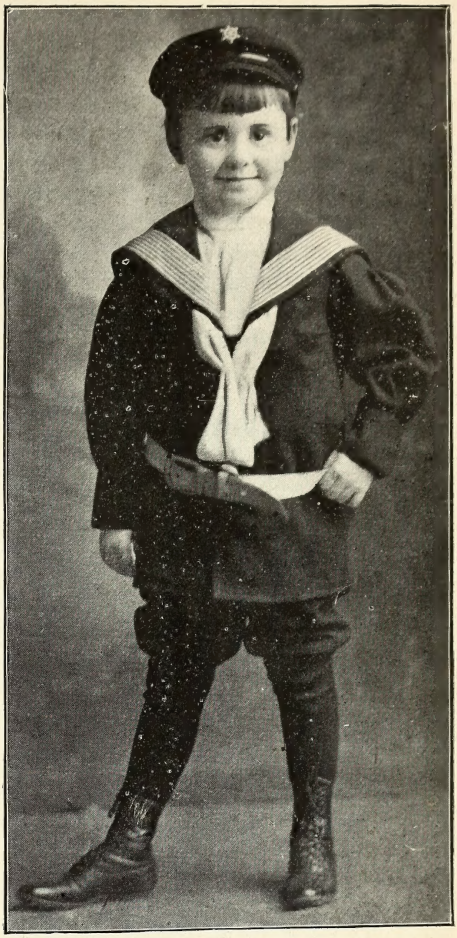
A narrow house in a narrow suburban street, distinguished from its dingy brick-fronted neighbors only by a conventual bareness of window and the very unconventual ornament of the basement bay, a miniature cardboard stage with drop scene and flies complete. This is the home of the Dorothea Dix Association, whose purpose is the care and education of stage children and children of actors. Noth-

ing could be more unpretentious, nothing less suggestive of spangled fairies, silken pageboys or baby stars in character parts.

In New England there is still extant a relic of the feeling that in Puritan days had mummers whipped at the cart tail. Those in whom the spirit of their ancestors lives in this wise might visit the quaint little school-home and not do amiss. Arrived, thanks to the guidance of the cardboard stage, at No. 6 Alenander street, Dorchester, the visitor's ring is answered by the demurest of pocket "helps," bright eyes, huge checked pinafore and tightly braided pigtails. She plays the rôle with dignified precision and ushers one into the parlor as though to the manner born.

The room is simply, almost poorly furnished. A few wooden chairs stand on the carpetless floor, there is a "practicable" spinning-wheel, a piano and a narrow couch; none of the gay fripperies supposed to be a necessity to the dramatic temperament. The primness of the arrangements is redeemed from severity by the photographs on the walls—Ellen Terry, la Duse and half a dozen rising stars, all affectionately dedicated to the house-mother, (resident manager is her wofully official title), who comes forward to greet the curious visitor. A comfortable figure of a woman, dressed with an absolute disregard of fashion, shrewd of eye and sympathetic of smile, and possessed of an air of large-hearted capability, which indeed turns out to be her most valuable stock in trade.

To the sixteen little play actors and actresses, who, but for the foundation of the Dorothea Dix Hall would be left to the tender



LOUISE WORTHINGTON ("LITTLE WINKIE")

mercies of a South-end lodging-house keeper, or to such scant attention as may be purchased for three dollars a week or thereabouts from some overworked volunteer of the "scrub-lady" species, Miss Nellie Whipple the presiding genius of the home, acts as mother, nursemaid, business manager, press agent and general factotum. There is a governess who comes daily to instruct the embryo Mansfields and Marlowes in the three R's, and way down in the hidden fastnesses of the

kitchen regions there is "Manda." All the gaps in the establishment are filled by the house-mother, who contrives to blend the powder of school discipline with the jam of home-like freedom with a skill which produces the happiest results.

The children, for all their precocious talent, are the bonniest, prettiest crew of midgets conceivable. Just now they are bending virtuously over their books in the schoolroom, which with its long bare



PEARL YOUNG

tables and blackboard has an eminently business-like air. One marks at once something "apart" about the scholars. Here a fantastic touch of color in a frock; there an elaborately curled flaxen head, contrasting oddly with a very boyish tweed suit; in all a certain alertness of poise, a quick bird-like daintiness of movement, winsome to see. Their calm self-possession under inspection gives them a grown-up finish, but below the surface the eternal child is very much alive. The artistic temperament avails little when confronted with such knotty problems as begin—"If a boy has twelve oranges"—and end with the usual complications attendant on such an embarrassment of riches. Childish longing mixed with something of the unquenchable hopefulness of older dwellers in Bohemia shows in the Christmas letters which the younger ones are composing with much wrinkling of tragic brows.

Poor, funny, wee scribblers. What strange experiences must already have been theirs, working as breadwinners, while their years can still be counted on the fingers of one hand. The little feet that swing so far from the floor have danced and tripped across the continent to many queer pipings, from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate. The chubby candid faces know how to put on, under the mask of grease paint, fear, joy, a careless disdain or an abject misery as may be the order of the rôle. By day, sums and gingham pinafores, by night, silk and velvet or motley rags. At six years old these things must seem strange enough. But, miracle of childhood, these playacting mites, with their unchildlike acquaintance with the lath and plaster which back the magnificence facing the footlights, keep firm faith in the myths of the nursery, which the up-to-date society infant has long since outgrown.

One short-kilted little lady, who has played twice as many parts as there are years in her brief life, is prouder of her completed manuscript than of the applause that she will reap at the Hollis Street Theatre in the evening as Benedick's

page in the Sothern and Marlowe revival of "Much Ado about Nothing."

"Dear Santa Claus," written in a fair round hand, "the first thing is a big doll and a little one too and a doll carriage and set of furniture and a little doll-house and a box of clothes and a little doll's trunk and bring my little brother a little playhorse. Louise Worthington."

Louise, who is "Little Winkie" on the stage and to her intimate friends, has crammed a large amount of work into a very short span of time. She has made her audiences laugh and cry in "Mrs. Wiggs" and "My Poor Relations" and has played "leading gentleman" in the little sketches which the Dorothea Dixites play in the summer season to raise money for the summer home at Southboro, Mass. Ruth Francis, whose mobile little face just now expresses only the deepest concern as to the solution of the orange problem, put, as everyone who saw her in the rôle will remember, a delightful delicacy of expression into the title rôle of "Editha's Burglar," in which "Little Josephine" also bore away dramatic laurels, as Editha, the two-year-old. "Little Josephine," who sits in the corner playing with picture blocks, is the baby of Dorothea Dix Hall and is really "Little Jo," a brisk boy toddler in knickerbockers, of the very smallest size, aged four. Jo, tender as are his years, has a keen sense of the fitness of things. When the exigencies of his profession require him to play girl parts he refuses to answer to any other name than "Little Josephine." A droll little wag is Jo, and in a curling yellow wig and white embroidered frock he makes the cunningest baby-girl imaginable.

All of them are personages in their small way, but for all their little airs and graces, these baby stars are as hungry for love, as eager for play, as apt to give obedience for kindness, mutiny for scolding as any home reared nursery child.

"Some people say there should be no stage children," says the housemother of the quicksilver crew, with



DORIS BRANSON, A BOSTON FAVORITE

a smile for the naïveté of those comfortable, dogmatic folk.

Started on a subject of which she knows the shadow side as well as the bright, she has much to tell. With a tinge of regret, she talks of her actress friends, of their impatience of advice, their keen relish for the pleasant things of life, their happy-go-lucky, sufficient-for-the-day-is-the-evil-thereof philosophy, their rooted objection to bourgeois,

saving habits, their careless spending in times of plenty. Also of cracker lunches and bread and butter suppers, bravely swallowed when oysters and champagne might not be bought at an honest price, their good-comradeship to colleagues "resting" (that pathetic professional euphemism for the out of work times); of diminutive banking accounts, the fruit of tiny players'



RUTH FRANCIS, AS EDITHA IN "EDITHA'S BURGLAR"

labors, put by, every cent for the child's future use, at what a sacrifice of darling vanities only a woman can guess; of weary weeks spent "on the road" that "Birdie Bright" or "Little Rosy Posy" may be chaperoned as stage etiquette requires.

The play-going half of the world knows very little of how the other half, the playacting half, lives. The stars of the first magnitude in the theatrical firmament shine with a far-reaching light. Their toilets are hymned, the luxuries of their menage extolled in the daily press. Fierce is the light that beats on a pasteboard crown. But the lesser lights whose twinkling is to-night in Boston, next week in some remote "Opera House" of the middle west, the week after in a southern city—what of their real existence? Cheap lodgings, scrambling meals, comfortless nights on the cars, these do not make picturesque copy, nor indeed are they picturesque in the experiencing. And into this milieu of hurry and hardship, of work-ridden days and nerve-exciting evenings, come the children. For their good and their parents' relief, the Dorothea Dix Hall was started.

* * * * * * * * *

Thirteen years ago the Rev W. W. Locke founded a settlement on Warrenton street. The work among the poor led to the discovery of many forlorn mites, whose parents, forced in the chase for fame or mere daily bread to be unkind, had left them with strangers who could give them but little care and less love. As the drift of flotsam and jetsam, cast as it were into the settlement harbor, grew, there grew at the same time the scheme which took shape as the institution, just incorporated as the "Dorothea Dix Association." Its President is the Rev. Father Van Allen, its Secretary, Mrs. Owen and its Treasurer, Mrs. H. B. Glover. The "Hall" is poor, hence the spareness of its appointments. The parents pay for their children's schooling and board, fees being arranged on a sliding scale to suit the varied means; the children sometimes contribute a share of



TROUPE OF TRAVELLING CHILDREN PLAYERS, WHO GIVE PERFORMANCES TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE SUMMER HOME AT SOUTHBORO

their small salaries; friends in the theatre world subscribe, and so the working expenses are scantily met. Since its founding more than a hundred little artistes have sewed and ciphered and cultivated the uncongenial habits of order and self control, who may haply survive in the after distractions of a stage career.

Of the Dorothea Dixites who have left the school, no one has yet had time to shine as a real big star, but several have won the friendship of the public. Anita Sylvia, who spent eight years of her sixteen at Dorothea Dix Hall has made a name for herself; Doris Branson is a Boston favorite, and the many child parts in the various Boston theatres are filled from the Dorchester home. In the summer season, a chosen troupe of children, under Miss Whipple's guidance goes on a tour and performs little plays and concert programs at the seaside resorts on the East coast. The small people throw



BEATRICE ABBEY, WHO HAS PLAYED CHILD PARTS FROM NEW ENGLAND TO CALIFORNIA

themselves with fervor into this way of gaining funds for the summer home at Southboro. In a troupe composed of their ownselves they enjoy a vast importance, which was funnily voiced by one little miss. All the performers had received bouquets after a successful evening and she was the blissful recipient of two, whereupon she with huge satisfaction said to Miss Whipple, the stage manager—"I should think the others would all have jealous prostration!"

At the Southboro house, six happy months are spent each year. Dressed, boys and girls alike in cotton overalls, they romp to heart's content over the country side, run and swim and play ball, and lay up a store of health and vitality for the arduous years that lie before them.

Not all of the children take to a stage life. Child acting is spontaneous, essentially different from the studied art of later years; talent in the former does not always spell success in the latter. For the girl actress, though, it makes all the difference in the world if in her impressionable years she learns to rate at its proper value the glamor of the footlights.

The "Hall" is home to the girls long after they have said good-bye to its narrow limits. Letters, photographs and flying visits make links which keep the chain of pleasant associations whole.

The workers of "Dorothea Dix Hall" realize to the full the peculiar difficulties which threaten the fruition of the seed they scatter, but if here and there a grain takes root and strikes deep fibres into those warm-blooded, sensitive, emotional natures, strengthening them against the subtle dangers of their calling, the workers think their labors are quite worth while.

At Johnson's Ford

By Lawrence Crist

"NOW, that ye've finished your schoolin', and the Johnson's Ford school still vacant, I suppose ye'll take it as a start, anyway."

"Indeed, mother, I'll not take the school at Johnson's Ford without they promise me an extra. It's the worse school in all Fulton county."

"I doubt but ye're young to tackle with them boys, Ann," replied the mother, gazing into her daughter's face with an intent expression, in which it would have been hard to say which predominated, anxiety or fond pride. "I'd sooner see ye take any other school, an' no extra."

"I'm not afraid, my mother, but I'll manage them well enough; but I'll not undertake it for the same money as a decent school is taught; they'll promise me twenty-five dollars extra at the end of the year, or I'll not set foot in the place."

"Maybe they'll not be for givin' ye the school at all when they see your youth," repied the mother, in a half antagonistic tone. There was a continual under-current between this mother and daughter of possible antagonism, overlain and usually smothered out of sight by a passionate attachment on both sides.

Ann tossed her head. "Age is not everything that goes to the makin' of a teacher," she retorted. "There's Betsy Macgregor; she's teaching at Leipertown now these eight years, an' I'd shame her myself any day she likes wi' spellin' an' the lines; an' if there's ever a boy in a school of mine that'll give me a floutin' answer such's as I've heard her take by the dozen, I'll warrant you he'll get a birchin'; an' the trustees think there's no teacher like Betsy. I'm not afraid."

"Betsy never had any great schoolin' herself," replied her mother, proudly, "there's no girl in all the farms hereabout that's had what ye've had, Ann."

"It isn' the schoolin', mother," retorted Ann. "The schoolin' 's got nothin' to do with it. I'd teach a school better than Betsy Macgregor if I'd never had a day's schoolin'."

"An' now if that's not the talk of a silly!" retorted the quickly angered parent. "Will ye be tellin' me perhaps, then that them that can't read theirselves is to be set to teach letters?"

Ann was too loyal at heart to her illiterate mother to wound her farther by reiterating her point. Throwing her arms around her neck and kissing her warmly, she exclaimed: "No, my mother, it's not a silly that you could ever have for a child, with that clear head an' the wise things always said to us from the time we're in our cradles. You have never a child that's so clever as you are yourself. I didn't mean just what I said; you must know surely; only that the schoolin' part is the smallest part of keepin' the school."

"An' I'll never give in to such nonsense as that either," said the mother, only half mollified. "Ye

can ask yer father, if ye like, if it stands not to reason that the more a teacher knows, the more he can teach. He'll take the conceit out o' ye better than I can." And good Ruth Campbell turned angrily away, and drummed on the window-pane with her knitting-needles to relieve her nervous discomfort at this slight passage-at-arms with her best-beloved daughter.

Ann's face flushed, and with compressed lips she turned silently to the little oaken-framed looking-glass that hung so high on the wall that she could but see her chin in it. As she slowly tied her pink bonnet strings she grew happier. In truth, she would have been a maiden hard to console if the face that looked back at her from the quaint oak leaf and acorn wreath had not comforted her inmost soul, and made her again at peace with herself. And as the mother looked on she too was comforted, and in five minutes more, when Ann was ready to say good-by, they flung their arms around each other, and embraced and kissed, and the daughter said: "Good-by to you now, my mother. Wish me well, an' you'll see that I get it—extra an' all," she added, slyly.

And the mother said, "Good luck t'ye, child; and it's luck to them that gets ye." And that was the way the quarrels always ended between Ruth Campbell and her oldest daughter.

The oldest daughter she was, only just turned twenty, and yet there were eight children younger than she, and one older! This is the way among the farming folk of Pennsylvania. Children come tumbling into the world like rabbits in a pen, and have to scramble for a living almost as soon and as hard as the rabbits. It is a narrow life they lead, and full of hardships and deprivations, but it has its compensations. Sturdy virtues and sturdy bodies come of it.

It seemed but a few years before that Ronald Campbell had wooed and won Ruth Murray—wooed her with difficulty in the bosom of her family of six brothers and five sisters, and won her triumphantly in spite of the open and contemptuous opposition of each one of the five sisters. For Ronald himself was one of seven in his father's home, and whoever married Ronald must go there to live, to be only a daughter in a mother-in-law's house, and take a daughter's share of the brunt of everything. "And nothing to be got except a living, and it was a poor living the Campbell farm gave beside the Murray," the Murray sisters said. And, moreover; "The saint did not live that could get on with Ronald Campbell's mother. That was what had made him the silent fellow he was, always being told by his mother to hold his tongue and have done speaking; and a fine pepper-pot there'd be when Ruth's hasty tongue and temper were flung into that batch!"

There was no gainsaying all this. Nevertheless Ruth married Ronald, went home with him into his father's house, put her shoulder against her spoke in the family wheel, and did her best. And when, ten years later, as reward of her affectionate trust and patience, she found herself sole mistress of the Campbell farm, she did not feel herself ill paid. The old father and mother were dead, two sisters had died and two were married, and the two sons had gone west to seek better fortunes than were to be made on a played-out

farm in Fulton county. Ronald, as eldest son, had according to custom, inherited the farm, and Mrs. Ruth, confronting her three still unmarried sisters, was able at last triumphantly to refute their still resentfully remembered objections to her choice of a husband.

"An' did ye suppose that I did not all the time know that it was to this it was sure to come, soon or late?" she said with justifiable complacency. "It's a good thing to have a house o' one's own an' an estate. An' the linen that's in the house! I've no need to turn a hand to the flax-wheel for ten years, if I've no mind. An' ye can all bide your times, an' see what Ronald'll make of the farm, now that he's got where he can have things his own way. His father was always set against anything that was new, an' the place is run down shameful; but Ronald'll bring it up; an' I'm not an old woman yet."

This last was the unkindest phrase Mrs. Ronald Campbell permitted herself to use. There was a rebound in it which told on the Murray sisters, for they, many years older than she, were already living on tolerance in their father's house, where their oldest brother and his wife ruled things with an iron hand. All hopes of a husband and a home of their own had quite died out in their spinster bosoms, and they would not have been human had they not secretly and grievously envied the comely, blooming Ruth her husband, children and home.

But, with all this, it was no play-day life that Mrs. Ruth had led. At the very best, and with the best of farms, Fulton county farming is no high-road to fortune; only a living, and that of the plainest, is to be made; and when children come at the rate of ten in twenty-two years, it is but a small showing that a farmer's bank account makes at the end of that time. There is no margin for fineries, luxuries, small ambitions of any kind. Ruth had temptations in these directions, but Ronald was as firm as a rock in withstanding them. If he had not been, there would never have been this story to tell of his Ann's school-teaching, for there would never have been money enough in the bank to give her two years' schooling in Bedford, the best the town afforded; "and she boardin' all the while like a lady," said the severe Murray aunts who disapproved of such wide-flying ambitions, which made women discontented with and unfitted for farming life.

Ann had, indeed, even before the Bedford schooling, had a far better chance than her mother; for in her mother's day there was no free school in the neighborhood; and in families of ten or twelve it was only a turn and turn about that the children had at pay school. Since the free schools had been established many a grown man and woman had sighed enviously at the better luck of the youngsters under the new rule. No excuse now for the poorest man's children not knowing how to read and write, and more; and if they chose to keep on, nothing to hinder their dipping into studies of which their parents never heard so much as the names.

And this was not the only better chance which Ann had had. Ronald Campbell's farm joined the land of the country church upon which stood the parsonage; and by a bit of good fortune for Ann it happened that just as she was growing into

girlhood there came a new minister to the parsonage; a young man from Baltimore with a young bride, the daughter of a prominent Baltimore merchant, gentle-folk both of them, but single-hearted and full of fervor in their work for the souls of the plain farming people given into their charge. And both Mr. and Mrs. Wilson had caught sight of Ann's face on their first Sunday in church, and Mrs. Wilson had traced to her a flute-like voice in the Sunday-school singing; and before long to Ruth's great but unspoken pride, the child had been "bidden to the parsonage for the minister's wife to hear her sing," and from that day there was a new vista in Ann's life.

Her voice was as sweet as a lark's and as pure, and her passionate love for music a gift in itself. "It would be a sin not to cultivate it," said Mrs. Wilson to her husband, "even if she never sees another piano than mine, nor had any other time in her life than these few years to enjoy it; she will always have had these; and nothing can separate her from her voice."

And so it came to pass that when, at sixteen, Ann went to Bedford for her final two years study at the high school, she played almost as well as Mrs Wilson herself, and sang far better. And in all Ruth Campbell's day-dreams of her child's future, vague or minute, there was one feature never left out. "The good husband" coming always was to be a man who could "give her a piano."

In Bedford Ann found no such friend as Mrs. Wilson, but she had a young school-mate who had a piano, and—poor short-sighted creature that she was, Ann thought—hated the sight of it, detested to practice, and shed many a tear over her lessons. This girl's parents were thankful to see their daughter impressed by Ann's enthusiasm for music; and so well did the clever girl play her cards that, before she had been six months in the place, she was installed as music teacher to her own school-fellow, earning thereby not only money enough to buy the few clothes she needed, but what to her was better than money, the privilege of the use of the piano an hour a day.

So when she went home, at the end of the two years, she had lost nothing; in fact had made substantial progress; and her old freind and teacher, Mrs. Wilson, was as proud as she was astonished when she first heard her play and sing. Still more astonished was she at the forceful character the girl had developed. She went away a gentle, loving, clinging child, her nature, like her voice, belonging to the order of birds—bright, flitting, merry, confiding. She returned a woman, still loving, still gentle in her manner, but with a new poise in her bearing, a resoluteness, a fire, of which her first girlhood had given no suggestion. It was strange to see how similar, and yet how unlike were the comments made on her in the parsonage and in the farmhouse by the two couples most interested in her welfare.

"It is wonderful, James," said Mrs. Wilson to her husband, "how that girl has changed, and yet not changed. It is the music that has lifted her up so; what a glorious thing is a real passion for any art in a human soul! But she can never live here among these people. I must take her to Baltimore."

"No," said Mr. Wilson. "Her work will be here. She belongs to

her people in heart all the same. She will not be discontented."

"Husband, I'm doubtin' if we've done the right thing by the child after all," said the mother, tearfully, to the father, at the end of the first evening after Ann's return. "She's got the ways of the city on her, an' carries herself as if she'd be teachin' the minister his own self. I doubt but that she'll feel herself strange in the house."

"Never you worry yourself," replied Ronald. "The girl's got her head, that's all. But her heart's in the right place. Ye'll see she'll put her strength to whatever ther's to be done. She'll be a master-hand at teachin', I'll wager!"

"You always did think she was perfection," replied the mother, in a crisp but not ill-natured tone, "an' I'm not gainsayin' that she's not as near it as is often seen; but I'm main uneasy to see her carryin' herself so positive."

If Ronald thought in his heart that Ann had come through direct heredity on the maternal side by this "carryin' herself so positive," he knew better than to say so, and his only reply was a good-natured laugh, with: "You'll see! I'm not afraid. She's a good child, an' always was."

Ann passed her examinations triumphantly, and got the Johnson Ford school; but she got only a contingent promise of the twenty-five dollars extra. It went sorely against her will to waive this point. Very keenly Mr. Wilson, who was on the examining board, watched her face as she modestly pressed it.

The trustees did not deny that the Johnson's Ford school was a difficult and unruly one; and that to manage it was well worth more money than the ordinary school salaries. The question was whether this very young lady could manage it at all; and if she failed, as the last incumbent had—failed egregiously, too: the school had broken up in riotous confusion before the end of the year—the wise farmers of the school board did not wish to be pledged to pay that extra twenty-five dollars. The utmost that Ann could extract from them was a promise that if at the end of the year her teaching had proved satisfactory, the twenty-five dollars should be paid. More than that they would not say; and after a short, sharp struggle with herself, Ann accepted the terms; but she could not refrain a farewell shot at the trustees as she turned to go. "I'm as sure of my twenty-five dollars as if you promised it outright, sirs. I shall keep a good school at Johnson's Ford."

"We'll make it forty dollars, then, Miss Ann," cried Mr. Wison, enthusiastically, looking at his colleagues, who nodded their heads, and said, laughing, "Yes, forty dollars it is."

"And forty dollars it will be," retorted Ann, as with cheeks like peonies she left the room.

"Egad but she has a fine spirit of her own, an' as fine a face as I've seen since I remember," cried old Mr. Robinson, the senior member of the board, and the one hardest to please. "I'd not mind bein' a pupil at Johnson's Ford school the comin' term myself," and he gave an old man's privileged chuckle as he looked at his colleagues. "But she's over-young for the work—over-young."

"She'll do it," said Mr. Wilson, confidently, "you need have no fear. My wife has had the training of the girl since she was small. She's

got the best of stuff in her. She'll do it."

Mr. Wilson's prediction was fulfilled. Ann did it. But she did it at a cost of harder work than even she had anticipated. If it had not have been for her music she would never have pulled through with the boys of Johnson's Ford. By her music she tamed them. The young Marsyas himself never piped to a wilder set of creatures than the uncouth lads and young men that sat in wide-eyed, open mouthed astonishment listening to the first song their pretty young school-mistress sang for them. To have singing exercises part of the regular school routine was a new thing at Johnson's Ford. It took like wild-fire: and when Ann, shrewd and diplomatic as a statesman, invited the two oldest and worst boys in the school to come Wednesday and Saturday afternoons to her boarding place to practice singing with her to the accompaniment of the piano, so as to be able to help her lead the rest, her sovereignty was established. They were not conquered, they were converted—a far surer and more lasting process. Neither of them would, from that day out, have been guilty of an act, word or look to annoy her, any more than if they had been rival lovers suing for her hand. As Ann's good luck would have it—and Ann was born to good luck; there's no denying it—one of these boys had a good tenor voice, the other a fine baritone; they had both, in their rough way, been singers all their lives, and were lovers of music.

"That was more than half the battle, my mother," confessed Ann, when, at the end of the first term, she was at home for a few days, and was recounting her experiences. "Except for the singin', I'd never have got Will Reubens under, nor Ezra Wilkins either. I doubt they'd been too many for me. But now they're like two more teachers to the fore. I'd leave the schoolroom to them for a day, an' not a lad'd dare stir in his seat without their leave. I call them my constables; an' I'm teachin' them a small bit of chemistry out o' school hours, too, an' that's a hold on them. They'll see me safe out; an' I'm thinkin' I'll owe them a part of the forty dollars when I get it," she added reflectively.

"The minister says ye're sure of it," replied her mother. "He says ye've the best school in the county. I don't know how ever ye come to do it so quick, child." And Ruth Campbell smiled wistfully, spite of all her pride in her clever child.

"You see, then, what he'll say after the examination at New Year's," gleefully replied Ann, "if he thinks the school is so good now. It'll be twice as good then; an' such singin' as was never heard before in any schoolhouse in the country, I'll warrant me. I'm to have the piano over for the day to the schoolhouse. Will and Ezra'll move it in a big wagon, to save me payin' for the cartin'; and I'm to pay three dollars for the use of it if it's not hurt—a dear bargain, but she'd not let it go a penny less. And, to be sure, there is the risk to be counted. An' she knew I'd have it if it had been twice that; but I got it out of her for that price. She was to let me have all the school over twice a week for two months before, to practice. So it's not too dear. You'll see what you'll hear then."

It had been part of Ann's good

luck that she had secured board in the only family in the village which had the distinction of owning a piano; and, by paying a small sum extra, she had obtained the use of this piano for an hour each day—the best investment of Ann's life, as the sequel showed.

It was a bitter winter in Fulton County. By New Year's time many of the roads were well-nigh impassible with snow. Fierce winds swept to and fro, obliterating by noon tracks which had been clear in the morning; and nobody went abroad if he could help it. New Year's day opened fiercest of all, with scurries of snow, lowering skies, and a wind that threatened to be a gale before night. But, for all that, the tying posts behind the Johnson's Ford schoolhouse were crowded full of steaming horses under buffalo robes, which must stamp and paw and shiver, and endure the day as best they might, while the New Year's examination went on. Everybody had come. The fame of the singing of the Johnson's Ford school had spread far and near, and it had been whispered about that there was to be a "piece" sung which was finer than anything ever sung in the Bedford churches.

The schoolhouse was decorated with evergreens—pine and spruce. The New Year's day had fallen on a Monday, Ann had had a clear working-day on the Saturday previous, and her faithful henchmen, Will and Ezra, had been busy every evening for a week drawing the boughs on their sleds, and piling them up in the yard. The teacher's desk had been removed, and in its place stood the shining red mahogany piano—a new and wonderful sight to many eyes there.

All was ready, the room crowded full, and the board of trustees not yet arrived. There sat their three big arm-chairs on the raised platform, empty—a depressing and perplexing sight to Ann, who, in her simple blue merino gown, with a knot of pink ribbon at her throat, and a roll of white paper (her schedule of exercises) in her hand, stood on the left hand of the piano, her eyes fixed expectantly on the doors. The minutes lenghtened out into a quarter of an hour, half an hour. Anxiously Ann consulted with her father what should be done.

"The roads are somethin' fearful, child," he replied; "we must make big allowance for that. They're sure to be comin', at least some one of them. It was never known that they failed on the New Year's examination, an' it would seem a sore disrespect to begin without them here."

Before he had finished speaking there was heard a merry jingling of bells outside, dozens and dozens it seemed, and hilarious voices and laughter, and the snorting of overdriven horses, and stamping of feet, and more voices and laughter. Everybody looked on his neighbor's face. What sounds were these? Who ever heard a sober school board arrive in this fashion? But it was the school board—nothing less: a good deal more, however. Ann's heart sank within her as she saw the foremost figure entering the room. What evil destiny had brought young Colonel Nathan Mifflin in the character of school visitor that day! Nathan Mifflin, once a schoolteacher, then a soldier, fighting for the Union. No one was ever respected and loved by his fellow townspeople more than this

man. Although still a young man, he was known far and wide for his strict discipline both in the schoolroom and in the tented field. Many were the scholars that would quail before him at a word, yet at the same time they loved him with the devotion of a slave. At the age of twenty-five he came home marching at the head of his regiment—or rather what was left of it—for the men who made up the command were, every one, a hero many times over. "Mifflin's discipline" was a by-word in the division of which his command was part. Only one thing exceeded his discipline, and that was his patriotism. His experiences in the army made him love his country with a devotion that was deemed remarkable by those who had no such experiences.

What Ann feared was those sharp and unexpected questions which had been known to floor the best of scholars and upset the plans of the best of teachers. Yes, here he was, Nathan Mifflin, himself; and it was his Kentucky thorough-breds, with their silver bells and fur collars, the admiration of all the country round about, that had made such a clatter and stamping outside, and were still keeping it up, for every time they stirred, the bells tinkled like a peal of chimes. And, woe upon woe, behind him came, not Ann's friend and pastor, Mr. Wilson, but the crusty old Robinson, whose doing it had been a year before, as Ann very well knew, that the twenty-five dollars extra had been only conditionally promised.

Conflicting emotions turned Ann's face scarlet as she advanced to meet them; the most casual observer could not have failed to see that dismay predominated, and Nathan Mifflin was no casual observer; nothing escaped his keen glance and keener intuition; and it was almost with a wicked twinkle in his gray eyes that he said, still shaking off the snow, stamping and puffing: "You were not looking for me, were you? The minister was sent for to go to old Thomas Walker, who is dying this morning; and as I happened by as he was starting, he made me promise to come in his place; and I picked up friend Robinson here a few miles back, with his horse floundering in the drifts. Except for me you would have had no school board at all here to-day, so I hope you'll not give me a bad welcome."

As he spoke he was studying her face, where the color came and went like waves; not a thought in the girl's heart did he not read. "Poor girl!" he was thinking to himself. "She's shaking in her shoes for fear of me. She's a dainty blossom of a girl and it would be a shame to annoy her. What's kept her from being trodden down by these Johnson Ford bullies, I'd like to know?"

But when he seated himself on the platform, and took his first look at the rows of pupils in the centre of the room, he was near starting with amazement. The Johnson Ford "bullies" as he had mentally called them, were not to be seen. Very well he knew many of them by sight, and this was not the first time he had been inside the schoolhouse, which had been so long the dread and terror of school boards and teachers alike. A puzzled frown gathered between his eyebrows as he gazed.

"What has happened to the youngsters, then?—have they all been converted in this one year?" he was thinking. And the flitting per-

plexed thought did not escape Ronald Campbell, who was as quick a reader of faces as Nathan himself, and had been by no means free from anxiety for his Ann when he saw the Colonel appear at the doorway.

"He's takin' it in quick the way the girl's got them in hand," thought Ronald. "If she'll only hold herself cool now!"

No danger. Ann was not the one to lose a battle by appearing to quail at the outset, however clearly she might see herself outnumbered. And sympathic and eager glances from her constables, Will and Ezra, told her that they were ready for the fray. These glances Nathan Mifflin chanced to intercept, and they heightened his bewilderment. To Will Reubens he was by no means a stranger, having had occasion more than once to deal with him, boy as he was, for complicity in riotous misdoings. He had happened to know, also, that it was Will Reubens who had been head and front of last year's revolt in the school, the one boy that no teacher had hitherto been able to control. And here stood Will Reubens, having risen in his place, leader of the form, glancing down on the boys around him with the eye of a general, watching the teacher's eye, meanwhile, as a dog watches for his master's signal.

And the orderly, yet alert and joyously eager expression of the whole school—it had so much the look of a miracle to Nathan Mifflin's eye that, not having been for years accustomed to the restraint of the technical official dignity of the school visitor, he was on the point of giving a loud whistle of astonishment. Luckily recollecting himself in time, he smothered the whistle, and the "Whew! what's all this?" which had been on his tongue's end, in a vigorous and unnecessary blowing of his nose. And before that was over, and his eyes well wiped, there stood the whole school on their feet before him and the room ringing with such a chorus as was never heard in Fulton county schoolroom before. This completed his bewilderment, and swallowed it up in delight. If Nathan Mifflin had an overmastering passion, it was for music. To the sound of the fife and drum he had often said he would march to death, and "not know it for dying." The bugle could draw him as quickly now as when he was in the army leading his regiment to battle. The sweet singing of a woman's voice was all the token he wanted of the certainty of heaven and the existence of the angels.

When Ann's clear, flute-like soprano notes rang out, carrying along the fifty young voices she led, Nathan jumped to his feet, waving his hand, in a sudden heat of excitement, right and left, and looking swiftly about him on the platform, he said, "Neighbors, we must not take such a welcome as this sitting." Each man and woman there, catching the quick contagion, rose, and it was a tumultuous crowd of glowing faces that pressed forward around the piano as the singing went on—fathers, mothers, rustics, all; and the children, pleased and astonished, sang better than ever; and when the chorus was ended, it was some minutes before all was quiet.

Many things were settled in those few minutes. Ronald Campbell's heart was at rest. "The music'll carry all before it, no matter if they

do make a failure here and there," he thought. "The girl is all right." The mother's heart was at rest also.

"She's done wonders with 'em—wonders. I doubt not but it'll go through as it's begun. Her face is a picture to look on. Bless her!" Ruth was saying behind her placid smile.

"Eh, but she's won her dollars out of us," thought old Robinson, ungrudgingly, "an' won 'em well."

"I don't see why everybody is so afraid of Nathan Mifflin," thought Ann. "He looks as kind and as pleased as anyone. I don't believe he'll ask any of his botherin' questions."

What Nathan Mifflin thought it would be hard to tell; nearer the truth, probably, to say that his head was in too much of a whirl to think anything. Certain it was that he did not ask any botherin' questions, but sat there on the platform with his eye following every move of the young teacher. Seldom had he seen such grace and beauty combined with the art of governing a school of unruly children. If there was one thing the young Colonel admired it was the ability to command respect and admiration, and this he found the mistress of Johnson's Ford school demanded.

Ann, now that her first fright was over, was conducting her entertainment with the composure and dignity of an experienced instructor.

The exercises were simple—declamations, reading of selected compositions, examinations of the principal classes. At short intervals came songs to break the monotony. The first one after the opening chorus was "Hail Columbia." At the first bars of this, Nathan Mifflin could not keep silent, but broke into a low accompaniment in a deep bass voice, untrained but sweet.

"Ah," thought Ann; "what'll he say to the last one, I wonder?"

When the time came she found out. If she had chosen the arrangement of her music with full knowledge of Nathan Mifflin's preferences, and with the express determination to arouse him to a climax of enthusiasm, she could not have done better.

When the end of the simple program of recitations and exhibitions had been reached, she came forward to the edge of the platform—her cheeks were deep pink now, and her eyes shone with excitement—and said turning to the trustees and spectators:

"We have finished now all we have to show for our year's work, and we will close our entertainment by singing 'The Star Spangled Banner.' "

As the grand chords of that grand old tune rang out full and loud under Ann's firm touch, Nathan Mifflin leaped to his feet and strode forward to the piano, and, with a kindly nod to her, struck in with the full force of his deep bass. violoncello-like notes, gathering up all the others and fusing them into a pealing strain. It was electrifying. Everybody sang. Old voices that had not sung for a quarter of a century or more joined in. It was a furor. The children, half frightened in spite of their pleasure, were quieter than their elders.

"It's good to see the old folks gone crazy for once," said Will Reubens, in recounting the scene. "Now if they got that way oftener they wouldn't be so hard on us youngsters."

At the conclusion of the song, the

first thing Ann heard was Robinson's piping voice behind her:

"And forty dollars it is, Miss Campbell. Ye've won it fair and square! Forty dollars it is!"

"What? Forty dollars? What is it you're saying?" asked Nathan Mifflin, his eyes steady glowing like coals, gazing at Ann.

"The extra, sir," answered Ann, lifting her eyes roguishly to his. "Mr. Robinson thought I was too young for the school, and he'd promise me no extra until he saw I was equal to it."

This was sly Ann's little revenge on Robinson, who began confusedly to explain that it was not he any more than the other trustees, and he only wished that they had all been there to see as he had seen, how finely the school had been managed; but nobody heard what he said, for above all the humming and buzzing and laughing there came up from the centre of the room a reiterated call of "Sirs! Trustees! Mr. Trustee! Board!"

It was Will Reubens, standing up on the backs of two seats, waving a white paper, and trying frantically to make himself heard. The face of a man galloping for life and death, coming up at the last second with a reprieve for one about to be shot, could hardly be fuller of intense anxiety than was Will's as he waved his paper and shouted.

Ann gazed bewildered at him. This was not down on her program of the exercises. What could it be?

As soon as partial silence enabled him to speak, Will proceeded to read a petition, setting forth to the respected board of trustees, that the undersigned boys and girls of the Johnson's Ford school did hereby unanimously request that they might have no other teacher than Miss Campbell, "as long as she lived."

This last clause had been the cause of bitter disputing between Will and Ezra, Ezra insisting upon it being in, Will insisting that it was absurd, because they would not go to school as long as Miss Campbell lived. "But there's the little ones an' the babies that'll be growin' up," retorted Ezra; "and there'll never be another like her: I say, 'as long as she lives';" and as long as she lives it was; and when Will with an unnecessary emphasis, delivered this closing clause of the petition, it was received with a roar of laughter from the platform, which made him flush angrily, and say, with a vicious punch in Ezra's ribs, "There; I told ye; it spoiled it all. They're fit to die over it; an' they'll all blame me."

But he was re-assured when he heard Nathan Mifflin's voice overtopping the tumult with, "A very sensible request, my lad, and I for one should be of your way of thinking."

And turning, Nathan Mifflin, who happened at that very moment to be standing beside the little teacher, looked full into her lovely, confused face. What she encountered in his steady glance must have been very significant, for she immediately dropped her eyes, coloring more deeply than ever. And to add still further to Ann's embarassment, out of the uproar around them, a rough, but admiring voice from near at hand came plainly to their ears: "I'm blest if they don't make a fine lookin' pair!" A remark, which, to judge by the expression on the Colonel's face, gave him more pleasure than annoyance.

Indeed, it occurred to more than one person in the crowded school-

room that night that these two central figures of the evening's exercises would not make an ill-assorted couple, and that the handsome Colonel had never been seen to look upon any woman with such frank and undisguised pleasure as that with which he gazed at Ann. Such thoughts as these came involuntarily to Mrs. Campbell herself, and who knows what airy castles she built upon them, and with what feelings of pride and ambition her fond mother heart swelled?

But the future disclosed that these hopes of Mrs. Campbell were built upon good, solid ground. For, as Nathan Mifflin afterward confessed to Ann, he had, on that memorable New Year's night, made up his mind for the first time in his life that he needed a wife, and that Ann was the very woman, in fact the only woman, to supply that need.

And Ann herself, though she never confided it to Nathan, had, at the first sound of those jingling sleigh bells that had proclaimed Nathan Mifflin's unexpected arrival, felt an electric thrill, that was not ordinary excitement, pass through her. A vague and indefinable conviction had seized upon her that destiny was near at hand.

It cannot be wondered at that the boys of Johnson's Ford school should bear a grudge against Nathan Mifflin for depriving them of their much loved sovereign, which he did in the second year of her reign. And as he had meanwhile received a comission in the regular army as captain, he bore his bride away with him from the little town of her simple triumphs, to grace, as she was so well fitted to do, a higher station than that to which she was born, to the mingled pride and sorrow of her parents, the joy and regret of her kind friends, the Wilsons.

The Value of Formal Training

By Flora Bridges

A REMARKABLE address before the International Congress of Arts and Sciences at St. Louis has admirably characterized the real college, carefully distinguishing it from the "school-college" on the one hand and the "university-college" on the other; and clarifying what has been up to this time our more or less confused thinking along the line of determining the true college function. But there is even greater need now that some one should state just as clearly what the preliminary school should be and what it already is, since we must accept the implication that the "school-college" is not the ideal and also the statement that the real college "requires as a condition of admission that the work of the school shall have been thoroughly done—because it is impossible to give a college education to an untrained mind." Moreover, competent critics are saying on every hand in these days that the secondary schools are not turning out boys and girls really bettered by their long "grind in the mill." We are

forced then by these facts to consider where we stand in the development of educational methods, both what we have attained and what constitutes our notion of right standard and effective effort; and in the light of original ideals and of past accomplishment, to make new observations and most carefully mark out the immediate path before us. For as honest Americans we dare not stop short of the highest excellence in education possible to human endeavor.

In the beginning America saw high possibilities. She was not satisfied, with China and India, Greece and Rome, to see her youth trained simply for the state, with no opportunity for the expression of personality; nor even when, as among Hebrews, the perfect obedience in all details pertained to an authority above all human power and dignity,—to the Supreme source of all knowledge and wisdom,—not even so was her ideal satisfied. She saw that so long as individual personality was repressed to the extent of complete subordination to any system imperfectly understood, the best could not result for individual or system. The larger institutions of life, the state, the church, and the family, do require devotion of the individual; but it must be intelligent, voluntary devotion. Therefore, she reasoned, education must be free; must fit the individual, every individual, to understand life and its institutions, to know that life means growth, which is power of adaptation and initiative. Self-education, accordingly, is the highest kind of education, and her system must in some way develop this power of self-training.

There is no need to recount the long struggles of these early educational seers, priests of an American spirit not then matured in common breasts and therefore resisted with impotent might until seers become saints in heaven, their earthly lives worn out. At last, however, men began to understand the significance of those ideals their priests had died for, and to enter upon the sturdier march we still are treading, though not always in straight lines.

Granted that education should be free, shared by all alike, of whatever condition, race, kind, or sex, and with the end in view of developing the whole mind of every child, not one phase only, then it follows that the training must be formal, at least in the earlier years, when the essential elements of personality are simply human, and practically the same for all minds. In the home life the child begins to learn how to direct his own energies; in the early school years he learns self-control and respect for others, how to check his selfish desires and not force his own wishes and peculiarities upon those about him, all this by means of certain formal regulations economically adopted not for his individual good but for the general welfare. Here too, certain subjects of study are required; he has no choice but to take them. These must, moreover, at least under present conditions, be taken in such way as to seem independent of each other, and each of equal value with every other. Grammar, for instance, emphasizes the effect of form upon words. Geography reveals the world, peopled with men toiling and carrying, each that every man may share in the whole wealth of all the world. Literature and history show

how forms in government and society arise and develop, and how human nature is moulded in contact with these. And not only are the subjects detached,—they must also be taught under pressure of time and space, therefore arranged in set order for the comprehension of an average mind.

This necessity for form and order inevitably tends toward mechanical routine, and in these days the charge is not altogether unfounded that we are sending out from our secondary schools boys and girls more or less like blind machines. Coming from the lower grades into the high school, crowded along as they usually have had to be, they look forward simply to a graduation day at the end of a certain number of problems solved, of pages recited, of days spent in the schoolroom. They are not even theorizers, the critic says, for they have lost all thought of using their own brains,—have so long followed given methods in studying the forms of facts that they have no power to see the principle which alone gives character to fact, and are really at a disadvantage in competition with men and women without schooling indeed but with vigorous natural practical sense. And so some of our finest high school teachers are pleading "Tell us what to do. Our young people have not the beginning of an idea of life when they leave us. Something is wrong. Help us to find out what it is."

But the early American ideal was exactly this,—to develop a plan of education which should conduce to the "accelerating improvability of the race," as Horace Mann expressed it; which should send out our youth, as another fine educator said, "strong physically, mentally, and morally, . . . better prepared to take up the duties of active life or of higher education, more loyal to their country, more in sympathy with humanity, and more ready to co-operate with others in all worthy undertakings,"—"ready" to quote Mann again, "to contend for the right and to die for the right."

That we have not fully attained to this ideal, we are bound to confess; and under such circumstances it matters little that the college waits for a constantly increasing number of young people each year. In the true college, to be sure, the studies are more closely related, so that those who may undertake work there may begin to understand the oneness of all knowledge and the significance of student effort. They should develop there an all-round culture that will be broad and sound basis for whatever specialization, whatever life,—home, business, or professional,—the future may bring. But as has been already objected, not even the ideal college can take the youth fresh from the average high school of to-day, with his "half-cynical" notions of life, "his air of satisfaction with a 'completed' education"—I am quoting again—his confirmed habit of task-service, of depending upon another to assign in definite detail just what work he is to set himself to do, where he may find it and how he shall do it,—this boy with no other interest in college work than to cover the years with creditable showings until another graduation day when another scroll shall be awarded,—if the secondary school sends out such a boy, not even the ideal college, true to its best conception of its

function, can impress its proper influence upon matter so poorly prepared. Moreover according to these same alert critics of the educational world, few of our colleges are ideal. There are not even many so-called school-colleges, where inadequate school training can be properly supplemented. And in the average college, university methods are so far projected down into the institutional life that the student is distracted, his energies dissipated, his general culture arrested that specialization may be earlier begun, the sooner to fit him for his life work. Ambitious to save to itself the largest possible number of students, the college emulates its nearest university, in the number of electives offered, in its methods of instruction, in the general freedom granted to its students, and the lack of incentive to self-control and dignity. Social functions are multiplied and obligations that belong to later conditions are grafted upon college life. So the really best opportunity in life for unifying knowedge, for settling and giving definite direction to convictions, is lost in a sort of forcing process, both unatural and unprofitable; and as boys and girls come from secondary schools unready either for further training in college, or for life-work of any large earnestness, even so young men and women go through college with no sense that the whole work, in all its phases, is worth less than nothing if it does not make them noble citizens, teachers of all wisdom, whatever their special calling may be, intelligent patriots, clear-headed judges of men, books, and things; if in other words it does not lead out, in beautiful perfection, the divine qualities latent within them.

"Coiled up in this institution," Horace Mann said of good schools, "as in a spring, there is a vigor whose uncoiling may wheel the spheres." "The interest of our time," George William Curtis said, "is not that of mere study, of sound scholarship as an end, of good books for their own sake, but of education as a power in human affairs, of educated men as an influence in the commonwealth." It profits nothing to the student to prepare a lesson for the teacher who assigned it, for class honor, or even for the sake of knowledge itself. That is but to make of himself but a senseless sieve, or a target, more conspicuous as more learned. As Newman says, the man must be above his knowledge, not under it. Otherwise it will load and oppress him.

Of course then it is wide of the mark to introduce college methods into secondary schools, as it is to adopt university ideals into college life. The difficulty is not that the formal side has been too much exaggerated in the secondary school, but rather that we have in measure failed to realize and appropriate the value of form in development. Form is divinely appointed as the interpreter of life to us. Even the human body is a mechanism. But since self-education is the acknowledged high end of all effort, and only as one gains the power of self-training can he have influence over nature and over man, without which existence is vain, then into all our formal training should be breathed a compelling life to shape all results according to high ideals. So the divine spirit in man freely and fully expressed would ultimately make his body perfect in beauty and

power and developing function. The school is not a new set of influences in the life of the child. It simply supplements work already begun in the home. Self-direction, begun in the family life, is strengthened and confirmed in the school. In the necessity for quiet the child learns self-control; in the necessity for order and regularity, he learns unquestioning obedience; in association and co-operation with others under formal regulation he might learn those habits of altruism which would help him at once to grasp the principles which underlie society and would make for his own highest happiness and that of others. Nor are these necessities here any more than in the home imposed as mere form, but revealed, rather, as a high possibility of pleasure. In truth, they are practically, under ideal teaching, discovered by the child himself as the best and most profitable self-expression. Alas that he does not always thus translate these external habits into habits of mind and will, for it means that as Americans we are losing sense of the value of an obedient spirit, of the giving of self that others may realize a broader experience. As teachers, we do not use these forms of school life in a way to create in others a spirit of order, of promptness and precision. The routine itself is emphasized, becoming a sort of horror, rather than a developer of creative power, whereas a glimpse of the significance, the informing life, in each case, would compel pleasure in even external things. The soldier loves his drill; it is the very spirit of his life.

Why should not the school impress finally, for good and all, these habits which just as surely make for ultimate success because they can but lead to a continually increasing power of self-development? Though imposed from without, in so far as they are genuine, out of the larger experience of the world, that is, they yet tend to form life impulses as if real and personal, based on individual experience. There is more danger to-day from too little than from too much form in training; otherwise we must say that experience is no safe key to life, or else that from us who have gained it, the young have no right to claim as much of it as will help them without loss of time or strength to right "energy of position." No time can be spared in high school and academy for trespassing college functions, such as open electives, college athletics, elaborate commencements, and such things. The child is not the man, and as "father of the man" he has enough to do in his academic years to get his powers formed and settled, simply ready for the man's work. Even in the college the value of a certain amount and kind of formal regulation cannot be over-estimated. The beautiful enthusiasm of youth still needs to be held to the stronger and broader ideals which only wisdom of experience can teach; to be set to using, at once and in various ways, the knowledge acquired, so to feel its power; under wise guidance, to study more and more freely, with all the mind alive; to learn how to help generously and without affectation; to find that just balance between the acquiring and the imparting functions which brings health and saves the student from entering the wider social organism outside as some hysterical demagogue, sentimental dreamer, or egotistical meddler. The young

man who can stand in those crowds beyond his college walls, whose clear, strong eye will not mind the smoke of raging criticism because his convictions have been established through habits implying experience, whose aim will be straight and true and mightily convincing, is the one who has caught the full meaning of his school opportunities first; through proper submission to form has learned how to direct and control and marshal and use all the knowledge he has gained, and all possibilities of knowledge. On that account he is instantly sensitive to the light touch of an invisible hand, to a voice always saying "Declare." Whatever he knows has become part of him and the world's need is satisfied when he speaks, for in all his living he is himself a revelation of truth.

One Walked With Me

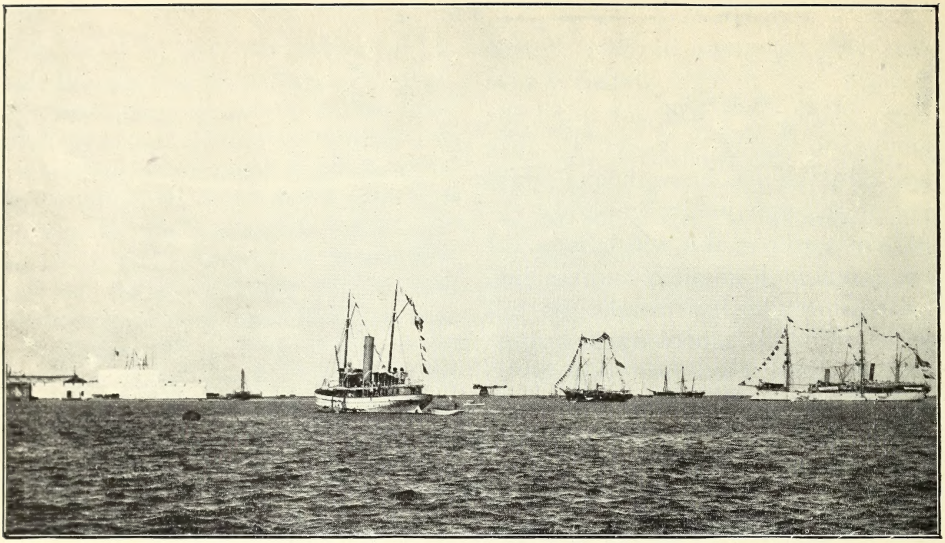
By Cora A. Matson Dolson

One walked with me! though at the time
I did not know him there;
Soft grew the sweet bells' nearing chime
Upon the dew-spilled air.

My heart thrilled past the miles I deemed
Between us on that night,
Soul to my soul lay bare, it seemed,
On Faith's converging height.

We walk alone! To other eyes
Though side by side to-day,
Before us each a steep path lies
Where rocks rise in the way.

We walk alone, with all the hurt
Of anguished, home-sick heart,
Though but a growth of bitter-wort
Keeps our two paths apart.



HARBOR OF VERA CRUZ, MEXICO

Vera Cruz, Past and Present

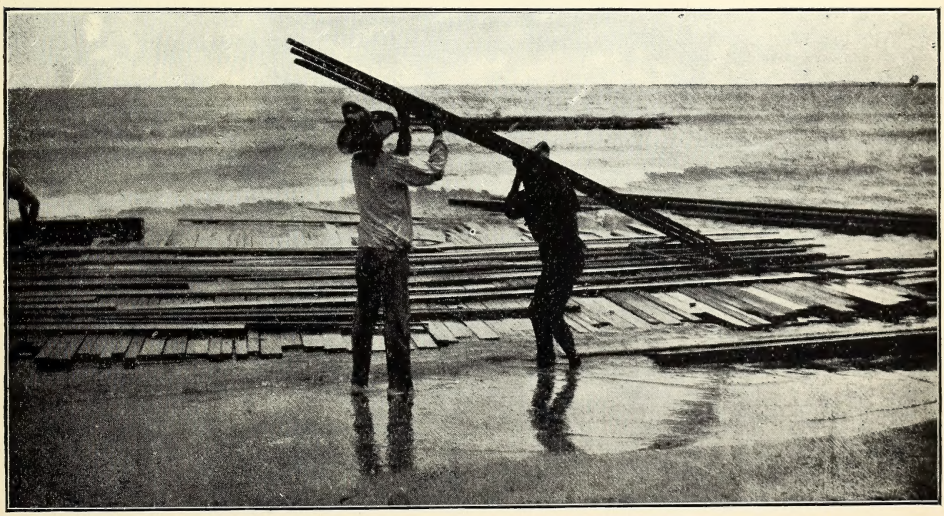
By G. F. Paul

MANY a grizzled old sea captain has stood on the deck of his vessel loaded with a precious cargo bound for Vera Cruz, and cursed the "northers" that whipped the sea into foam, rendering a landing absolutely impossible; many an anxious wife in the little city has sent up earnest petitions that the same "northers" might drive from her remaining dear ones the dread and deadly yellow fever. And so it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. But the winds will blow and drive away the "vomito" whether the port be unprotected or safe. Progressive and commercial Mexico, realizing that the swearing of the sea captains and the subsequent wrecking of their cargoes within hailing distance of port were from every point of view undesirable, started over twenty years ago to make the improvements that the present year has seen completed. Now a vessel can ride out in safety within the protected port with the most violent norther raging. The old seadogs can mockingly say with fear: "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!"

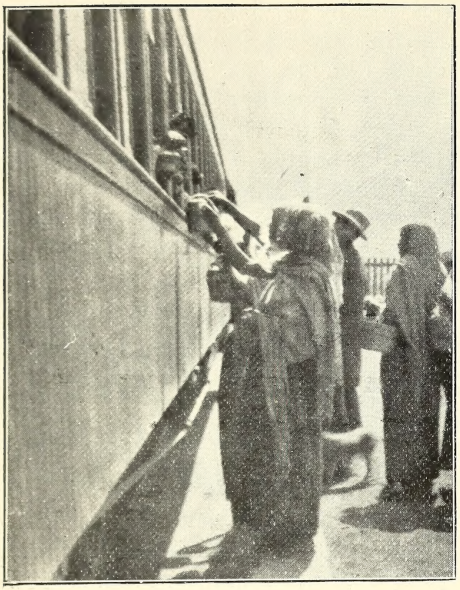
A rough reception awaited the traveler who approached Vera Cruz by sea some dozen years ago. In the first place, his curiosity and perhaps anxiety were aroused on ship by the tales told of this spot where hot climate diseases hold high carnival. Then, on drawing near to port, he saw the city stretching its low line along the glittering water's edge as if the palm of a rough giant hand had been laid upon it with irresistible force, flattening it into the

burning sand, scorched, sluggish, sinister. On sighting the vessel, numerous little boats would go bouncing out to meet it, now balanced on the crest of a roller, now swept from sight in the hollow trough. On and on the brave little specks would fight their way, cuffed and tossed aside by the buffeting waves, until at last they would reach the vessel and begin a task that required the strength of an athlete and the agility of a gymnast. The Mississippi roustabouts are good pack horses, but what they would do in a little feather of a boat with a Saratoga trunk on their shoulders is a matter that can readily be conjectured. A journal of those times speaks in the highest terms of the dexterity with which the boatmen would steer and throw the lines, standing all the time as if a part of the tiny boat that rocked up and down, flinging itself against the ship and then far out into the ocean. Occasionally a trunk or valise would become unruly and hasten to plunge down into the water when a vigorous fishing would ensue till at last a dripping mass of ruined finery would be towed in. Passengers were so roughly treated by wind, weather, and wriggling seamen that it took about a day to get back to their normal condition.

Now the facilities for handling passengers and freight are what Vera Cruz has longed for with its whole heart ever since the time when its stout-hearted godfather, Cortez, made a bonfire of his ships and started merrily on his inland trip, leaving a handful of his followers to watch and nurture the growth of the infant encumbered with the long name, Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz (The Rich City of the True Cross). The infant had a good lively childhood, many of the bold and swaggering pirates that infested the high seas coming often to the little, solitary harbor. In 1568 these buccaneers looted it, and a little over a century later their grandchildren returned and duplicated the deed. In 1618 a fire swept over it, leaving little of the city that in its short ex-



BRINGING LUMBER THROUGH THE SURF



SELLING TO TOURISTS THROUGH CAR WINDOWS, BETWEEN ORIZABA AND VERA CRUZ

istence had been moved three times. In 1823 the Spaniards bombarded it, when the Mexicans were struggling for their independence. The French came along in 1838 and battered at it again, and theAmericans held off only nine years longer. General Scott, however, did not attempt to run right into the city's hostile mouth that was wide stretched in eager expectation, but quietly slipping around he attacked it from the rear and captured it. Two years before our Civil War broke out, General Miramon had President Juarez cooped up here, the latter carrying the government around with him like a souvenir cane or a bunch of rare photographs. During the Civil War times the Imperialists held the place, until the death of Maximilian restored it to the Mexicans. Such are a few of the disasters by land and the attacks by sea that it has survived, and still it lives on, bitten by fleas, tormented by mosquitoes, and harried by the plague that will hardly give it a chance to lift its sick head and look out on the sun-kissed seas that stretch out hazy and dreamy beyond the never-to-be-forgotten fortress of San Juan de Ulloa. The Spanish rulers have dumped their dollars on this coral reef. One of them, eager to behold this costly pile, called for a telescope and peered long from a towering window in the reasonable hope of seeing his fortunes dotting the western horizon. It is a grim old fortress to look upon. Of course it is. Did you ever see a fortress of any size and age that wasn't grim? There's nothing very inspiring in a position out on a reef a mile from *terra firma*, but only an inch from the shining sides of a man-eating shark that has plenty of big brothers not far distant that are able to provide for themselves. No, nor is it a cheering task to watch from day to day hopeless prisoners as they drag out a "five year's death in life," pacing their slimy, dripping, darkened dungeons. But enough for the nonce of this old Bastile with its walls a dozen feet in thickness and its cannon that would mean death to the men rash enough to fire them.

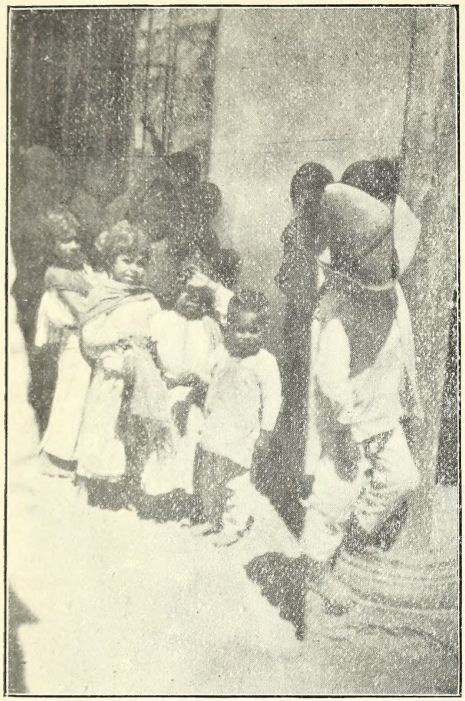
The statement was about to be made some time ago that the harbor improvements of the last two decades have drained the Mexican treasury of about thirty millions. The problem with which the government had to grapple was how to convert the open roadstead of Vera Cruz into a protected harbor by means of artificial defenses com-

bined with natural features. The natural features were the coral reefs partly encircling the bay. While formerly they were a menace to safety, they have now been made a stronghold and protection. On the north were two reefs, La Caleta near the shore and La Gallega six hundred meters, or about six hundred and fifty yards, out in the Gulf. On the south were two nearly similar reefs. The Gallega reef is the most important of all, extending opposite the city for a distance of nearly a mile. The bay enclosed by these four reefs was completely exposed to the north and northeast winds. When a heavy norther set in, the waters from the Gulf came swirling in through the narrow passage between the Gallega and Caleta reefs, sweeping the bay with redoubled fury. The only shelter for vessels was to the lee of the castle of San Juan de Ulloa that stands on the Gallega reef. To render the harbor safe it was necessary to close the gap between the Caleta and Gallega reefs. Plans were drawn by Captain Eads for the improvement of the harbor, and August 10, 1882 saw the first block laid. Changes were afterward made in the original plans by Engineer Thiers, a representative of a French firm that later took up the work. In the course of time the contract was passed over to Messrs. S. Pearson & Son of London. They have seen the gigantic undertaking through to a successful completion.



ZOPILOTES AROUND THE "JIM CROW WAGON," VERA CRUZ

The magnitude of the project can be realized when it is considered that two million metric tons of stone and concrete went into the construction of the port works; that seven million cubic yards of sand were dredged up, and incidentally a rare collection of rusty bayonets and sabres, with now and then an arquebuse and a handful of doubloons—pocket histories of a stormy past.



A GROUP OF MEXICAN CHILDREN

Consider also that the protected harbor has an area of over five hundred acres and that the area of the reclaimed land that can be utilized for countless purposes is half that of the harbor. The total length of the breakwaters is over two miles, while the total length of town quays built of masonry is even still greater. The works will not be long in paying for their cost. The reduction of cost in freight charges, insurance, and expense of unloading cannot be less than $2 a ton. By means of the terminal facilities something like two thousand tons of freight can be handled every working day. It doesn't take very many pieces of paper to figure out just how long it will take the savings to amount to thirty millions. And furthermore there is very little probability that the destruction of vessels in the harbor will ever duplicate the appalling losses of vessels and lives that were once regarded by the people of Vera Cruz as necessary evils like the yellow fever. The traveller in Mexico will hear all over the Republic about this yellow fever, yet when he reaches the real scene of action he might not hear or see anything to indicate the presence of the pestilence.

The cleaning of the streets, one of the most important considerations in keeping down the plague, is for the most part in charge of a class of laborers that are patient and industrious, that never go on a strike, and who never object to working over hours; these exemplary laborers are the zopilotes, ghoulish looking turkey-buzzards that always keep a sharp lookout for toothsome morsels. The law protects them and in return they ask for no better quarters than the domes of the old cathedral, but even here they do not enjoy perfect peace for often when they have settled themselves comfortably to snooze and dream of undiscovered tender tid-bits just around some seemingly familiar corner, the cracked, discordant bells as if angrily scolding them, throw into confusion all their sweet visions, and hopes of finding the right street number where the morsel lurks, vanish forever.

Nowhere in all Mexico is the noonday siesta more faithfully observed than at Vera Cruz. It is a common saying that only dogs and Americans walk in the sun, implying that during the heated portion of the day they do not conform to the national custom of taking a rest after the not over arduous duties of the morning. During these noonday hours the mathematically correct streets are deserted, the white

screens of curtains hang heavily, and the vultures circle lazily around over the drowsy Alameda. Presently the old town will wake again, the natty clerks will come to the stores and lounge about the doorways waiting languidly for customers. And then when the longer shadows fall from the towering campaniles and the incongruous electrics sputter and blaze forth, the scene has been changed to one of tropical beauty and brilliance. Nature's own fans, the whispering palms, gently sway their wide arms. The black-eyed belles out on dress parade, march and countermarch with quickened step and laughing tongue. Under the portals at little tables men sip and smoke and while the hours away.

A muffled figure, with blanket and sombrero nearly meeting, steals by and shrinks away to a dark corner. The bright lights are bad for such a one; they mar his plans, ruin his eyesight, and cause his hand to forget its cunning, and mayhap they serve to transport him to yonder island prison where the tall ships with waving spars are riding at anchor. Should he fare thus, perhaps a pair of anxious eyes may in the long afternoons catch from the shore a glimpse of a hand extended from a grated casement, as above



ALONG A SIDE STREET

the splashing of the waves is heard the faint echo of a cry the deep has drowned. And the phantom Ship of all her Hopes may vanish with the close of day when

"The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shoots the spectre-park."

He of the Faint Heart

By Charles Kemble

"CABE LEWIS 'll be swingin' afore sundown, you can take my word for it, Mr. Benton," said William of the crossroads store to a slim, pale young fellow who paced nervously up and down before the counter. "And serve the varmint right," he added, turning to wait upon a white whiskered little old man who had just entered the store with a kerosene can in one hand and a molasses jug in the other. "Howdy Burd? What you think about it?"

"Eh?" said the old fellow, dropping the kerosene can on the counter and placing the hand thus disengaged to his ear.

"I say, Cabe Lewis is goin' to swing to-day, and serve him right," roared Williams.

"Jackson an' his crowd come nigh to runnin' me down up the road," complained the old fellow. "My hearin's bad, you know"—this for Benton's benefit—"an' they caught me at the turn nigh Stover's. I reckon they'll get the nigger."

Williams chuckled. "It'd be funny if they didn't with that crowd," he observed. "He hadn't much of a start, you know."

"If my rheumatics wasn't so bad I'd 'o' gone with 'em. I ain't helped to string up a nigger sence '89. You remember that Mose Weston—an ornery cuss!"

"Reckon I ought to. I could hear him yellin' from here." Williams turned to Benton. "I reckon you don't 'prove of the way we handle these niggers, Mr. Benton?" he said. "Now do you?"

"We are not accustomed to it in the North," said the young fellow earnestly. "There seems to be too much chance of getting the wrong man. Mayn't they be mistaken in this case, Mr. Williams?"

"No," replied Williams emphatically. "Leastwise it ain't likey. Old man Taylor says Cabe wasn't down in the cornfield where he ought to been 'tween one an' two, and Becky Taylor seen him makin' tracks toward Jackson's place. Becky thought her pa'd sent him up to the village but the old man says not. Then Mis' Jackson she says 'twas him an' you surely don't want better evidence than that, eh? Mis' Jackson's eyesight ain't bad an' she ought to know, I reckon. Lucky for Mis' Jackson that Jim Rollins an' Sam Compton happened along that way an' scared the nigger off or I reckon he'd 'a' got the money."

"Did they see him?" asked Benton.

"No. He jumped out the back winder an' run through the brush afore they got up to the cabin. But Mis' Jackson she described him an' Jim Rollins says 'Bob Taylor's new yaller nigger, or I'm a sinner,' he says. 'That's the man—that's the man! I was wonderin' where I'd seen him afore,' says Mis' Jackson, all excited of course. An' she went all over it again an' described Cabe from his wool down. Rollins and Compton got the men together an'

it ain't more'n ten minutes gone since they went by here, Mark Jackson in the lead. They was three ropes in the crowd an' I reckon they ain't no doubt as the county'll be shet of Cabe Lewis afore sundown. Anything else, Burd? Goin', Mr. Benton?"

Benton nodded and left the store. Unhitching his horse, a fine, large, clean-limbed bay, he mounted and rode down the pike toward the cabin of Sims Wilson.

"If you're wantin' Sims Wilson, he's with the crowd huntin' the nigger," Williams shouted after him.

Benton nodded abstractedly and continued on. In his eyes was a troubled look. The son of a Philadelphia lumber merchant, whose early operations in timber had made his name well known through a considerable part of the South, Benton's two years after leaving college were spent in his father's office, when the state of his health making a change imperative, Benton senior had sent the young man south under the guardianship of Chambers, an expert timber buyer long in his employ. Following Chambers' instructions, Benton was to make a final effort to contract for the grove of spruce trees owned by Sims Wilson, and had started from the village confident of his ability to close the deal. He had been three months in the neighborhood and in this end of the county had a considerable acquaintance among the small farmers, whose original contempt for the young fellow's seeming effeminacy had for the most part disappeared with their recognition of his unaffected honesty of purpose.

A mile farther on, Benton met a body of horsemen who had crossed a clearing to the road. At their head rode Mark Jackson, the husband of the woman who had been threatened early in the afternoon. Across the pommel of his saddle was a rifle and most of the men were similarly armed. Behind him rode Rollins, Compton, Sims Wilson, Bob Taylor and perhaps twenty-five others. In the eyes of a few burned the stern, unconquerable wrath of strong men, in the eyes of the many lurked the blood-thirst of the vicious. At least so it seemed to Benton. Several flasks were put into active circulation as the cavalcade halted.

"You ain't seen a yaller nigger, Mr. Benton, have you?" asked Jackson. "Five foot nine, I reckon. Limps a bit on his left foot. Blue overalls out at the knees an' a black shirt. Bob Taylor's new yaller nigger. We reckon he ain't far from here."

"I haven't seen him," replied Benton.

"Which way you been ridin'?"

"Straight out from the village. I didn't get off the pike."

"When'd you leave the village?" asked Rollins, suspiciously.

"About an hour ago. I've been back there at William's for twenty minutes."

Jackson and the mob spurred ahead and soon disappeared in a cloud of dust. Benton forged slowly along, loosely sitting his saddle, his bridle rein slack. Shortly afterward he drew up before the cabin of Sims Wilson. At the door stood a gaunt, grey-haired woman of fifty in a grease-stained calico gown, one thin, sinewy hand shading her eyes as she looked after the galloping horsemen.

"I saw your husband up the road, Mrs. Wilson," he said, as he dismounted, "and I guess I'll wait here,

if I may, and see if he gets back before dark."

"Don't know why you can't" said the woman. "Wilson'll be back just as soon as they ketch that ornery Cabe Lewis but not afore. I know Wilson. Reckon you heard about Mis' Jackson?"

"Yes," replied Benton, absently. "An unfortunate affair."

"An' might 'a' been a sight more unfortunate if that pesky nigger had got a chance to use his club afore he was scared off. I reckon he knowed Jackson had that money in the cabin. Now if you'll step in an' make yourself at home I'll move along—if you don't mind?"

"Not at all," said Benton, "I'll sit here by the door and have a smoke."

"You see," continued the woman, apologetically, "my daughter, Mis' Powers—her as lives down by the creek bottom yonder—she'll have a fit soon's she hears about this, she's so nervous an' scared of niggers; an' I reckoned as how I'd just run over an' cheer her up a mite."

"That's quite right, Mrs. Wilson," said the young fellow. "Don't let me detain you!"

"I just drawed a bucket of water from the spring; you'll find it on the table back of the door there if you want a drink. Make yourself right at home, now; Wilson'll be back just as soon as they get shet of that nigger," said the woman as she moved off.

Benton nodded. Sitting at the open door he was already deep in thought. He drew a pipe and a pouch of tobacco from his pocket but immediately replaced them.

Another man hunt! Above was the blue vault of a perfect day. To the East, to the West—everywhere a thousand visible evidences of a glorious land. The chirping of birds, the drone of a bee fell upon his ear. A toad hopped lazily through the dust of the road. Yonder through the trees came the glint of a laggard creek. Nature in its aspect of beautiful peace, and in the homes of the people women crouched fearfully, and the voices of children hushed with an unknown dread! And somewhere close at hand a breathless negro skulked, terror clutching at his guilty heart and a maddened mob at his heels!

Benton's sensitive soul sickened at the thought, and as his active imagination brought before his mind's eye the closing scenes of the probable tragedy of that summer's day a shudder shook his slender frame and something akin to personal fear came over him—the fear of one who confronts the possibility of a chance to do a brave thing even while realizing his probable incapacity for the deed. Ten weeks before he had stumbled upon a band of lynchers. When he had come upon them they were just placing the noose over the head of a trembling negro, and Benton stayed until the end. Again and again in the weeks that followed had he lived through the dread scene. The cries of the negro rang in his ears accusingly. Perhaps he was innocent! Perhaps if he—Benton—had reasoned with the mob he might have induced them to let the law avenge them. Instead of which he had stood there silent, fearful, fascinated, horror-stricken, timid! With the unconquerable timidity of a weak man, he told himself bitterly. God help a coward!

A distant shout brought him to his feet. Half a mile or more to the East, over near the creek-bottom,

men were thrashing through a cornfield. Here and there horses were tethered. High up in a tall tree at one end of the field hung a man who seemed to be wildly gesticulating. His shouts appeared to bring the scattered mob to the foot of the tree, which the man at its top now quickly descended. Then followed what Benton easily conjectured to be an excited consultation, which quickly ended. Away dashed the party in one general direction, with the exception of the man who had been in the tree; he ran rapidly to a point where a woman, seated astride a horse and leading another by the bridle was approaching.

"Mrs. Jackson, probably," thought Benton. "Evidently she means to be in at the finish."

Benton's gaze wandered. Suddenly he started violently. There, where the clearing stopped at a clump of spruce—through the brush—a man was creeping! A wooly head beneath which peered a pair of wide rolling eyes, darted through the border of the brush and was quickly withdrawn. The long battling spirit of a courageous ancestry leaped through the veins of the young fellow. Spurred by an uncontrollable impulse Benton sprang from the doorway and ran toward the crouching figure.

"Cabe Lewis!" he cried. "This way! Quick!" The negro's form straightened. Benton had nearly crossed the clearing.

"Come!" he cried. "I'll do what I can for you."

The negro stepped into the open. He wore a black shirt and blue overalls worn through at the knees. He limped a little on his left foot and otherwise filled Jackson's description of the hunted man.

Benton turned and ran for the cabin, the other following. Down the road came a shout and turning Benton saw that one of the mob, a quarter of a mile away, had spied them. At the door of the cabin the negro hesitated, panting. From his brow great drops of sweat rolled unheeded into his bulging eyes. He was trembling violently. Against the dark red of his lolling tongue his teeth gleamed in white perfection. Benton transformed and masterful, drew him into the cabin and rapidly bolted the door. Then he turned upon the negro.

"Cabe Lewis," he thundered, "did you do this thing?"

Twice the negro tried to speak but no sound came from his thick nerveless lips. Then, "Foah Gawd, Marse, Ah didn't," he said.

"But you were seen going toward Jackson's place about one o'clock."

"Leave me 'splain, Marse," said the negro earnestly. "Ah thought Marse Taylor 'd went to de village an' Ah wanted to sleep. A'm a lazy niggah. So Ah done goes up 'mong de trees an' Ah went sound 'sleep. An' as Ah was comin' back to de cornfield Ben Martin seed me an' he said as how Marse Jackson an' de riders was a huntin' me. An' Ah ast him what for an' he done told me. An' Ah was so scart, Marse, Ah—Ah—"

The negro's voice broke. He had spoken with a rare intensity. Benton's eyes looked through him.

"Marse," said the negro solemly, "Ah ain't laid eyes on Mis' Jackson t'day. Foah Gawd Ah ain't!"

Down the road came the near yells of the lynchers, like the baying of a pack of hounds nearing their prey. "Stay where you are," commanded Benton, drawing the revol-

ver which he was reluctantly carrying on the recommendation of Chambers. Thirty yards away ran Sims Wilson. Through the spruce grove darted Jim Rollins, Sam Compton, and a dozen of the mob. Jackson and a score of followers appeared from the opposite timber. Up the road galloped the horse carrying the woman. Benton's revolver reached the chest level of the nearest man.

"Stop there, Wilson!" he commanded. In blank amazement Wilson halted.

"Wall I'm durned!" he said. "An' at the door of my own shack, too. Why I reckon I'll—" The man was roaring angrily now.

"Just a moment, Wilson," interrupted Benton. "—"

"What do this mean, Benton?" shouted Jackson, advancing. Round him surged the mob.

"It means that I shoot the first man that passes that stump!" cried Benton. "Listen to me, men. Cabe Lewis is in there and he can't get out. He's yours when you choose to riddle me and get him. So it isn't going to hurt you to let me say a few words. Cabe says he hasn't laid eyes on Mrs. Jackson to-day, and I'm staking my life on the truth of that. Before God, men, I think there's a mistake."

"There ain't no mistake," shrieked the woman, who had dismounted and joined the mob. "Cabe Lewis's the nigger that tried to murder me. Reckon I ought to know."

"The woman's right," said Jackson. "Benton you ain't got no call to block this game. Besides 'taint safe. You hear me!"

"I know it, Jackson. But hear me a moment. For the love of God don't bring murder on your souls! Let the law take its course. If Cabe Lewis is guilty, the law will punish him. If you have the shadow of a case against him, not all the lawyers in the county can save him."

"That's right, I reckon," jeered a red-haired giant behind Jackson. "Ner all the counter-jumpers in Philadelphy."

"Mr. Taylor," continued Benton, "you've hired Cabe Lewis and you know him better than the rest of these men. What kind of a nigger did you think he was?"

An old man standing near the woman shuffled uneasily.

"Wall, I reckon I might say as I was the most s'prised man in the county when I heard tell what Cabe'd been up to," he drawled. "He was powerful lazy an' a shiftless sort of a cuss, but I'd reckoned he was a harmless, good-natured sort of a critter. Howsomever you can't never tell what a nigger's goin' to do. Besides he weren't down in the cornfield where I'd set him to work an' my daughter Becky seen him makin' tracks fer Jackson's."

The angry murmuring of the crowd grew louder, and those at the rear pressed the men in the van impatiently.

"Yes," cried Benton. "And up above the cornfield toward Jackson's cabin is a little clump of trees which makes a good hiding place for a lazy nigger who would rather sleep than work. And Cabe thought you had gone away for the afternoon, Mr. Taylor, so he made tracks for that place! He went there and slept. That wasn't right of course, but you wouldn't hang a nigger for shirking his work on a hot afternoon, would you? He went here and slept and the first he knew that you men were after him was when Ben Mar-

tin met him sneaking back to the cornfield. Ben told him and he ran. Of course he ran. There isn't a nigger in the county, guilty or innocent, who wouldn't run if he heard a mob of white men were after him. You all know that.

"Course you seen Cabe sleepin', Benton?" sneered Rollins. "Or p'raps you just heard him snore up there in the trees, an' knowed it was Cabe Lewis a sleepin' there peaceful like?" The mob laughed derisively. Benton moistened his lips nervously.

"I reckon you don't know much about niggers, Benton," drawled Compton. "You better confine your attention to buyin' timber."

"Let's rush the kid," shouted another. "He dassent shoot."

"Benton," roared Jackson, cocking his rifle threateningly, "it's about time you got out o' there. This county is a goin' to be shet o' that nigger afore sundown, an' I reckon as how we'll give you about half a minute to get out o' that door."

"Make it a minute, Jackson," cried Benton, hoarsely. "Mrs. Jackson, you're a woman and a mother. You're a good woman, I know. Cabe Lewis is a nigger but he is a man—a human being, just the same. If he dies at the hands of these men to-day, it is you who will be responsible for his death. Do you know what that means? You may be mistaken in the man. You were scared. God knows you had a right to be scared. But you didn't think of Cabe Lewis until Jim Rollins mentioned the man. You may be mistaken, Mrs. Jackson. It's so easy to be mistaken in a nigger, you know. And if you will speak to them men I know—"

"I reckon if you'd trot the cuss out an' stop palaverin', Mis' Jackson'd identify him all right," observed Sims Wilson. The woman had drawn herself up defiantly and advanced a few steps toward Benton.

"They ain't no doubt about it," she said. "Reckon I ought to know. When I 'scribed the critter to Jim Rollins an' Sam Compton I wasn't thinkin' of Cabe Lewis, but soon's Jim Rollins says 'That's ole man Taylor's new yaller nigger', I knowed that was the man. I was a standin' at the door of my cabin when he come 'long up the road an' a tryin' to rec'lect where I'd seen him afore. He had little pig's eyes, an' his ears stood out some, an' his wool was cropped purty short, an' he was yaller'n—"

"That's Cabe Lewis all right, Mis' Jackson," interrupted someone. The mob was listening intently and the woman's eyes flashed round the semi-circle of rough faces in conscious pride of her audience.

"Yes," she continued, importantly, "an' he was about the size of Mace Walker there, an' he had on a pair of blue jeans out at the knees, an' a black shirt, an' he was limpin' a mite. An' I remember now that as he come up to the cabin a grinnin' I noticed as he had a couple of his upper teeth out in front, an'—"

"What's that?" roared old Bob Taylor. Benton trembled and laughed excitedly.

"I said as how he had—"

"You didn't say afore as he had a couple o' teeth out," shouted Rollins angrily.

"Jackson!" cried Benton. "Compton—men—you hear what she says?"

"Course they hear," shouted the

woman furiously. "I said as how he had a couple of his upper teeth out in front, an' I reckon I ought to—"

"But, Mrs. Jackson," said Benton eagerly, "Cabe Lewis hasn't lost a tooth—at least not a front tooth. Unless I'm much mistaken he has as fine a set of teeth as there is in the county."

The mob stood silent and open-mouthed. The woman's jaw fell and for a moment she looked steadily at the young fellow in the doorway. Then:

"I reckon you're a liar," she drawled.

Benton turned quickly and the next moment was supporting the negro—dazed and ashen through the dull yellow of his skin—in the doorway.

"That's the nigger," said the woman, instantly. The mob pressed round and peered closely at the trembling man now beyond the shadow of the door and in plainer view.

"Show them your teeth," commanded Benton. Slowly the thick lips of the negro receded, showing two white, unbroken rows of splendid teeth. For a moment the silence was intense; then a deep sigh ran through the mob. The woman was the first to speak; reluctantly she drew away.

"I reckon that ain't the critter," she said coolly. "He was a heftier nigger, anyhow!"

The mob drew back and began talking in little groups. Jackson looked sheepishly at Benton and then turned to berate the woman who had walked over to her home. Benton, deathly pale but smiling was leaning heavily against the jamb of the door when Sims Wilson stepped up.

"You're looking some bad, Mr. Benton," he said, solicitously. "I reckon a little peach brandy would do you no harm."

Benton staggered into the cabin, where the negro dropped to the floor before the young fellow and clasped his knees. His features were twitching and down his broad, yellow face great tears were streaming.

"That's all right, Cabe," said Benton weakly. "That's all right. And if you don't mind, Wilson, I—I'll make this drink a stiff one."

The Mocking Bird

By Zitella Cocke

O matchless Bird! whose song I heard in sunny days of childhood,—
And never note like thine did float o'er meadow, brake or wildwood,—
Scarce can I tell the wondrous spell new singers put upon me,
Yet from thy thrall, the best of all, not for a moment won me.

'Twas joy to hark the tuneful lark, from grassy bed upspringing,
As he would run, to greet the sun, with his ecstatic singing,
So shrill and clear, that far and near, it filled the sky above him,
So wildly sweet, it were but meet that all the world should love him.

The nightingales of England's vales, in cloistered covert chanting,
Like liquid notes of angel throats, my dreams are ever haunting.
Immortal song, that poured night long, where Grecian fountains glistened,
Or sobbed its love, in moonlit grove, when Plato walked and listened.

The bluebird's glee, in bush and tree, that heralds Spring's returning,
Or cheers the lawn, when Summer's gone, and Autumn's fires are burning,—
The shy cuckoo, with only two, blithe words to speak his gladness,—
The mellow gush of woodland thrush, that's half in joy and sadness;

Aye, these are dear to sight and ear, and gladden field and forest,
Yet which may dare with thee compare, my proud imperial chorist!
For choicest song of feathered throng, outpoured in richest measure,
Is but a part of thy fine art, and thine exhaustless treasure.

Alas! that name should thus defame a singer grandly royal,
And of his song work grievous wrong to bird so leal and loyal!
Rare polyglot, in sooth, but not a heartless imitator:
Thine every tone is all thine own, the gift of thy Creator.

What bird can say, by night or day, within thy gamut folden,
At thy sweet will pours forth to fill the air with music golden.
A trembling lyre, with passion's fire, through dewy woodland ringing,
A sweet-voiced flute, a liquid lute, to stars enraptured singing!

Nor minion thou, thyself to vow as Summer's gay attendant;
To season's round thou hast not bound thy spirit independent;
But art as free as zephyrs be, and when our need is sorest,
How oft the heart with joy doth start to hear the strain thou pourest!

Thou poet bird, had Keats but heard one stanza from thy story,
What song divine thine own would shrine, in bright undying glory!
And that fine soul, of airiest goal, who felt the lark's elation,
Had yet from thee learned rhapsody of loftier exultation!

'Manda

PART IV

A Matter of Discipline

By JEANNETTE PEMBERTON

THE winter had set in early, and was bending all its energies to keep the place it had frozen for its work, and make itself one long to be remembered.

"I reckon folks are getting the 'good old-fashioned winter' they've been growling after," 'Manda said, one snowy morning, as she watched the swift progress of a blinding storm. "They don't seem to reelize that Providence knows when it's time to make a change in His fashions. Just'z though He'd made a covenant with them that there should be an exact number of snowflakes every year, and the ground should freeze up and thaw out whenever the Farmer's Almanac said it ought to! And the joke of it is that as soon'z they get the snow they've been bawling for, they squirm up into a whining bunch 'cause 'it's so could!' "

The wind stirred up gales in all quarters, and every quarter brought snow. Big purple clouds in the north broke and dropped soft, heavy flakes that soon piled up exquisite mounds of cold blue roundness; black masses hurrying from the west drove before them icy particles that cut deep, in the likeness of blizzards; grey eastern skies fell in sleet—piercing to bone and marrow, and covering the shivering earth with a coat of mail; while even the south wind wafted scurrying feathers swiftly onward, as if they were flying north to avoid melting.

Miss Mary's house stood up in dazzling fields of frozen white; fences were lost; shrubs became soft, fluffy heaps, and the old evergreens lifted heavy branches from the clinging weight and scattered it with sounding thuds on the ice beneath.

'Manda had bought a sled with which to amuse James William Johnson, as well as to assist in his education, and the little boy, who found the only joy in his life came through her means, often waded through drifts, chin-high, to spend the day with his friend. 'Manda was trying, in her queer, erratic way to make a man of the lad in spite of his 'meachin' father,' and James William showed certain signs of improvement since his trip to the cemetery. 'Manda occasionally "slid down hill" with him to give him the advantage of profitable companionship; and the occasions were well worth observation. Miss Mary was the only spectator, and the sight went far to divert and cheer her lonely days; the tall and bony figure with long limbs decorously stretched in front to "steer"—long, thin neck craned from side to side to "watch out for hummocks"—one hand frantically waving to assist in

keeping the balance true—while the other clutched the rope and James William, who, tiny and demure, was perched on the lap of his protector.

The spectacle had been unusually diverting one bitterly cold and slippery afternoon, and Miss Mary had quite regretted the fact that she was the only one privileged to enjoy it. She had seen 'Manda take the child on his sled as far as the gate on his way home, and had seized pen and paper to describe the scene to an appreciative friend, when, a half hour later, the door opened and 'Manda stood, pale and trembling in the entrance. Miss Mary ran to meet her, and caught her as she staggered against the door.

"I hope you'll excuse me for coming into your parlor this way—but—" her last remnant of pluck gave out—she fell, this bulwark of strength, and lay in a dead faint at her mistress's feet.

Miss Mary could not have been much more surprised if one of the pillars of the piazza had given away. 'Manda—the tower of refuge for weakness, the prop that always invited helplessness to lean and be upheld—had fallen! She was no light weight, but anxiety and sympathy assisted valiantly, and Miss Mary lifted the gaunt frame and laid it on the couch. Then she applied the natural remedies until the color crept back into 'Manda's white cheeks and life to her limbs.

"Good land! What am I doin' here!"

She tried to get up, but was prevented by a decided hand.

"You're being taken care of.—What is the matter?" as a quiver of pain distorted the always cheerful face. "What has happened?"

"You see I slipped on the ice—like a lumbering idiot! And I couldn't get up for quite a spell—Land!" another tremor distressed her. "I feel as if I'd broke something! But I had to git in the house someway. You couldn't be expected to come down the kitchen steps and hunt for a woman that's usually had sense enough to stand on her legs without tottering. And the supper had to be got—oh, good land!—You must excuse me, ma'am, but something does ketch me awf'ly. I'll have to join a Society for Bearing Bone-breaks, I reckon."

She tried to laugh, but the anguished failure was pathetic. Thanks to the blessings of modern inventions, the telephone soon called a surgeon, whom an automobile brought; and with the assistance of a trained nurse the broken arm and sprained ankle were made as comfortable as possible.

"If I'd even drempt that I was fated to bring all this burden on you, ma'am, I hope you know me well enough to b'lieve I'd 'a' lay on the back steps till I froze stiff," 'Manda said to Miss Mary as she lay, tenderly cared for, on the comfortable bed in her own room. "To think of me, stretched here like a queen, and you traipsing up and down stairs without a morsel of decent supper, makes me jest wish I'd had the sense to freeze out there alone, and save you all trouble."

"Nonsense, 'Manda! The 'trouble' would have beeu much more. It would have been extremely trying and unpleasant."

"Not so lasting as this, though," with a groan.

"Nonsense! Now don't part with all your common sense just because you're laid low. It's no 'trouble' at all—but, if it were, I owe you a long

debt for all the peace and comfort you've given me. Just lie still and get well."

'Manda turned her face to the wall, while tears of joy trickled down her thin cheek into the pillow.

"I'm jest as comfortable as a baby—if so be I'm content to act like one," she said the next morning; "and I've been thinking what decent girl I'd get you to do my work. Of course I'll pay her—and all these sick-bills, too—I've got plenty of money in the bank."

Miss Mary only smiled, but 'Manda understood the language.

"I can't have everything going to rack and ruin in your house. Who've you got now?"

"Well—Lucy Glegg came just for the day—"

"For the day? Well, I should hope and trust, ma'am, that it will only be for the day! And that's twenty-four hours too long. When I think of the dirt she's piling up in the pantry this minute for me to shovel out it makes me faint. She jest shakes it off her fingers whenever she stirs—"

"Oh, never mind. I won't criticize till you get up again. I sha'n't look around for a few days."

" 'Look around!' I never looked any for Lucy Glegg's dirt. Why, ma'am, you will tumble over great clumps of it before the day is done. Land sakes! I think mebbe I can get down and order her off before night sets in."

Miss Mary smiled again.

But the next day 'Manda began a course of action preliminary to speedy recovery. In her secret soul she felt that some one needed her services in the way of salutary discipline and that there was no time to be lost. The trained nurse, being the first impediment, was tactfully approached. "I always hated the haughty huzzies," 'Manda muttered, to fortify the moments of weakness which will come upon the strongest soul when the body is laid low.

"I'll do my own washing," aloud, as the immaculate young person drew near in readiness to begin her patient's toilette. "You jest hand me the basin and rag."

"Oh, no, indeed. You are not able for anything of that sort, yet," was the pleasantly calm rejoinder.

"I reckon I can judge my own ableness about 'z well's any stranger—being 'z I've lived with myself for quite some years now; and as for you—I did consid'able nursing before you was born—and folks got well, too. All I want of you now is that rag and basin; and after a day or two I'll be able to get that for myself."

"I couldn't think of allowing any such imprudence," still calmly. "I shouldn't know what to say to the doctor."

"You just do as I tell you, and go out of the room till I call you. I ain't in the frenzies of delirium, and I've never been called an idiot, and while I've got my whole mind I don't propose to be 'allowed' by a chit like you. I've lived some consid'able years, and I've had chances to see broke bones, and I reckon the doctor won't care much what you say. I'll settle him. Now, I can tell you, miss," as the young person of training and method showed no signs of yielding, "if I'm washed at all, to-day, I'm the one that's going to do it, and there's no call to waste all this time. I'll let you know when I want you"—waving a bony hand towards the door.

Miss Mary found the discomfited

nurse standing in the hall shortly afterward, and heard the reason with much inward amusement.

"Of course, I s'pose the doctor'll have to come for a few times, yet," 'Manda admitted in an explanatory conversation with her mistress, "but as for any little waitings on that I may need, James William Johnson can do all that's necessary, and it'll do him good to be here. He'll come cheaper than that elegant young lady, 'cause he can stir 'round without wearing white clo'es and lace caps to be dirtied and washed all for nothing. He'll be real glad to come, I know; and if you can take the trouble to get him here, I'll pay for his victuals while he stays, and—"

"'Manda! You hurt my feelings very much when you talk about paying for everything. I should think you might trust in my willingness to do something for you from pure love."

Miss Mary's voice sounded as if she were about to burst into tears.

"I know you're willing to do all a lady can do for mortal being, ma'am; but it's my place to look out for you. And I'm not going to lay here and see kindness imposed on. But we'll settle all that."

The doctor and Miss Mary held a consultation, and decided that James William might be safely tried as an experiment. The third day after the accident found him in the sick room, somewhat bewildered with his new position, but very well pleased with the responsibility and comfortable surroundings.

"Now, James William," 'Manda continued sternly, after a greeting somewhat less than friendly; "you know better than any one else how I come to be laying here instead of doing my duty where I b'long. And you're old enough to feel the weight of justice. Now I'm down, I don't need much running, but what I do need your legs are long enough to manage, and while you ain't running you can set still and look at the pictures of monkeys in that book I bought you. There's one that looks for all the world like a loon you'd ought to recognize, but 'tain't wise nor right to point it out to you. Now, besides waiting on me, there's other punishment you've got to suffer. You've been a bad, wicked boy, and you've got to feel it."

James William had been kicking the bed, and enjoying the swing of the old-fashioned "valance" while his mentor was speaking; but the tone of this last sentence touched him to such a degree that he began to whimper. 'Manda was roused to sterner severity by this satisfactory effect.

"In the first place, I wouldn't have punished you so hard if you hadn't 'a' run and left me after you knocked me down. That was the meanness, and what I wouldn't 'a' thought a boy could have done. You won't get any more slidings down hill; 'cause I can't go with you, and you ain't big enough to take these big hills alone."

James William plunged his small fists into his eyes, and lifted up his voice and cried aloud.

"That punishment I expect the Lord sent you. He strikes pretty hard sometimes, 'cause you ain't expectin' Him to notice; but He knows just where to reach you when you think you're safe. In the next place, I'm goin' to shut you in the closet 'cause you disobeyed me, and I told you something would happen if you did."

James William's cries increased in volume.

"You may squall as much as you like, only you must do it softly, so Miss Mary won't be disturbed, and you must reelize what you're squalling for. I ain't going to put you in the closet yet, 'cause I don't want Miss Mary to know it—but soon as she's gone to dinner you'll go in and meditate for at least fifteen minutes."

The closet removed to a remote contingency, James William cheered up in small measure. Like his elders and betters he could endure thoughts of a penalty so far away.

"What's med—date?" he inquired, with sobbing voice.

"Nothing for little boys—well—yes; it means to sit still and feel awful sorry. Now, you set in that chair, and keep your feet out o' the seat, and see if you can't amuse yourself without making a loud noise."

He had brought his ball—a very hard one covered with leather—and an old bicycle bell with which to divert himself in off hours, and he began again to scent pleasures in his new field. 'Manda had just sunk into a much-needed and peaceful nap, when she was rudely startled with a dream of Port Arthur and furious bombardments.

"Land sakes! What on earth is that noise?"

The ball was just making its seventh attack against the door opposite her bed, and bounding back into the tiny but expert hand of its owner.

"James William Johnson, don't you know better than to bound ball in Miss Mary's house, you rapscalion! What did I tell you? Do you want to be sent home in disgrace?" asked 'Manda sitting up and glaring at her nurse.

"Can't I stay if I'll do more polly-gibes to her?" he whimpered, trying to make the ball bounce against the soft bed.

"Give me that ball, this minute! Now listen—if it hadn't 'a' been for your naughtiness I wouldn't be all broke into bits on this bed." James William looked curiously for the bits all along the gaunt outlines expressed by the coverlet. "If you hadn't jerked the sled, I wouldn't 'a' slipped—and the least you can do now is to be as good as nature'll let you and—"

"Do you want to know how this bell rings? Miss Mary can't hear," glancing towards the closed door, and taking his second resource—the old bell—from his pocket with insinuating grace.

"No, nor any one else can't hear it while you're in this house! Hand it to me," with grim sternness. "Little boys ain't made to bounce balls and ring bells in houses where they've come to attend illness."

"What's illness?" asked the little boy, but without waiting for an answer he continued the subject uppermost in his mind. "Did you ever seen a woman riding a bike?"

"Certainly," replied 'Manda with severe dignity. "Thousands."

"But you ain't seen any more than me, I'll bet. I've sawn two thousand. And my mother's goin' to have one on Christmas—"

"Good land!" gasped 'Manda.

"And mebbe you can borrow it, if you git well by that time."

"Humph!"

"And you can take the baby and me!"

In his enthusiasm he seized the bell, lying unguarded on the bed,

and gave several triumphant rings; and as 'Manda put out her hand to confiscate his property he ran beyond her reach to the foot of the bed.

"James William, you rascal! Come here—give me that bell."

He repented his temerity, and slowly came back and tossed the treasure into her hand.

"Now set down and be still two minutes, while I think what I'll have you do.—I smell meat burning! You run down and see who's in the kitchen to watch the dinner; and come back before I count a hundred, or else ther's the closet."

It would be difficult to indicate the expressiveness of 'Manda's long fore-finger as it pointed to the door of the place of retreat, but the boy felt it. However, she counted very slowly; for it would not be easy to get a slippery culprit into jail under present conditions, and yet discipline must be preserved.

"Ninety--seven! Ninety-eight!! Ninety-nine!!!" came more and more impressively, as—a half-hour later—James William returned, smelling strongly of nutmeg and lard.

"There's a nice lady in the kitchen;" the words came from a very full mouth as well as heart; "she's making pies, and—"

"Pies! Miss Mary never eats pies! Why, in time, is she making pies, I should like to know. Who is she?"

"She's Jane."

"Is it Jane Myers? I'll warrant it is. I wouldn't have had her set foot in that kitchen for any money. It beats all how she can contrive to put poison stomach-ache into everything she cooks, and then let it all run to mould in the pantry. She may do to lead Christian Endeavor meetings, but that doesn't prove she's fit to cook Miss Mary's dinners. 'Building character!' Huh!"—'Manda seemed to be recalling past conversation. "I told her, without mincing, I'd no time to build any characters. I was too busy building up Miss Mary's comfort. I had the cooking to do, and a big house to keep clean, and the clo'es to wash, and James William Johnson to look after and train up the right road; and that doesn't leave any time to bother about character. I reckon she won't tackle me again after meeting.—I wish she'd go home and do her building now, and take her leathery pies and messy stuff with her. I've seen her things at Sunday School picnics—an' 'et 'em, too, when I was so far left to myself.—But there! I mustn't judge. I'm afraid Mr. Knight wouldn't think I was getting softened by this dispensation—Mercy! there's that boy! Now, James William, you walk into that closet. Miss Mary's at her dinner. I'll tell you when it's time to come out. You needn't keep telling me you'll be good—'twon't make a speck of difference."

The boy obeyed, but wept loud and bitterly as he went, and left the door a bit open so that his wailing might be plainly heard, and seated himself close to the crack to be the more ready for 'Manda's tenderness.

"Stop bawling, child, and think. Have you been any happier for tipping up that old sled on me? And, yet again, what if you'd 'a' been the one to break bones? Ain't I been shut up longer than you? Think! think, sir, and try to grow in grace."

Now James William had no wish to grow in grace, but he was ready to "think" to the best of his small powers and subjects. Like the rest

of us, "he was imprisoned within the limits of his own nature," and could no more. But one absorbing topic of all times was within his range. He "stopped bawling" and began to consider how to be happy. He felt dimly that life might be made tolerable even in a closet. There must be means at hand if he could but lay hold of them. As the possessor of the modest income of "six hundred a year" not only recognizes but strives to attain the joys of six thousand, so James William wrestled with Fate to obtain knowledge of the riches beyond his reach in 'Manda's closet. He had seen her produce treasures from hidden stores. He remembered a mouse-trap of curious and complicated mechanism—a bag of shells—a box of nails—and a big drawer full of delicious possibilities in scraps and odds and ends. Sometime, when he could leave the door open, he might discover where these treasures lay, and be ready to lighten the ennui of solitary confinement. He was not clever, but he had his moments of illumination; and by night he knew where to lay hands on the mouse-trap as well as the unexpected boon of a candle on the shelf within his reach, and had decided on a scheme for the morrow which was not devoid of interest.

He brought a small, clumsy bag with him the next day, and while Miss Mary and 'Manda were talking he retired for a moment to the closet. He was unusually gentle and docile through the morning, and encouraged 'Manda to believe that her discipline was beneficial. She felt much better. The doctor had consented to her getting up, soon, on condition that she would not step with the injured foot; and as Jane Myer's ministrations had not yet prostrated her beloved Miss Mary she hoped to save her. So she was all the more ready to persevere in her good work of reforming James William.

He went into the closet with so much alacrity at Miss Mary's dinner-time, and was willing to shut the door so tight, that it must have aroused suspicion in another—less optimistic—moment, but now 'Manda regarded it only as an evidence of true repentance and resignation to the consequences of wrong-doing. She was so absorbed in her own plans for ejecting Jane Myers, and resuming her position in the household, that half an hour passed before she remembered her prisoner.

"Good land! James William! you may come out now."

Muffled sounds as of some animal in distress seemed to come out with him, as he rather tardily obeyed the summons, but 'Manda's attention was not on the alert.

While James William sat meekly at her bedside, cheerfully assisting at the bounteous dinner, and—presumably—feeding his hungry soul with kindly words of admonition, she sniffed, several times, with eager intent to catch Jane Myers in scorching and singeing valuable property.

"I certainly do smell wool burning!" she exclaimed, at last.

But James William's calm enjoyment was undiminished. In his ignorance it was easy to appear innocent. What was burning wool to him?

"I know something's afire, now; I jest know it! James William, open the hall-door and see if it comes up-stairs."

"No; the air was pure and free

from suspicion—but in a moment, with the draught, the horrid smell grew worse.

"Good land! What in time is it? Where's Miss Mary, I wonder?"

A sudden recollection impelled the boy to open the closet-door—after which 'Manda sprang out of her bed, and James William sprang into it, covering his head with the bed-clothes.

"Mercy! Mercy, indeed! Miss Mary's house!"

On the floor of the closet was a lighted candle, and hanging against the walls were several articles of lighted apparel in various degrees of brilliancy; some, mere sparks—others burning with flickering flame—while a few were blazing right lustily.

'Twas no time for words. Miss Mary's house must be saved at all hazards, and without alarm for the owner, if possible. Broken arms and sprained ankles were of necessity impediments, but not to be considered as insuperable obstacles. 'Manda tore down the burning skirts, rolled them up, trampled on them, smothered the flames, and poured a pitcher of water on the debris.

The piteous moanings of some mourning cat grew more loudly insistent with this disturbance, but they were all unheeded till 'Manda seized her hat-box to rescue it from the blistered boards. It contained the precious new hat and veil of crisp black crape, but seemed unaccountably heavy—and unmistakably weighed down with wailings and cryings. In her amazement 'Manda dropped it; a black kitten and a rusty mouse-trap disentangled themselves from the long, torn veil as they fell, and 'Manda, overcome by pain, fright, and consternation, sank to the floor upon the wet pile of half-burned clothing.

Miss Mary, having finished her dinner, just then came to see how her patient was faring, and opened the door with a blithe, "Are you enjoying yourself?"

It took some time to restore 'Manda, recover James William, and release the cat from torture. There were exclamations by the way, and explanations later. But James William never related by what ingenious process of mind he had decided to see for himself (with the cat's paw) how the trap would catch a mouse; nor how his day's punishment had been all too short, and its speedy end had forced him to plunge his apparatus for investigation into the nearest nook of concealment. Miss Mary had no desire to hear him, and 'Manda was too ill. For two weeks the faithful hand-maiden lay in her darkened room while her equally faithful mistress nursed her with the devotion of love—and protected her helplessness from the annoyance of "haughty huzzies," and playful protegés.

In the meantime, Miss Mary had her own troubles with this particular protegé. A letter, whose recipient should have responded with joyful alacrity, had received no reply; and James William had been acting as letter-carrier.

Even with an ordinary friendly correspondence, delay in responsiveness is not agreeable—but this was not an ordinary friendly correspondence. Miss Mary had a cousin—of the other sex—who was dear to her heart because her relatives were so few and scattered. At least that is the explanation she always gave to herself for the warm tenderness she

felt—and to others no explanation was offered, for no one even suspected the existence of such emotion. This cousin had been closely associated with her home in her childhood, but had gone to seek his fortune many years ago, and Miss Mary hardly expected to see him again in this world. However she wrote to him, periodically—short and somewhat prim epistles—to which he responded with cousinly freedom and promptness.

The letter in question had contained, as a Christmas card, a picture of her own fair face, and called for grateful acknowledgement. James William even gave her reason to suppose that such acknowledgement had been duly sent, and was now lying in disgrace under a snow-drift.

"I brought another one o' them letters up from the office," he had said, with his ordinary calm demeanor; "and it had a nice stamp on, like the one you give me oncet; but I tumbled down by the gate and got it all dirty."

"Where is it?"

The tone was stern, but James William remained serene.

"I threw it away—under the bushes. I knew you wouldn't want such a nasty wet thing.—I'll ask the man to give you a clean one," he added; now ready to soften the frown on Miss Mary's face. "And here's the stamp—I teared it off, but you can have it," with generosity born of a desire to propitiate offended power.

The foreign postage stamp was indeed the one she had longed to see, but the most diligent search failed to discover the discarded letter, and James William was doomed to disgrace—with no tender friend to suggest appropriate polly-gibes.

However, disgrace never cut deeply into James William's unsoftened soul. He regretted the loss of the postage-stamp; but easily devised a plan for restitution. He "watched out," at the gate, for his successor—a grown man, who brought the two daily mails, and with unexpected obligingness offered to carry the letters to the house, and save precious time. Alas for the guile of a boy untouched by home influence! By patient perseverance he found the stamp he sought—and reserved the whole envelope for himself. The denuded letter he threw down the well, handing the rest of the mail to Miss Mary with a sweet childish innocence.

Time went on, but no more foreign letters came even as far as the gate. Miss Mary was proud; her own letters were worth something—if the cousin regarded them so lightly he should have none; so she dismissed her only male relative from her mind.

James William Johnson placidly pasted stamps in his precious book kept in the "Rigmarolium" now devoted to his use; and little thought that he was helping to bring about important changes in his neighbor's lives.

[Author's Note:—In the article, "Historic Salem," in the January number of the New England Magazine, the statement was made that an unfriendly feeling existed between Hawthorne and General James Miller. This statement was a serious error which the author deeply regrets and desires to correct. The two men were, on the contrary, the best of friends, and Hawthorne speaks of Miller in his prologue to the "Scarlet Letter" in the most flattering terms.]

Note—An article on "Salem To-day" will appear in the March issue.


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